# CLARISSA;

OR THE

## *HISTORY*

OF

1609/2043.

# A YOUNG LADY.

COMPREHENDING

THE MOST IMPORTANT CONCERNS

OF

## PRIVATE LIFE,

AND PARTICULARLY SHEWING

THE DISTRESSES THAT MAY ATTEND THE MISCONDUCT

BOTH OF

## PARENTS AND CHILDREN,

*IN RELATION TO MARRIAGE.*

*IN A SERIES OF LETTERS.*

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BY MR. SAMUEL RICHARDSON,

AUTHOR OF

THE HISTORIES OF PAMELA, AND SIR CHARLES GRANDISON.

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THE

# HISTORY

OF

# CLARISSA HARLOWE.

## VOLUME THE FIFTH.

### LETTER I.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

THURSDAY MORN. EIGHT O'CLOCK.

HER chamber-door has not yet been opened. I muſt not expect ſhe will breakfaſt with me. Nor dine with me, I doubt. A little ſilly ſoul, what trouble does ſhe make to herſelf by her overniceneſs!—All I have done to her, would have been looked upon as a *frolick* only, a *romping-bout*, and laughed off by nine parts in ten of the ſex accordingly. The more ſhe makes of it, the more painful to herſelf, as well as to me.

Why now, Jack, were it not better, upon *her own* notions, that ſhe ſeemed not *ſo ſenſible* as ſhe will make herſelf to be, if ſhe is *very* angry?

But perhaps I am more afraid than I need. I believe I am. From her *over*-niceneſs ariſes my fear, more than from any extraordinary reaſon for reſentment. Next time, ſhe may count herſelf very happy, if ſhe come off no worſe.

The dear creature was ſo frightened, and ſo fatigued, laſt night, no wonder ſhe lies it out this morning.

I hope ſhe has had more reſt than I have had. Soft and balmy, I hope, have been her ſlumbers, that ſhe may meet me in tolerable temper. All ſweetly bluſhing and confounded—I *know* how ſhe will look!—But why ſhould ſhe, the *ſufferer*, be aſhamed, when I, the *treſpaſſer*, am not?

But cuſtom's a prodigious thing. The women are told how much their bluſhes brighten their graces: they practiſe for them therefore: bluſhes come as haſtily when they call for them, as their tears: aye, that's it! while we men, taking bluſhes for a ſign of guilt or ſheepiſhneſs, are equally ſtudious to ſuppreſs them.

BY my troth, Jack, I am half as much aſhamed to ſee the women below, as my fair-one can be to ſee me. I have not yet opened my door, that I may not be obtruded upon by them.

After all, what devils may one make of the ſex! To what a height of—What ſhall I call it?—muſt thoſe of it be arrived, who once loved a man with ſo much diſtinction, as both Polly and Sally loved me; and yet can have got ſo much above the pangs of jealouſy, ſo much above the mortifying reflections that ariſe from dividing and ſharing with new objects the affections of them they prefer to all others, as to wiſh for and promote a competitorſhip in his love, and make their ſupreme delight conſiſt in reducing others to their level!—For thou canſt not imagine, how even Sally Martin rejoiced laſt night in the thought that the lady's hour was approaching.

PAST TEN O'CLOCK.

I NEVER longed in my life for anything with ſo much impatience, as to ſee my charmer. She has been ſtirring, it ſeems, theſe two hours.

Dorcas juſt now tapped at her door, to take her morning commands.

*She had none for her*, was the anſwer.

She deſired to know, If ſhe would not breakfaſt?

A ſullen and low-voiced *negative* received Dorcas.

I will go myſelf.

THREE different times tapped I at the door; but had no anſwer.

Permit

'Permit me, dearest creature, to enquire after your health. As you have not been seen to-day, I am impatient to know how you do.'

Not a word of answer; but a deep sigh, even to sobbing.

'Let me beg of you, Madam, to accompany me up another pair of stairs —You'll rejoice to see what a happy escape we have all had.'

A happy escape indeed, Jack!—For the fire had scorched the window-board singed the hangings, and burnt through the slit-deal lining of the window-jambs.

'No answer, Madam! — Am I not worthy of one word?—Is it thus you keep your promise with me?—Shall I not have the favour of your company for two minutes' [Only for two minutes] in the dining-room?'

'Hem!'—And a deep sigh!—were all the answer.

'Answer me but how you do! Answer me but that you are well! Is this the forgiveness that was the condition of my obedience?'

Then, in a faintish, but angry voice, 'Be gone from my door!—Wretch! inhuman, barbarous, and all that is base and treacherous!—be gone from my door!—Nor teaze thus a poor creature, entitled to protection, not outrage.'

'I see, Madam, how you keep your word with me!—*If* a sudden impulse, the effects of an unthought-of accident, cannot be forgiven—'

'O the dreadful weight of a father's curse, thus in the very letter of it—'

And then her voice dying away in murmurs inarticulate, I looked though the key-hole, and saw her on her knees, her face, though not towards me, lifted up, as well as hands, and these folded, deprecating, I suppose, that gloomy tyrant's curse.

I could not help being moved.

'My dearest life! admit me to your presence but for two minutes, and confirm your promised pardon; and may lightning blast me on the spot, if I offer any-thing but my penitence, at a shrine so sacred!—I will afterwards leave you for the whole day; and till to-morrow morning; and then attend you with writings, all ready to sign, a licence obtained, or if it cannot, a minister without one. This once believe me! When you see the reality of the danger that gave occasion for this your unhappy resentment, you will think less hardly of me. And let me beseech you to perform a promise on which I made a reliance not altogether ungenerous.'

'I cannot see you! Would to Heaven I never had! If I write, that's all I can do.'

'Let your writing then, my dearest life, confirm your promise: and I will withdraw in expectation of it.'

PAST ELEVEN O'CLOCK.

SHE rung her bell for Dorcas; and, with her door in her hand, only half-opened, gave her a billet for me.

'How did the dear creature look, Dorcas?'

'She was dressed. She turned her face quite from me; and sighed, as if her heart would break.'

'Sweet creature!'—I kissed the wet wafer, and drew it from the paper with my breath.

These are the contents.—No inscriptive 'Sir!' No 'Mr. Lovelace!'

'I CANNOT see you: nor will I, if I can help it. Words cannot express the anguish of my soul on your baseness and ingratitude.

'If the circumstances of things are such, that I can have no way for reconciliation with those who would have been my natural protectors from such outrages, but through *you*, [The only inducement I can have to stay a moment longer in your knowledge] pen and ink must be, at present, the only means of communication between us.

'Vilest of men! and most detestable of plotters! how have I deserved from you the shocking indignities—But no more—Only for your own sake, wish not, at least for a week to come, to see *the undeservedly injured and insulted*

'CLARISSA HARLOWE.'

SO thou seest, nothing could have stood me in stead, but this plot of Tomlinson and her uncle! To what a pretty pass, nevertheless, have I brought myself!—Had Cæsar been such a fool, he had never passed the rubicon. But after he *had* passed it, had he retreated *re infecta*, intimidated by a senatorial edict, what a pretty figure would he have made in history!—I might have known, that to attempt a robbery, and put a person in bodily fear, is as punishable as if the robbery had been actually committed.

*But not to see her for a week!*—Dear pretty fool! how she anticipates me in every-thing! The counsellor will have finished the writings to-day or to-morrow, at furthest: the licence with the parson, or the parson without the licence, must be also procured within the next four-and-twenty hours; Pritchard

is as good as ready with his indentures tripartite: Tomlinson is at hand with a favourable answer from her uncle—*Yet not to see her for a week!*—Dear sweet soul! —Her good angel is gone a journey: is truanting at least. But nevertheless, in thy week's time, or in much less, my charmer, I doubt not to complete my triumph!

But what vexes me of all things, is, that such an excellent creature should break her word:—Fie, fie, upon her! —But nobody is absolutely perfect! *'Tis human to err*, but *not to persevere*—I hope my charmer cannot be inhuman!

## LETTER II.

### MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

KING'S-ARMS, PALL MALL, THURSDAY, TWO O'CLOCK.

SEVERAL billets passed between us before I went out, by the *internuncioship* of Dorcas: for which reason mine are superscribed by her married name.—She would not open her door to receive them; lest I should be near it, I suppose: so Dorcas was forced to put them under the door; (after copying them for thee) and thence to take the answers. Read them, if thou wilt, at this place.

'TO MRS. LOVELACE.

'INDEED, my dearest life, you carry this matter too far. What will the people below, who suppose us one as to the ceremony, think of so great a niceness? Liberties so innocent! the occasion of accidental!—You will expose *yourself* as well as *me*—Hitherto they know nothing of what has passed. And what indeed *has* passed, to occasion all this resentment?—I am sure, you will not, by a breach of your word of honour, give me reason to conclude, that had I *not* obeyed you, I could have fared no worse.

'Most sincerely do I repent the offence given to your delicacy—But must I, for so accidental an occurrence, be branded by such shocking names?—*Vilest of men*, and *most detestable of plotters*, are hard words!—From the pen of such a lady too.

'If you step up another pair of stairs, you will be convinced, that, however *detestable* I may be to you, I am no *plotter* in this affair.

'I must insist upon seeing you, in order to take your directions upon some of the subjects we talked of yesterday in the evening.

'All that is *more than necessary is too much*. I claim your promised pardon, and wish to plead it on my knees.

'I beg your presence in the dining-room for one quarter of an hour, and I will then leave you for the day. I am, *my dearest life, your ever-adoring and truly penitent*,

'LOVELACE.'

'TO MR. LOVELACE.

'I WILL not see you. I cannot see you. I have no directions to give you. Let Providence decide for me as it pleases.

'The more I reflect upon your vileness, your ingrateful, your barbarous vileness, the more I am exasperated against you.

'You are the *last* person, whose judgment I will take upon what is or is not carried too far in matters of decency.

'Tis grievous to me to write, or even to *think* of you at present. Urge me no more then. Once more, I will *not* see you. Nor care I, now you have made me vile to myself, what other people think of me.'

'TO MRS. LOVELACE.

'AGAIN, Madam, I remind you of your promise: and beg leave to say, I insist upon the performance of it.

'Remember, dearest creature, that the fault of a blameable person cannot warrant a fault in one more perfect. *Over-niceness* may be *under-niceness!*

'I cannot reproach myself with anything that deserves this high resentment.

'I own that the violence of my passion for you might have carried me beyond fit bounds—But that your commands and adjurations had power over me at *such* a moment, I humbly presume to say, deserves some consideration.

'You enjoin me not to see you for a week. If I have not your pardon before Captain Tomlinson comes to town, what shall I say to *him?*

'I beg once more your presence in the dining-room. By my soul, Madam, I *must* see you.

'I want to consult you about the licence, and other particulars of great importance. The people below think us married; and I cannot talk to you upon such subjects with the door between us.

'For

'For Heaven's ſake, favour me with 'your preſence for a few minutes: and 'I will leave you for the day.

'If I am to be forgiven, according to 'your promiſe, the earlier forgiveneſs 'will be moſt obliging, and will ſave 'great pain to yourſelf as well as to *your 'truly contrite and afflicted*

'LOVELACE.'

'TO MR. LOVELACE.

'THE more you teaze me, the worſe 'it will be for you.

'*Time* is wanted to conſider whether I 'ever ſhould think of you at all.

'At *preſent*, it is my ſincere wiſh, that 'I may never more ſee your face.

'All that can afford you the leaſt 'ſhadow of favour from me, ariſes from 'the hoped-for reconciliation with my '*real* friends, not my *Judas* protector.

'I am careleſs at preſent of conſequen-'ces. I hate myſelf: and who is it I 'have reaſon to value?—Not the man 'who could form a plot to diſgrace his 'own hopes, as well as a poor friendleſs 'creature, *(made friendleſs by himſelf)* by 'inſults not to be thought of with pa-'tience.'

'TO MRS. LOVELACE.

'MADAM,

'I WILL go to the Commons, and 'proceed in every particular as if I had 'not the misfortune to be under your 'diſpleaſure.

'I muſt inſiſt upon it, that however 'faulty my paſſion on ſo unexpected an 'incident, made me appear to a lady of 'your delicacy, yet my compliance with 'your entreaties at *ſuch* a moment [As it 'gave you an inſtance of your power 'over me, which few men could have 'ſhewn] ought, duly conſidered, to en-'title me to the effects of that ſolemn 'promiſe which was the condition of my 'obedience.

'I hope to find you in a kinder, and, 'I will ſay, *juſter* diſpoſition on my re-'turn. Whether I get the licence, or 'not, let me beg of you to make the *ſoon* 'you have been pleaſed to bid me hope 'for, to-morrow morning. This will 'reconcile every-thing, and make me 'the happieſt of men.

'The ſettlements are ready to ſign, 'or will be by night.

'For Heaven's ſake, Madam, do not 'carry your reſentment into a diſplea-'ſure ſo diſproportionate to the offence. 'For that would be, to expoſe us both 'to the people below; and, what is of 'infinitely more conſequence to us, to 'Captain Tomlinſon. Let us be able, I 'beſeech you, Madam, to aſſure him, on 'his next viſit, that we are one.

'As I have no hope to be permitted 'to dine with you, I ſhall not return till 'evening: and then, I preſume to ſay, 'I *expect* [Your *promiſe* authorizes me to 'uſe the word] to find you diſpoſed to 'bleſs, by your conſent for to-morrow, '*your adoring*, 'LOVELACE.'

WHAT pleaſure did I propoſe to take, how to *enjoy* the ſweet confuſion in which I expected to find her, while all was ſo recent!—But ſhe *muſt*, ſhe *ſhall*, ſee me on my return. It were better for *her-ſelf*, as well as for *me*, that ſhe had not made *ſo much ado about nothing*. I muſt keep my anger alive, leſt it ſink into compaſſion. *Love* and *compaſſion*, be the provocation ever ſo great, are hard to be ſeparated: while *anger* converts what would be *pity* without it, into *reſentment*. Nothing can be lovely in a man's eye, with which he is thoroughly diſpleaſed.

I ordered Dorcas, on putting the laſt billet under the door, and finding it taken up, to tell her, that I hoped an anſwer to it before I went out.

Her reply was verbal, '*Tell him that I 'care not whither he goes, nor what he does.*' —*And this*, re-urged by Dorcas, *was all ſhe had to ſay to me.*

I looked through the key-hole at my going by her door, and ſaw her on her knees, at her bed's feet, her head and boſom on the bed, her arms extended; [*Sweet creature, how I adore her!*] and in an agony ſhe ſeemed to be, ſobbing, as I heard at that diſtance, as if her heart would break—By my ſoul, Jack, I am a *pity*-ful fellow. Recollection is my enemy!—Divine excellence!—Happy with her for ſo many days together! Now ſo unhappy!—And for what?——But ſhe is purity herſelf.—And why, after all, ſhould I thus torment—But I muſt not truſt myſelf with myſelf, in the humour I am in.

WAITING here for Mowbray and Mallory, by whoſe aid I am to get the licence, I took papers out of my pocket, to divert myſelf; and thy laſt popt officiouſly the firſt into my hand. I gave it the honour of a re-peruſal; and this re-vived the ſubject with me, with which I had reſolved not to truſt myſelf.

I remember, that the dear creature, in her torn anſwer to my propoſals, ſays *That condeſcenſion is not meanneſs.* She

better

better knows how to make this out, than any mortal breathing. Condeſcenſion indeed *implies* dignity: and dignity ever *was* there in *her* condeſcenſion. Yet ſuch a dignity, as gave grace to the condeſcenſion; for there was no pride, no inſult, no apparent ſuperiority, indicated by it.—This, Miſs Howe confirms to be a part of her general character.

I can tell her, how ſhe might behave, to make me her own for ever. She knows ſhe cannot fly me. She knows ſhe muſt ſee me ſooner or later; the ſooner the more gracious.—I would allow her to reſent; [Not becauſe the liberties I took with her requrre reſentment, were ſhe not a CLARISSA; but as it becomes her particular niceneſs to reſent:] but would ſhe ſhew more *love* than *abhorrence* of me in her reſentment; would ſhe *ſeem*, if it were *but* to *ſeem*, to believe the fire no device, and all that followed merely accidental; and deſcended, upon it, to tender expoſtulation, and upbraiding for the advantage I would have taken of her ſurprize; and would ſhe, at laſt, be ſatisfied (as *well* ſhe may) that it was attended with no further conſequence; and place ſome generous confidence in my honour; [*Power loves to be truſted, Jack*;] I think I would put an end to all her trials, and pay her my vows at the altar.

Yet, to have taken ſuch bold ſteps, as with Tomlinſon and her uncle—To have made ſuch a progreſs—O Belford, Belford, how have I puzzled myſelf, as well as her!—This curſed averſion to wedlock how it has entangled me!—What contradictions has it made me guilty of!

How pleaſing to myſelf, to look back upon the happy days I gave her; though mine would doubtleſs have been more unmixedly ſo, could I have determined to lay aſide my contrivances, and to be as ſincere all the time, as ſhe deſerved that I ſhould be!

If I find this humour hold but till to-morrow morning, [And it has now laſted two full hours, and I ſeem, methinks, to have pleaſure in encouraging it] I will make thee a viſit, I think, or get thee to come to me; and then will I—*conſult thee upon it.*

But ſhe will not truſt me. She will not confide in my honour. Doubt, in this caſe, is defiance. She loves me not well enough to forgive me generouſly. *She is ſo greatly above me!* How can I forgive her for a merit ſo mortifying to my pride! She *thinks*, ſhe *knows*, ſhe has *told* me, that ſhe is above me. Theſe words are ſtill in my ears, 'Be gone, Lovelace! '—My ſoul is above thee, man!—Thou 'haſt a proud heart to contend with!—'My ſoul is above thee, man.' Miſs Howe thinks her above me too. Thou, even thou, my friend, my *intimate* friend and companion, art of the ſame opinion. Then I fear her as much as I love her.—How ſhall my pride bear theſe reflections? My wife (as I have often ſaid, becauſe it ſo often recurs to my thoughts) to be ſo *much* my ſuperior!—Myſelf to be conſidered but as the *ſecond perſon* in my own family!—Canſt thou teach me to bear ſuch a reflection as this!—To tell me of my acquiſition in her, and that ſhe, with all her excellences, will be *mine* in full property, is a miſtake—It cannot be ſo—For ſhall I not be *hers*; and not *my own?*—Will not every act of her duty (as I cannot deſerve it) be a condeſcenſion, and a triumph over me?—And muſt I owe it merely to her *goodneſs*, that ſhe does not deſpiſe me?—To have her *condeſcend* to bear with my follies!—To wound me with an *eye of pity!*—A daughter of the Harlowes thus to excel the laſt, and as I have heretofore ſaid, not the meaneſt of the Lovelaces—Forbid it!

Yet forbid it not—For do I not now—do I not every moment—ſee her before me all over charms, and elegance and purity, as in the ſtruggles of the paſt midnight? And in theſe ſtruggles, heart, voice, eyes, hands, and ſentiments, ſo greatly, ſo glorioufly conſiſtent with the character ſhe has ſuſtained from her cradle to the preſent hour?

But what advantages do I give *thee?* Yet have I not *always* done her juſtice? Why then thy teazing impertinence?

However, I forgive thee, Jack—Since (ſo much generous love am I capable of!) I had rather all the world ſhould condemn *me*, than that *her* character ſhould ſuffer the leaſt impeachment.

The dear creature herſelf once told me, that there was a ſtrange mixture in my mind.

I have been called *devil* and *Beelzebub*, between the two proud beauties: I muſt indeed be a Beelzebub, if I had not ſome tolerable qualities.

But as Miſs Howe ſays, the *ſuffering-time* of this excellent creature is her *ſhining-time*. Hitherto ſhe has done nothing but ſhine.

She called me *villain*, Belford, within theſe few hours. And what is the ſum of the preſent argument; but that had I *not* been a villain in her ſenſe of

the word, ſhe had not been ſo much an *angel*?

O Jack, Jack! This midnight attempt has made me mad; has utterly undone me! How can the dear creature ſay, I have made her vile in her *own* eyes, when her behaviour under ſuch a ſurprize, and her reſentment under ſuch circumſtances, have ſo greatly exalted her in *mine*?

Whence, however, this ſtrange rhapſody?—Is it owing to my being *here*? That I am not at *Sinclair's*? But if there be infection in that houſe, how has my *beloved* eſcaped it?

But no more in this ſtrain!—I will ſee what her behaviour will be on my return—Yet already do I begin to apprehend ſome little ſinkings, ſome little retrogradations: for I have juſt now a doubt ariſen, whether, for *her own* ſake, I ſhould wiſh her to forgive me *lightly*, or with *difficulty*?

I AM in a way to come at the wiſhed-for licence.

I have now given every-thing between my beloved and me a full conſideration; and my puzzle is over. What has brought me to a ſpeedier determination, is, that I think I have found out what ſhe means by the *week's* diſtance at which ſhe intends to hold me. It is, that ſhe may have time to write to Miſs Howe, to put in motion that curſed ſcheme of hers, and to take meaſures upon it which ſhall enable her to abandon and renounce me for ever. Now, Jack, *if I obtain not admiſſion to her preſence on my return*; but am refuſed with haughtineſs; if her *week* be inſiſted upon, (ſuch proſpects before her:) I ſhall be confirmed in my conjecture; and it will be plain to me, that weak at beſt was that love, which could give place to punctilio, at a time when the all-reconciling ceremony, as ſhe muſt think, waits her command:—then will I recollect all her perverſeneſſes; then will I re-peruſe Miſs Howe's letters, and the tranſcripts from others of them; give way to my averſion to the life of ſhackles: and then ſhall ſhe be mine in my own way.

But, after all, I am in hopes, that ſhe will have better conſidered of every-thing by the evening; that her threat of a *week's* diſtance was thrown out in the heat of paſſion; and that ſhe will allow, that I have as much cauſe to quarrel with *her* for breach of her word, as ſhe has with *me* for breach of the peace.

Theſe lines of Rowe have got into my head; and I ſhall repeat them very devoutly all the way the chairmen ſhall poppet me towards her by-and-by.

'Teach me, ſome power, the happy art of
'ſpeech,
'To dreſs my purpoſe up in gracious words;
'Such as may ſoftly ſteal upon her ſoul,
'And never waken the tempeſtuous paſſions.'

## LETTER III.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

THURSDAY EVENING, JUNE 8.

O *For a curſe to kill with!*—Ruined! Undone! Outwitted! Tricked!—Zounds, man, the lady is gone off!—Abſolutely gone off!—Eſcaped!

Thou knoweſt not, nor canſt conceive the pangs that wring my heart!—What can I do!—O Lord, O Lord, O Lord!

And thou, too, who haſt endeavoured to weaken my hands, wilt but clap thy dragon's wings at the tidings!

Yet I muſt write, or I ſhall go diſtracted. Little leſs have I been theſe two hours; diſpatching meſſengers to every ſtage, to every inn, to every waggon or coach, whether flying or creeping, and to every houſe with a bill up, for five miles round.

The little hypocrite, who knows not a ſoul in this town, [*I thought I was ſure of her at any time*] ſuch an unexperienced traitreſs; giving me hope too, in her firſt billet, that her expectation of the family-reconciliation would withhold her from taking ſuch a ſtep as this—Curſe upon her contrivances!—I thought, that it was owing to her baſhfulneſs, to her modeſty, that, after a few innocent freedoms, ſhe could not look me in the face; when, all the while, ſhe was impudently [Yes, I ſay, *impudently*, though ſhe be Clariſſa Harlowe] contriving to rob me of the deareſt property I had ever purchaſed—Purchaſed by a painful ſervitude of many months; fighting through the wild-beaſts of her family for her, and combating with a wind-mill virtue, which had coſt me millions of perjuries only to attempt; and which now, with it's damn'd air-fans, has toſt me a mile and an half beyond hope!—And this, juſt as I had arrived within view of the conſummation of all my wiſhes!

O devil of love! God of love no more—How have I deſerved this of thee!—Never before the friend of frozen virtue?—*Powerleſs* demon, for powerleſs thou

thou muſt be, if thou *meanedſt* not to fruſtrate my hopes; who ſhall henceforth kneel at thy altars!—May every enterprizing heart abhor, deſpiſe, execrate, renounce thee, as I do!—But, O Belford, Belford, what ſignifies curſing now!

How ſhe could effect this her wicked eſcape, is my aſtoniſhment; the whole ſiſterhood having charge of her:—for, as yet, I have not had patience enough to enquire into the particulars, nor to let a ſoul of them approach me.

Of this I am ſure, *or I had not brought her hither*; there is not a creature belonging to this houſe, that could be *corrupted* either by *virtue* or *remorſe:* the higheſt joy every infernal nymph of this worſe than infernal habitation, *could* have known, would have been to reduce this proud beauty to her own level.—And as to my villain, who alſo had charge of her, he is ſuch a ſeaſoned varlet, that he delights in miſchief for the ſake of it: no bribe could ſeduce him to betray his truſt, were there but wickedneſs in it!—'Tis well, however, he was out of my way when the curſed news was imparted to me!—Gone, the villain! in queſt of her: not to return, nor to ſee my face [ſo it ſeems he declared] till he has heard ſome tidings of her; and all the *out-of-place* varlets of his numerous acquaintance are ſummoned and employed in the ſame buſineſs.

To what purpoſe brought I this angel (angel I muſt yet call her) to this helliſh houſe?—And was I not meditating to do her deſerved honour! By my ſoul, Belford, I was reſolved—But thou knoweſt what I had *conditionally* reſoved—And now, who can tell into what hands ſhe may have fallen?

I am mad, ſtark mad, by Jupiter, at the thoughts of this!—Unprovided, deſtitute, unacquainted—ſome villain, worſe than myſelf, who adores her not as I adore her, may have ſeized her, and taken advantage of her diſtreſs!—Let me periſh, Belford, if a whole hecatomb of *innocents*, as the little plagues are called, ſhall atone for the broken promiſe and wicked artifices of this *cruel creature!*

GOING home, as I did, with reſolutions favourable to her, judge thou of my diſtraction, when her eſcape was firſt hinted to me, although but in broken ſentences! I knew not what I ſaid, nor what I did. I wanted to kill ſomebody. I flew out of one room into another, while all avoided me but the veteran Betty Carberry, who broke the matter to me. I charged bribery and corruption, in my firſt fury, upon all; and threatened deſtruction to old and young, as they ſhould come in my way.

Dorcas continues *locked up* from me: Sally and Polly have not yet dared to appear: the vile Sinclair—

But here comes the odious devil. She taps at the door, though that's only a-jar, whining and ſnuffling, to try, I ſuppoſe, to coax me into temper.

WHAT a helpleſs ſtate, where a man can only execrate himſelf and others; the occaſion of his rage remaining; the evil increaſing upon reflection; time itſelf conſpiring to deepen it!—O how I curſed her!

I have her now, methinks, before me, blubbering—How odious does ſorrow make an ugly face!—Thine, Jack, and this old beldam's, in penitentials, inſtead of moving compaſſion, muſt evermore confirm hatred; while beauty in tears, is beauty heightened, and what my heart has ever delighted to ſee.

'What excuſe!—Confound you, and 'your curſed daughters, what excuſe can 'you make?—Is ſhe not gone?—Has ſhe 'not eſcaped?—But before I am quite 'diſtracted, before I commit half an 'hundred murders, let me hear how it 'was.'

I HAVE heard her ſtory!—Art, damn'd, confounded, wicked, unpardonable art, in a woman of her character—But ſhew me a woman, and I'll ſhew thee a plotter!—This plaguy ſex is *art* itſelf: every individual of it is a plotter by nature.

This is the ſubſtance of the old wretch's account.

She told me, That I had no ſooner left the vile houſe, than Dorcas acquainted the ſyren [*Do, Jack, let me call her names!—I beſeech thee, Jack, to permit me to call her names!* than Dorcas acquainted her lady] with it; and that I had left word, that I was gone to Doctors Commons, and ſhould be heard of for ſome hours at the Horn there, if enquired after by the counſellor, or any-body elſe: that afterwards I ſhould be either at the Cocoa-Tree, or King's Arms, and ſhould not return till late. She then urged her to take ſome refreſhment.

She was in tears when Dorcas approached her; her ſaucy eyes ſwelled with weeping: ſhe refuſed either to eat or drink; ſighed as if her heart would break.—Falſe grief! *not the humble, ſilent grief, that only deſerves pity!*—Contriving

to ruin me, to despoil me of all that I held valuable, in the very midst of it.

Nevertheless, being resolved not to see me for a week at least, she ordered her to bring up three or four French rolls, with a little butter, and, a decanter of water; telling her she would dispense with her attendance; and that should be all she would live upon in the interim. So, artful creature! pretending to lay up for a week's siege.—For, as to substantial food, she, no more than other angels—Angels, said I?—The devil take me if she shall be any more an angel!—For she is odious in my eyes; and I hate her mortally!

'But, oh! Lovelace, thou lyest!—'She is all that is lovely!—All that is 'excellent!'

But *is* she, *can* she be gone!—O how Miss Howe will triumph!—But if that little fury receive her, fate shall make me rich amends; for then will I contrive to have them both.

I was looking back for connexion—but the devil take connexion; I have no business with it: the contrary best befits distraction, and that will soon be my lot!

Dorcas consulted the old wretch about obeying her: 'O yes, by all means;' for Mr. Lovelace knew how to come at her at any time; and directed a bottle of Sherry to be added.

This cheerful compliance so obliged her, that she was prevailed upon to go up, and look at the damage done by the fire; and seemed not only shocked at it, but, as they thought, satisfied it was no trick; as she owned she had at first apprehended it to be. All this made them secure; and they laughed in their sleeves, to think what a childish way of shewing her resentment she had found out; Sally throwing out her witticisms, that Mrs. Lovelace was right, however, *not to quarrel with her bread and butter.*

Now this very childishness, as *they* imagined it, in such a genius, would have *me* suspect either her head, after what had happened the night before; or her purpose, when the marriage was (so far as she knew) to be completed within the week in which she was resolved to secrete herself from me in the same house.

She sent Will with a letter to Wilson's, directed to Miss Howe, ordering him to enquire if there were not one for her there.

He only pretended to go, and brought word there was none; and put her letter in his pocket for me.

She then ordered him to carry another (which she gave him) to the Horn Tavern to me. All this done without any seeming hurry; yet she appeared to be very solemn; and put her handkerchief frequently to her eyes.

Will pretended to come to me, with this letter. But though the dog had the sagacity to mistrust something on her sending him out a second time, (and to *me*, whom she had refused to see;) which he thought extraordinary; and mention his mistrusts to Sally, Polly, and Dorcas; yet they made light of his suspicions; Dorcas assuring them all, that her lady seemed more stupid with her grief, than active; and that she really believed she was a little turned in her head, and knew not what she did. But all of them depended upon her inexperience, her open temper, and upon her not making the least motion towards going out, or to have a coach or chair called, as sometimes she had done: and still more upon the preparations she had made for a week's siege, as I may call it.

Will went out, pretending to bring the letter to me; but quickly returned; his heart still misgiving him, on recollecting my frequent cautions, that he was not to judge for himself, when he had *positive* orders; but if any doubt occurred, from circumstances I could not foresee, literally to follow them, as the only way to avoid blame.

But it must have been in this little interval, that she escaped; for soon after his return, they made fast the street-door and hatch, the mother and the two nymphs taking a little turn into the garden; Dorcas going up stairs, and Will (to avoid being seen by his lady, or his voice heard) down into the kitchen.

About half an hour after, Dorcas, who had planted herself where she could see her lady's door open, had the curiosity to go to look through the key-hole, having a misgiving, as she said, that her lady might offer some violence to herself, in the mood she had been in all day; and finding the key in the door which was not very usual, she tapped at it three or four times, and having no answer, opened it, with 'Madam, Madam, did you 'call?'—Supposing her in her closet.

Having no answer, she stept forward, and was astonished to find she was not there. She hastily ran into the dining-room, then into my apartments; searched every closet; dreading all the time to behold some sad catastrophe.

Not finding her any-where, she ran down to the old creature, and her nymphs,

nymphs, with a 'Have you ſeen my 'lady?—Then ſhe's gone!—She's no-'where above!'

They were ſure ſhe could not be gone out.

The whole houſe was in an uproar in an inſtant, ſome running up-ſtairs, ſome down, from the upper rooms to the lower; and all ſcreaming, How ſhould they look *me* in the face!

Will cried out he was a dead man; *he* blamed *them*; *they him*; and every-one was an *accuſer*, and an *excuſer* at the ſame time.

When they had ſearched the whole houſe, and every cloſet in it, ten times over, to no purpoſe, they took it into their heads to ſend to all the porters, chairmen, and Hackney-coachmen, that had been near the houſe for two hours paſt to enquire if any of them ſaw ſuch a young lady; deſcribing her.

This brought them ſome light: the only dawning for hope, that I can have, and which keeps me from abſolute deſpair. One of the chairmen gave them this account: That he ſaw ſuch a one come out of the houſe a little before four, (in a great hurry, and as if frighted) with a little parcel tied up in an handkerchief, in her hand: that he took notice to his fellow, who plied her without her anſwering, that ſhe was a fine young lady: that he'd warrant, ſhe had either a bad huſband, or very croſs parents; for that her eyes ſeemed ſwelled with crying. Upon which, a third fellow replied, That it might be a doe eſcaped from mother *Damnable's* park. This Mrs. Sinclair told me with a curſe, and a wiſh that ſhe knew the ſaucy villain: —She thought, truly, that ſhe *had a better reputation; ſo handſomely as ſhe lived, and ſo juſtly as ſhe paid every-body for what ſhe bought; her houſe viſited by the beſt and civileſt of gentlemen; and no noiſe or brawls ever heard, or known in it.*

From theſe appearances, the fellow who gave this information, had the curioſity to follow her, unperceived. She often looked back. Every-body who paſſed her, turned to look after her; paſſing their verdict upon her tears, her hurry, and her charming perſon; till coming to a ſtand of coaches, a coachman plied her; was accepted; alighted; opened the coach-door in a hurry, ſeeing *her* hurry; and in it ſhe ſtumbled for haſte; and, as the fellow believed, hurt her ſhins with the ſtumble.

The devil take me, Belford, if my generous heart is not moved for her, notwithſtanding her wicked deceit, to think what muſt be her reflections and apprehenſions at the time:—A mind ſo delicate, heeding no cenſures; yet, probably, afraid of being laid hold of by a Lovelace in every-one ſhe ſaw! At the ſame time, not knowing to what dangers ſhe was about to expoſe herſelf; nor of whom ſhe could obtain ſhelter; a ſtranger to the town, and to all it's ways; the afternoon far gone; but little money; and no cloaths but thoſe ſhe had on!

It is impoſſible, in this little interval ſince laſt night, that Miſs Howe's Townſend could be co-operating.

But how ſhe muſt abhor me, to run all theſe riſques; how heartily muſt ſhe deteſt me, for my freedoms of laſt night! O that I had given her greater reaſon for a reſentment ſo violent!—As to her *virtue*, I am too much enraged to give her the merit due to that. To virtue it cannot be owing that ſhe ſhould fly from the charming proſpects that were before her; but to malice, hatred, contempt, Harlowe pride, (the worſt of pride) and to all the deadly paſſions that ever reigned in a female breaſt—And if I can but recover her—But be ſtill, be calm, be huſhed, my ſtormy paſſions; for is it not Clariſſa [*Harlowe* muſt I ſay?] that thus I rave againſt!

The fellow heard her ſay, 'Drive 'faſt! Very faſt!'—'Where, Madam?' —'To Holborn Bars,' anſwered ſhe; repeating, 'Drive very faſt!'—And up ſhe pulled both the windows: and he loſt ſight of the coach in a minute.

Will, as ſoon as he had this intelligence, ſpeeded away in hopes to trace her out: declaring, that he would never think of ſeeing me, till he had heard ſome tidings of his lady.

And now, Belford, all my hope is, that this fellow (who attended us in our airing to Hampſtead, to Highgate to Muſwell Hill, to Kentiſh Town) will hear of her at ſome one or other of thoſe places. And on this I the rather build, as I remember ſhe was once, after our return, very inquiſitive about the ſtages, and their prices, praiſing the conveniency to paſſengers in their going off every hour; and this in Will's hearing, who was then in attendance. Woe be to the villain, if he recollect not this!

I HAVE been traverſing her room, meditating, or taking up every-thing ſhe but touched or uſed: the glaſs ſhe dreſſed at, I was ready to break, for not giving me the perſonal image it was wont to reflect, of *her*, whoſe idea is for ever

ever preſent with me. I call for her, now in the tendereſt, now in the moſt reproachful terms, as if within hearing: wanting *her*, I want my own ſoul, at leaſt every-thing dear to it. What a void in my heart! what a chilneſs in my blood, as if its circulation were arreſted! From her room to my own; in the dining-room, and in and out of every place where I have ſeen the beloved of my heart, do I hurry; in none can I tarry; her lovely image in every one, in ſome lively attitude, ruſhing cruelly upon me, in differently remembered converſations.

But when in my firſt fury, at my return, I went up two pair of ſtairs, reſolved to find the locked-up Dorcas, and beheld the vainly-burnt window-board, and recollected my baffled contrivances, baffled by my own weak folly, I thought my diſtraction compleated; and down I ran as one frighted at a ſpectre, ready to howl for vexation; my head and my temples ſhooting with a violence I had never felt before; and my back aching as if the vertebræ were disjointed, and falling in pieces.

But now that I have heard the mother's ſtory, and contemplated the dawning hopes given by the chairman's information, I am a good deal eaſier, and can make cooler reflections. Moſt heartily pray I for Will's ſucceſs, every four or five minutes. If I loſe her, all my rage will return with redoubled fury. The diſgrace to be thus out-witted by a novice, an infant in ſtratagem and contrivance, added to the violence of my paſſion for her, will either break my heart, or (what ſaves many an heart, in evils inſupportable) turn my brain. What had I to do to go out a licence-hunting, at leaſt till I had ſeen her, and made up matters with her? And, indeed, were it not the privilege of a principal to lay all his own faults upon his underlings, and never be to blame himſelf, I ſhould be apt to reflect, that I am more in fault than any-body. And as the ſting of this reflection will ſharpen upon me, if I recover her not, how ſhall I be able to bear it?

If ever—

*Here Mr. Lovelace lays himſelf under a curſe, too ſhocking to be repeated, if he revenge not himſelf upon the lady, ſhould he once more get her into his hands.*

I HAVE juſt now diſmiſſed the ſniveling toad Dorcas, who was introduced to me for my pardon by the whining mother. I gave her a kind of negative and ungracious forgiveneſs. Yet I ſhall as violently curſe the two nymphs, by-and-by, for the conſequences of my own folly: and this will be a good way too, to prevent their ridicule upon me, for loſing ſo glorious an opportunity as I had laſt night, or rather this morning.

I have collected, from the reſult of the enquiries made of the chairman, and from Dorcas's obſervations before the cruel creature eſcaped, a deſcription of her dreſs; and am reſolved, if I cannot otherwiſe hear of her, to advertiſe her in the Gazette, as an eloped wife, both by her maiden and acknowledged name; for her elopement will ſoon be known by every *enemy*: why then ſhould not my *friends* be made acquainted with it, from whoſe enquiries and informations I may expect ſome tidings of her.

She had on a brown luſtring night-gown, freſh, and looking like new, as every-thing ſhe wears does, whether new or not, from an elegance natural to her. A beaver hat, a black ribband about her neck, and blue knots on her breaſt. A quilted petticoat of carnation-coloured ſatin; a roſe-diamond ring, ſuppoſed on her finger; and in her whole perſon and appearance, as I ſhall expreſs it, a dignity, as well as beauty, that commands the repeated attention of every-one who ſees her.

The deſcription of her perſon I ſhall take a little more pains about. My mind muſt be more at eaſe, before I can undertake that. And I ſhall threaten, that if, after a certain period given for her voluntary return, ſhe be not heard of, I will proſecute any perſon who preſumes to entertain, harbour, abett, or encourage her, with all the vengeance that an injured gentleman and huſband may be warranted to take by law, or otherwiſe.

FRESH cauſe of aggravation!—But for this ſcribling vein, or I ſhould ſtill run mad.

Again, going into her chamber, becauſe it *was* hers, and ſighing over the bed, and every piece of furniture in it, I caſt my eyes towards the drawers of the dreſſing-glaſs, and ſaw peep out, as it were, in one of the half-drawn drawers, the corner of a letter. I ſnatched it out, and found it ſuperſcribed, by her, '*To Mr. Lovelace.*' The ſight of it made my heart leap, and I trembled ſo, that I could hardly open the ſeal.

How does this damn'd love unman me!

me!—but nobody ever loved as I love!—It is even increaſed by her unworthy flight, and my diſappointment. Ingrateful creature, to fly from a paſſion thus ardently flaming! which, like the palm, riſes the more for being depreſſed and ſlighted.

I will not give thee a copy of this letter. I owe her not ſo much ſervice.

But wouldſt thou think that this *haughty promiſe-breaker* could reſolve as ſhe does, abſolutely and for ever to renounce me for what paſſed laſt night? That ſhe could reſolve to forego all her opening proſpects of reconciliation; that reconciliation with a worthleſs family, on which ſhe had ſet her whole heart?—Yet ſhe does—She acquits me of all obligation to her, and herſelf of all expectations from me—And for what?—O that indeed I had given her real cauſe! Damn'd confounded niceneſs, prudery, affectation, or pretty ignorance, if not affectation!—By my ſoul, Belford, I told thee all—I was more indebted to her ſtruggles, than to my own forwardneſs. I cannot ſupport my own reflections upon a decency ſo ill-requited.—She could not, ſhe would not have been ſo much a Harlowe in her reſentment, had I deſerved, as I *ought* to have done, her reſentment. All ſhe feared, had then been over; and her own good-ſenſe, and even modeſty, would have taught her to make the beſt of it.

But if ever again I get her into my hands, *art* and more *art*, and *compulſion* too, if ſhe make it neceſſary, [*And 'tis plain that nothing elſe will do*] ſhall ſhe experience from the man whoſe fear *of* her has been above even his paſſion *for* her; and whoſe gentleneſs and forbearance ſhe has thus *perfidiouſly* triumphed over. Well ſays the poet—

'Tis nobler like a lion to invade
'When appetite directs, and ſeize my prey,
'Than to wait tamely, like a begging dog,
'Till dull conſent throws out the ſcraps of love.'

Thou knoweſt what I have ſo lately vowed—And yet at times, [Cruel creature, and ingrateful as cruel!] I can ſubſcribe with too much truth to thoſe lines of another poet—

'She reigns more fully in my ſoul than ever;
'She garriſons my breaſt, and mans againſt me
'E'en my own rebel thoughts, with thouſand graces,
'Ten thouſand charms, and new-diſcovered beauties!'

## LETTER IV.

### MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

A Letter is put into my hands by Wilſon himſelf—Such a letter!

A letter from Miſs Howe to her cruel friend!

I made no ſcruple to open it.

It is a miracle that I fell not into fits at the reading of it; and at the thought of what *might* have been the conſequence had it come to the hands of *this Clariſſa Harlowe*. Let my juſtly-excited rage excuſe my irreverence.

Collins, though not his day, brought it this afternoon to Wilſon's, with a particular deſire, that it might be ſent with all ſpeed to Miſs Beaumont's lodgings, and given, if poſſible, into her own hands. He had before been here, (at Mrs. Sinclair's) with intent to deliver it to the lady with his own hand; but was told, [*Too truly told!*] that ſhe was abroad; but that they would give her any-thing he ſhould leave for her, the moment ſhe returned. But he cared not to truſt them with his buſineſs, and went away to Wilſon's, (as I find by the deſcription of him at both places) and there left the letter; but not till he had a ſecond time called here, and found her not come in.

The letter [which I ſhall incloſe; for it is too long to tranſcribe] will account to thee for *Collins's* coming hither.

O this deviliſh Miſs Howe—Something muſt be reſolved upon and done with that little fury!

THOU wilt ſee the margin of this curſed letter crouded with indices. [☞] I put them to mark the places which call for vengeance upon the vixen writer, or which require animadverſion. Return thou it to me the moment thou haſt peruſed it.

Read it here; and avoid trembling for me, if thou canſt.

'TO MISS LÆTITIA BEAUMONT.

'WEDNESDAY, JUNE 7.

'MY DEAREST FRIEND,

'YOU will perhaps think, that I have been too long ſilent. 'But I had begun two letters at 'different times ſince my laſt, and 'written a great deal each time; 'and with ſpirit enough, I aſſure 'you; incenſed as I was againſt ☞ 'the abominable wretch you are 'with; particularly on reading 'yours of the 21ſt of the paſt month.

'The

☞ 'The *first* I intended to keep open 'till I could give you ſome account 'of my proceedings with Mrs. 'Townſend. It was ſome days be'fore I ſaw her: and this interve'nient ſpace giving me time to re'peruſe what I had written, I 'thought it proper to lay that aſide, ☞ 'and to write in a ſtyle a little leſs 'fervent; for you would have blam'ed me, I know, for the freedom ☞ 'of ſome of my expreſſions. [*Ex'ecrations*, if you pleaſe] And when 'I had gone a good way in the *ſe'cond* the change in your proſpects, 'on his communicating to you 'Miſs Montague's letter, and his 'better behaviour, occaſioning a 'change in your mind, I laid that 'aſide alſo. And in this uncer'tainty, thought I would wait to 'ſee the iſſue of affairs between you 'before I wrote again; believing 'that all would ſoon be decided one 'way or other.

'I had ſtill, perhaps, held this 'reſolution, [As every appearance 'according to your letters, was 'more and more promiſing] had 'not the two paſt days furniſhed me 'with intelligence which it highly 'imports you to know.

'But I muſt ſtop here and take 'a little walk, to try to keep down 'that juſt indignation which riſes 'to my pen, when I am about to 'relate to you what I muſt com'municate.

'I AM not my own miſtreſs enough '—Then my mother—Always up 'and down—And watching as if I 'were writing to a fellow—But I 'will try if I can contain myſelf in 'tolerable bounds.

'The women of the houſe where 'you are—O my dear—The wo'men of the houſe—But you never 'thought highly of them—So it 'cannot be very ſurprizing—Nor ☞ 'would you have *ſtaid ſo long with 'them, had not the notion of removing 'to one of your own*, made you leſs 'uneaſy, and leſs curious about ☞ 'their characters, and behaviour. 'Yet I could *now* wiſh, that you 'had been leſs reſerved among ☞ 'them—But I teaze you—In ſhort, 'my dear, you are certainly in a 'deviliſh houſe!—Be aſſured, that 'the woman is one of the vileſt of 'women—Nor does ſhe go to you 'by her right name—Very true! '—Her name is *not* Sinclair—nor 'is the ſtreet ſhe lives in, Dover 'Street—Did you never go out by 'yourſelf, and diſcharge the coach ☞ 'or chair, and return by another 'coach or chair? If you did, [Yet I 'don't remember that you ever 'wrote to me, that you did] you 'would never have found your way 'to the vile houſe, either by the 'woman's name, *Sinclair*, or by the 'ſtreet's name, mentioned by that 'Doleman in his letter about the 'lodgings.

'The wretch might indeed have 'held out theſe falſe lights a little 'more excuſeably, had the houſe 'been an honeſt houſe; and had his 'end only been to prevent miſchief 'from your brother.—But this con'trivance was antecedent, as I 'think, to your brother's project: 'ſo that no excuſe can be made for 'his intentions at the *time*—The ☞ 'man, whatever he may *now* intend, 'was certainly then, even *then*, a 'villain in his heart!

☞ 'I AM exceſſively concerned, that 'I ſhould be prevailed upon, be'tween *your* over-niceneſs, on one 'hand, and my *mother's* poſitiveneſs, 'on the other, to be ſatisfied with'out knowing how to direct to you 'at your lodgings. I think too, 'that the propoſal that I ſhould be 'put off to a *third-hand* knowledge, 'or rather veiled in a *firſt-hand* ig'norance, came from him—and 'that it was only acquieſced in 'by you, as it was by me, upon 'needleſs and weak conſiderations '—Becauſe, truly, I might have it 'to ſay, if challenged, *that I knew 'not where to ſend to you!*—I am 'aſhamed of myſelf!—Had this 'been at *firſt* excuſable, it could not 'be a good reaſon for going on in 'the folly, when you had no liking ☞ 'to the houſe, and when he began to 'play tricks, and delay with you.— 'What! I was to miſtruſt myſelf, was 'I?—I was to allow it to be thought, ☞ 'that I could not keep my own ſe- ☞ 'cret?—But the houſe *to be taken* ☞ '*at this time, and at that time*, led us ☞ 'both on—like fools, like tame ☞ 'fools, in a ſtring.—Upon my life, ☞ 'my dear, this man is a vile, a con'temptible villain—I muſt ſpeak 'out!—How has he laughed in his 'ſleeve at us both, I warrant, for I 'can't tell how long!

'And yet who could have thought, 'that a man of fortune and ſome re-

'*putation*—[This Doleman, I mean; 'not your wretch to be ſure!] for-'merly a rake indeed—[I en-'quired after him—long ago; and 'ſo was the eaſier ſatisfied]—but 'married to a woman of family—'having had a palſy blow—and 'one would think a penitent—
☞ 'ſhould recommend ſuch a houſe '[Why, my dear, he could not *en-'quire* of it, but muſt find it to be 'bad] to ſuch a man as Lovelace, 'to bring his future, nay, his *then* 'ſuppoſed, bride to?

☞ 'I WRITE, perhaps, with too 'much violence, to be clear. But 'I cannot help it. Yet I lay down 'my pen, and take it up every ten 'minutes, in order to write with 'ſome temper—My mother too in 'and out—What need I (ſhe aſks 'me) lock myſelf in, if I am only 'reading paſt correſpondencies?—
☞ 'for that is my pretence, when ſhe 'comes poking in with her face 'ſharpened to an edge, as I may
☞ 'ſay, by a curioſity that gives her 'more pain than pleaſure—The 'Lord forgive me; but I believe 'I ſhall huff her next time ſhe 'comes in.

'Do *you* forgive me, too, my 'dear. My mother *ought*; becauſe 'ſhe ſays I am my father's girl; 'and becauſe I am ſure I am *hers*. 'I don't know what to do—I don't 'know what to write next—I have 'ſo much to write, yet have ſo 'little patience, and ſo little op-'portunity.

'But I will tell you how I came
☞ 'by my intelligence. *That* being a '*fact*, and requiring the leſs atten-'tion, I will try to account to you 'for *that*.

'Thus then it came about—Miſs 'Lardner, (whom you have ſeen 'at her couſin Biddulph's) ſaw you 'at St. James's church on Sunday 'was fortnight. She kept you in 'her eye during the whole time; 'but could not once obtain the no-'tice of yours, though ſhe curt-'ſeyed to you twice. So thought 'to pay her compliments to you 'when the ſervice was over; for ſhe 'doubted not but you were mar-
☞ 'ried—and for an odd reaſon—*Be-'cauſe you came to church by yourſelf.* 'Every eye (as uſual, wherever 'you are, ſhe ſaid) was upon you; 'and this ſeeming to give you hur-'ry, and you being nearer the 'door than ſhe, you ſlid out, be-'fore ſhe could get to you. But 'ſhe ordered her ſervant to follow 'you till you were houſed. This 'ſervant ſaw you ſtep into a chair, 'which waited for you; and you 'ordered the men to carry you to 'the place where they took you up.

'The next day, Miſs Lardner 'ſent the ſame ſervant, out of mere 'curioſity, to make private en-'quiry whether Mr. Lovelace were, 'or were not, with you there. And 'this enquiry brought out, from
☞ '*different* people, that the houſe was 'ſuſpected to be one of thoſe gen-'teel wicked houſes, which receive 'and accommodate *faſhionable peo-'ple* of both ſexes.

'Miſs Lardner, confounded at 'this ſtrange intelligence, made 'further enquiry; enjoining ſecre-'cy to the ſervant ſhe had ſent, as 'well as to the gentleman whom 'ſhe employed; who had it con-
☞ 'firmed from a rakiſh friend, who 'knew the houſe; and told him, 'that there were two houſes; the 'one *in which all decent appearances 'were preſerved, and gueſts rarely 'admitted*; the other, the receptacle 'of thoſe who were abſolutely en-'gaged, and broken to the vile 'yoke.

☞ 'Say—my dear creature—ſay—'Shall I not execrate the wretch? '—But words are weak—What 'can I ſay, that will ſuitably ex-'preſs my abhorrence of ſuch a 'villain as he muſt have been, when 'he meditated to carry a Clariſſa to 'ſuch a place!

'Miſs Lardner kept this to her-'ſelf ſome days, not knowing what 'to do; for ſhe loves you, and ad-'mires you of all women. At 'laſt, ſhe revealed it, but in con-'fidence, to Miſs Biddulph, by 'letter. Miſs Biddulph, in like 'confidence, being afraid it would 'diſtract *me*, were I to know it, 'communicated it to Miſs Lloyd; 'and ſo like a whiſpered ſcandal, 'it paſſed through ſeveral canals; 'and then it came to me. Which 'was not till laſt Monday.

'I thought I ſhould have faint-'ed upon the ſurprizing communi-'cation. But rage taking place, 'it blew away the ſudden illneſs. 'I beſought Miſs Lloyd to re-en-'join ſecrecy to every-one. I told 'her, that I would not for the 'world that my mother, or any of

'your family, ſhould know it. And 'I inſtantly cauſed a truſty friend 'to make what enquiries he could 'about Tomlinſon.

'I had thoughts to have done it 'before I had this intelligence: 'but not imagining it to be need-'ful, and little thinking that you 'could be in ſuch a houſe, and as 'you were pleaſed with your chang-'ed proſpects, I forbore. And 'the rather forbore, as the matter 'is ſo laid, that Mrs. Hodges is 'ſuppoſed to know nothing of the 'projected treaty of accommoda-'tion; but on the contrary, that 'it was deſigned to be a ſecret to 'her, and to every-body but im-'mediate parties; and it was Mrs. 'Hodges that I had propoſed to 'ſound by a *ſecond* hand.

'Now, my dear, it is certain, 'without applying to that too-much 'favoured ho ſekeeper, that there 'is not ſuch a man within ten miles 'of your uncle. Very true! One '*Tomkins* there is about four miles 'off; but he is a day-labourer; 'and one *Thompſon* about five miles 'diſtant the other way; but he is a 'pariſh ſchoolmaſter, poor, and 'about ſeventy.

'A man, though but of 800*l.* a 'year, cannot come from one coun-'ty to ſettle in another, but every-'body in both muſt know it, and 'talk of it.

'Mrs. Hodges may yet be ſound-'ed at a diſtance, if you will. Your 'uncle is an old man. Old men 'imagine themſelves under obliga-'tion to their paramours, if younger 'than themſelves, and ſeldom keep 'any-thing from their knowledge. 'But if we ſuppoſe him to make a 'ſecret of the deſigned treaty, it is 'impoſſible, *before* that treaty was 'thought of, but ſhe muſt have 'ſeen him, at leaſt have *heard* your 'uncle ſpeak praiſefully of a man 'he is ſaid to be ſo intimate with, 'let him have been ever ſo little a 'while in thoſe parts.

'Yet, methinks, the ſtory is ſo 'plauſible: Tomlinſon, as you de-'ſcribe him, is ſo good a man, and 'ſo much of a gentleman; the end 'to be anſwered by his being an 'impoſter, ſo *much more than neceſ-'ary* if Lovelace has villainy in his 'head; and as you are in ſuch a 'houſe—Your wretch's behaviour 'to him was ſo petulant and lordly; 'and Tomlinſon's anſwer ſo full of 'ſpirit and circumſtance; and then 'what he communicated to you of 'Mr. Hickman's application to 'your uncle, and Mrs. Norton's to 'your mother; [ſome of which par-'ticulars, I am ſatisfied his vile 'agent Joſeph Leman could not 'reveal to his viler employer] his 'preſſing on the marriage-day in 'the name of your uncle, which it 'could not anſwer any *wicked* pur-'poſe for him to do; and what he 'writes of your uncle's propoſal, 'to have it thought that you were 'married from the time that you 'have lived in one houſe together; 'and that to be made to agree with 'the time of Mr. Hickman's viſit to 'your uncle: the inſiſting on a 'truſty perſon's being preſent at 'the ceremony, at that uncle's no-'mination—*Theſe things make me 'willing to try for a tolerable conſtruc-'tion to be made of all*; though I am 'ſo much puzzled by what occurs 'on both ſides of the queſtion, that 'I cannot but abhor the deviliſh 'wretch, whoſe inventions and con-'trivances are for ever employing 'an inquiſitive head, as mine is, 'without affording the means of ab-'ſolute detection.

'But this is what I am ready to 'conjecture, that Tomlinſon, ſpe-'cious as he is, is a machine of 'Lovelace; and that he is employ-'ed for ſome end, which has not 'yet been anſwered. This is cer-'tain, that not only Tomlinſon, 'but Mennell, who, I think, at-'tended you more than once at this 'vile houſe, muſt know it to *be* a 'vile houſe.

'What can you think of Tom-'linſon's declaring himſelf in *favour* 'of it, upon enquiry?

'Lovelace too muſt know it to be 'ſo; if not before he brought you 'to it, ſoon after.

'Perhaps the *company he found 'there*, may be the moſt probable 'way of accounting for his bearing 'with the houſe, and for his ſtrange 'ſuſpenſions of marriage, when it 'was in his power to call ſuch an 'angel of a woman his.

'O my dear, the man is a vil-'lain! the greateſt of villains, in 'every light!—I am convinced that 'he is. And this Doleman muſt 'be another of his implements!

'There are ſo many wretches who 'think

'think *that* to be no ſin, which is 'one of the greateſt, and moſt in-'grateful of all ſins, to ruin young 'creatures of our ſex who place 'their confidence in them; that the 'wonder is leſs than the ſhame, 'that people of figure, of *ap-'pearance* at leaſt, are found to 'promote the horrid purpoſes of 'profligates of fortune and intereſt!

☞ 'But can I think, [you will aſk 'with indignant aſtoniſhment] that 'Lovelace can have deſigns upon 'your honour?

☞ 'That ſuch deſigns he *has had*, 'if he *ſtill* hold them not, I can 'have no doubt, now that I know 'the houſe he has brought you to, 'to be a vile one. This is a clue 'that has led me to account for all 'his behaviour to you ever ſince 'you have been in his hands.

'Allow me a brief retroſpection 'of it all.

'We both know, that pride, re-'venge, and a delight to trade in 'unbeaten paths, are principal in-'gredients in the character of this 'finiſhed libertine.

☞ 'He hates all your family, your-'ſelf excepted; and I have ſeveral 'times thought, that I have ſeen 'him ſtung and mortified that love 'has obliged him to kneel at your ☞ 'footſtool, becauſe you are a *Har-'lowe*.—Yet is this wretch a ſavage 'in love.—Love that humanizes the ☞ 'fierceſt ſpirits, has not been able 'to ſubdue his. His *pride*, and the ☞ 'credit which a few *plauſible qua-'lities*, ſprinkled among his *odious 'ones*, have given him, have ſecur-'ed him too good a reception from 'our eye-judging, our undiſtin-'guiſhing, our ſelf-flattering, our 'too-confiding ſex, to make aſſi-'duity and obſequiouſneſs, and a 'conqueſt of his unruly paſſions, 'any part of his ſtudy.

☞ 'He has ſome reaſon for his ani-'moſity to *all* the men, and to *one* 'woman of your family. He has 'always ſhewn you, and his own fa-☞ 'mily too, that he prefers his pride 'to his intereſt. He is a declared 'marriage-hater: a notorious in-'triguer! full of his inventions; 'and glorying in them. He never 'could draw you into declarations 'of love: nor till your *wife* relati-'ons perſecuted you, as they did, to 'receive his addreſſes as a lover.— ☞ 'He knew that you profeſſedly diſ-'liked him for his immoralities; he 'could not therefore juſtly blame 'you for the coldneſs and indiffe-'rence of your behaviour to him.

☞ 'The prevention of miſchief was 'your firſt main view in the correſ-'pondence he drew you into. He 'ought not, then, to have wonder-'ed, that you declared your pre-'ference of the *ſingle life* to *any* ma-'trimonial engagement. He knew, 'that this was *always* your prefer-'ence; and *that* before he tricked ☞ 'you away ſo artfully. What was 'his conduct to you afterwards, 'that you ſhould of a ſudden change 'it?

'Thus was your whole behavi-'our regular, conſiſtent, and duti-'ful to thoſe to whom by birth you 'owed duty; and neither prudiſh, 'coquettiſh, nor tyrannical to him.

☞ 'He had *agreed* to go on with 'you upon thoſe your own terms, 'and to rely only on *his own merits* 'and *future reformation*, for your 'favour.

☞ 'It was plain to me, indeed, to 'whom you communicated all that '*you knew* of your own heart, 'though not all of it that *I found out*, 'that love had pretty early gained 'footing in it. And this you your-'ſelf would have diſcovered ſooner ☞ 'than you did, had not his alarm-'ing, his unpolite, his rough con-'duct, kept it under.

☞ 'I knew, by experience, that 'love is a fire that is not to be play-'ed with, without burning one's 'fingers: I knew it to be a dangerous 'thing for two ſingle perſons of dif-'ferent ſexes, to enter into famili-'arity and correſpondence with each 'other; ſince, as to the latter, muſt 'not a perſon be capable of preme-'ditated art, who can ſit down to 'write, and not write from the 'heart?—And a woman to write 'her heart to a man practiſed in de-'ceit, or even to a man of ſome cha-'racter, what advantage does it 'give him over her?

☞ 'As this man's vanity had made 'him imagine, that no woman could 'be proof againſt love, when his 'addreſs was honourable; no won-'der that he ſtruggled, like a lion 'held in toils, againſt a paſſion that 'he thought not returned. And how 'could you, *at firſt*, ſhew a return 'in love, to ſo fierce a ſpirit, and 'who had ſeduced you away by vile

'artifices, but to the approval of 'thoſe artifices?

☞ 'Hence, perhaps, it is not difficult to believe, that it became 'poſſible for ſuch a wretch as this 'to give way to his old prejudices 'againſt marriage; and to that revenge which had always been a 'firſt paſſion with him.

'This is the only way, I think, to 'account for his horrid views in 'bringing you to a vile houſe.

'And now may not all the reſt be 'naturally accounted for?—His delays — His teazing ways — His 'bringing you to bear with his lodging in the ſame houſe—His making you paſs to the people of it, 'as his wife; *though reſtrictively ſo*, 'yet with hope, no doubt, (vileſt ☞ 'of villains as he is!) to take you ☞ 'at advantage—His bringing you 'into the company of his libertine 'companions: the attempt of impoſing upon you that Miſs Partington for a bedfellow, very probably his own invention for the 'worſt of purpoſes: his terrifying 'you at many different times: his 'obtruding himſelf upon you when 'you went out to church; no doubt 'to prevent your finding out what 'the people of the houſe were: the 'advantages he made of your brother's fooliſh project with Singleton.

'See, my dear, how naturally all 'this follows from the diſcovery 'made by Miſs Lardner. See how ☞ 'the monſter, whom I thought, 'and ſo often called, a *fool*, comes 'out to have been all the time one ☞ 'of the greateſt villains in the 'world!

'But if this be ſo, what [it 'would be aſked by an indifferent 'perſon] has hitherto ſaved you? 'Glorious creature!—What, morally ſpeaking, but your watchfulneſs! What but that, and the 'majeſty of your virtue; *the native dignity*, which, in a ſituation ſo 'very difficult, (friendleſs, deſtitute, paſſing for a wife, caſt into 'the company of creatures accuſtomed to betray and ruin innocent hearts) has hitherto enabled 'you to baffle, over-awe, and confound, ſuch a dangerous libertine 'as this; ſo habitually remorſeleſs, 'as you have obſerved him to be; 'ſo very various in his temper; ſo 'inventive, ſo ſeconded, ſo ſupported, ſo inſtigated, too probably, as he has been!—That *native dignity*, that *heroiſm* I will call it, 'which has, on all proper occaſions, 'exerted itſelf in it's *full* luſtre, un- ☞ 'mingled with that charming obligingneſs and condeſcending 'ſweetneſs, which is evermore the 'ſoftener of that dignity, when 'your mind is free and unapprehenſive!

☞ 'Let me ſtop to admire, and to 'bleſs my beloved friend, who, unhappily for herſelf, at an age ſo 'tender, unacquainted as ſhe was 'with the world, and with the vile 'arts of libertines, having been 'called upon to ſuſtain the hardeſt 'and moſt ſhocking trials, from 'perſecuting relations on one hand, 'and from a villainous lover on the 'other, has been enabled to give 'ſuch an illuſtrious example of fortitude and prudence, as never 'woman gave before her; and who, 'as I have heretofore obſerved, has 'made a far greater figure in adverſity, than ſhe poſſibly could have 'made, had all her ſhining qualities 'been exerted in their full force 'and power, by the continuance of ☞ 'that proſperous run of fortune 'which attended her for eighteen 'years of life out of nineteen.

☞ 'But now, my dear, do I apprehend, that you are in greater 'danger than ever yet you have 'been in; if you are not married 'in a week; and yet ſtay in this abominable houſe. For were you 'out of it, I own I ſhould not be 'much afraid for you.

'Theſe are my thoughts on the 'moſt deliberate conſideration: that 'he is now convinced, that he has 'not been able to draw you off your 'guard: that therefore, if he can 'obtain no new advantage over 'you as he goes along, he is reſolved to do you all the *poor juſtice* 'that it is in the power of ſuch a 'wretch as he, to do you. He is 'the rather induced to this, as he 'ſees, that all his own family have 'warmly engaged themſelves in 'your cauſe: and that it is his ☞ '*higheſt intereſt* to be juſt to you. 'Then the horrid wretch loves you '(as well he may) above all women. 'I have no doubt of this; with *ſuch* 'a love as ſuch a wretch is capable ☞ 'of: with *ſuch* a love as Herod

'loved

'loved his Mariamne. He is now 'therefore, very probably, at laſt, 'in earneſt.

'I took time for enquiries of 'different natures, as I knew by 'the train you are in, that what-'ever his deſigns are, they cannot 'ripen either for good or evil, till 'ſomething ſhall reſult from this 'new device of his about Tomlin-'ſon and your uncle.

'*Device* I have no doubt that it 'is, whatever this dark, this im-'penetrable ſpirit intends by it.

'And yet I find it to be true, 'that Counſellor Williams (whom 'Mr. Hickman knows to be a man 'of eminence in his profeſſion) has 'actually as good as finiſhed the 'ſettlements: that two draughts of 'them have been made; one avow-'edly to be ſent to one Captain 'Tomlinſon, as the clerk ſays— 'And I find that a licence has actu-'ally been more than once endea-'voured to be obtained; and that 'difficulties have hitherto been 'made, equally to Lovelace's vex-'ation and diſappointment. My 'mother's proctor, who is very in-'timate with the proctor applied to 'by the wretch, has come at this 'information in confidence; and 'hints, that, as Mr. Lovelace is a 'man of high fortunes, theſe diffi-'culties will probably be got over.

'But here follow the cauſes of 'my apprehenſion of your danger; 'which I ſhould not have had a 'thought of, (ſince nothing *very* 'vile has yet been attempted) but 'on finding what a houſe you are in, 'and, on that diſcovery, laying to-'gether and ruminating on paſt oc-'currences.

'You are obliged, from the pre-'ſent favourable appearances, to 'give him your company whenever 'he requeſts it.—You are under a 'neceſſity of forgetting, or ſeeming 'to forget, paſt diſobligations; and 'to receive his addreſſes as thoſe of 'a betrothed lover.—You will in-'cur the cenſure of prudery and 'affectation, even perhaps in your 'own apprehenſion, if you keep 'him at that diſtance which has 'hitherto been your ſecurity.—His 'ſudden (and as ſuddenly recover-'ed) illneſs has given him an op-'portunity to find out, that you 'love him. [*Alas, my dear, I knew 'you loved him!*] He is, as you re-'late, every hour more and more 'an encroacher, upon it. He has 'ſeemed to change his nature, and 'is all love and gentleneſs. The 'wolf has put on the ſheep's cloath-'ing; yet more than once has 'ſhewn his teeth, and his hardly-'ſheathed claws. The inſtance you 'have given of his freedom with 'your perſon, which you could not 'but reſent; and yet, as matters 'are circumſtanced between you, 'could not but paſs over, when Tom-'linſon's letter called you into his 'company, ſhew the advantage he 'has now over you; and alſo, that 'if he can obtain greater, he will.— 'And for this very reaſon (as I ap-'prehend) it is, that Tomlinſon is 'introduced; that is to ſay, to give 'you the greater ſecurity, and to 'be a mediator, if mortal offence 'be given you, by any villainous 'attempt.—The day ſeems not now 'to be ſo much in your power as it 'ought to be, ſince that now partly 'depends on your uncle, whoſe pre-'ſence, at your own motion, he 'has wiſhed on the occaſion.—A 'wiſh, were all real, very unlikely, 'I think, to be granted.

'And thus ſituated, ſhould he 'offer greater freedoms, muſt you 'not forgive him?

'I fear nothing (as I know who 'has ſaid) that devil carnate or in-'carnate can fairly do againſt a vir-'tue ſo eſtabliſhed.—But ſurprizes, 'my dear, in ſuch a houſe as that 'you are in, and in ſuch circum-'ſtances as I have mentioned, I 'greatly fear!—The man, one, who 'has already triuphed over perſons 'worthy of his alliance.

'What then have you to do, but 'to fly this houſe, this infernal 'houſe!—O that your heart would 'let you fly the *man!*

'If you ſhould be diſpoſed ſo to 'do, Mrs. Townſend ſhall be ready 'at your command.—But if you 'meet with no impediments, no 'new cauſes of doubt, I think your 'reputation in the eye of the 'world, though not your happineſs, 'is concerned, that you ſhould be 'his.—And yet I cannot bear, that 'theſe libertines ſhould be reward-'ed for their villainy with the beſt 'of the ſex, when the worſt of it 'are too good for them.

'But if you meet with the leaſt 'ground for ſuſpicion; if he would

'detain

'detain you at the odious houſe, or 'wiſh you to ſtay, now you know 'what the people are; fly *him*, what- 'ever your proſpects are, as well 'as *them*.

'In one of your next airings, if 'you have no other way, refuſe to 'return with him. Name me for 'your intelligencer, that you are in 'a bad houſe; and if you think you 'cannot now break with him, ſeem 'rather to believe that he may not 'know it to be ſo; and that I do 'not believe he does: and yet this 'belief in us both muſt appear to 'be very groſs.

'But ſuppoſe you deſire to go out 'of town for the air, this ſultry 'weather, and inſiſt upon it? You 'may plead your health for ſo do- 'ing. He dare not reſiſt ſuch a plea. 'Your brother's fooliſh ſcheme, I 'am told, is certainly given up; ſo 'you need not be afraid on that 'account.

'If you do not fly the houſe upon 'reading of this, or ſome way or 'other get out of it, I ſhall judge 'of his power over you, by the lit- 'tle you will have over either him 'or yourſelf.

'One of my informers has made 'ſlight enquiries concerning Mrs. 'Fretchville. Did he ever name 'to you the ſtreet or ſquare ſhe liv- 'ed in?—I don't remember that 'you, in any of yours, mentioned 'the place of her abode to me. 'Strange, very ſtrange, this, I 'think! No ſuch perſon or houſe 'can be found, near any of the new 'ſtreets or ſquares, where the lights 'I had from your letter led me to 'imagine her houſe might be—Aſk 'him, What ſtreet the houſe is in, 'if he has not told you? And let 'me know. If he make a difficul- 'ty of that circumſtance, it will a- 'mount to a detection.—And yet, 'I think, you have enough with- 'out this.

'I ſhall ſend this long letter by 'Collins, who changes his day to 'oblige me; and that he may try '(now I know where you are) to 'get it into your own hands. If 'he cannot, he will leave it at Wil- 'ſon's. As none of our letters by 'that conveyance have miſcarried 'when you have been in more *ap- 'parently* diſagreeable ſituations 'than you are in at preſent, I hope 'that this will go ſafe, if Collins 'ſhould be obliged to leave it there.

'I wrote a ſhort letter to you in 'my firſt agitations. It contained 'not above twenty lines, all full 'of fright, alarm, and execration. 'But being afraid, that my vehe- 'mence would too much affect you, 'I thought it better to wait a little, 'as well for the reaſons already 'hinted at, as to be able to give 'you as many particulars as I could; 'and my thoughts upon all. And 'now, I think, taking to your aid 'other circumſtances, as they *have* 'offered, or *may* offer, you will be 'ſufficiently armed to reſiſt all his 'machinations, be what they will.

'One word more. Command 'me up, if I can be of the leaſt ſer- 'vice or pleaſure to you. I value 'not fame; I value not cenſure; 'nor even life itſelf, I verily think, 'as I do your honour, and your 'friendſhip—For, is not your hon- 'our my honour? And is not your 'friendſhip the pride of my life?

'May Heaven preſerve you, my 'deareſt creature, in honour and 'ſafety, is the prayer, the hourly 'prayer, of *your ever-faithful and 'affectionate*

'ANNA HOWE.

'THURSDAY MORN. 5.
'I have written all night.'

'TO MISS HOWE.

'MY DEAREST CREATURE,

'HOW you have ſhocked, confound- 'ed, ſurprized, aſtoniſhed me, by your 'dreadful communication!—My *heart is 'too weak* to bear up againſt ſuch a ſtroke 'as this!—When all hope was with me! 'When my proſpects were ſo much 'mended!—But can there be ſuch vil- 'lainy in men, as in this vile principal, 'and equally vile agent!

'I am really ill—Very ill—Grief and 'ſurprize, and, *now* I will ſay, deſpair, 'have overcome me!—All, all, you 'have laid down as conjecture, appears 'to *me now* to be *more* than conjecture!

'O that your mother would have the 'goodneſs to permit me the preſence of 'the only comforter that my afflicted, 'my half-broken heart, could be raiſed 'by! But I charge you, think not of 'coming up without her indulgent per- 'miſſion. I am too ill at preſent, my 'dear, to think of combating with this 'dreadful man; and of flying from this 'horrid houſe!—*My bad writing will ſhew 'you this.*—But my illneſs will be my

'preſent

'preſent ſecurity, ſhould he indeed
'have meditated villainy.—Forgive, O
'forgive, my deareſt friend, the trouble
'I have given you!—All muſt ſoon—
'But why add I grief to grief, and
'trouble to trouble?—But I charge you,
'my beloved creature, not to think of
'coming up without your mother's leave,
'to the truly deſolate and broken-
'ſpirited 'CLARISSA HARLOWE.'

WELL, Jack!—And what thinkeſt thou of this laſt letter? Miſs Howe values not either *fame* or *cenſure*; and thinkeſt thou, that this letter will not bring the little fury up, though ſhe could procure no other conveyance than her higgler's paniers, one for herſelf, the other for her maid? She knows whither to come now. Many a little villain have I puniſhed for knowing more than I would have her know, and that by adding to her knowledge and experience. What thinkeſt thou, Belford, if, by getting hither this virago, and giving *cauſe* for a lamentable letter from her to the fair fugitive, I ſhould be able to recover *her*? Would ſhe not viſit that friend in *her* diſtreſs, thinkeſt thou, whoſe intended viſit to her in *hers* brought her into the condition from which ſhe herſelf had ſo perfidiouſly eſcaped?

Let me enjoy the thought!

Shall I ſend this letter?—Thou ſeeſt I have left room, if I fail in the exact imitation of ſo charming a hand, to avoid too ſtrict a ſcrutiny. Do they not both deſerve it of me? Seeſt thou not how the raving girl threatens her mother? Ought ſhe not to be puniſhed? And can I be a worſe devil, or villain, or monſter, than ſhe calls me in the long letter I incloſe, (and has called me in her former letters) were I to puniſh them both as my vengeance urges me to puniſh them? And when I have executed that my vengeance, how charmingly ſatisfied may they both go down into the country, and keep houſe together, and have a much better reaſon than their pride could give them, for living the ſingle life they have both ſeemed ſo fond of!

I will ſet about tranſcribing it this moment, I think. I can reſolve afterwards. Yet what has poor Hickman done to deſerve this of me?—But gloriouſly would it puniſh the mother, (as well as daughter) for all her ſordid avarice; and for her undutifulneſs to honeſt Mr. Howe, whoſe heart ſhe actually broke. I am on tiptoe, Jack, to enter upon this project. Is not one country as good to me as another, if I ſhould be obliged to take another tour upon it?

BUT I will not venture. Hickman is a good man, they tell me. I love a good man. I hope one of theſe days to be a good man myſelf. Beſides, I have heard within this week ſomething of this honeſt fellow that ſhews he has a ſoul; when I thought, if he had one, that it lay a little of the deepeſt to emerge to notice, except on very extraordinary occaſions; and that then it preſently ſunk again into it's *cellula adipoſa*.—The man is a *plump man*.—Didſt ever ſee him, Jack?

But the principal reaſon that withholds me, [For 'tis a tempting project!] is, for fear of being utterly blown up, if I ſhould not be quick enough with my letter, or if Miſs Howe ſhould deliberate on ſetting out, or try her mother's conſent firſt; in which time a letter from my frighted beauty might reach her; for I have no doubt, wherever ſhe has refuged, but her firſt work was to write to her vixen friend. I will therefore go on patiently; and take my revenge upon the little fury at my leiſure.

But, in ſpite of my compaſſion for Hickman, whoſe better character is ſometimes my envy, and who is one of thoſe mortals that bring clumſineſs into credit with the *mothers*, to the diſgrace of us clever fellows, and often to our diſappointment, with the *daughters*, and who has been very buſy in aſſiſting theſe double-armed beauties againſt me; I ſwear by all the *Dii Majores*, as well as *Minores*, that I will have Miſs Howe, if I cannot have her more exalted friend! And then, if there be as much flaming love between theſe girls as they pretend, what will my charmer profit by her eſcape?

And now, that I ſhall permit Miſs Howe to reign a little longer, let me aſk thee, If thou haſt not, in the incloſed letter, a freſh inſtance, that a great many of my difficulties with her ſiſter-toaſt are owing to this flighty-girl?—'Tis true, that here was naturally a confounded ſharp winter air; and if a little cold water was thrown into the path, no wonder that it was inſtantly frozen; and that the poor honeſt traveller found it next to impoſſible to keep his way; one foot ſliding back as faſt as the other advanced, to the endangering of his limbs or neck. But yet I think it impoſſible, that ſhe ſhould have baffled me

as

as ſhe has done, (novice as ſhe is, and never before from under her parents wings) had ſhe not been armed by a virago, who was formerly very near ſhewing, that ſhe could better adviſe than practiſe. But this, I believe, I have ſaid more than once before.

I am loth to reproach *myſelf*, now the cruel creature has eſcaped me; for what would that do, but add to my torment? ſince evils ſelf cauſed, and avoidable, admit not of palliation or comfort. And yet, if *thou* telleſt me, that all *her* ſtrength was owing to *my* weakneſs, and that I have been a curſed coward in this whole affair; why then, Jack, I may bluſh, and be vexed; but, by my ſoul, I cannot contradict thee.

But this, Belford, I hope—that if I can turn the poiſon of the incloſed letter into wholeſome aliment; that is to ſay, if I can make uſe of it to my advantage; I ſhall have *thy* free conſent to do it.

I am always careful to open covers cautiouſly, and to preſerve ſeals entire. I will draw out from this curſed letter an alphabet. Nor was Nick Rowe ever half ſo diligent to learn Spaniſh, at the Quixote recommendation of a certain peer, as I will be to gain the maſtery of this vixen's hand.

## LETTER V.

### MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE.

THURSDAY EVENING, JUNE 8.

AFTER my laſt, ſo full of other hopes, the contents of this will ſurprize you. O my deareſt friend, the man has at laſt proved himſelf to be a villain!

It was with the utmoſt difficulty laſt night, that I preſerved myſelf from the vileſt diſhonour. He extorted from me a promiſe of forgiveneſs, and that I would ſee him next day, as if nothing had happened: but if it were poſſible to eſcape from a wretch, who, as I have too much reaſon to believe, formed a plot to fire the houſe, to frighten me, almoſt naked, into his arms, how could I ſee him the next day?

I have eſcaped—Heaven be praiſed that I have!—And have now no other concern, than that I fly from the only hope that could have made ſuch an huſband tolerable to me; the reconciliation with my friends, ſo agreeably undertaken by my uncle.

All my preſent hope is, to find ſome reputable family, or perſon of my own ſex, who is obliged to go beyond ſea, or who lives abroad; I care not whither; but if I might chuſe, in ſome one of our American colonies—Never to be heard of more by my relations, whom I have ſo grievouſly offended.

Nor let your generous heart be moved at what I write. If I can eſcape the dreadfulleſt part of my father's malediction, (for the temporary part is already in a manner fulfilled, which makes me tremble in apprehenſion of the other) I ſhall think the wreck of my worldly fortunes a happy compoſition.

Neither is there need of the renewal of your ſo often tendered goodneſs to me: for I have with me rings and other valuables, that were ſent me with my cloaths, which will turn into money to anſwer all I can want, till Providence ſhall be pleaſed to put me into ſome way to help myſelf, if, for my further puniſhment, my life is to lengthened beyond my wiſhes.

Impute not this ſcheme, my beloved friend, either to dejection on one hand, or to that romantick turn on the other, which we have ſuppoſed generally to obtain with our ſex, from fifteen to twenty-two: for, be pleaſed to conſider my unhappy ſituation, in the light in which it really muſt appear to every conſiderate perſon, who knows it. In the firſt place, the man, who has had the aſſurance to think me, and to endeavour to make me, his *property*, will hunt me from place to place, and ſearch after me as a ſtray: and he knows he may do ſo with impunity; for whom have I to protect me from him?

Then as to my eſtate, the envied eſtate, which has been the original cauſe of all my misfortunes, it ſhall never be mine upon litigated terms. What is there in being enabled to boaſt, that I am worth more than *I can uſe*, or *wiſh to uſe*? And if my power is circumſcribed, I ſhall not have that to anſwer for, which I ſhould have, if I did not uſe it as I ought: which very few do. I ſhall have no huſband, of whoſe intereſt I ought to be ſo regardful, as to prevent me doing *more* than juſtice to others, that I may not do *leſs* to him. If, therefore, my father will be pleaſed (as I ſhall preſume, in proper time, to propoſe to him) to pay two annuities out of it, one to my dear Mrs. Norton, which may make her eaſy for the remainder of her life, as ſhe is now growing into years; the other of 50l. *per annum*, to the ſame good woman, for the uſe of *my poor*, as I have had the vanity to call a certain ſet of people, concerning whom ſhe knows all my mind; that ſo as few as poſſible may

ſuffer

ſuffer by the conſequences of my error; God bleſs them, and give them heart's-eaſe and content, with the reſt!

Other reaſons for my taking the ſtep I have hinted at, are theſe:

This wicked man knows I have no friend in the world but you: your neighbourhood, therefore, would be the firſt he would ſeek for me in, were you to think it poſſible for me to be concealed in it: and in this caſe you might be ſubjected to inconveniences greater even than thoſe which you have already ſuſtained on my account.

From my couſin Morden, were he to come, I could not hope protection; ſince, by his letter to me, it is evident, that my brother has engaged him in his party: nor would I, by any means, ſubject ſo worthy a man to danger; as might be the caſe, from the violence of this ungovernable ſpirit.

Theſe things conſidered, what better method can I take, than to go abroad to ſome one of the Engliſh colonies; where nobody but yourſelf ſhall know anything of me; nor you, let me tell you, preſently, nor till I am fixed, and (if it pleaſe God) in a courſe of living tolerably to my mind? For it is no ſmall part of my concern, that my indiſcretions have laid ſo heavy a tax upon you, my dear friend, to whom, once, I hoped to give more pleaſure than pain.

I am at preſent at one Mrs. Moore's at Hampſtead. My heart miſgave me at coming to this village, becauſe I had been here with him more than once: but the coach hither was ſo ready a conveniency, that I knew not what to do better. Then I ſhall ſtay here no longer than till I can receive your anſwer to this: in which you will be pleaſed to let me know, if I cannot be hid, according to your former contrivance, [Happy, had I given into it at the time!] by Mrs. Townſend's aſſiſtance, till the heat of his ſearch be over. The Deptford road, I imagine, will be the right direction to hear of a paſſage, and to get ſafely aboard.

O why was the great fiend of all unchained, and permitted to aſſume ſo ſpecious a form, and yet allowed to conceal his feet and his talons, till with the one he was ready to trample upon my honour, and to ſtrike the other into my heart!—And what had I done, that he ſhould be let looſe particularly upon me!

Forgive me this murmuring queſtion, the effect of my impatience, my *guilty* impatience, I doubt: for, as I have eſcaped with my honour, and nothing but my worldly proſpects, and my pride, my ambition, and my vanity, have ſuffered in this wreck of my hopefuller fortunes, may I not ſtill be more happy than I deſerve to be? And is it not in my own power ſtill, by the Divine favour, to ſecure the great ſtake of all? And who knows but that this very path into which my inconſideration has thrown me, ſtrew'd as it is with briers and thorns, which tear in pieces my gaudier trappings, may not be the right path to lead me into the great road to my future happineſs; which might have been endangered by evil communication?

And after all, are there not ſtill more deſerving perſons than I, who never failed in any capital point of duty, that have been more humbled than myſelf; and ſome too, by the errors of parents and relations, by the tricks and baſeneſs of guardians and truſtees, and in which their own raſhneſs or folly had no part?

I will then endeavour to make the beſt of my preſent lot. And join with me, my beſt, my only friend, in praying, that my puniſhment may end here; and that my preſent afflictions may be ſanctified to me.

This letter will enable you to account for a line or two, which I ſent to Wilſon's, to be carried to you, only for a feint, to get his ſervant out of the way. He ſeemed to be left, as I thought, for a ſpy upon me. But he returning too ſoon, I was forced to write a few lines for him to carry to his maſter, to a tavern near Doctors Commons, with the ſame view; and this happily anſwered my end.

I wrote early in the morning a bitter letter to the wretch, which I left for him obvious enough; and I ſuppoſe he has it by this time. I kept no copy of it. I ſhall recollect the contents, and give you the particulars of all, at more leiſure.

I am ſure you will approve of my eſcape—The rather, as the people of the houſe muſt be very vile: for they, and that Dorcas too, did hear me (I know they did) cry out for help. If the fire had been other than a villainous plot, (although in the morning, to blind them, I pretended to think it otherwiſe) they would have been alarmed as much as I; and have run in, hearing me ſcream, to *comfort me*, ſuppoſing my terror was the fire; to *relieve me*, ſuppoſing it were any-thing elſe. But the vile Dorcas went away as ſoon as ſhe

saw the wretch throw his arms about me!—Bleſs me, my dear, I had only my ſlippers and an under-petticoat on. I was frighted out of my bed, by her cries of fire; and that I ſhould be burnt to aſhes in a moment—And ſhe to go away, and never to return, nor any-body elſe! And yet I heard women's voices in the next room; indeed I did. —An evident contrivance of them all: —God be praiſed, I am out of their houſe!

My terror is not yet over: I can hardly think myſelf ſafe. Every well-dreſſed man I ſee from my windows, whether on horſeback or on foot, I think to be him.

I know you will expedite an anſwer. A man and horſe will be procured me to-morrow early, to carry this. To be ſure, you cannot return an anſwer by the ſame man, becauſe you muſt ſee Mrs. Townſend firſt: nevertheleſs, I ſhall wait with impatience till you *can*; having no friend but you to apply to; and being ſuch a ſtranger to this part of the world, that I know not which way to turn myſelf; whither to go; nor what to do—What a dreadful hand have I made of it!

Mrs. Moore, at whoſe houſe I am, is a widow, and of good character: and of this one of her neighbours, of whom I bought a handkerchief, purpoſely to make enquiry before I would venture, informed me.

I will not ſet my foot out of doors, till I have your direction: and I am the more ſecure, having dropt words to the people of the houſe where the coach ſet me down, as if I expected a chariot to meet me in my way to Hendon; a village a little diſtance from this. And when I left their houſe, I walked backward and forward upon the hill; at firſt, not knowing what to do; and afterwards, to be certain that I was not watched before I ventured to enquire after a lodging.

You will direct for me, my dear, by the name of Mrs. Harriot Lucas.

Had I not made my eſcape when I did, I was reſolved to attempt it again and again. He was gone to the Commons for a licence, as he wrote me word; for I refuſed to ſee him, notwithſtanding the promiſe he extorted from me.

How hard, how next-to-impoſſible, my dear, to avoid many *leſſer* deviations, when we are betrayed into a *capital* one!

For fear I ſhould not get away at my firſt effort, I had apprized him, that I would not ſet eye upon him under a week, in order to gain myſelf time for it in different ways—And were I ſo to have been watched as to have made it neceſſary, I would, after ſuch an inſtance of the connivance of the women of the houſe, have run out into the ſtreet, and thrown myſelf into the next houſe I could have entered, or claimed protection from the firſt perſon I had met—*Women to deſert the cauſe of a poor creature of their own ſex in ſuch a ſituation, what muſt they be!*—Then, ſuch poor guilty ſort of figures did they make in the morning after he was gone out—ſo earneſt to get me up ſtairs, and to convince me, by the ſcorched window-boards, and burnt curtains and vallens, that the fire was real—that (although I ſeemed to believe all they would have me believe) I was more and more reſolved to get out of their houſe at all adventures.

When I began, I thought to write but a few lines. But, be my ſubject what it will, I know not how to conclude when I write to *you*. It was *always* ſo: it is not therefore owing peculiarly to that moſt intereſting and unhappy ſituation, which you will allow however, to engroſs at preſent the whole mind of *your unhappy, but ever-affectionate*

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

## LETTER VI.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

FRIDAY MORN. PAST 2 O'CLOCK.

*IO triumphe!* Io Clariſſa, ſing!—Once more, what a happy man thy friend! —A ſilly dear novice, to be heard to tell the coachman whither to carry her!—And to go to *Hampſtead*, of all the villages about London!—The place where we had been together more than once!

Methinks I am ſorry ſhe managed no better!—I ſhall find the recovery of her too eaſy a taſk, I fear! Had ſhe but known how much difficulty enhances the value of any-thing with me, and had ſhe had the leaſt notion of obliging me by it, ſhe would never have ſtopt ſhort at *Hampſtead*, ſurely.

Well, but after all this exultation, thou wilt aſk, If I have already got back my charmer?—I have not: but knowing where ſhe is, is almoſt the ſame thing as having her in my power. And it delights me to think how ſhe will ſtart and tremble when I firſt pop upon her! How ſhe will look with conſcious guilt, that will more than wipe off my guilt of Wedneſday night, when ſhe ſees her injured

jured lover, and acknowledged husband, from whom, the greatest of felonies, she would have stolen herself.

But thou wilt be impatient to know how I came by my lights. Read the inclosed here, and remember the instructions which from time to time, as I have told thee, I have given my fellow, in apprehension of such an elopement; and that will tell thee all, and what I may reasonably expect from the rascal's diligence and management, if he wishes ever to see my face again.

I received it about half an hour ago, just as I was going to lie down in my cloaths: and it has made me so much alive, that, midnight as it is, I have sent for a Blunt's chariot, to attend me here, by day-peep, with *my usual coachman*, if possible; and knowing not what else to do with myself, I sat down, and, in the joy of my heart, have not only written thus far, but have concluded upon the measures I shall take when admitted to her presence: for well am I aware of the difficulties I shall have to contend with from her perverseness.

'HONNORED SUR,

'THIS is to sertifie your honner, as 'how I am heer at Hamestet, wher 'I have found out my lady to be in 'logins at one Mrs. Moore's, near upon 'Hamstet Hethe. And I have so or-'dered matters, that her ladiship can-'not stur but I must have notice of her 'goins and comins. As I knowed I 'dursted not look into your honner's 'sase, if I had not found out my lady, 'thoff she was gone off the prems's in a 'quarter of an hour, as a man may say; 'so I knowed you would be glad at hart 'to know I had found her out: and so 'I send thiss by Petur Patrick, who is to 'have 5 shillins, it being now near 12 'of the clock at nite; for he would not 'stur without a hearty drink too be-'sides: and I was willing all shulde be 'snug likeways at the logins before I 'sent.

'I have munny of youre honner's; 'but I thought as how if the man was 'payed by me beforeand, he mought play 'trix; so left that to your honner.

'My lady knows nothing of my be-'ing hereaway. But I thoute it best 'not to leve the plase, because she has 'taken the logins but for a fue nites.

'If your honner come to the Upper 'Flax, I will be in site all the day about 'the tapp-house or the hethe. I have 'borroued another cote, instead of your 'honner's liferie, and a blacke wigg; 'so cannot be knoen by my lady, iff as 'howe she should see me: and have made 'as if I had the toothe-ake; so with 'my hancriffe at my mothe, the teth 'which your honner was pleased to 'bett out with your honner's fyste, and 'my dam'd wide mothe, as your honner 'notifys it to be, cannot be knoen to be mine.

'The tow inner letters I had from my 'lady, before she went off the prems's. 'One was to be left at Mr. Wilson's for 'Miss How. The next was to be for 'your honner. But I knowed you was 'not at the plase directed; and being 'atear'd of what fell out, so I kept them 'for your honner, and so could not 'give um to you, until I seed you. Miss 'How's I only made belief to her ladi-'ship as I carried it, and sed as how 'there was nothing left for hur, as she 'wished to knoe: so here they be bothe.

'I am, may it plese your honner, *your 'honner's most dutiful, and, wonce more, 'happy sarvant,*

'WM. SUMMERS.'

The two *inner* letters, as Will calls them, 'tis plain, were written for nō other purpose, but to send him out of the way with them, and one of them to amuse me. That directed to Miss Howe is only this:

THURSDAY, JUNE 8.

'I Write this, my dear Miss Howe, only 'for a feint, and to see if it will go 'current. I shall write at large very 'soon, if not miserably prevented!!!

'CL. H.'

Now, Jack, will not *her feints* justify *mine!* Does she not invade my province, thinkest thou? And is it not now fairly come to *who shall most deceive and cheat the other?* So, I thank my stars, we are upon a par, at last, as to this point—Which is a great ease to my conscience, thou must believe. And if what Hudibras tells us is true, the dear fugitive has also abundance of pleasure to come.

'Doubtless the pleasure is as great
'In being cheated, as to cheat.
'As lookers-on find most delight,
'Who least perceive the juggler's sleight;
'And still the less they understand,
'The more admire the slight of hand.'

This my dear juggler's letter to me; the other *inner* letter sent by Will.

'THURSDAY, JUNE 8.

'MR. LOVELACE,

'DO not give me cause to dread your 'return. If you would not that 'I should hate you for ever, send me

'half a line by the bearer, to assure me 'that you will not attempt to see me for 'a week to come. I cannot look you in 'the face without equal confusion and 'indignation. The obliging me in this 'is but a poor atonement for your last 'night's vile behaviour.

'You may pass this time in a jour-'ney to Lord M.'s: and I cannot doubt, 'if the ladies of your family are as fa-'vourable to me as you have assured 'me they are, but that you will have 'interest enough to prevail with one of 'them to oblige me with her company. 'After your baseness of last night, you 'will not wonder, that I insist upon this 'proof of your future honour.

'If Captain Tomlinson comes mean 'time, I can hear what he has to say, 'and send you an account of it.

'But in less than a week if you see 'me, it must be owing to a fresh act of 'violence, of which you know not the 'consequence.

'Send me the requested line, if ever 'you expect to have the forgiveness 'confirmed, the promise of which you 'extorted from *the unhappy* CL. H.'

Now, Belford, what canst thou say in behalf of this sweet rogue of a lady? What *canst* thou say for her? 'Tis apparent that she was fully determined upon an elopement, when she wrote it: and thus would she make me of party against myself, by drawing me in to give her a week's time to complete it: and, more wicked still, send me upon a fool's errand to bring up one of my cousins.—When we came to have the satisfaction of finding her gone off, and me exposed for ever!—What punishment can be bad enough for such a little villain of a lady!

But mind, moreover, how plausibly she accounts by this billet, (supposing she should not find an opportunity of eloping before I returned) for the resolution of not seeing me for a week; and for the bread and butter expedient! —So childish, as we thought it!

The chariot is not come; and if it were, it is yet too soon for every-thing but my impatience. And as I have already taken my measures, and can think of nothing but my triumph, I will resume her violent letter, in order to strengthen my resolutions against her. I was *before* in too gloomy a way to proceed with it; but now the subject is all alive to me, and my gayer fancy, like the sun-beams, will irradiate it, and turn the solemn deep-green into a brighter verdure.

When I have called upon my charmer to explain some parts of her letter, and to atone for others, I will send it, or a copy of it, to thee.

Suffice it at present to tell thee, in the first place, that *she is determined never to be my wife*—To be sure, there ought to be no compulsion in so material a case. Compulsion was her parent's fault, which I have censured so severely, that I shall hardly be guilty of the same. I am therefore glad I know her mind as to this essential point.

I have *ruined* her, she says!—Now that's a fib, take it her own way—If I had, she would not perhaps, have run away from me.

She is *thrown upon the wide world:* now I own that Hampstead Heath affords very pretty, and very *extensive* prospects; but 'tis not the *wide world* neither: and suppose that to be her grievance, I hope soon to restore her to a *narrower*.

I am the *enemy of her soul, as well as of her honour!*—Confoundedly severe! Nevertheless, another fib!—For I love her soul very well; but think no more of it in this case than of my own.

She is to be *thrown upon strangers!* —And is not that her own fault!—Much against my will, I am sure!

She is cast from a state of *independency* into one of *obligation*. She never was in a state of *independency*; nor is it fit a woman should, of any age, or in any state of life. And as to the state of obligation, there is no such thing as living without being beholden to somebody. Mutual obligation is the very essence and soul of the social and commercial life:—why should *she* be exempt from it:—I am sure the person she raves at, desires not such an exemption—has been long *dependent* upon her; and would rejoice to owe *further obligations* to her than he can boast of hitherto.

She talks of her *father's curse*—But have I not repaid him for it an hundred fold in the same coin? But why must the faults of other people be laid at my door? Have I not enough of my own?

But the grey-eyed dawn begins to peep—Let me sum up all.

In short, then, the dear creature's letter is a collection of invectives not very new to *me*; though the occasion for them, no doubt, is new to *her*. A little sprinkling of the romantick and contradictory runs through it. She loves, and she hates: she encourages me to pursue her, by telling me I safely may; and yet she begs I will not. She apprehends poverty and want, yet resolves

to give away her eſtate; to gratify whom? —Why, in ſhort, thoſe who have been the cauſe of her misfortunes. And finally, though ſhe reſolves never to be mine, yet ſhe has ſome regrets at leaving me, becauſe of the opening proſpects of a reconciliation with her friends.

But never did morning dawn ſo tardily as this!—Neither is the chariot yet come.

'A GENTLEMAN to ſpeak with me, 'Dorcas?—Who can want me thus 'early?

'Captain Tomlinſon, ſayeſt thou: 'ſurely he muſt have travelled all night! '—Early riſer as I am, how could he 'think to find me up *thus* early?'

But let the chariot come, and he ſhall accompany me in it to the bottom of the hill, (though he return to town on foot; for the captain is all obliging goodneſs) that I may hear all he has to ſay, and tell him all my mind, and loſe no time.

Well, now I am ſatisfied that this rebellious flight will turn to my advantage, as all cruſhed rebellions do to the advantage of a ſovereign in poſſeſſion.

'DEAR captain, I rejoice to ſee you— 'Juſt in the nick of time—See! See!

"The roſy-finger'd morn appears,
"And from her mantle ſhakes her tears;
"The ſun ariſing, mortals cheers;
"And drives the riſing miſts away,
"In promiſe of a glorious day."

'Excuſe me, Sir, that I ſalute you 'from my favorite bard. He that riſes 'with the lark, will ſing with the lark. 'Strange news ſince I ſaw you, captain! '—Poor miſtaken lady!—But you have 'too much goodneſs, I know, to reveal 'to her uncle Harlowe the errors of this 'capricious beauty. It will all turn out 'for the beſt. You muſt accompany 'me part of the way. I know the de'light you take in compoſing differences. 'But 'tis the taſk of the prudent to heal 'the breaches made by the raſhneſs and 'folly of the imprudent.'

AND now (all round me ſo ſtill, and ſo ſilent) the rattling of the chariot-wheels at a ſtreet's diſtance do I hear!—And to this angel of a woman I fly!

Reward, O god of Love, [the cauſe is thy own] reward thou as it deſerves, my ſuffering perſeverance!—Succeed my endeavours to bring back to thy obedience this charming fugitive!—Make her acknowledge her raſhneſs; repent her inſults; implore my forgiveneſs; beg to be reinſtated in my favour, and that I will bury in oblivion the remembrance of her heinous offence againſt thee, and againſt me, thy faithful votary.

THE chariot at the door!—I come! I come!

'I attend you, good captain—'

'Indeed, Sir—'

'Pray, Sir—Civility is not ceremony.'

And now, dreſſed like a bridegroom, my heart elated beyond that of the moſt deſiring one, (attended by a footman whom my beloved never ſaw) I am already at Hampſtead!

## LETTER VII.

### MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

UPPER FLASK, HAMPSTEAD, FRID. MORN. 7 O'CLOCK. (JUNE 9.)

I AM now here, and here have been this hour and a half. What an induſtrious ſpirit have I!—Nobody can ſay, that I eat the bread of idleneſs. I take true pains for all the pleaſure I enjoy. I cannot but admire myſelf ſtrangely; for, certainly, with this active ſoul, I ſhould have made a very great figure in whatever ſtation I had filled. But had I been a prince! To be ſure I ſhould have made a moſt *noble* prince! I ſhould have led up a a military dance equal to that of the great Macedonian. I ſhould have added kingdom to kingdom, and deſpoiled all my neighbouring-ſovereigns, in order to have obtained the name of *Robert the Great*. And I would have gone to war with the Great Turk, and the Perſian, and Mogholl, for the ſeraglios; for not one of thoſe eaſtern monarchs ſhould have had a pretty woman to bleſs himſelf with, till I had done with her.

And now I have ſo much leiſure upon my hands, that after having informed myſelf of all neceſſary particulars, I am ſet to my ſhort-hand writing in order to keep up with time as well as I can: for the ſubject is now become worthy of me; and it is yet too ſoon, I doubt, to pay my compliments to my charmer, after all her fatigues for two or three days paſt: and, moreover, I have abundance of matters preparative to my future proceedings to recount, in order to connect and render all intelligible.

I parted with the captain at the foot of the hill, trebly inſtructed; that is to ſay, as to the *fact*, to the *probable*, and to the *poſſible*. If my beloved and I can meet, and make up without the mediating of this *worthy* gentleman, it will be

ſo

ſo much the better. As little foreign aid as poſſible in my amorous conflicts has always been a rule with me; though here I have been obliged to call in ſo much. And who knows but it may be the better for the lady the leſs ſhe makes neceſſary? I cannot bear that ſhe ſhould ſit ſo indifferent to me as to be in earneſt to part with me for ever upon ſo *ſlight*, or even upon *any* occaſion. *If I find ſhe is*—But no more threatenings till ſhe is in my power—Thou knoweſt what I have vowed.

All Will's account from the lady's flight to his finding her again, all the accounts of the people of the houſe, the coachman's information to Will, and ſo forth, collected together, ſtand thus.

The Hampſtead coach, when the dear fugitive came to it, had but two paſſengers in it. But ſhe made the fellow go off directly, paying for the vacant places.

The two paſſengers directing the coachman to ſet them down at the Upper Flaſk, ſhe bid him ſet her down there alſo.

They took leave of her, [very reſpectfully no doubt;] and ſhe went into the houſe, and aſked, if ſhe could not have a diſh of tea, and a room to herſelf for half an hour.

They ſhewed her up to the very room where I now am. She ſat at the very table I now write upon; and, I believe, the chair I ſit in was hers. O Belford, if thou knoweſt what love is, thou wilt be able to account for theſe *minutiæ*.

She ſeemed ſpiritleſs and fatigued. The gentlewoman herſelf choſe to attend ſo genteel and lovely a gueſt. She aſked her, If ſhe would have bread and butter with her tea?

No. She could not eat.

They had very good biſcuits.

As ſhe pleaſed.

The gentlewoman ſtept out for ſome; and returning on a ſudden, ſhe obſerved the ſweet fugitive endeavouring to reſtrain a violent burſt of grief to which ſhe had given way in that little interval.

However, when the tea came, ſhe made the landlady ſit down with her, and aſked her abundance of queſtions about the villages and roads in that neighbourhood.

The gentlewoman took notice to her, *that ſhe ſeemed to be troubled in mind.*

Tender ſpirits, ſhe replied, could not part with *dear* friends without concern.

She meant *me*, no doubt.

She made no enquiry about a lodging, though by the ſequel, thou'lt obſerve, that ſhe ſeemed to intend to go no farther that night than Hampſtead. But after ſhe had drank two diſhes, and put a biſcuit in her pocket—[Sweet ſoul! to ſerve for her ſupper perhaps] ſhe laid down half a crown; and refuſing change, ſighing, took leave, ſaying, ſhe would proceed towards Hendon; the diſtance to which had been one of her queſtions.

They offered to ſend to know, if a Hampſtead coach were not to go to Hendon that evening.

No matter, ſhe ſaid—Perhaps ſhe might meet the chariot.

Another of her *feints* I ſuppoſe: for how, or with whom, could any thing of this ſort have been concerted ſince yeſterday morning?

She had, as the people took notice to one another, ſomething ſo uncommonly noble in her air, and in her perſon and behaviour, that they were ſure ſhe was of quality. And having no ſervant with her of either ſex, her eyes [Her fine eyes, the gentlewoman called them, ſtranger as ſhe was, and a woman!] being ſwelled and red, they were ſure there was an elopement in the caſe, either from parents or guardians; for they ſuppoſed her too young and too maidenly to be a married lady: and were ſhe married, no huſband would let ſuch a fine young creature be unattended and alone; nor give her cauſe for ſo much grief, as ſeemed to be ſettled in her countenance. Then, at times, ſhe ſeemed to be ſo bewildered, they ſaid, that they were afraid ſhe had it in her head to make away with herſelf.

All theſe things put together, excited their curioſity; and they engaged a *peery* ſervant, as they called a footman who was drinking with Kit the hoſtler at the taphouſe, to watch all her motions. This fellow reported the following particulars, as they were re-reported to me.

She indeed went towards Hendon, paſſing by the ſign of the Caſtle on the Heath; then, ſtopping, looked about her, and down into the valley before her. Then, turning her face towards London, ſhe ſeemed, by the motion of her handkerchief to her eyes, to weep; repenting [Who knows?] the raſh ſtep ſhe had taken, and wiſhing herſelf back again.

Better for her, if ſhe do, Jack, once more I ſay!—Woe be to the girl who could think of marrying me, yet be able to run away from me, and renounce me for ever!

Then, continuing on a few paces, ſhe ſtopt again; and, as if diſliking her road, again ſeeming to weep, directed her courſe back towards Hampſtead.

I am glad ſhe wept ſo much, becauſe

no heart burſts (be the occaſion for the ſorrow what it will) which has that kindly relief. Hence I hardly ever am moved at the ſight of theſe pellucid fugitives in a fine woman. How often, in the paſt twelve hours, have I wiſhed, that I could cry moſt confoundedly!

She then ſaw a coach-and-four driving towards her empty. She croſſed the path ſhe was in, as if to meet it; and ſeemed to intend to ſpeak to the coachman, had he ſtopt or ſpoken firſt. He as earneſtly looked at *her*. Every-one did ſo, who paſſed her, (ſo the man who dogged her was the leſs ſuſpected)—Happy rogue of a coachman, hadſt thou known whoſe notice thou didſt engage, and whom thou mighteſt have obliged?—It was the divine Clariſſa Harlowe at whom thou gazedſt!—Mine own Clariſſa Harlowe!—But it was well for me thou wert as undiſtinguiſhing as the beaſts thou drove-eſt; otherwiſe what a wild-gooſe chace had I been led?

The lady, as well as the coachman, in ſhort, ſeemed to want reſolution; the horſes kept on, [The fellow's head and eyes, no doubt, turned behind him;] and the diſtance ſoon lengthened beyond recal. With a wiſtful eye ſhe looked after him; ſighed and wept again; as the ſervant, who then ſlily paſſed her, obſerved.

By this time ſhe had reached the houſes. She looked up at every one, as ſhe paſſed; now-and-then breathing upon her bared hand, and applying it to her ſwelled eyes, to abate the redneſs, and dry the tears. At laſt, ſeeing a bill up for letting lodgings, ſhe walked backwards and forwards half a dozen times, as if unable to determine what to do. And then went farther into the town; and there the fellow, being ſpoken to by one of his familiars, loſt her for a few minutes: but he ſoon ſaw her come out of a linen-drapery ſhop, attended with a ſervant-maid, having, as he believed, bought ſome little matters, and, as it proved, got that maid-ſervant to go with her to the houſe where ſhe is now at.

The fellow, after waiting about an hour, and not ſeeing her come out, returned, concluding that ſhe had taken lodgings there.

And here, ſuppoſing my narrative of the dramatick kind, ends act the firſt. And now begins,

## ACT II.

SCENE, *Hampſtead Heath continued.*

*Enter my Raſcal.*

WILL having got at all theſe particulars, by exchanging others as frankly againſt them, with which I had formerly prepared him both verbally and in writing; I found the people already of my party, and full of good wiſhes for my ſucceſs, repeating to me all they told him.

But he had firſt acquainted me with the accounts he had given them of his lady and me. It is neceſſary that I give thee the particulars of his tale—And I have a little time upon my hands; for the maid of the houſe, who had been out of an errand, tells us, that ſhe ſaw Mrs. Moore [with whom muſt be my firſt buſineſs] go into the houſe of a young gentleman, within a few doors of her, who has a maiden ſiſter, Miſs Rawlins by name, *ſo notify'd* for prudence, that none of her acquaintance undertake any-thing of conſequence without conſulting her.

Meanwhile my honeſt coachman is walking about Miſs Rawlins's door, in order to bring me notice of Mrs. Moore's return to her own houſe. I hope her goſſip's-tale will be as ſoon told as mine. Which take as follows.

Will told them, before I came, That his lady was but lately married to one of the fineſt gentlemen in the world. But that he, being very gay and lively, ſhe was *mortal* jealous of him; and in a fit of that ſort, had eloped from him. For although ſhe loved him dearly, and he doated upon her, (as well he might, ſince as they had ſeen, ſhe was the fineſt creature *that ever the ſun ſhone upon*;) yet ſhe was apt to be very wilful and ſullen, if he might take the liberty to ſay ſo--but truth was truth;—and if ſhe could not have her own way in every thing, would be for leaving him. That ſhe had three or four times played his maſter ſuch tricks; but with all the virtue and innocence in the world; running away to an intimate friend of hers, who, though a young lady of honour, was but too indulgent to her in this her *only* failing; for which reaſon his maſter had brought her to London-lodgings; their uſual reſidence being in the country: and that, on his refuſing to ſatisfy her about a lady he had been ſeen with in St. James's Park, ſhe had, for the firſt time ſince ſhe came to town, ſerved his maſter thus: whom he had left half-diſtracted on that account.

'And truly well he might, poor gen-'tleman!' cried the honeſt folks, pitying me before they ſaw me.

He told them how he came by this intelligence of her; and made himſelf ſuch an intereſt with them, that they helped him

him to a change of cloaths for himſelf; and the landlord, at his requeſt, privately enquired, if the lady actually remained at Mrs. Moore's; and for how long ſhe had taken the lodgings: which he found only to be for a week certain: but ſhe had ſaid, that ſhe believed ſhe ſhould hardly ſtay ſo long. And then it was that he wrote his letter, and ſent it by honeſt Peter Patrick, as thou haſt heard.

When I came, my perſon and dreſs having anſwered Will's deſcription, the people were ready to worſhip me. I now-and-then ſighed, now-and-then put on a lighter air; which, however, I deſigned, ſhould ſhew more of vexation ill-diſguiſed, than of real cheerfulneſs: and they told Will it was a thouſand pities ſo fine a lady ſhould have ſuch *ſkittiſh tricks*; adding, that ſhe might expoſe herſelf to great dangers by them; for that there were rakes every-where, [*Lovelaces in every corner, Jack!*] and many about that town, who would leave nothing unattempted to get into her company: and although they might not prevail upon her, yet might they, nevertheleſs, hurt her reputation; and, in time, eſtrange the affections of ſo fine a gentleman from her.

Good ſenſible people, theſe!—Hay, Jack!

'Here, landlord; one word with you. '—My ſervant, I find, has acquainted 'you with the reaſon of my coming this 'way. An unhappy affair, landlord! 'A very unhappy affair! But never was 'there a more virtuous woman.'

'So, Sir, ſhe ſeems to be. A thou-'ſand pities her ladyſhip has ſuch ways '—And to ſo good-humoured a gentle-'man as you ſeem to be, Sir.'

'Mother-ſpoilt, landlord!—Mother-'ſpoilt! that's the thing!—But,' ſighing, 'I muſt make the beſt of it. What 'I want *you* to do for me, is to lend me 'a great coat. I care not what it is. If 'my ſpouſe ſhould ſee me at a diſtance, 'ſhe would make it very difficult for me 'to get at her ſpeech. A great coat 'with a cape, if you have one. I muſt 'come upon her before ſhe is aware.'

'I am afraid, Sir, I have none fit for 'ſuch a gentleman as you.'

'O any-thing will do!—The worſe 'the better.'

*Exit Landlord. Re-enter with two great coats.*

'Aye, landlord, this will be beſt; for 'I can button the cape over the lower 'part of my face. Don't I look deviliſhly 'down and concerned, landlord?'

'I never ſaw a gentleman with a bet-'ter-natured look. 'Tis pity you ſhould 'have ſuch trials, Sir.'

'I muſt be very unhappy, no doubt 'of it, landlord. And yet I am a little 'pleaſed, you muſt needs think, that I 'have found her out before any great 'inconvenience has ariſen to her. How-'ever, if I cannot break her of theſe 'freaks, ſhe'll break my heart; for I 'do love her with all her failings.'

The good woman, who was within hearing of all this, pitied me much.

'Pray, your honour,' ſaid ſhe, 'if 'I may be ſo bold, was Madam ever a 'mamma?'

'No!'—and I ſighed—'We have been 'but a little while married; and, as I 'may ſay to *you*, it is her own fault that 'ſhe is not in that way,' [Not a word of a lie in this, Jack.] But to tell you truth, 'Madam, ſhe may be compared to the 'dog in the manger.'

'I underſtand you, Sir,' [ſimpering.] 'She is but young, Sir. I have heard 'of one or two ſuch ſkittiſh young ladies, 'in my time, Sir—But when Madam is 'in that way, I dare ſay, as ſhe loves you, '(and it would be ſtrange if ſhe did not!) 'all this will be over, and ſhe may make 'the beſt of wives.'

'That's all my hope.'

'She is as fine a lady as ever I beheld. 'I hope, Sir, you won't be too ſevere. 'She'll get over all theſe freaks, if once 'ſhe be a mamma, I warrant.'

'I can't be ſevere to her; ſhe knows 'that. The moment I ſee her, all re-'ſentment is over with me, if ſhe give 'me but one kind look.'

All this time, I was adjuſting my horſeman's coat, and Will was putting in the ties of my wig, and buttoning the cape over my chin.

I aſked the gentlewoman for a little powder. She brought me a powder-box, and I ſlightly ſhook the puff over my hat, and flapped one ſide of it, though the lace looked a little too gay for my covering; and ſlouching it over my eyes, 'Shall I be known, think you, Ma-'dam?'

'Your honour is ſo expert, Sir!—I 'wiſh, if I may be ſo bold, your lady 'has not ſome *cauſe* to be jealous. But 'it will be impoſſible, if you keep your 'laced cloaths covered, that any-body 'ſhould know you in that dreſs to be the 'ſame gentleman—Except they find you 'out by your clocked ſtockings.'

'Well obſerved—Can't you, land-'lord, lend or ſell me a pair of ſtock-'ings, that will draw over theſe? I can

'cut

'cut off the feet, if they won't go into 'my ſhoes.'

He could let me have a pair of coarſe, but clean, ſtirrup-ſtockings, if I pleaſed.

'The beſt in the world for the pur-'poſe.'

He fetched them. Will drew them on; and my legs then made a good gouty appearance.

The good woman, ſmiling, wiſhed me ſucceſs; and ſo did the landlord: and as thou knoweſt that I am not a bad mimick, I took a cane, which I borrowed of the landlord, and ſtooped in the ſhoulders to a quarter of a foot of leſs height, and ſtumped away acroſs to the bowling-green, to practiſe a little the hobbling gaite of a gouty man. The landlady whiſpered her huſband, as Will tells me, 'He's a good one, I warrant him—I dare 'ſay the fault lies not all of one ſide.' While mine hoſt replied, that I was ſo lively and ſo good-natured a gentleman, that he did not know who could be angry with me, do what I would. A ſenſible fellow!—I wiſh my charmer were of the ſame opinion.

And now I am going to try, if I can't agree with Goody Moore for lodgings and other conveniences for my ſick wife.

'Wife, Lovelace?' methinks thou interrogateſt.

Yes, *wife*; for who knows what cautions the dear fugitive may have given in apprehenſion of me?

'But has Goody Moore any other 'lodgings to let?'

Yes, yes; I have taken care of that; and find that ſhe has juſt ſuch conveniences as I want. And I know that my wife will like them. For, although married, I can do every-thing I pleaſe; and that's a bold word, you know. But had ſhe only a garret to let, I would have liked it; and been a poor author afraid of arreſts, and made that my place of refuge; yet would have made ſhift to pay before-hand for what I had. I can ſuit myſelf to any condition, that's my comfort.

THE widow Moore returned! ſay you—Down, down flutterer!—This impertinent heart is more troubleſome to me than my conſcience, I think.—I ſhall be obliged to hoarſen my voice, and roughen my character, to keep up with it's puppily dancings.

But let me ſee, Shall I be angry or pleaſed, when I am admitted to my beloved's preſence?

Angry to be ſure.—Has ſhe not broken her word with me?—At a time too when I was meditating to do her grateful juſtice?—And is not breach of word a dreadful crime in good folks? I have ever been for forming my judgment of the nature of things and actions, not ſo much from what they are in themſelves, as from the character of the actors. Thus it would be as odd a thing in ſuch as we to *keep* our words with a woman, as it would be *wicked* in her to *break* hers to us.

Seeſt thou not, that this unſeaſonable gravity is admitted to quell the palpitations of this unmanageable heart? But ſtill it will go on with it's boundings. I'll try as I ride in my chariot to *tranquilize*.

'Ride, Bob! ſo little a way?'

Yes, ride, Jack; for am I not lame? And will it not look well to have a lodger who keeps his chariot? What widow, what ſervant, aſks queſtions of a man who keeps an equipage?

My coachman, as well as my other ſervant, is under Will's tuition.

Never was there ſuch a hideous raſcal as he has made himſelf. The devil only and his *other* maſter can know him. They both have ſet their marks upon him. As to my honour's mark, it will never be out of *his damned wide mothe*, as he calls it. For the dog will be hanged before he can loſe the reſt of his teeth by age.

I am gone.

## LETTER VIII.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

HAMPSTEAD, FRIDAY NIGHT, JUNE 9.

NOW, Belford, for the narrative of narratives. I will continue it, as I have opportunity; and that ſo dexterouſly, that if I break off twenty times, thou ſhalt not diſcern where I piece my thread.

Although grievouſly afflicted with the gout, I alighted out of my chariot, (leaning very hard on my cane with one hand, and on my new ſervant's ſhoulder with the other) the ſame inſtant almoſt that he had knocked at the door, that I might be ſure of admiſſion into the houſe.

I took care to button my great coat about me, and to cover with it even the pummel of my ſword; it being a little too gay for my years. I knew not what occaſion I might have for my ſword. I ſtooped forward; blinked with my eyes to conceal their luſtre, [No vanity in ſaying that, Jack;] my chin wrapt up for the tooth-ache; my ſlouched, laced hat, and ſo much of my wig as was viſible,

giving me the appearance of an antiquated beau.

My wife, I reſolved before-hand, ſhould have a complication of diſorders.

The maid came to the door. I aſked for her miſtreſs. She ſhewed me into one of the parlours; and I ſat down with a gouty 'Oh!'

*Enter Goody Moore.*

'Your ſervant, Madam—But you 'muſt excuſe me; I cannot well ſtand. '—I find by the bill at the door, that 'you have lodgings to let,' [Mumbling my words as if, like my man Will, I had loſt ſome of my fore-teeth:] 'be 'pleaſed to inform me what they are; 'for I like your ſituation—And I will 'tell you my family—I have a wife, a 'good old woman—Older than myſelf, 'by the way, a pretty deal. She is in 'a bad ſtate of health, and is adviſed into 'the Hampſtead air. She will have 'two maid-ſervants and a footman. The 'coach or chariot (I ſhall not have them 'up both together) we can put anywhere, and the coachman will be with 'his horſes.'

'When, Sir, ſhall you want to come in?'

'I will take them from this very day; 'and, if convenient, will bring my wife 'in the afternoon.'

'Perhaps, Sir, you would board, as 'well as lodge?'

'That as you pleaſe. It will ſave me 'the trouble of bringing my cook, if 'we do. And I ſuppoſe you have ſervants who know how to dreſs a couple 'of diſhes. My wife muſt eat plain food, 'and I don't love kick-ſhaws.'

'We have a ſingle lady, who will be 'gone in two or three days. She has 'one of the beſt apartments: that will 'then be at liberty.'

'You have one or two good ones mean 'time, I preſume, Madam, juſt to receive my wife; for we have loſt time.—'Theſe damned phyſicians—Excuſe me, 'Madam, I am not uſed to curſe; but 'it is owing to the love I have for my 'wife—They have kept her in hand, till 'they are aſhamed to take more fees, and 'now adviſe her to the air. I wiſh we 'had ſent her hither at firſt. But we 'muſt now make the beſt of it.

'Excuſe me, Madam,' [for ſhe looked hard at me] 'that I am muffled up in 'this warm weather. I am but too ſenſible, that I have left my chamber 'ſooner than I ought, and perhaps ſhall 'have a return of my gout for it. I came 'out thus muffled up with a dreadful 'pain in my jaws; an ague in them, I 'believe. But my poor dear will not 'be ſatisfied with any-body's care but 'mine. And, as I told you, we have 'loſt time.'

'You ſhall ſee what accommodations 'I have, if you pleaſe, Sir. But I doubt 'you are too lame to walk up-ſtairs.'

'I can make ſhift to hobble up now I 'have reſted a little. I'll juſt look upon the apartment my wife is to have. 'Any-thing may do for the ſervants: 'and as you ſeem to be a good ſort of 'gentlewoman, I ſhan't ſtand for a price, 'and will pay well beſides for the trouble I ſhall give.'

She led the way; and I, helping myſelf by the baniſters, made ſhift to get up with leſs fatigue than I expected from ancles ſo weak. But, oh! Jack, what was Sixtus the Vth's artful depreſſion of his natural powers to mine, when, as the half-dead Montalto, he gaped for the pretendedly unſought pontificate, and the moment he was choſen leapt upon the prancing beaſt, which it was thought by the amazed conclave he was not able to mount without help of chairs and men? Never were there a more joyous heart and lighter heels than mine, joined together; yet both denied their functions; the one fluttering in ſecret, ready to burſt it's bars for relief-ful expreſſion, the others obliged to an hobbling motion; when, unreſtrained, they would, in their maſter's imagination, have mounted him to the lunar world without the help of a ladder.

There were three rooms on a floor: two of them handſome; and the third, ſhe ſaid, ſtill handſomer; but the lady was in it.

I ſaw, I ſaw ſhe was! for as I hobbled up, crying out upon my weak ancles, in the hoarſe mumbling voice I had aſſumed, I beheld a little piece of her as ſhe juſt caſt an eye (with the door a-jar, as they call it) to obſerve who was coming up; and, ſeeing ſuch an old clumſy fellow, great-coated in weather ſo warm, ſlouched, and muffled up, ſhe withdrew, ſhutting the door without any emotion. But it was not ſo with me; for thou canſt not imagine how my heart danced to my mouth, at the very glimpſe of her; ſo that I was afraid the thump, thump, thumping villain, which had ſo lately thumped as much to no purpoſe, would have choaked me.

I liked the lodging well; and the more as ſhe ſaid the third room was ſtill handſomer. 'I muſt ſit down, Madam:' [And choſe the darkeſt part of the room] 'won't

'won't you take a ſeat yourſelf?—No 'price ſhall part us—But I will leave 'the terms to you and my wife, if you 'pleaſe: and alſo whether for board or 'not. Only pleaſe to take this for ear-'neſt,' putting a guinea into her hand —'And one thing I will ſay; my poor 'wife loves money; but is not an ill-'natured woman She was a great for-'tune to me: but, as the real eſtate 'goes away at her death, I would fain 'preſerve her for that reaſon, as well 'as for the love I bear her as an honeſt 'man. but if ſhe make too cloſe a bar-'gain with you, tell *me*; and unknown 'to *her*, I will make it up. This is my 'conſtant way: ſhe loves to have her 'pen'worths; and I would not have her 'vexed or made uneaſy on any account.'

She ſaid, I was a very conſiderate gentleman; and, upon the condition I had mentioned, ſhe was content to leave the terms to my lady.

'But, Madam, cannot a-body juſt 'peep into the other apartment; that I 'may be the more particular to my wife 'in the furniture of it?'

'The lady deſires to be private, Sir— 'But—'And was going to aſk her leave.

I caught hold of her hand—However, 'Stay, ſtay, Madam: it mayn't be pro-'per, if the lady loves to be private. 'Don't let me intrude upon the lady.'

'No intruſion, Sir, I dare ſay: the 'lady is good-humoured. She will be 'ſo kind as to ſtep down into the par-'lour, I dare ſay. As ſhe ſtays ſo little 'a while, I am ſure ſhe will not wiſh to 'ſtand in my way.'

'No, Madam, that's true, if ſhe be 'good humoured, as you ſay—Has ſhe 'been with you long, Madam?'

'She came but yeſterday, Sir.'

'I believe I juſt now ſaw the glimpſe 'of her. She ſeems to be an elderly 'lady.'

'No, Sir; you're miſtaken. She's a 'young lady; and one of the handſomeſt 'I ever ſaw.'

'Cot ſo, I beg her pardon! Not but 'that I ſhould have liked her the better, 'were ſhe to ſtay longer, if ſhe had been 'elderly. I have a ſtrange taſte, Ma-'dam, you'll ſay; but I really, for my 'wife's ſake, love every elderly woman. 'Indeed I ever thought age was to be 'reverenced, which made me (taking 'the fortune into the ſcale too, *that* I 'own) make my addreſſes to my preſent 'dear.'

'Very good of you, Sir, to reſpect 'age: we all hope to live to be old.'

'Right, Madam.—But you ſay the 'lady is beautiful. Now you muſt know, 'that though I chuſe to converſe with 'the elderly, yet I love to ſee a beauti-'ful young woman, juſt as I love to ſee 'fine flowers in a garden. There's no 'caſting an eye upon her, is there? with-'out her notice? For in this dreſs, and 'thus muffled up about my jaws, I ſhould 'not care to be ſeen any more than ſhe, 'let her love privacy as much as ſhe will.'

'I will go aſk if I may ſhew a gentle-'man the apartment, Sir; and, as you 'are a married gentleman, and not *over* 'young, ſhe'll perhaps make the leſs 'ſcruple.'

'Then, like me, ſhe loves elderly 'folks beſt perhaps. But it may be ſhe 'has ſuffered by young ones?'

'I fancy ſhe has, Sir, or is afraid ſhe 'ſhall. She deſired to be very private; 'and if by deſcription enquired after, 'to be denied.'

'Thou art true woman, goody Moore,' thought I.

'Good lack—good lack!—What may 'be her ſtory then, I pray?'

'She is pretty reſerved in her ſtory; 'but, to tell you my thoughts, I be-'lieve *love* is in the caſe: ſhe is always 'in tears, and does not much care for 'company.'

'Nay, Madam, it becomes not me 'to dive into ladies ſecrets; I want not 'to pry into other people's affairs. But, 'pray, how does ſhe employ herſelf?— 'Yet ſhe came but yeſterday; ſo you 'can't tell.

'Writing continually, Sir.'

Theſe women, Jack, when you aſk them queſtions by way of information, don't care to be ignorant of any thing.

'Nay, excuſe me, Madam, I am very 'far from being an inquiſitive man. But 'if her caſe be difficult, and not merely '*love*, as ſhe is a friend of yours, I would 'give her my advice.'

'Then you are a lawyer, Sir?'

'Why, indeed, Madam, I was ſome 'time at the bar; but I have long left 'practice; yet am much conſulted by 'my friends in difficult points. In a 'pauper caſe I frequently *give* money; 'but never *take* any from the richeſt.'

'You are a very good gentleman, 'then, Sir.'

'Ay, Madam, we cannot live always 'here; and we ought to do what good 'we can—But I hate to appear officious. 'If the lady ſtay any time, and think 'fit, upon better acquaintance, to let me 'into her caſe, it may be a happy day 'for her, if I find it a juſt one; for, you 'muſt know, that when I was at the

'bar, I never was such a sad fellow as
'to undertake, for the sake of a paltry
'fee, to make white black, and black
'white; for what would that have been,
'but to endeavour to establish iniquity
'by quirks, while I robbed the inno-
'cent?'

'You are an excellent gentleman,
'Sir: I wish,' [And then she sighed] 'I
'had had the happiness to know there
'was such a lawyer in the world; and to
'have been acquainted with him.'

'Come, come, Mrs. Moore, I think
'your name is, it may not be too late—
'When you and I are better acquainted,
'I may help *you* perhaps—But mention
'nothing of this to the lady; for, as I
'said, I hate to appear officious.'

This prohibition I knew, if goody Moore answered the specimen she had given of her womanhood, would make her take the first opportunity to tell, were it to be necessary to my purpose that she should.

I appeared, upon the whole, so indifferent about seeing the room, or the lady, that the good woman was the more eager I should see both. And the rather, as I, to stimulate her, declared, that there was more required in my eye to merit the character of a handsome woman, than most people thought necessary; and that I had never seen six truly lovely women in my life.

To be brief, she went in; and after a little while came out again. 'The lady,
'Sir, is retired to her closet. So you
'may go in and look at the room.'

Then how my heart began again to play it's pug's tricks!

I hobbled in, and stumped about, and liked it very much; and was sure my wife would. I begged excuse for sitting down, and asked, Who was the minister of the place? If he were a good preacher? Who preached at the chapel? And if *he* were a good preacher, and good *liver* too, Madam—'I must enquire af-
'ter *that*: for I love, I must needs say,
'that the clergy should practise what
'they preach.'

'Very right, Sir; but that is not so
'often the case, as were to be wished.'

'More's the pity, Madam. But I
'have a great veneration for the clergy
'in general. It is more a satire upon
'human nature, than upon the cloth,
'if we suppose those who have the *best*
'opportunities to do good, less perfect
'than other people. For my part, I
'don't love *professional* any more than
'*national* reflections.—But I keep the
'lady in her closet. My gout makes
'me rude.'

Then up from my seat stumped I—
'What do you call these window-cur-
'tains, Madam?'

'Stuff-damask, Sir.'

'It looks mighty well, truly. I like
'it better than silk. It is warmer to be
'sure, and much fitter for lodgings in
'the country; especially for people in
'years. The bed is in a pretty taste.'

'It is neat and clean, Sir: that's all we
'pretend to.'

'Ay, mighty well—Very well—A
'silk camblet, I think—Very well, tru-
'ly!—I am sure my wife will like it.
'But we would not turn the lady out of
'her lodging for the world. The other
'two apartments will do for us at the
'present.'

Then stumping towards the closet, over the door of which hung a picture —'What picture is that—Oh! I see: a
'St. Cæcilia!'

'A common print, Sir!'

'Pretty well, pretty well! It is af-
'ter an Italian master.—I would not
'for the world turn the lady out of her
'apartment. We can make shift with
'the other two,' repeated I, louder still; but yet mumblingly hoarse: for I had as great a regard to uniformity in accent, as to my words.

O Belford! to be so near my angel, think what a painful constraint I was under.

I was resolved to fetch her out, if possible: and pretending to be going—
'You can't agree as to any *time*, Mrs.
'Moore, when we can have this third
'room, can you?—Not that' [Whis-
pered I, loud enough to be heard in the next room; 'Not that] I would incom-
'mode the lady: but I would tell my
'wife *when* abouts—And women, you
'know, Mrs. Moore, love to have eve-
'ry-thing before them of this nature.'

'Mrs. Moore,' said my charmer, [And never did her voice sound so harmonious to me: oh, how my heart bound-
ed again! It even talked to me, in a manner; for I thought I *heard*, as well as felt, its unruly flutters; and every vein about me seemed a pulse; 'Mrs.
'Moore] you may acquaint the gen-
'tleman, that I shall stay here only for
'two or three days at most, till I receive
'an answer to a letter I have written into
'the country; and rather than be your
'hindrance, I will take up with any
'apartment a pair of stairs higher.'

'Not for the world!—Not for the
'world,

'world, young lady!' cried I.—'My 'wife, well as I love her, should lie in a 'garret, rather than put such a conside-'rate lady as you seem to be, to the least 'inconveniency.'

She opened not the door yet; and I said, 'But since you have so much good-'ness, Madam, if I could but just look 'into the closet as I stand, I could tell 'my wife whether it is large enough to 'hold a cabinet she much values, and 'will have with her wherever she goes.'

Then my charmer opened the door, and blazed upon me, as it were, in a flood of light, like what one might imagine would strike a man, who, born blind, had by some propitious power been blessed with his sight, all at once, in a meridian sun.

Upon my soul, I never was so strangely affected before. I had much ado to forbear discovering myself that instant: but, hesitatingly, and in great disorder, I said, looking into the closet, and around it, 'There is room, I see, for 'my wife's cabinet; and it has many 'jewels in it of high price; but, upon 'my soul,' [For I could not forbear swearing, like a puppy:—habit is a cursed thing, Jack—] 'nothing so valuable as 'a lady, I see, can be brought into it.'

She started, and looked at me with terror. The truth of the compliment, as far as I know, had taken dissimulation from my accent.

I saw it was impossible to conceal myself longer from her, any more than (from the violent impulses of my passion) to forbear manifesting myself. I unbuttoned therefore my cape, I pulled off my flapt slouched hat; I threw open my great-coat, and, like the devil in Milton, [An odd comparison though!]

'I started up in my own form divine,
'Touch'd by the beam of her celestial eye,
'More potent than Ithuriel's spear!'

Now, Belford, for a similitude—Now for a likeness to illustrate the surprizing scene, and the effect it had upon my charmer and the gentlewoman!—But nothing *was* like it, or equal to it. The plain fact can only describe it, and set it off—Thus then take it.

She no sooner saw who it was, than she gave three violent screams; and, before I could catch her in my arms, (as I was about to do the moment I discovered myself) down she sunk at my feet, in a fit; which made me curse my indiscretion for so suddenly, and with so much emotion, revealing myself.

The gentlewoman, seeing so strange an alteration in my person, and features, and voice, and dress, cried out, 'Mur-'der, help! Murder, help!' by turns, for half a dozen times running. This alarmed the house, and up ran two servant-maids, and *my* servant after them. I cried out for water and hartshorn, and every one flew a different way, one of the maids as fast down as she came up; while the gentlewoman ran out of one room into another, and by turns up and down the apartment we were in, without meaning or end, wringing her foolish hands, and not knowing what she did.

Up then came running a gentleman and his sister, fetched, and brought in by the maid, who had run down, and having let in a cursed crabbed old wretch, hobbling with his gout, and mumbling with his hoarse broken-toothed voice, who was metamorphosed all at once into a gay lively young fellow, with a clear accent, and all his teeth, she would have it, that I was neither more nor less than the devil, and could not keep her eye from my foot; expecting no doubt, every minute to see it discover itself to be cloven.

For my part, I was so intent upon restoring my angel, that I regarded nobody else. And at last, she slowly recovering motion, with bitter sighs and sobs, (only the whites of her eyes however appearing for some moments) I called upon her in the tendrest accents, as I kneeled by her, my arm supporting her head; 'My angel! my charmer! my Clarissa! 'look upon me, my dearest life!—I am 'not angry with you—I will forgive 'you, my best beloved!'

The gentleman and his sister knew not what to make of all this: and the less, when my fair-one, recovering her sight, snatched another look at me; and then again groaned, and fainted away.

I threw up the closet-sash for air, and then left her to the care of the young gentlewoman, the same notable Miss Rawlins, whom I had heard of at the Flask: and to that of Mrs. Moore; who by this time had recovered herself; and then retiring to one corner of the room, I made my servant pull off my gouty stockings, brush my hat, and loop it up into the usual smart cock.

I then stept to the closet to Mr. Rawlins, whom, in the general confusion, I had not much minded before.—'Sir,' said I, 'you have an uncommon scene 'before you. The lady is my wife, and 'no gentleman's presence is necessary 'here but my own.

'I beg pardon, Sir; *if* the lady be 'your

'your wife, I have no buſineſs here. 'But, Sir, by her concern at ſeeing 'you—'

'Pray, Sir, none of your *if's* and *but's*, 'I beſeech you; nor *your* concern about 'the *lady's* concern. You are a very 'unqualified judge in this cauſe; and I 'beg of you, Sir, to oblige me with 'your abſence. The women only are 'proper to be preſent on this occaſion,' added I; 'and I think myſelf obliged to 'them for their care and kind aſſiſtance.'

'Tis well he made not another word: for I found my choler begin to riſe. I could not bear, that the fineſt neck, and arms, and foot, in the world, ſhould be expoſed to the eyes of any man living but mine.

I withdrew once more from the cloſet, finding her beginning to recover, leſt the ſight of me too ſoon, ſhould throw her back again.

The firſt words ſhe ſaid, looking round her with great emotion, were, 'O hide me, hide me! Is he gone!—'O hide me!—Is he gone!'

'Sir,' ſaid Miſs Rawlins, coming to me with an air both peremptory and aſſured, 'this is ſome ſurprizing caſe. 'The lady cannot bear the ſight of you. 'What you have done is beſt known to 'yourſelf. But another ſuch fit will 'probably be her laſt. It would be but 'kind therefore for you to retire.'

It behoved me to have ſo notable a perſon of my party!—and the rather as I had diſobliged her impertinent brother.

The dear creature,' ſaid I, 'may 'will be concerned to ſee me. If *you*, 'Madam, had a huſband who loved you 'as I love her, you would not, I am 'confident, fly from him, and expoſe 'yourſelf to hazards, as ſhe does when-'ever ſhe has not all her way—And yet 'with a mind not capable of intentional 'evil—But mother-ſpoilt!—This is her 'fault, and all her fault: and the more 'inexcuſeable it is, as I am the man of 'her choice, and have reaſon to think 'ſhe loves me above all the men in the 'world.'

Here, Jack, was a ſtory to ſupport to the lady; face to face too!

'You *ſpeak* like a gentleman; you *look* 'like a gentleman,' ſaid Miſs Rawlins—'But, Sir, this is a ſtrange caſe; the 'lady ſeems to dread the ſight of you.'

'No wonder, Madam;' taking her a little on one ſide nearer to Mrs. Moore. 'I have three times already forgiven 'the dear creature—But this *jealouſy!* '—There is a ſpice of *that* in it—and of '*phrenzy* too' [whiſpered I, that it might have the face of a ſecret, and of conſequence the more engage their attention]—'But our ſtory is too long.'

I then made a motion to go to my beloved. But they deſired that I would walk into the next room: and they would endeavour to prevail upon her to lie down.

I begged that they would not ſuffer her to talk; for that ſhe was accuſtomed to fits, and when in this way, would talk of any-thing that came uppermoſt: and the more ſhe was ſuffered to run on, the worſe ſhe was; and if not kept quiet, would fall into ravings; which might poſſibly hold her a week.

They promiſed to keep her quiet; and I withdrew into the next room; ordering every-one down but Mrs. Moore, and Miſs Rawlins.

She was full of exclamations. Unhappy creature! miſerable! ruined! and undone! ſhe called herſelf; wrung her hand, and begged they would aſſiſt her to eſcape from the terrible evils ſhe ſhould otherwiſe be made to ſuffer.

They preached patience and quietneſs to her; and would have had her to lie down: but ſhe refuſed; ſinking, however, into an eaſy chair; for ſhe trembled ſo, ſhe could not ſtand.

By this time, I hoped, that ſhe was enough recovered to bear a preſence, that it behoved me to make her bear; and fearing ſhe would throw out ſomething in her exclamations, that would ſtill more diſconcert me, I went into the room again

'O there he is!' ſaid ſhe, and threw her apron over her face—'I cannot ſee 'him! I cannot look upon him!—Be 'gone, be gone! touch me not!'

For I took her ſtruggling hand, beſeeching her to be pacified; and aſſuring her, that I would make all up with her upon her own terms and wiſhes.

'Baſe man!' ſaid the violent lady, 'I 'have no wiſhes but never to behold 'you more! Why muſt I be thus purſued and haunted? Have you not 'made me miſerable enough already? '—Deſpoiled of all ſuccour and help, 'and of every friend, I am content to be 'poor, low, and miſerable, ſo I may be 'free from your perſecutions.'

Miſs Rawlins ſtared at me: ['A con-'fident ſlut, this Miſs Rawlins,' thought I,] ſo did Mrs. Moore. 'I told you 'ſo!' whiſpering ſaid I, turning to the women, ſhaking my head with a face of great concern and pity; and then to my charmer, 'My dear creature, how

you

'you rave! You will not eaſily recover 'from the effects of this violence. Have 'patience, my love. Be pacified; and 'we will coolly talk this matter over: 'for you expoſe yourſelf as well as me: 'theſe ladies will certainly think you 'have fallen among robbers, and that 'I am the chief of them.'

'So you are! ſo you are!' ſtamping, her face ſtill covered; [*She thought of Wedneſday night, no doubt*] and, ſighing as if her heart was breaking, ſhe put her hand to her forehead—'I ſhall be quite 'diſtracted!'

'I will not, my deareſt love, uncover 'your face. You ſhall *not* look upon 'me, ſince I am ſo odious to you. But 'this is a violence I never thought you 'capable of.'

And I would have preſſed her hand, as I held it, with my lips; but ſhe drew it from me with indignation.

'Unhand me, Sir,' ſaid ſhe. 'I will 'not be touched by you. Leave me to 'my fate. What right, what title, have 'you to perſecute me thus?'

'*What right, what title*, my dear! But 'this is not a time—I have a letter from 'Captain Tomlinſon—Here it is,' offering it to her.

'I will receive nothing from your 'hands—Tell me not of Captain Tom'linſon—Tell me not of any-body— 'You have no *right* to invade me thus '—Once more leave me to my fate— 'Have you not made me miſerable 'enough?'

I touched a delicate ſtring, on purpoſe to ſet her in ſuch a paſſion before the women, as might confirm the intimation I had given of a phrenſical diſorder.

'What a turn is here!—Lately ſo 'happy—Nothing wanting but a recon'ciliation between you and your friends! 'That reconciliation in ſuch a happy 'train—Shall ſo *ſlight*, ſo *accidental* an 'occaſion be ſuffered to overturn all 'our happineſs!'

She ſtarted up with a trembling impatience, her apron falling from her indignant face—'Now,' ſaid ſhe, 'that 'thou *dareſt* to call the occaſion *ſlight* 'and *accidental*, and that I am happily 'out of thy vile hands, and out of a 'houſe I have reaſon to believe *as* vile, 'traitor and wretch that thou art, I will 'venture to caſt an eye upon thee—And 'O that it were in my power, in mercy 'to my ſex, to look thee firſt into ſhame 'and remorſe, and then into death!

This violent tragedy-ſpeech, and the high manner in which ſhe uttered it, had it's deſired effect. I looked upon the women, and upon her by turns, with a pitying eye, and they ſhook their wiſe heads, and beſought *me* to retire, and *her* to lie down to compoſe herſelf.

This hurricane, like other hurricanes, was preſently allayed by a ſhower. She threw herſelf once more on her armed chair, and begged pardon of the women for her paſſionate exceſs; but not of me: yet I was in hopes, that when compliments were ſtirring, I ſhould have come in for my ſhare.

'Indeed, ladies,' ſaid I, [with aſſurance enough, thou'lt ſay] 'this violence 'is not natural to my beloved's temper '—Miſapprehenſion—'

'Miſapprehenſion, wretch!—And 'want I excuſes from thee!'

By what a ſcorn was every lovely feature agitated!

Then turning her face from me, 'I 'have not patience, O thou guileful be'trayer, to look upon thee! Be gone! 'Be gone! With a face ſo unbluſhing, 'how dareſt thou appear in my pre'ſence?'

I thought then that the character of a huſband obliged me to be angry.

'You may one day, Madam, repent 'this treatment:—by my ſoul you may. 'You know I have not deſerved it of 'you—You *know* I have not.'

'Do I know you have not?—Wretch! 'Do I know—'

'You do, Madam—And never did 'a man of my figure and conſideration' [I thought it was proper to throw that in] 'meet with ſuch treatment—'

She lifted up her hands; indignation kept her ſilent.

'But all of a piece with the charge 'you bring againſt me of *deſpoiling you* '*of all ſuccour and help*, of making you '*poor* and *low*, and with other unprece'dented language. I will only ſay, be'fore theſe two gentlewomen, that ſince 'it *muſt* be ſo, and ſince your former 'eſteem for me is turned into ſo rivetted 'an averſion, I will ſoon, *very* ſoon, 'make you entirely eaſy. I *will* be gone: '—I *will* leave you to *your own fate*, as 'you call it; and may that be happy! '—Only, that I may not appear to be a 'ſpoiler, a robber indeed, let me know 'whither I ſhall ſend your apparel, and 'every-thing that belongs to you, and I 'will ſend it.'

'Send it to this place; and aſſure me, 'that you will never moleſt me more; 'never more come near me; and that 'is all I aſk of you.'

'I *will* do ſo, Madam,' ſaid I, with a dejected air. 'But did I ever think I 'ſhould be ſo indifferent to you!—How-

'ever,

'ever, you must permit me to insist on 'your reading this letter; and on your 'seeing Captain Tomlinson, and hear- 'ing what he has to say from your un- 'cle. He will be here by-and-by.'

'Don't trifle with me,' said she, in an imperious tone—'Do as you offer. I 'will not receive any letters from your 'hands. If I see Captain Tomlinson, 'it shall be on his *own* account; not 'on *yours*. You tell me you will send 'me my apparel: if you would have 'me believe any-thing you say, let this 'be the test of your sincerity—Leave me '*now*, and send my things.'

The women stared. They did nothing but stare; and appeared to be more and more at a loss what to make of the matter between us.

I pretended to be going from her in a pet: but when I had got to the door, I turned back; and, as if I had recollected myself, 'One word more, my 'dearest creature!—Charming even in 'your anger!—O my fond soul!' said I, turning half-round, and pulling out my handkerchief.

I believe, Jack, my eyes did glisten a little. I have no doubt but they did. The women pitied me. Honest souls! They shewed, that they had each of them a handkerchief as well as I. So, hast thou not observed (to give a familiar illustration) every man in a company of a dozen or more, obligingly pull out his watch, when some one has asked, 'What's o'clock?' As each man of a like number, if one talks of his beard, will falling to stroking his chin with his four fingers and thumb.

'One word, only, Madam,' repeated I, (as soon as my voice had recovered it's tone:) 'I have represented to Cap- 'tain Tomlinson in the most favoura- 'ble light the cause of our present mis- 'understanding. You know what your 'uncle insists upon; and with which you 'have acquiesced. The letter in my 'hand' [and again I offered it to her] 'will acquaint you with what you have 'to apprehend from your brother's ac- 'tive malice.'

She was going to speak in a high accent, putting the letter from her with an open palm—'Nay, hear me out, Madam '—The captain, you know, has report- 'ed our *marriage* to two different per- 'sons. It is come to your brother's 'ears. My own relations have also 'heard of it. Letters were brought me 'from town this morning from Lady 'Betty Lawrance and Miss Montague. 'Here they are.' [I pulled them out of my pocket, and offered them to her, with that of the captain; but she held back her still open palm, that she might not receive them.] 'Reflect, Madam, I be- 'seech you reflect, upon the fatal con- 'sequences with which this your high 'resentment may be attended.'

'Ever since I knew you,' said she, 'I 'have been in a wilderness of doubt and 'error. I bless God that I am out of 'your hands. I will transact for my- 'self what relates to myself. I dismiss 'all your solicitude for me. Am I 'not my own mistress?—Have you any 'title—'

The women stared, ['The devil stare 'ye!' thought I. 'Can you do nothing 'but stare?'] It was high time to stop her here.

I raised my voice to drown hers— 'You used, my dearest creature, to have 'a tender and apprehensive heart—You 'never had so much reason for such a 'one as now—'

'Let me judge for myself upon what 'I shall *see*, not upon what I shall *hear* '—Do you think I shall ever—'

I dreaded her going on—'I *must* be 'heard, Madam,' raising my voice still higher. 'You *must* let me read one pa- 'ragraph or two of this letter to you, 'if you will not read it yourself.'

'Be gone from me, man!—Be gone 'from me with thy letters! What pre- 'tence hast thou for tormenting me thus '—What right—What title!'

'Dearest creature, what questions you 'ask! Questions that you can as well 'answer yourself.'

'I *can*, I *will*—And *thus* I answer 'them—

Still louder raised I my voice. She was overborne. 'Sweet soul! It would 'be hard,' thought I, [and yet I was very angry with her] 'if such a spirit as 'thine cannot be brought to yield to 'such a one as mine!'

I lowered my voice on her silence. All gentle, all *intreative*, my accent: my head bowed; one hand held out; the other on the honest heart:—'For 'Heaven's sake, my dearest creature, 'resolve to see Captain Tomlinson with 'temper. He would have come along 'with me: but I was willing to try to 'soften your mind first on this fatal mis- 'apprehension; and this for the sake of 'your own wishes: for what is it other- 'wise to me whether your friends are or 'are not reconciled to us? *Do I want* 'any *favour from them?*—For your own

'mind's ſake, therefore, fruſtrate not 'Capt. Tomlinſon's negociation. That 'worthy gentleman will be here in 'the afternoon.—Lady Betty will be in 'town with my couſin Montague, in a 'day or two. They will be your vi-'ſitors. I beſeech you do not carry 'this miſunderſtanding ſo far, as that 'Lord M. and Lady Betty, and Lady 'Sarah may know it.'—[*How conſider-able this made me look to the women!*]—'Lady Betty will not let you reſt till 'you conſent to accompany her to her 'own ſeat—And to that lady may you 'ſafely entruſt your cauſe.'

Again, upon my pauſing a moment, ſhe was going to break out. I liked not the turn of her countenance, nor the tone of her voice—'And thinkeſt thou, 'baſe wretch!—were the words ſhe *did* utter. I again raiſed my voice and drowned hers—'*Baſe wretch*, Madam?—'You know that I have not deſerved 'the violent names you have called me. 'Words ſo opprobrious! from a mind ſo 'gentle!—But this treatment is from '*you*, Madam!—From *you*, whom I love 'more than my own ſoul!—By that 'ſoul, I ſwear that I do.'—[The wo-men looked upon each other. They ſeemed pleaſed with my ardour. Wo-men, whether wives, maids, or widows, love ardours. Even Miſs Howe, thou knoweſt, ſpeaks up for ardours.]—'Ne-'vertheleſs, I muſt ſay, that you have 'carried matters too far for the occaſion. 'I ſee you hate me.'

She was juſt going to ſpeak—'If we 'are to *ſeparate for ever*,' in a ſtrong and ſolemn voice, proceeded I, 'this 'ſtand ſhall not long be troubled with 'me. Mean time, only be pleaſed to 'give theſe letters a peruſal, and con-'ſider what is to be ſaid to your uncle's 'friend, and what he is to ſay to your 'uncle. Any-thing will I come into, '(renounce me if you will) that ſhall 'make for *your* peace, and for the re-'conciliation *your heart was ſo lately ſet upon*. But I humbly conceive, that it 'is neceſſary, that you ſhould come into 'better temper with me, were it but 'to give a favourable appearance to 'what *has paſſed*, and weight to any *fu-'ture application* to your friends, in what-'ever way you ſhall think proper to 'make it.'

I then put the letters into her lap, and retired into the next apartment with a low bow and a very ſolemn air.

I was ſoon followed by the two wo-men. Mrs. Moore withdrew to give the fair perverſe time to read them; Miſs Rawlins for the ſame reaſon; and be-cauſe ſhe was ſent for home.

The widow beſought her ſpeedy re-turn. I joined in the ſame requeſt; and ſhe was ready enough to promiſe to oblige us.

I excuſed myſelf to Mrs. Moore for the diſguiſe I had appeared in at firſt, and for the ſtory I had invented. I told her, that I held myſelf obliged to ſatisfy her for the whole floor we were upon; and for an upper-room for my ſervant; and that for a month certain.

She made many ſcruples, and begged ſhe might not be urged on this head, till ſhe had conſulted Miſs Rawlins.

I conſented; but told her, that ſhe had taken my earneſt; and I hoped there was no room for diſpute.

Juſt then Miſs Rawlins returned, with an air of eager curioſity; and having been told, what had paſſed between Mrs. Moore and me, ſhe gave herſelf airs of office immediately: which I hu-moured, plainly perceiving, that if I had *her* with me, I had the other.

She wiſhed, if there were time for it, and if it were not quite impertinent in her to deſire it, that I would give Mrs. Moore and her a brief hiſtory of an af-fair, which, as ſhe ſaid, bore the face of novelty, myſtery, and ſurprize: for ſometimes it looked to her as if we were married; at other times, that point ap-peared doubtful; and yet the lady did not abſolutely deny it; but, upon the whole, thought herſelf highly injured.

I ſaid, That ours was a very particu-lar caſe: that were I to acquaint them with it, ſome part of it would hardly appear credible. But, however, as they ſeemed to be perſons of diſcretion, I would give them a brief account of the whole; and this in ſo plain and ſincere a manner, that it ſhould clear up to their ſatisfaction every-thing that had paſſed, or might hereafter paſs between us.

They ſat down by me, and threw every feature of their faces into attention. I was reſolved to go as near the truth as poſſible, leaſt any-thing ſhould drop from my ſpouſe to impeach my veraci-ty; and yet keep in view what paſſed at the Flaſk.

It is neceſſary, although thou knoweſt my whole ſtory, and a good deal of my views, that thou ſhouldſt be apprized of the ſubſtance of what I told them.

I gave them, in as conciſe a manner as I was able, the hiſtory of our fami-lies, fortunes, alliances, antipathies; her brother's and mine particularly. I averred the truth of our private mar-

riage. The captain's letter, which I will inclose, will give thee my reasons for that. And besides, the women might have proposed a parson to me by way of compromise. I told them the condition my spouse had made me swear to; and to which she held me, in order, I said, to induce me the sooner to be reconciled to her relations.

I owned, that this restraint made me sometimes ready to fly out. And Mrs. Moore was so good as to declare, that *she did not much wonder at it.*

'Thou art a very good sort of a woman, Mrs. Moore,' thought I.

As Miss Howe has actually detected our mother; and might possibly find some way still to acquaint her friend with her discoveries; I thought it proper to prepossess them in favour of Mrs. Sinclair and her two nieces.

I said, They were gentlewomen born; that they had not bad hearts; that indeed my spouse did not love them; they having once jointly taken the liberty to blame her for her over-niceness with regard to me. People, I said, even *good* people, who knew themselves to be guilty of a fault they had no inclination to mend, were too often least patient, when told of it; as they could less bear than others, to be thought indifferently of.

Too often the case they owned.

'Mrs. Sinclair's house was a very 'handsome house, and fit to receive the 'first quality.' [True enough, Jack!] 'Mrs. Sinclair was a woman very easy 'in her circumstances: a widow gentle-'woman — as *you*, Mrs. Moore, are. 'Lets lodgings—as *you*, Mrs. Moore, 'do. Once had better prospects—as '*you*, Mrs Moore, may have had: the 'relict of Colonel Sinclair: you, Mrs. 'Moore, might know Colonel Sinclair '—He had lodgings at Hampstead.'

She had heard of the name.

'O, he was related to the best families 'in Scotland: and his widow is not to 'be reflected upon, because she lets 'lodgings, you know, Mrs. Moore— 'You know, Miss Rawlins.'

Very true—and, very true: and they must needs say, it did not look quite so pretty in such a lady, as my spouse, to be so censorious.

'A foundation here,' thought I, 'to 'procure these womens help to get back 'the fugitive, or their connivance at least 'at my doing so; as well as for antici-'pating any future information from 'Miss Howe.'

I gave them a character of that virago: and intimated, that for a head to contrive mischief, and a heart to execute it, she had hardly her equal in her sex.

To *this* Miss Howe it was, Mrs. Moore said, she supposed, that my spouse was so desirous to dispatch a man and horse, by day-dawn, with a letter she wrote before she went to bed last night; proposing to stay no longer than till she had received an answer to it.

'The very same,' said I. 'I *knew* she 'would have immediate recourse to her. 'I should have been but too happy, 'could I have prevented such a letter 'from passing, or so to have managed, 'as to have it given into Mrs. Howe's 'hands, instead of her daughter's. 'Women who had lived some time in 'the world knew *better* than to encou-'rage such skittish pranks in young 'wives.'

Let me just stop to tell thee, while it is in my head, that I have since given Will his cue to find out where the man lives who is gone with the fair fugitive's letter; and, if possible, to see him on his return, before he sees her.

I told the women, I despaired that it would ever be better with us while Miss Howe had so strange an ascendency over my spouse, and remained herself *unmarried*; and until the reconciliation with her friends could be effected; or a *still* happier event—'as I should think 'it, who am the last male of my family; 'and which my foolish vow, and her 'rigour, had hitherto——'

Here I stopt, and looked modest, turning my diamond-ring round my finger: while Goody Moore looked mighty significant, calling it a very particular case: and the maiden fanned away, and primmed and pursed, to shew, that what I said needed no farther explanation.

I told them the occasion of our present difference: I avowed the reality of the fire: but owned, that I would have made no scruple of breaking the unnatural oath she had bound me in, (having an husband's right on my side) when she was so accidentally frighted into my arms: and I blamed myself excessively, that I did not; since she thought fit to carry her resentment so high, and had the injustice to suppose the fire to be a contrivance of mine.

'Nay, for that matter,' Mrs. Moore said—as we were *married*, and Mad[am] was so *odd*—'Every gentleman would 'not—— And stopt there Mrs. Moore.

'To suppose I should have recourse 'to such a *poor* contrivance,' said I, 'when I saw the dear creature every 'hour—

'*hour*——' Was not this a bold put, Jack?

'A moſt extraordinary caſe, truly!' cried the maiden; fanning, yet coming in with her '*Well buts*; and her ſifting '*Pray Sirs!*' and her reſtraining '*Enough Sirs!*'—flying *from* the queſtion *to* the queſtion; her ſeat now-and-then uneaſy, for fear my *want of delicacy* ſhould hurt her abundant *modeſty*; and yet it was difficult to ſatisfy her *ſuper*-abundant *curioſity*.

My beloved's jealouſy, [and jealouſy of itſelf, to female minds, accounts for a thouſand unaccountableneſſes] and the imputation of her half-phrenzy brought upon her by her father's wicked curſe, and by the previous perſecutions ſhe had undergone from all her family, were what I dwelt upon, in order to provide againſt what might happen.

In ſhort, I owned againſt myſelf moſt of the offences which I did not doubt but ſhe would charge me with in their hearing: and as every cauſe has a black and white ſide, I gave the worſt parts of our ſtory the gentleſt turn. And when I had done, acquainted them with ſome of the contents of that letter of Captain Tomlinſon which I had left with the lady. I concluded with cautioning them to be guarded againſt the enquiries of James Harlowe, and of Captain Singleton, or of any ſailor-looking men.

This thou wilt ſee from the letter itſelf was neceſſary to be done. Here, therefore, thou mayeſt read it. And a charming letter to my purpoſe wilt thou find it to be, if thou giveſt the leaſt attention to it's contents.

'TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

'DEAR SIR, WED. JUNE 7.

ALTHOUGH I am obliged to be in 'town to-morrow, or next day at far-'theſt, yet I would not diſpenſe with writing to you, by *one of my ſervants*, '(whom I ſend up before me upon a par-'ticular occaſion) in order to advertiſe 'you, *that it is probable you will hear from 'ſome of your own relations on your* [*ſuppo-'ſed**] *nuptials*. One of the perſons (Mr. 'Lilburne by name) to whom I hinted 'my belief of your marriage, happens 'to be acquainted with Mr. Spurrier, 'Lady Betty Lawrance's ſteward; and '(not being under any reſtriction) men-'tioned it *to* Mr. Spurrier, and he to 'Lady Betty, as a thing certain: and 'this (though I have not the honour *to 'be perſonally known to her ladyſhip*) 'brought on an enquiry from her lady-'ſhip to me by her gentleman: who 'coming to me in company with Mr. 'Lilburne, I had no way but to con-'firm the report. And I underſtand, 'that Lady Betty takes it amiſs, that ſhe 'was not acquainted with ſo deſirable 'a piece of news from yourſelf.

'Her ladyſhip, it ſeems, has *buſineſs 'that calls her to town*, [and you will poſ-'ſibly chuſe to put her right. If you 'do, it will, I preſume, *be in confidence*; 'that nothing may perſpire from your 'own family to contradict what I have 'given out.]

'[I have ever been of opinion, *That 'truth ought to be ſtrictly adhered to on all 'occaſions*: and am concerned that I have '(though with ſo good a view) depart-'ed from my old maxim. But my dear 'friend Mr. John Harlowe would have 'it ſo. Yet I never knew a departure 'of this kind a *ſingle* departure. But, 'to make the beſt of it now, allow me, 'Sir, to beg the lady, as ſoon as poſſi-'ble, to authenticate the report given 'out.] When both you and the lady 'join in the acknowledgement of your 'marriage, it will be impertinent in any-'one to be inquiſitive as to the *day or 'week*: [and, if as privately celebrated 'as you intend, (while the gentlewomen 'with whom you lodge are properly in-'ſtructed, as you ſay they are, and who 'actually believe you were married long 'ago) who ſhall be able to give a contra-'diction to my report?]

'And yet it is very probable, that 'minute enquiries will be made; and 'this is what renders precaution neceſ-'ſary. For Mr. James Harlowe will not 'believe that you are married; and is 'ſure, he ſays, that you both lived to-'gether when Mr. Hickman's applica-'tion was made to Mr. John Harlowe: 'and if you lived together *any* time un-'married, he infers from *your* character, 'Mr. Lovelace, that it is not probable, 'that you would ever marry. And he 'leaves it to his two uncles to decide, if 'you even *ſhould be married*, whether 'there be not room to believe, that his 'ſiſter was *firſt diſhonoured*; and if ſo, to 'judge of the title ſhe will have to their 'favour, or to the forgiveneſs of any 'of her family. I believe, Sir, this part 'of my letter had beſt be kept from the 'lady.

'Young Mr. Harlowe is *reſolved to*

* What is between hooks [] thou mayeſt ſuppoſe, Jack, I ſunk upon the women, in the account I gave them of the contents of this letter.

'*find this out*, and *to come at his ſiſter's* '*ſpeech likewiſe*; and for that purpoſe 'ſets out *to-morrow*, as I am well in- 'formed, *with a large attendance armed*; 'and *Mr. Solmes is to be of the party*. And 'what makes him the more earneſt to 'find it out, is this: Mr. John Harlowe 'has told the whole family that he will 'alter and new ſettle his will. Mr. 'Antony Harlowe is reſolved to do the 'ſame by his; for, it ſeems, he has 'given over all thoughts of changing 'his condition, *having lately been diſap-* 'pointed in a view he had of that ſort with 'Mrs. Howe. Theſe two brothers gene- 'rally *act in concert*; and Mr. James 'Harlowe dreads (and let me tell you, 'that he has reaſon for it, on *my* Mr. 'Harlowe's account) that his younger 'ſiſter will be, at laſt, more benefited 'than he wiſhes for, by the alteration 'intended. He has already been en- 'deavouring to ſound his uncle Harlowe 'on the ſubject; and wanted to know 'whether any *new application* had been 'made to him on his ſiſter's part. Mr. 'Harlowe avoided a direct anſwer, and 'expreſſed his wiſhes for a general re- 'conciliation, and his hopes that his 'niece were married. This offended 'the furious young man, and he re- 'minded his uncle of engagements they 'had all entered into at his ſiſter's going 'away, *not to be reconciled but by general* 'conſent.

'Mr. John Harlowe complains to me 'often, of the uncontroulableneſs of his 'nephew; and ſays, that now, that the 'young man has not any-body of whoſe 'ſuperior ſenſe he ſtands in awe, he ob- 'ſerves not decency in his behaviour to 'any of them. And this makes *my* Mr. 'Harlowe ſtill more deſirous than ever of 'bringing his younger niece into favour 'again. I will not ſay all I might of 'this young man's extraordinary rapa- 'cioufneſs:—but one would think, 'that *theſe graſping men expect to live for* 'ever!

'I took the liberty but within theſe 'two hours, to propoſe to ſet on foot '(and offered my cover to) a corre- 'ſpondence between *my friend, and his* 'daughter-niece, as he ſtill ſometimes 'fondly calls her. She was miſtreſs of 'ſo much prudence, I ſaid, that I was 'ſure ſhe could better direct every- 'thing to it's deſirable end, than any- 'body elſe could. But he ſaid, he did 'not think himſelf entirely at liberty to 'take ſuch a ſtep *at preſent*; and that it 'was beſt that he ſhould have it in his 'power to ſay, occaſionally, that he had 'not any correſpondence *with* her, or 'letter *from* her.

'You will ſee, Sir, from all this, the 'neceſſity of keeping our treaty an *ab-* 'ſolute ſecret; and if the lady has men- 'tioned it to her *worthy friend*, Miſs 'Howe, I hope it is in confidence.

'[And now, Sir, a few lines in anſwer 'to yours of Monday laſt.]

'[Mr. Harlowe was very well pleaſed 'with your readineſs to come into his 'propoſal. But as to what you *both* de- 'ſire, that he will be preſent at the ce- 'remony, he ſaid, that his nephew 'watched all his ſteps ſo narrowly, that 'he thought it was not practicable (if 'he were inclinable) to oblige you: but 'that he conſented with all his heart, 'that I ſhould be the perſon whom he 'ſtipulated ſhould be privately preſent 'at the ceremony on his part.]

'[However, I think, I have an *expe-* 'dient for this, if your lady *continues* 'to be very deſirous of her uncle's pre- 'ſence; (except he ſhould be more de- 'termined than his anſwer to me ſeemed 'to import) of which I ſhall acquaint 'you, and perhaps of what he ſays to it, 'when I have the pleaſure to ſee you in town. 'But, indeed, I think you have *no time* 'to loſe. Mr. Harlowe is impatient to 'hear, that you are actually one; and 'I hope I may carry him down word, 'when I leave you next, that I *ſaw* the 'ceremony performed.]

'[If any obſtacle ariſes from the lady, '(from *you* it cannot) I ſhall be tempted 'to think a little hardly of her punctilio.]

'Mr. Harlowe hopes, Sir, that you 'will rather take pains to *avoid*, than to 'meet, this violent young man. He has 'the better opinion of you, let me tell 'you, Sir, from the account I gave him 'of your moderation and politeneſs; 'neither of which are qualities with his 'nephew. *But we have all of us ſomething* 'to amend.

'You cannot imagine how dearly my 'friend ſtill loves this excellent niece of 'his—I will give you an inſtance of it, 'which affected me a good deal—"If "once more," ſaid he, (the laſt time 'but one we were together) "I can but "ſee this ſweet child gracing the upper- "end of my table, as miſtreſs of my "houſe, in my *allotted month*; all the reſt "of my family preſent but as her gueſts; "for ſo I formerly would have it; and "had her *mother's conſent for it*—" There 'he ſtopt; for he was forced to turn his 'reverend face from me. Tears ran 'down his cheeks. Fain would he have 'hid them: but he could not—"Yet—

"yet," said he—"how—how"—[Poor 'gentleman, he perfectly sobbed]—"how shall I be able to bear the first "meeting!"

'I bless God I am *no hard-hearted* 'man, Mr. Lovelace: my eyes shewed 'to my worthy friend, that he had no 'reason to be ashamed of his humanity 'before me.

'I will put an end to this long epistle. 'Be pleased to make my compliments 'acceptable to the most excellent of wo-'men; as well as believe me to be, *dear* 'Sir, your faithful friend, and humble ser-'vant, 'ANTONY TOMLINSON.'

During the conversation between me and the women, I had planted myself at the farther end of the apartment we were in, over-against the door, which was open; and opposite to the lady's cham-ber door, which was shut. I spoke so low, that it was impossible for her, at that distance, to hear what we said; and in this situation I could see if her door opened.

I told the women, that what I had mentioned to my spouse of Lady Betty's coming to town with her niece Monta-gue, and of their intention to visit my beloved, whom they had never seen, nor she them, was real; and that I expected news of their arrival every hour. I then shewed them copies of the other two letters, which I had left with *her*; the one from Lady Betty, the other from my cousin Montague.—And here thou mayest read them if thou wilt.

Eternally reproaching, eternally up-braiding me, are my impertinent rela-tions. But they are fond of occasions to find fault with me. Their love, their love, Jack, and their dependence on my known good-humour, are their induce-ments.

'TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

'WED. MORN. JUNE 7.

'DEAR NEPHEW,

'I UNDERSTAND, that at length 'all our wishes are answered in your 'happy marriage. But I think, we 'might as well have heard of it directly 'from you, as from the round-about 'way by which we have been made ac-'quainted with it. Methinks, Sir, the '*power* and the *will* we have to oblige 'you, should not expose us the more to 'your slights and negligence. My bro-'ther had set his heart upon giving to 'you the wife we have all so long wished 'you to have. But if you were actually 'married at the time you made him that 'request, *(supposing, perhaps, that his 'gout would not let him attend you)* it is but 'like *you*.—If your lady had *her* reasons 'to wish it to be private while the dif-'ferences between her family and self 'continue, you might nevertheless have 'communicated it to us with *that* restric-'tion; and we should have forborne 'the publick manifestations of our joy, 'upon an event we have so long desired.

'The distant way we have come to 'know it is by my steward; who is ac-'quainted with a friend of Captain Tom-'linson, to whom that gentleman reveal-'ed it: and he, it seems, had it from 'yourself and lady, with such circum-'stances as leave it not to be doubted.

'I am, indeed, very much disobliged 'with you: so is Lady Sarah. But I 'shall have a very speedy opportunity 'to tell you so in person; being obliged 'to go to town on my old Chancery-'affair. My cousin Leeson, who is, it 'seems, removed to Albemarle Street, 'has notice of it. I shall be at *her* house, 'where I bespeak your attendance on 'Sunday night. I have written to my 'cousin Charlotte for either her, or her 'sister, to meet me at Reading, and ac-'company me to town. I shall stay but 'a few days; my business being matter 'of form only. On my return I shall 'pop upon Lord M. at M. Hall, to see 'in what way his last fit has left him.

'Mean time, having told you my mind 'on your negligence, I cannot help con-'gratulating you both on the occasion—'Your fair lady particularly, upon her 'entrance into a family which is prepar-'ed to admire and love her.

'My principal intention of writing 'to you (dispensing with the necessary 'punctilio) is, that you may acquaint 'my dear new niece, that I will not be 'denied the honour of her company 'down with me into Oxfordshire. I 'understand, that your proposed-house 'and equipages cannot be soon ready. 'She shall be with me till they are. I 'insist upon it. This shall make all up. 'My house shall be her own. My ser-'vants and equipages hers.

'Lady Sarah, who has not been out 'of her own house for months, will 'oblige me with her company for a week, 'in honour of a niece so dearly beloved, 'as I am sure, she will be of us all.

'Being but in lodgings in town, nei-'ther you nor your lady can require 'much preparation.

'Some time on Monday I hope to at-'tend the dear young lady, to make her 'my compliments; and to receive *her*

'apology

'apology for *your* negligence: which, 'and her going down with me, as I ſaid 'before, ſhall be full ſatisfaction. Mean 'time, God bleſs *her* for her courage; '[Tell her I ſay ſo] and bleſs you *both* 'in each other; and that will be happi-'neſs to us all—particularly to *your tru-'ly-affectionate aunt*,

'ELIZ. LAWRANCE.'

'TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

'DEAR COUSIN,

'AT laſt, as we underſtand, there is 'ſome hope of you. Now does my good 'lord run over his bead-roll of pro-'verbs; of *black oxen*, *wild oats*, *long 'lanes*, and ſo-forth.

'Now, couſin, ſay I, is your time 'come; and you will be no longer, I 'hope, an infidel either to the power or 'excellence of the ſex you have pretend-'ed hitherto ſo much to undervalue; 'nor a ridiculer or ſcoffer at an inſtitu-'tion which all ſober people reverence, 'and all rakes, ſooner or later, are 'brought to reverence, or to wiſh they 'had.

'I want to ſee how you become your 'ſilken fetters: whether the charming 'yoke ſits light upon your ſhoulders. 'If with ſuch a ſweet yoke-fellow it does 'not, my lord, and my ſiſter, as well as 'I, think that you will deſerve a cloſer 'tie about your neck.

'His lordſhip is very much diſpleaſed, 'that you have not written him word of 'the day, the hour, the manner, and 'every-thing. But I aſk him, How he 'can *already* expect any mark of defe-'rence or politeneſs from you? He muſt 'ſtay, I tell him, till that ſign of reform-'ation, among others, appear from the 'influence and example of your lady: but 'that, if ever you will be good for any-'thing, it will be quickly ſeen. And, 'O couſin, what a vaſt, vaſt journey 'have you to take from the dreary land 'of libertiniſm, through the bright pro-'vince of reformation into the ſerene 'kingdom of happineſs!—You had need 'to loſe no time. You have many a 'weary ſtep to tread, before you can 'overtake thoſe travellers, who ſet out 'for it from a leſs remote quarter. But 'you have a charming pole-ſtar to guide 'you, that's your advantage. I wiſh 'you joy of it: and as I have never yet 'expected any highly complaiſant thing 'from you, *I make no ſcruple to begin firſt*; 'but it is purely, I muſt tell you, in 'reſpect to my new couſin; whoſe ac-'ceſſion into our family we moſt heartily 'congratulate and rejoice in.

'I have a letter from Lady Betty. 'She commands either my attendance 'or my ſiſter's at Reading, to proceed 'with her to town, to couſin Leeſon's. 'She puts Lord M. in hopes, that ſhe 'ſhall certainly bring down with her 'our lovely new relation; for ſhe ſays, 'ſhe will not be denied. His lordſhip 'is the willinger to let *me* be the per-'ſon, as I am in a manner wild to ſee 'her; my ſiſter having two years ago 'had that honour at Sir Robert Bid-'dulph's. So get ready to accompany 'us in our return; except your lady has 'objections ſtrong enough to ſatisfy us 'all. Lady Sarah longs to ſee her; and 'ſays, This acceſſion to the family will 'ſupply to it the loſs of her beloved 'daughter.

'I ſhall ſoon, I hope, pay my com-'pliments to the dear lady in perſon: ſo 'have nothing to add, but that I am *your 'old mad playfellow and couſin*,

'CHARLOTTE MONTAGUE.'

The women having read the copies of theſe two letters, I thought that I might then threaten and ſwagger—'But very 'little heart have I,' ſaid I, 'to encou-'rage ſuch a viſit from Lady Betty and 'Miſs Montague to my ſpouſe. For 'after all, I am tired out with her ſtrange 'ways. She is not what ſhe was, and '(as I told her in your hearing, ladies) 'I will leave this plaguy iſland, though 'the place of my birth, and though the 'ſtake I have in it is very conſiderable; 'and go and reſide in France or Italy, 'and never think of myſelf as a married 'man, *nor live like one*.'

'O dear!' ſaid one.

'That would be a ſad thing!' ſaid the other.

'Nay, Madam,' [Turning to Mrs. Moore]—'Indeed, Madam,' [To Miſs Rawlins]—'I am quite deſperate. I 'can no longer bear ſuch uſage. I have 'had the good fortune to be favoured 'by the ſmiles of very fine ladies, though 'I ſay it,' [and I looked modeſt] 'both 'abroad and at home.'—[*Thou knoweſt 'this to be true, Jack*] 'With regard to 'my ſpouſe here, I had but one hope 'left; (for as to the reconciliation with 'her friends, I ſcorn them all too much 'to value that, but for her ſake) and 'that was, that if it pleaſed God to bleſs 'us with children, ſhe might entirely re-'cover her uſual ſerenity; and we might 'then be happy. But the reconciliation 'her heart is ſo much ſet upon, is now, 'as I hinted before, entirely hopeleſs—'Made ſo, by this raſh ſtep of hers, and

'by

'by the rather temper she is in; since, '(as you will believe) her brother and 'sister, when they come to know it, will 'make a fine handle of it against us both '—affecting, as they do at present, to 'disbelieve our marriage—and the dear 'creature herself too ready to counte-'nance such a disbelief—as nothing *more* '*than the ceremony—as nothing mor-*'*hem!—as nothing more than the ceremo-*'*ny—*'

Here, as thou wilt perceive, I was bashful; for Miss Rawlins, by her preparatory primness, put me in mind, that it was *proper to be so.*

I turned half round; then facing the fan-player, and the matron—'You *your-*'*selves*, ladies, knew not what to believe 'till *now*, that I have told you our story: 'and I do assure you, that I shall not 'give myself the same trouble to con-'vince people I hate; people from whom 'I neither expect nor desire any favour; 'and who are determined *not* to be con-'vinced. And what, pray, must be the 'issue, when her uncle's friend comes, 'although he seems to be a *truly worthy* '*man?* Is it not natural for him to say, "To what purpose, Mr. Lovelace, should "I endeavour to bring about a reconci-"liation between Mrs. Lovelace and her "friends, by means of her elder uncle, "when a good understanding is wanting "between yourselves?"—A fair infer-'ence, Mrs. Moore!—A fair inference, 'Miss Rawlins!—And here is the un-'happiness—Till she is reconciled to 'them, this cursed oath, in her notion, 'is binding.'

The women seemed moved; for I spoke with great earnestness, though low—And besides, they love to have their sex, and it's favours, appear of importance to us. They shook their deep heads at each other, and looked sorrowful: and this moved my tender heart too.

''Tis an unheard of case, ladies—Had 'she not preferred me to all mankind—' There I stopped—'And that,' resumed I, feeling for my handkerchief, 'is what 'staggered Captain Tomlinson when he 'heard of her flight; who, the last time 'he saw us together, saw the most affec-'tionate couple on earth!—The most 'affectionate couple on earth!'—in the accent-grievous, repeated I.

Out then I pulled my handkerchief, and putting it to my eyes, arose and walked to the window—'It makes me 'weaker than a woman! Did I not love 'her as never man loved *his wife*—' [I have no doubt but I do, Jack.]

There again I stopt; and resuming—'Charming creature, as you see she is, 'I wish I had never beheld her face! 'Excuse me, ladies;' traversing the room. And having rubbed my eyes till I supposed them red, I turned to the women; and, pulling out my letter-case, 'I will shew you one letter—Here it is—'Read it, Miss Rawlins, if you please '—It will confirm to you, how much all 'my family are prepared to admire her. 'I am freely treated in it;—so I am in 'the two others: but after what I have 'told you, nothing need be a secret to 'you two.'

She took it with an air of eager curiosity, and looked at the seal, ostentatiously coroneted; and at the superscription, reading out, '*To Robert Lovelace,* '*Esq.*'—'Aye, Madam—Aye, Miss—'that's my name,' [giving myself an air, though I had told it to them before] 'I 'am not ashamed of it. My wife's maid-'en name—*Unmarried* name, I should 'rather say—fool that I am!'—and I rubbed my cheek for vexation [Fool enough in conscience, Jack!] 'was Har-'lowe—Clarissa Harlowe—You heard 'me call her *my Clarissa.*'

'I did—but thought it to be a feigned 'or love-name,' said Miss Rawlins.

I wonder what is Miss Rawlins's love-name, Jack. Most of the fair romancers have in their early womanhood chosen love-names. No parson ever gave more *real* names, than I have given *fictitious* ones. And to very good purpose: many a sweet dear has answered me a letter for the sake of owning a name which her godmother never gave her.

No—It was her real name, I said.

I bid her read out the whole letter. 'If the spelling be not exact, Miss Raw-'lins,' said I, 'you will excuse it; the 'writer is a lord. But perhaps, I may 'not shew it to my spouse; for if those 'I have left with her have no effect upon 'her, neither will this: and I shall not 'care to expose my lord M. to her scorn. 'Indeed I begin to be quite careless of 'consequences.'

Miss Rawlins, who could not but be pleased with this mark of my confidence, looked as if she pitied me.

And here thou mayest read the letter, No. III.

'TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

'M. HALL, WEDN. JUNE 7.

'COUSIN LOVELACE,

'I THINK you might have found 'time to let us know of your nuptials 'being actually solemnized. I might

'have

'have expected this piece of civility from 'you. But perhaps the ceremony was 'performed at the very time that you 'aſked me to be your lady's father— 'But I ſhall be angry if I proceed in 'my gueſſes—And *little ſaid is ſoon amend-* 'ed.

'But I can tell you, that Lady Betty 'Lawrance, whatever Lady Sarah does, 'will not ſo ſoon forgive you, as I have 'done. *Women reſent ſlights longer than* 'men. You that know ſo much of the 'ſex (I ſpeak it not however to your 'praiſe) might have known *that*. But 'never was you before acquainted with 'a lady of ſuch an amiable character. 'I hope there will be but one ſoul be- 'tween you. I have before now ſaid, 'that I will diſinherit you, and ſettle all 'I can upon her, if you prove not a good 'huſband to her.

'May this marriage be crowned with 'a great many fine boys (I deſire no 'girls) to build up again a family ſo an- 'cient! The firſt boy ſhall take my ſur- 'name by act of parliament. That is 'my will.

Lady Betty and niece Charlotte will 'be in town about buſineſs *before you* 'know where you are. They long to pay 'their compliments to your fair bride. 'I ſuppoſe you will hardly be at the 'Lawn when they get to town; becauſe 'Greme informs me, you have ſent no 'orders there for your lady's accommo- 'dation.

'Pritchard has all things in readineſs 'for ſigning. I will take no advantage 'of your ſlights. Indeed I am too much 'uſed to them—More praiſe to my pa- 'tience, than to your complaiſance, how- 'ever.

'One reaſon for Lady Betty's going 'up, as I may tell you *under the roſe*, is 'to buy ſome ſuitable preſents for Lady 'Sarah and all of us to make on this 'agreeable occaſion.

'We would have blazed it away, could 'we have had timely notice, and thought 'it would have been agreeable to all 'round. The *like occaſions don't happen* 'every day.

'My moſt affectionate compliments 'and congratulations to my new niece, 'conclude me, for the preſent, in violent 'pain, that with all your heroicalneſs 'would make you mad, *your truly affec-* 'tionate uncle, M.'

This letter clench'd the nail. Not but that, Miſs Rawlins ſaid, ſhe ſaw I had been a wild gentleman; and, truly, ſhe thought ſo, the moment ſhe beheld me.

They began to intercede for my ſpouſe (ſo nicely had I turned the tables;) and that I would not go abroad, and diſap- point a reconciliation ſo much wiſhed for on one ſide, and ſuch deſirable proſ- pects on the other in my own family.

'Who knows,' thought I to myſelf, 'but more may come of this plot, than 'I had even promiſed myſelf? What a 'happy man ſhall I be, if theſe women 'can be brought to join to carry my 'marriage into conſummation!

'Ladies, you are exceeding good to 'us both. I ſhould have ſome hopes, 'if my unhappily nice ſpouſe could be 'brought to diſpenſe with the unnatural 'oath ſhe has laid me under. You ſee 'what my caſe is. Do you think I may 'not inſiſt upon her abſolving me from 'this abominable oath? Will you be ſo 'good, as to give your advice, that one 'apartment may ſerve for a man and 'his wife at the hour of retirement?'— Modeſtly put, Belford!—And let me here obſerve, that few rakes would find a language ſo decent as to engage modeſt women to talk with him in, upon ſuch ſubjects.

They both ſimpered, and looked upon one another.

Theſe ſubjects always make women ſimper, at leaſt. No *need* but of the moſt delicate hints to *them*. A man who is groſs in a woman's company, ought to be knocked down with a club: for, like ſo many muſical inſtruments, touch but a ſingle wire, and the dear ſouls are ſenſible all over.

'To be ſure,' Miſs Rawlins learnedly ſaid, playing with her fan, 'a caſuiſt 'would give it, that the matrimonial 'vow ought to ſuperſede any other obli- 'gation.'

Mrs. Moore, for her part, was of opi- nion, that, if the lady owned herſelf to be a wife, ſhe ought to behave *like* one.

'Whatever be my luck,' thought I, 'with this *all-eyed* fair one, any other 'woman in the world from fifteen to 'five-and-twenty, would be mine upon 'my own terms before the morning.

'And now, that I may be at hand to 'take all advantages, I will endeavour,' ſaid I to myſelf, 'to make ſure of good 'quarters.'

'I am your lodger, Mrs. Moore, in 'virtue of the earneſt I have given you 'for theſe apartments, and for any one 'you can ſpare above for my ſervants. 'Indeed for *all* you have to ſpare—for 'who knows what my ſpouſe's brother 'may attempt? I will pay you your own 'demand; and that for a month or two

'certain,

'certain, (board included) as I shall or 'shall not be your hindrance. Take '*that* as a pledge; or in part of pay-'ment.'—Offering her a thirty pound Bank note.

She declined taking it: desiring she might consult the lady first; adding, that she doubted not my honour; and that she would not let her apartments to any other person, whom she knew not something of, while I and the lady were here.

*The lady! The lady!* from both the women's mouths continually, (which still implied a doubt in their hearts:) and not *your spouse*, and *your lady, Sir*.

'I never met with such women,' thought I:—'so thoroughly convinced 'but this moment, yet already doubt-'ing—I am afraid I have a couple of 'scepticks to deal with.'

I knew no reason, I said, for my wife to object to my lodging in the same house with her here, any more than in town, at Mrs. Sinclair's. But were she to make such objection, I would not quit possession; since it was not unlikely, that the same freakish disorder which brought her to Hampstead, might carry her absolutely out of my knowledge.

They both seemed embarrassed; and looked upon one another; yet with such an air, as if they thought there was reason in what I said. And I declared myself her boarder, as well as lodger: and dinner time approaching, was not denied to be the former.

## LETTER IX.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

I Thought it was now high time to turn my whole mind to my beloved; who had had full leisure to weigh the contents of the letters I had left with her.

I therefore requested Miss Moore to step in, and desire to know whether she would be pleased to admit me to attend her in her apartment, on occasion of the letters I had left with her; or whether she would favour me with her company in the dining-room.

Mrs. Moore desired Miss Rawlins to accompany her in to the lady. They tapped at the door, and were both admitted.

I cannot but stop here for one minute, to remark, though against myself, upon the security which innocence gives, that, nevertheless, had better have in it a greater mixture of the serpent than the dove. For here, heedless of all I could say behind her back, because she was satisfied with her own worthiness, she permitted me to go on with my own story, without interruption, to persons as great strangers to her as to me; and who, as strangers to *both*, might be supposed to lean to the side most injured: and that, as I managed it, was to mine. 'A dear silly soul,' thought I, at the time, 'to depend upon the goodness of 'her own heart, when the heart cannot 'be seen into but by it's actions; and 'she, to appearance, a runaway, an 'eloper, from a tender, a most indul-'gent husband!—To neglect to culti-'vate the opinions of individuals, when 'the whole world is governed by ap-'pearance!'

Yet, what can be expected of an angel under twenty?—She has a world of knowledge; knowledge *speculative*, as I may say: but no *experience!* How should she?—Knowledge by the theory only is a vague uncertain light: a Will o'the Wisp, which as often misleads the doubting mind, as puts it right.

There are many things in the world, could a moralizer say, that would afford inexpressible pleasure to a reflecting mind, were it not for the mixture they come to us with. To be graver still: I have seen parents [Perhaps my own did so] who delighted in those very qualities in their children, while young, the natural consequences of which (too much indulged and encouraged) made them, as they grew up, the plague of their hearts—To bring this home to my present purpose, I must tell thee, that I adore this charming creature for her vigilant prudence; but yet I would not, methinks, wish her, by virtue of that prudence, which is, however, necessary to carry her above the *devices* of all the rest of the world, to be too wise for *mine*.

My revenge, my *sworn* revenge, is nevertheless (adore her as I will) uppermost in my heart—Miss Howe says, that my love is an *Herodian* love: by my soul, that girl's a witch! I am half sorry to say, *that I find a pleasure in playing the tyrant over what I love*. Call it an ungenerous pleasure, if thou wilt: softer hearts than mine know it. The women to a woman know it, and *shew* it too, whenever they are trusted with power. And why should it be thought strange, that I, who love them so dearly, and study them so much, should catch the infection of them?

## LETTER X.

### MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

I Will now give thee the ſubſtance of the dialogue that paſſed between the two women and the lady.

Wonder not, that a perverſe wife makes a liſtening huſband. The event, however, as thou wilt find, juſtified the old obſervation, *That liſteners ſeldom hear good of themſelves.* Conſcious of their own demerits, if I may gueſs by myſelf, [There's ingenuouſneſs, Jack!] and fearful of cenſure, they ſeldom find themſelves diſappointed. There is ſomething of ſenſe, after all, in theſe proverbs, in theſe phraſes, in this *wiſdom of nations.*

Mrs. Moore was to be the meſſenger; but Miſs Rawlins began the dialogue.

'Your SPOUSE, Madam—' [Devil! —Only to fiſh for a negative or affirmative declaration,]

*Cl.* 'My *ſpouſe*, Madam!'

*Miſs R.* 'Mr. Lovelace, Madam, 'avers, that you are married to him; 'and begs admittance, or your compa- 'ny in the dining-room, to talk upon 'the ſubject of the letters he left with 'you.'

*Cl.* 'He is a poor wicked wretch. 'Let me beg of you, Madam, to favour 'me with your company as often as poſ- 'ſible while he is hereabouts, and I re- 'main here.'

*Miſs R.* 'I ſhall with pleaſure attend 'you, Madam. But, methinks, I could 'wiſh you would *ſee* the gentleman, and 'hear what he has to ſay on the ſubject 'of the letters.'

*Cl.* 'My caſe is a hard, a very hard one '—I am quite bewildered!—I know not 'what to do!—I have not a friend in 'the world, that can or will help me! '—Yet had none *but* friends till I knew 'that man!'

*Miſs R.* 'The gentleman neither looks 'nor talks like a bad man.—Not a *very* 'bad man; as men go.'

'As men go!—Poor Miſs Rawlins!' thought I—'And doſt thou know, *how* 'men go?'

*Cl.* 'O Madam, you know him not! '—He can put on the appearance of an 'angel of light; but has a black, a 'very black heart!'

Poor!!

*Miſs R.* 'I could not have thought 'it truly!—But men are very deceitful 'now-a-days.'

'*Now-a-days!*'—A fool!—Have not her hiſtory-books told her, that they were always ſo.'

*Mrs. Moore, ſighing.* 'I have found it 'ſo, I am ſure, to my coſt!'

Who knows but in her time, poor Goody Moore may have met with a Lovelace, or a Belford, or ſome ſuch vile fellow?—My little hare-um-ſcare-um beauty knows not what ſtrange hiſtories every woman living, who has had the leaſt independence of will could tell her, were ſuch to be as communicative as ſhe is.—But here's the thing;—I have given her cauſe enough of offence; but not enough to make her hold her tongue.

*Cl.* 'As to the letters he has left with 'me, I know not what to ſay to *them*: '—But am reſolved never to have any- 'thing to ſay to *him.*'

*Miſs R.* 'If, Madam, I may be al- 'lowed to ſay ſo, I think you carry mat- 'ters very far.'

*Cl.* 'Has he been making a bad cauſe 'a good one with you, Madam?—*That* 'he can do with thoſe who know him 'not. Indeed I heard him talking, 'though not what he ſaid, and am in- 'different about it. But what account 'does he give of himſelf?'

I was pleaſed to hear this. 'To ar- 'reſt, to ſtop her paſſion,' thought I, 'in the height of it's career, is a charm- 'ing preſage.'

Then the buſy Miſs Rawlins fiſhed on, to find out from her either a *confirmation* or *diſavowal* of my ſtory.—Was Lord M. my uncle? Did I court her at firſt with the allowance of her friends, her brother excepted? Had I a rencounter with that brother? Was ſhe ſo perſecuted in favour of a very diſagreeable man, one Solmes, as to induce her to throw herſelf into my protection?

None of theſe were denied. All the objections ſhe *could* have made, were ſtifled, or kept in, by the conſideration, (as ſhe mentioned) that ſhe ſhould ſtay there but a little while; and that her ſtory was too long. But Miſs Rawlins would not be thus eaſily anſwered.

*Miſs R.* 'He ſays, Madam, that he 'could not prevail for marriage, till he 'had conſented, under a ſolemn oath, 'to ſeparate beds, while your family 'remained unreconciled.'

*Cl.* 'O the wretch! What can be ſtill 'in his head, to endeavour to paſs theſe 'ſtories upon ſtrangers?'

'So no direct denial,' though I.— 'Admirable!—All will do by-and- 'by!'

*Miſs R.* 'He has owned, that an ac- 'cidental fire had frightened you very 'much on Wedneſday night—And that

'—And

'—And that—And that—an accidental 'fire had frightened you— Very much 'frightened you—laſt Wedneſday night!'

Then, after a ſhort pauſe—'In ſhort, he owned, that he had taken ſome in-'nocent liberties, which might have led 'to a breach of the oath you had impoſ-'ed upon him: and that this was the 'cauſe of your diſpleaſure.'

I would have been glad to ſee how my charmer then looked.—To be ſure ſhe was at a loſs in her own mind, to juſtify herſelf for reſenting ſo highly an offence ſo trifling.—She heſitated—Did not preſently ſpeak—When ſhe did, ſhe wiſhed, That ſhe. Miſs Rawlins, might never meet with any man who would take ſuch innocent liberties with *her*.

Miſs Rawlins puſhed further.

'Your caſe, to be ſure, Madam, is 'very particular. But if the hope of a 'reconciliation with your own friends is 'made more diſtant by your leaving him, 'give me leave to ſay, that 'tis pity— 'tis pity—' [I ſuppoſe the maiden then primmed, fanned, and bluſhed;]— 'tis pity the oath cannot be diſpenſed 'with; eſpecially as he owns he has not 'been ſo ſtrict a liver.'

I could have gone in and kiſſed the girl.

*Cl.* 'You have heard *his* ſtory. Mine, 'as I told you before, is too long, and 'too melancholy; my diſorder on ſeeing 'the wretch is too great; and my time 'here is too ſhort, for me to enter upon 'it. And if he has any end to ſerve by 'his own vindication, in which I ſhall 'not be a *perſonal* ſufferer, let him make 'himſelf appear as white as an angel; 'with all my heart.'

My love for her, and the excellent character I gave her were then pleaded.

*Cl.* 'Specious ſeducer!—Only tell me, 'if I cannot get away from him by ſome 'back-way?'

How my heart then went *pit-a-pat!* to ſpeak in the female dialect.

*Cl.* 'Let me look out—' [I heard the ſaſh lifted up.] 'Whither does that path 'lead? Is there no poſſibility of getting 'to a coach?—Surely, he muſt deal with 'ſome fiend, or how could he have found 'me out?—Cannot I ſteal to ſome neigh-'bouring houſe, where I may be con-'cealed till I can get quite away?—You 'are good people!—I have not been al-'ways among ſuch!—O help me, help 'me, ladies!'—[with a voice of impatience] 'or I am ruined!'

Then pauſing, 'Is that the way to 'Hendon?' [pointing, I ſuppoſe]—'Is 'Hendon a private place?—The Hamp-'ſtead coach, I am told, will carry paſ-'ſengers thither.'

*Mrs. Moore.* 'I have an honeſt friend 'at Mill-Hill,'—['Devil fetch her!' thought I] 'where, if ſuch be your de-'termination, Madam, and if you think 'yourſelf in danger, you may be ſafe, I 'believe.'

*Cl.* 'Any-whither, if I can but eſcape 'from *this man!*—Whither does that path 'lead, out yonder?—What is that town 'on the right-hand called?'

*Mrs. M.* 'Highgate, Madam.'

*Miſs R.* 'On the ſide of the Heath is a 'little village called North-End. A 'kinſwoman of mine lives there. But 'her houſe is ſmall. I am not ſure ſhe 'could accommodate ſuch a lady.'

'Devil take *her* too!' thought I.—I imagined, that I had made myſelf a better intereſt in theſe women. But the whole ſex love plotting—And plotters too, Jack.

*Cl.* 'A barn, an out-houſe, a garret, 'will be a palace to me, if it will but 'afford me a refuge from *this man!*'

'Her ſenſes,' thought I, 'are much 'livelier than *mine*. What a devil have 'I done, that ſhe ſhould be ſo very im-'placable!'—I told thee, Belford, all I did: was there any-thing in it ſo *very* much amiſs?—Such proſpects of family-reconciliation before her too?—To be ſure ſhe is a very *ſenſible* lady!

She then eſpied my new ſervant walking under the window, and aſked, if he were not one of mine?

Will was on the look-out for old Grimes, [So is the fellow called whom my beloved has diſpatched to Miſs Howe.] And being told that the man ſhe ſaw *was* my ſervant; 'I ſee,' ſaid ſhe, 'that there is no eſcaping, unleſs 'you, Madam,' [to Miſs Rawlins, I ſuppoſe] 'can befriend me till I can 'get farther. I have no doubt that the 'fellow is planted about the houſe to 'watch my ſteps. But the wicked wretch 'his maſter has no *right to controul me.* 'He ſhall not hinder me from going 'whither I pleaſe. I will raiſe the town 'upon him, if he moleſts me. Dear la-'dies, is there no back-door for me to 'get out at while you hold him in 'talk?'

*Miſs R.* Give me leave to aſk you, 'Madam, is there no room to hope for 'accommodation? Had you not better 'ſee him? He certainly loves you dearly: 'he is a fine gentleman: you may exaſ-'perate him, and make matters more 'unhappy for yourſelf.'

*Cl.* 'O Mrs. Moore!—O Miſs Raw-

'lins—you know not the man!—I wiſh 'not to ſee his face, nor to exchange another word with him as long as I 'live.'

*Mrs. Moore.* 'I don't find, Miſs Rawlins, that the gentleman has miſrepreſented any-thing.—You ſee, Madam,' [to my Clariſſa] 'how reſpectful he is; 'not to come in till permitted. He certainly loves you dearly. Pray, Madam, let him talk to you, as he wiſhes 'to do, on the ſubject of the letters.'

Very kind of Mrs. Moore!—'Mrs. 'Moore,' thought I, 'is a very good 'woman.' I did not curſe her *then*.

Miſs Rawlins ſaid ſomething; but ſo low, that I could not hear what it was. Thus it was anſwered.

*Cl.* 'I am greatly diſtreſſed! I know 'not what to do!—But, Mrs. Moore, 'be ſo good as to give his letters to him '—Here they are.—Be pleaſed to tell 'him, That I wiſh him and Lady Betty 'and Miſs Montague a happy meeting. 'He never can want excuſes to them for 'what has happened, any more than 'pretences to thoſe he would delude. 'Tell him, that he has ruined me in the 'opinion of my own friends. I am for 'that reaſon the leſs ſolicitous how I ap'pear to his.'

Mrs. Moore then came to me; and I, being afraid that ſomething would paſs mean time between the other two, which I ſhould not like, took the letters, and entered the room, and found them retired into the cloſet; my beloved whiſpering with an air of earneſtneſs to Miſs Rawlins, who was all attention.

Her back was towards me; and Miſs Rawlins, by pulling her ſleeve, giving intimation of my being there—'Can I 'have no retirement uninvaded, Sir?' ſaid ſhe, with indignation, as if ſhe were interrupted in ſome talk her heart was in.—'What buſineſs have you here, or 'with me?—You have your letters, have 'you not?'

*Lovel.* 'I have, my dear; and let me 'beg of you to conſider what you are 'about. I every moment expect Cap'tain Tomlinſon here. Upon my ſoul, 'I do. He has promiſed to keep from 'your uncle what has happened: but 'what will he think if he find you hold 'in this ſtrange humour?'

*Cl.* 'I will endeavour, Sir, to have 'patience with you for a moment or 'two, while I aſk you a few queſtions 'before this lady, and before Mrs. 'Moore,' [who juſt then came in] both 'of whom you have prejudiced in your 'favour by your ſpecious ſtories—Will 'you ſay, Sir, that we are married to'gether? Lay your hand upon your 'heart, and anſwer me, Am I your 'wedded wife?'

'I am gone too far,' thought I, 'to 'give up for ſuch a puſh as this, home'one as it is.

'My deareſt ſoul! how can you put 'ſuch a queſtion? Is it either for *your* 'honour or *my own*, that it ſhould be 'doubted?—Surely, ſurely, Madam, 'you cannot have attended to the con'tents of Captain Tomlinſon's letter.'

She complained often of want of ſpirits throughout our whole contention, and of weakneſs of perſon and mind, from the fits ſhe had been thrown into: but little reaſon had *ſhe* for this complaint, as I thought, who was able to hold me to it, as ſhe did. I own that I was exceſſively concerned for her ſeveral times.

'You and I!—*Vileſt of men!*—'

'My name is Lovelace, Madam—'

'*Therefore* it is, that I call you the '*vileſt of men.*' [Was this pardonable, Jack?]—'*You* and *I* know the truth, the '*whole* truth—I want not to clear up my 'reputation with theſe gentlewomen: '—That is already loſt with every-one 'I had moſt reaſon to value: but let me 'have this *new* ſpecimen of what you are 'capable of—Say, wretch, (ſay, Love'lace, if thou hadſt rather) Art thou 'really and truly my wedded huſband? '—Say; anſwer without heſitation.'

She trembled with impatient indignation; but had a wildneſs in her manner, which I took ſome advantage of, in order to parry this curſed thruſt. And a curſed thruſt it was; ſince, had I poſitively averred it, ſhe never would have believed any-thing I ſaid: and had I owned that I was not married, I had deſtroyed my own plot, as well with the women as with her; and could have no pretence for purſuing her, or hindering her from going whitherſoever ſhe pleaſed. Not that I was aſhamed to aver it, had it been conſiſtent with policy. I would not have thee think me ſuch a milk-ſop neither.

*Lovel.* 'My deareſt love, how wildly 'you talk! What would you *have* me 'anſwer? Is it neceſſary that I ſhould 'anſwer? May I not re-appeal this to 'your own breaſt, as well as to Captain 'Tomlinſon's treaty and letter? You 'know yourſelf how matters ſtand be'tween us.—And Captain Tomlin'ſon——'

*Cl.* 'O wretch! Is this an anſwer to 'my queſtion? Say, Are we married, 'or are we not?'

*Lovel.* 'What *makes a marriage*,

'all know. If it be the union of two 'hearts,' [There was a turn, Jack!] 'to my utmoſt grief, I muſt ſay we are '*not*; ſince now I ſee you hate me. If 'it be the completion of marriage, to my 'confuſion and regret, I muſt own we 'are *not*. But, my dear, will you be 'pleaſed to conſider what anſwer half a 'dozen people whence you came, could 'give to your queſtion? And do not 'now, in *the diſorder of your mind*, and in 'the height of paſſion, bring into queſ-'tion before theſe gentlewomen a point 'you have acknowledged before thoſe 'who know us better.'

I would have whiſpered her about the treaty with her uncle, and about the contents of the captain's letter; but, retreating, and with a rejecting hand, 'Keep thy diſtance, *man!*' cried the dear inſolent—'To thine own heart I appeal, 'ſince thou evadeſt me thus pitifully!—'I own no marriage with thee!—Bear 'witneſs, ladies, I do not. And ceaſe 'to torment me, ceaſe to follow me.—'Surely, ſurely, faulty as I have been, 'I have not deſerved to be *thus* perſecu-'ted!—I reſume, therefore, my former 'language: you have no right to purſue 'me: you *know* you have not: be gone, 'then, and leave me to make the beſt of 'my hard lot. O my dear cruel father!' ſaid ſhe, in a violent fit of grief, [falling upon her knees, and claſping her up-lifted hands together] 'thy heavy curſe 'is completed upon thy devoted daugh-'ter! I am *puniſhed*, dreadfully puniſhed, '*by the very wretch in whom I had placed my* '*wicked confidence!*'

By my ſoul, Belford, the little witch with her words, but more by her manner, moved *me!* Wonder not then, that her action, her grief, her tears, ſet the women into the like compaſſionate manifeſtations.

Had I not a curſed taſk of it?

The two women withdrew to the further end of the room, and whiſpered, 'A ſtrange caſe! There is no prenzy 'here,'—I juſt heard ſaid.

The charming creature threw her handkerchief over her head and neck, continuing kneeling, her back towards me, and her face hid upon a chair, and repeatedly ſobbed with grief and paſſion.

I took this opportunity to ſtep to the women, to keep them ſteady.

'You ſee, ladies,' [whiſpering] 'what 'an unhappy man I am! You ſee what 'a ſpirit this dear creature has!—All, 'all owing to her implacable relations, 'and to her father's curſe.—A curſe 'upon them all! they have turned the 'head of the moſt charming woman in 'the world!'

'Ah! Sir, Sir,' replied Miſs Rawlins, 'whatever be the fault of her re-'lations, all is not as it ſhould be be-'tween you and her. 'Tis plain ſhe does 'not think herſelf married: 'tis plain 'ſhe does not: and if you have any va-'lue for the poor lady, and would not 'totally deprive her of her ſenſes, you 'had better withdraw, and leave to time 'and cooler conſideration the event in 'your favour.'

'She will compel me to this at laſt, I 'fear, Miſs Rawlins; I *fear* ſhe will; 'and then we are both undone: for I 'cannot live without her; ſhe knows it 'too well: and ſhe has not a friend who 'will look upon her: this alſo ſhe knows. 'Our marriage, when her uncle's friend 'comes, will be proved inconteſtably. 'But I am aſhamed to think I have given 'her room to believe it no marriage: 'that's what ſhe harps upon!'

'Well, 'tis a ſtrange caſe, a very 'ſtrange one,' ſaid Miſs Rawlins; and was going to ſay further, when the angry beauty, coming towards the door, ſaid 'Mrs. Moore, I beg a word with 'you.' And they both ſtepped into the dining-room.

I ſaw her juſt before put a parcel into her pocket; and followed them out, for fear ſhe ſhould ſlip away; and ſtepping to the ſtairs, that ſhe *might not go by me*, 'Will!' cried I, aloud, [though I knew he was not near]—'Pray, child,' to a maid, who anſwered, 'call either of 'my ſervants to me.'

She then came up to me, with a wrathful countenance: 'Do you call 'your ſervant, Sir, to hinder me, be-'tween you, from going whither I 'pleaſe?'

'Don't, my deareſt life, miſinterpret 'every-thing I do. Can you think me 'ſo mean and ſo unworthy as to employ 'a ſervant to conſtrain you?—I call him 'to ſend to the publick-houſes, or inns 'in this town, to enquire after Captain 'Tomlinſon, who may have alighted at 'ſome one of them, and be now, per-'haps, needleſsly adjuſting his dreſs; 'and I would have him come, were he 'to be without cloaths, God forgive me! 'for I am ſtabbed to the heart by your 'cruelty.'

Anſwer was returned, that neither of my ſervants was in the way.

'Not in the way!' ſaid I.—'Whither 'can the dogs be gone?'

'O Sir!' with a ſcornful air; 'not 'far,

'far, I'll warrant. One of them was 'under the window just now; accord-'ing to order, I suppose, to watch my 'steps—But I will do what I please, 'and go whither I please; and that to 'your face.'

'God forbid, that I should hinder 'you in any-thing that you may do with 'safety to yourself!'

Now I verily believe, that her design was, to slip out in pursuance of the closet-whispering between her and Miss Rawlins; perhaps to Miss Rawlins's house.

She then stept back to Mrs. Moore, and gave her something, which proved to be a diamond-ring, and desired her [Not whisperingly, but with an air of defiance to me] that that might be a pledge for her, till she defrayed her demands; which she should soon find means to do; having no more money about her, than she might have occasion for before she came to an acquaintance's.

Mrs. Moore would have declined taking it; but she would not be denied; and then, wiping her eyes, she put on her gloves—'Nobody has a right to stop 'me!' said she.—'I *will* go!—Whom 'should I be afraid of?'—Her very question, charming creature! testifying her fear.

'I beg pardon, Madam,' [Turning to Mrs. Moore, and curtseying] 'for the 'trouble I have given you.—I beg par-'don, Madam,' to Miss Rawlins, [Curtseying likewise to her]—'You may both 'hear of me in a happier hour, if such 'a one fall to my lot—And God bless 'you both!'—struggling with her tears till she sobbed—and away was tripping.

I stepped to the door: I put it to; and setting my back against it, took her struggling hand—'My dearest life! My 'angel!' said I, 'why will you thus 'distress me?—Is this the forgiveness 'which you so solemnly promised?'

'Unhand me, Sir!—You have no 'business with me! You have no right 'over me! You *know* you have not.'

'But whither, whither, my dearest 'love, would you go?—Think you not 'that I will follow you, were it to the 'world's end?—Whither would you 'go?'

'Well do you ask me, whither I 'would go, who have been the occa-'sion that I have not a friend left!—But 'God, who knows my innocence, and 'my upright intentions, will not wholly 'abandon me when I am out of your 'power—But while in it, I cannot ex-'pect a gleam of the Divine grace or 'favour to reach me.'

'How severe is this!—How shocking-'ly severe!—Out of *your* presence, my 'angry fair-one, I can neither hope for 'the one nor the other. As my cousin 'Montague, in the letter you have read, 'observes, you are my pole-star, and 'my guide; and if ever I am to be hap-'py, either here or hereafter, it must 'be in and by you.'

She would then have opened the door. But I respectfully opposing her, 'Be 'gone, man! Be gone, Mr. Lovelace!' 'said she: 'stop not my way. If you 'would not that I should attempt the 'window, give me passage by the door; 'for, once more, you have *no right to* 'detain me.'

'Your resentments, my dearest life, 'I will own to be well grounded. I will 'acknowledge, that I have been all in 'fault. On my knee,' [And down I dropt] 'I ask your pardon. And can 'you refuse to ratify your own *promise*? '—Look forward to the happy prospect 'before us. See you not my Lord M. 'and Lady Sarah longing to bless *you*, 'for blessing me, and their whole family? 'Can you take no pleasure in the pro-'mised visit of Lady Betty and my cou-'sin Montague? And in the protection 'they offer you, if you are dissatisfied 'with *mine*? Have you no wish to see 'your uncle's friend? Stay only till Cap-'tain Tomlinson comes. Receive from 'him the news of your uncle's compliance 'with the wishes of both.'

She seemed altogether distressed; was ready to sink; and forced to lean against the wainscot, as I kneeled at her feet. A stream of tears at last burst from her less indignant eyes—'Good Heaven!' said she, lifting up her lovely face, and clasped hands, 'what is at last to be my 'destiny!—Deliver me from this dange-'rous man; and direct me! I know not 'what I do; what I can do; nor what 'I ought to do!'

The women, as I had owned our marriage to be but half completed, heard nothing in this whole scene to contradict (not flagrantly to contradict) what I had asserted: they believed they saw in her returning temper, and staggered resolution, a love for me, which her indignation had before suppressed; and they joined to persuade her to tarry till the captain came, and to hear his proposals; representing the dangers to which she would be exposed; the fatigues she might endure; a lady of her appearance, unguarded,

unguarded, unprotected. On the other hand, they dwelt upon my declared contrition, and on my promises; for the performance of which they offered to be bound. So much had my kneeling humility affected them.

Women, Jack, tacitly acknowledge the inferiority of their sex, in the pride they take to behold a kneeling lover at their feet.

She turned from me, and threw herself into a chair.

I arose, and approached her with reverence. 'My dearest creature,' said I—and was proceeding—But, with a face glowing with conscious dignity, she interrupted me—'Ungenerous, ungrateful Lovelace!—You know not the value of the heart you have insulted! Nor 'can you conceive how much my soul 'despises your meanness. But meanness 'must ever be the portion of the man, 'who can act vilely!'

The women believing we were likely to be on better terms, retired. The dear perverse opposed their going; but they saw I was desirous of their absence. And when they had withdrawn, I once more threw myself at her feet, and acknowledged my offences; implored her forgiveness for this one time, and promised the most exact circumspection for the future.

It was impossible for her, she said, to keep her *memory*, and *forgive* me. 'What 'hadst thou *seen* in the conduct of Clarissa Harlowe, that should encourage 'such an insult upon her, as thou didst 'dare to make? How meanly must thou 'think of *her*, that *thou* couldst presume 'to be so guilty, and expect *her* to be so 'weak as to forgive thee?'

I besought her to let me read over to her Captain Tomlinson's letter. I was sure it was impossible she could have given it the requisite attention.

'I *have* given it the requisite attention,' said she; 'and the other letters 'too. So that what I say, is upon deliberation. And what have I to fear 'from my brother and sister?—They 'can but *complete* the ruin of my fortunes with my father and uncles. Let 'them and welcome. You, Sir, I thank 'you, have lowered my fortunes: but 'I bless God, that my mind is not sunk 'with my fortunes. It is, on the contrary, raised above fortune, and above 'you; and for half a word, they shall 'have the estate they have envied me 'for, and an acquittal from me of all 'expectations from my family that may 'make them uneasy.'

I lifted up my hands and eyes in silent admiration of her.

'My brother, Sir, may think me 'ruined. To the praise of *your* character he may think it impossible to be with '*you*, and be innocent. You have but 'too well justified their harshest censures 'by every part of your conduct. But 'now, that I have escaped from you, 'and that I am out of the reach of your 'mysterious devices, I will wrap myself 'up in mine own innocence,' [And then the passionate beauty folded her arms about herself] 'and leave to time, and to my future circumspection, the re-establishment of my character.—Leave 'me then, Sir—Pursue me not!'

'Good Heaven!' interrupting her—'And all this, for what?—Had *I not* 'yielded to your entreaties, (Forgive 'me, Madam) you could not have carried farther your resentments.'

'Wretch!—Was it not crime enough 'to give *occasion* for those *entreaties?* 'Wouldst thou make a merit to me, that 'thou didst not utterly ruin *her* whom 'thou oughtest to have protected?—Be 'gone, man!' turning from me, her face crimsoned over with passion—'See 'me no more!—I cannot bear thee in 'my sight!'

'Dearest, dearest creature!'

'If I forgive thee, Lovelace—'And there she stopped. 'To endeavour,' proceeded she, 'to endeavour, by *pre-* '*meditation*, by *low contrivance*, by *cries* '*of fire*—to terrify a poor creature who 'had consented to take a wretched 'chance with thee for life!'

'For Heaven's sake—' offering to take her repulsing hand as she was flying from me towards the closet.

'What hast thou to do, to plead the 'sake of Heaven in thy favour, O darkest of human minds!'

Then turning *from me*, wiping her eyes, and again turning *towards me*, but her sweet face half-aside, 'What difficulties hast thou involved me in!—'*That thou hadst a plain path before thee*, 'after thou hadst betrayed me into thy 'power—At once my mind takes in the 'whole of thy crooked behaviour; and 'if thou thinkest of Clarissa Harlowe as 'her proud heart tells her thou oughtest 'to think of her, thou wilt seek thy fortunes elsewhere. How often hast thou 'provoked me to tell thee, that my soul 'is above thee?'

'For Heaven's sake, Madam, for a 'soul's sake, which it is in your power to 'save from perdition, forgive me the 'past offence. I am the greatest villain

'on

'on earth, if it was a premeditated one. 'Yet I preſume not to excuſe myſelf. 'On your mercy I throw myſelf. I will 'not offer at any plea, but that of pe-'nitence. See but Captain Tomlinſon. 'See but Lady Betty and my couſin; let '*them* plead for me; let *them* be guaran-'tees for my honour.

'If Captain Tomlinſon come while I 'ſtay here, I may ſee *him*. But as for '*you*, Sir—'

'Deareſt creature! let me beg of you 'not to aggravate my offence to the 'captain, when he comes. Let me beg 'of you—'

'What aſkeſt thou?—Is it not, that 'I ſhall be of party againſt myſelf!—'That I ſhall palliate—'

'Do not charge me, Madam,' inter-rupted I, 'with villainous premeditati-'on!—Do not give ſuch a conſtruction 'to my offence, as may weaken your 'uncle's opinion—as may ſtrengthen 'your brother's—'

She flung from me to the further end of the room [*She could go no further*]—And juſt then Mrs. Moore came up, and told her, that dinner was ready; and that ſhe had prevailed upon Miſs Raw-lins to give her her company.

'You muſt excuſe me, Mrs. Moore,' ſaid ſhe. 'Miſs Rawlins I hope alſo 'will—But I cannot eat—I cannot go 'down.—As for *you*, Sir, I ſuppoſe you 'will think it right to depart hence; at 'leaſt till the gentleman comes whom 'you expect.'

I reſpectfully withdrew into the next room, that Mrs. Moore might acquaint her, [I durſt not myſelf] that I was her lodger and boarder, as [whiſperingly] I deſired ſhe would: and meeting Miſs Rawlins in the paſſage, 'Deareſt Miſs 'Rawlins,' ſaid I, 'ſtand my friend: 'join with Mrs. Moore to pacify my 'ſpouſe, if ſhe has any new ſlights upon 'my having taken lodgings, and intend-'ing to board here. I hope ſhe will have 'more generoſity than to think of hin-'dering a gentlewoman from letting her 'lodgings.'

I ſuppoſe Mrs. Moore (whom I left with my fair-one) had apprized her of this before Miſs Rawlins went in; for I heard her ſay, while I with-held Miſs Rawlins—'No, indeed; he is much 'miſtaken—Surely he does not think I 'will.'

They both expoſtulated with her, as I could gather from bits and ſcraps of what they ſaid; for they ſpoke ſo low, that I could not hear any diſtinct ſen-tence, but from the fair perverſe, whoſe anger made her louder. And to this purpoſe I heard her deliver herſelf in anſwer to different parts of their talk to her:—'Good Mrs. Moore—dear Miſs 'Rawlins—preſs me no further:—I can-'not ſit down at table with him!'

They ſaid ſomething, as I ſuppoſe in my behalf—'O the inſinuating wretch! '—What defence have I againſt a man, 'who, go where I will, can turn every-'one, even of the virtuous of my ſex, in 'his favour?'

After ſomething elſe ſaid, which I heard not diſtinctly—'This is execra-'ble cunning!—Were you to know his 'wicked heart, he is not without hope 'of engaging you two good perſons to 'ſecond him in the vileſt of his machi-'nations.'

'How came ſhe,' (thought I at the inſtant) 'by all this penetration? My 'devil ſurely does not play me booty. 'If I thought he did, I would marry, 'and live honeſt, to be even with him.'

I ſuppoſe then, they urged the plea which I hinted to Miſs Rawlins at go-ing in, that ſhe would not be Mrs. Moore's hindrance; for thus ſhe ex-preſſed herſelf—'He will no doubt pay 'you your own price. You need not 'queſtion his liberality. But one houſe 'cannot hold us. Why, if it would, 'did I fly from him, to ſeek refuge a-'mong ſtrangers?'

Then, in anſwer to ſomewhat elſe they pleaded—''Tis a miſtake, Madam; I 'am *not* reconciled to him. I will be-'lieve nothing he ſays. Has he not given 'you a flagrant ſpecimen of what a man 'he is, and of what he is capable, by the 'diſguiſes you ſaw him in? My ſtory is 'too long, and my ſtay here will be but 'ſhort; or I could convince you, that 'my reſentments againſt him are but too 'well founded.'

I ſuppoſe then, that they pleaded for *her* leave, for *my* dining with them: for ſhe ſaid; 'I have nothing to ſay to that '—It is your own houſe, Mrs. Moore—'It is your own table—You may admit 'whom you pleaſe to it—Only leave me 'at my liberty to chuſe my company.'

Then in anſwer, as I ſuppoſe, to their offer of ſending her up a plate—'A bit of bread, if you pleaſe, and a 'glaſs of water: that's all I can ſwallow 'at preſent. I am really very much 'diſcompoſed. Saw you not how bad I 'was?—Indignation only could have 'ſupported my ſpirits!

'I have no objection to his dining 'with you, Madam;' added ſhe, in re-ply, I ſuppoſe, to a farther queſtion of

the same nature—'But I will not stay 'a night in any house where he lodges.'

I presume Miss Rawlins had told her, that she would not stay dinner—for she said, 'Let me not deprive Mrs. Moore 'of your company, Miss Rawlins. You 'will not be displeased with his talk. 'He can have no design upon you.'

Then I suppose they pleaded what I might say behind her back, to make my own story good:—'I care not what he 'says, or what he thinks of me. Re-'pentance and amendment are all the 'harm I wish him, whatever becomes 'of me!'

By her accent, she wept when she spoke these last words.

They came out both of them wiping their eyes; and would have persuaded me to relinquish the lodgings, and to depart till her uncle's friend came. But I knew better. I did not care to trust the devil, well as she and Miss Howe suppose me to be acquainted with him, for finding her out again, if once more she escaped me.

What I am most afraid of, is, that she will throw herself among her own relations; and if she does, I am confident they will not be able to withstand her affecting eloquence. But yet, as thou'lt see, the captain's letter to me is admirably calculated to obviate my apprehensions on this score; particularly in that passage, where it is said, that her uncle thinks not himself at liberty to correspond directly with her, or to receive applications from her—*But through Captain Tomlinson*, as is strongly implied.

I must own (notwithstanding the revenge I have so solemnly vowed) that I would very fain have made for her a merit with myself *in her returning favour*, and have owed as little as possible to the mediation of Captain Tomlinson. My pride was concerned in this: and this was one of my reasons for not bringing him with me. Another was; that, if I were obliged to have recourse to his assistance, I should be better able (by visiting her without him) to direct him what to say or to do, as I should find out the turn of her humour.

I was, however, glad at my heart, that Mrs. Moore came up so seasonably with notice, that dinner was ready. The fair fugitive was all in alt. She had the game in her own hands; and by giving me so good an excuse for withdrawing, I had time to strengthen myself; the captain had time to come; and the lady to cool. Shakespeare advises well—

'Oppose not rage, whilst rage is in it's force;
'But give it way awhile, and let it waste.
'The rising deluge is not stopt with dams;
'Those it o'erbears, and drowns the hope of
'harvest.
'But wisely manag'd, it's divided strength
'Is sluic'd in channels, and securely drain'd:
'And when it's force is spent, and unsup-
'ply'd,
'The residue with mounds may be restrain'd,
'And dry-shod we may pass the naked ford.'

I went down with the women to dinner. Mrs. Moore sent her fair boarder up a plate; but she only ate a little bit of bread, and drank a glass of water. I doubted not but she would keep her word, when it was once gone out. Is she not an Harlowe?—She seems to be enuring herself to hardships, which at the worst she can never know; since, though she should ultimately refuse to be obliged to me, or (to express myself more suitable to my own heart) to *oblige me*, every-one who sees her must befriend her.

But let me ask thee, Belford, Art thou not solicitous for me in relation to the contents of the letter which the angry beauty had written and dispatched away by man and horse; and for what may be Miss Howe's answer to it? Art thou not ready to enquire, Whether it be not likely that Miss Howe, when she knows of her saucy friend's flight, will be concerned about her letter, which she must know could not be at Wilson's till after that flight; and so, probably would fall into my hands?

All these things, as thou'lt see in the sequel, are provided for with as much contrivance as human foresight can admit.

I have already told thee that Will is upon the look out for old Grimes—Old Grimes is it seems a gossiping sottish rascal; and if Will can but light of him, I'll answer for the consequence; for has not Will been my servant upwards of seven years?

## LETTER XI.

MR. LOVELACE. IN CONTINUATION.

WE had at dinner, besides Miss Rawlins, a young widow-niece of Mrs. Moore, who is come to stay a month with her aunt—*Bevis* her name; very forward, very lively, and a great admirer of *me*, I assure you;—hanging smirkingly upon all I said; and prepared to approve of every word before I spoke: and who, by the time we had

half-dined, (by the help of what ſhe had collected before) was as much acquainted with our ſtory, as either of the other two.

As it behoved me to prepare them in my favour againſt whatever might come from Miſs Howe, I improved upon the hint I had thrown out above-ſtairs againſt that miſchief-making lady. I repreſented her to be an arrogant creature, revengeful, artful, enterprizing, and one who, had ſhe been a man, would have ſworn and curſed, and committed rapes, and played the devil, as far as I knew; [*I have no doubt of it, Jack*] but who, nevertheleſs, by advantage of a female education, and pride and inſolence, I believed was *perſonally* virtuous.

Mrs. Bevis allowed, that there was a *vaſt deal* in education—and in *pride* too, ſhe ſaid. While Miſs Rawlins came with a prudiſh 'God forbid, that virtue 'ſhould be owing to education only!' However, I declared that Miſs Howe was a ſubtle contriver of miſchief; one who had always been *my* enemy: her motives I knew not: but deſpiſed the man whom her mother was deſirous ſhe ſhould have, one Hickman; although I did not directly aver, that ſhe would rather have had me; yet they all immediately imagined that *that* was the ground of her animoſity to me, and of her envy to my beloved: and it was pity, they ſaid, that ſo fine a young lady did not ſee through ſuch a pretended friend.

'And yet nobody' [added I] 'has 'more reaſon than ſhe to know by *ex*-'*perience* the force of a hatred founded 'in envy—as I hinted to *you* above, Mrs. 'Moore—and to *you*, Miſs Rawlins—in 'the caſe of her ſiſter Arabella.'

I had compliments made to my perſon and talents on this occaſion; which gave me a ſingular opportunity of diſclaiming my modeſty, by diſclaiming the merit of them, with a '*No, indeed!—I ſhould be* '*very vain, ladies, if I thought ſo.*' While thus abaſing myſelf, and exalting Miſs Howe, I got their opinion both for modeſty and generoſity; and had all the graces which I diſclaimed thrown in upon me beſides.

In ſhort, they even oppreſſed that modeſty, which (to ſpeak modeſtly of myſelf) their praiſes *created*, by diſbelieving all I ſaid againſt myſelf.

And, truly, I muſt needs ſay, they have almoſt perſuaded even me myſelf, that Miſs Howe is actually in love with me. I have often been willing to hope this. And who knows but ſhe may? The captain and I have agreed, that it ſhall be ſo inſinuated *occaſionally*—And what's thy opinion, Jack? She certainly hates Hickman: and girls who are *diſengaged* ſeldom *hate*, though they may not *love*: and if ſhe had rather have *another*, why not that *other* ME? For am I not a ſmart fellow, and a rake? And do not your ſprightly ladies love your ſmart fellows, and your rakes? And where is the wonder, that the man who could engage the affections of Miſs Harlowe, ſhould engage thoſe of a lady (with her *Alas's*) who would be honoured in being deemed her ſecond?

Nor accuſe thou me of SINGULAR vanity in this preſumption, Belford. Wert thou to know the ſecret vanity that lurks in the hearts of thoſe who *diſguiſe* or *cloak it beſt*, thou wouldſt find great reaſon to acquit, at leaſt, to allow for, *me*: ſince it is generally the *conſcious over-fulneſs of conceit*, that makes the hypocrite moſt upon his guard to conceal it.—Yet with theſe fellows, proudly-humble as they are, it will break out ſometimes in ſpite of their cloaks, though but in ſelf-denying, compliment-begging ſelf degradation.

But now I have undervalued myſelf, in apologizing to thee on this occaſion, let me uſe another argument in favour of my obſervation, that the ladies generally prefer a rake to a ſober man; and of my preſumption upon it, that Miſs Howe is in love with me: it is this: common fame ſays, That Hickman is a very virtuous innocent fellow—a *male-virgin*, I warrant!—An odd dog I always thought him. Now women, Jack, like not novices. *Two maidenheads meeting together in wedlock, the firſt child muſt be a fool*, is their common aphoriſm. They are pleaſed with the love of the ſex that is founded in the *knowledge of it*. Reaſon good; novices expect more than they can poſſibly find in the commerce with them. The man who knows them, yet has ardours for them, to borrow a word from Miſs Howe, though thoſe ardours are generally owing more to the *devil* within him, than to the witch *without* him, is the man who makes them the higheſt and moſt grateful compliment. He knows *what to expect*, and *with what to be ſatisfied*.

Then the merit of a woman, in ſome caſes, muſt be *ignorance*, whether *real* or *pretended*. The man, in *theſe* caſes, muſt be an *adept*. Will it then be wondered at, that a woman prefers a libertine to a novice?—While ſhe expects in the one the confidence *ſhe* wants, ſhe conſiders the other and herſelf as two parallel

parallel lines, which, though they run ſide by ſide, can never meet.

Yet in this the ſex is generally miſtaken too; for theſe ſheepiſh fellows are ſly. I myſelf was modeſt once; and this, as I have elſewhere hinted to thee, has better enabled me to judge of both ſexes.

But to proceed with my narrative:

Having thus prepared every-one againſt any letter ſhould come from Miſs Howe, and againſt my beloved's meſſenger returns, I thought it proper to conclude that ſubject with a hint, that my ſpouſe could not bear to have any-thing ſaid, *that reflected upon Miſs Howe*; and, with a deep ſigh, added, that I had been made very unhappy more than once by the ill-will of ladies whom I had never offended.

The widow Bevis believed that might very eaſily be.

Theſe hints within-doors, joined with others to Will both without and within, [For I intend he ſhall fall in love with widow Moore's maid, and have ſaved one hundred pounds in my ſervice, at leaſt] will be great helps, as things may happen.

## LETTER XII.

MR. LOVELACE. IN CONTINUATION.

WE had hardly dined, when my coachman who kept a look out for Captain Tomlinſon, as Will did for old Grimes, conducted hither that worthy gentleman, attended by one ſervant, *both* on horſeback. He alighted. I went out to meet him at the door.

Thou knoweſt his ſolemn appearance, and unbluſhing freedom; and yet canſt not imagine what a dignity the raſcal aſſumed, nor how reſpectful to him I was.

I led him into the parlour, and preſented him to the women, and them to him. I thought it highly imported me (as they might ſtill have ſome diffidences about our marriage, from my fair-one's home-puſhed queſtions on that head) to convince them entirely of the truth of all I had aſſerted. And how could I do this better than by dialoguing a little with him before them?

'Dear captain, I thought you long, 'for I have had a terrible conflict with 'my ſpouſe.'

*Capt.* 'I am ſorry that I am later than 'my intention—My account with my 'banker' [There's a dog, Jack!] took 'me up longer time to adjuſt, than I had 'foreſeen:' [all the time pulling down and ſtroking his ruffles] 'for there was 'a ſmall difference between us—only 'twenty pounds, indeed, which I had 'taken no account of.'

The raſcal has not ſeen twenty pounds of his own theſe ten years.

Then had we between us the characters of the Harlowe family; I railed againſt them all; the captain taking his dear friend Mr. John Harlowe's part; with a '*Not ſo faſt!—Not ſo faſt, young 'gentleman!*'—and the like free aſſumptions.'

He accounted for *their* animoſity by *my* defiances: no good family, having ſuch a charming daughter, would care to be *defied*, inſtead of *courted*: he *muſt* ſpeak his mind: never was a double-tongued man.—He appealed to the ladies, if he were not right?

He got them of his ſide.

The correction I had given the brother, he told me, muſt have aggravated matters.

How valiant this made me look to the women!—The ſex love us mettled fellows at their hearts.

Be that as it would, I ſhould never love any of the family but my ſpouſe; and wanting nothing from them. I would not, but for *her* ſake, have gone ſo far as I *had* gone towards a reconciliation.

This was very good of me, Mrs. Moore ſaid.

'Very good indeed;' Miſs Rawlins.

'Good;—it is *more* than good; it is 'very generous;' ſaid the widow.

*Capt.* 'Why ſo it is, I muſt needs ſay; 'for I am ſenſible, that Mr. Lovelace 'has been rudely treated by them all—'More rudely, than it could have been 'imagined a man of his *quality* and *ſpirit* 'would have put up with.—But then, 'Sir,' [turning to me] I think you are 'amply rewarded in ſuch a lady; and 'that you ought to forgive the father 'for the daughter's ſake.'

*Mrs. Moore.* 'Indeed ſo I think.'

*Miſs R.* 'So muſt every-one think, 'who has ſeen the lady.'

*Widow B.* 'A fine lady, to be ſure! 'But ſhe has a violent ſpirit; and ſome 'very odd humours too, by what I have 'heard. The value of good huſbands is 'not known till they are loſt!'

Her conſcience then drew a ſigh from her.

*Lovel.* 'Nobody muſt reflect upon 'my angel—An angel ſhe is—Some little blemiſhes, indeed, as to her over-'haſty ſpirit, and as to her unforgiving 'temper. But this ſhe has from the

'Harlowes; inſtigated too by *that* Miſs 'Howe.—But her innumerable excel-'lences are all her own.'

*Capt.* 'Aye, talk of ſpirit, there's a 'ſpirit, now you have named Miſs Howe!' [And ſo I led him to confirm all I had ſaid of that vixen.] 'Yet ſhe was to 'be pitied too;' looking with meaning at me.

As I have already hinted, I had before agreed with him to impute ſecret love *occaſionally* to Miſs Howe, as the beſt means to invalidate all that might come from her in my diſfavour.

*Capt.* 'Mr. Lovelace, but that I 'know your modeſty, or *you* could give 'a reaſon——'

*Lovel.* Looking down, and very modeſt—'I can't think ſo, captain—But 'let us call another cauſe.'

Every woman preſent could look me in the face, ſo baſhful was I.

*Capt.* 'Well, but as to our *preſent* 'ſituation—Only it mayn't be proper—' looking upon me, and round upon the women.

*Lovel.* 'O captain, you may ſay any-'thing before this company—Only, 'Andrew,' [to my new ſervant, who attended us at table] 'do you with-'draw: this good girl'—[looking at the maid-ſervant]—'will help us to all we 'want.'

Away went Andrew: he wanted not his cue; and the maid ſeemed pleaſed at my honour's preference of her.

*Capt.* 'As to our *preſent* ſituation, I 'ſay, Mr. Lovelace—Why, Sir, we 'ſhall be all *untwiſted*, let me tell you, 'if my friend Mr. John Harlowe were 'to know what *that* is. He would as 'much queſtion the truth of your be-'ing married, as the reſt of the family 'do.'

Here the women perked up their ears; and were all ſilent attention.

*Capt.* '*I aſked you before* for particu-'lars, Mr. Lovelace; but you *declined* '*giving them.*—Indeed it may not be *pro-'per* for me to be acquainted with them. '—But I muſt own, that it is paſt my 'comprehenſion, that a wife can reſent 'any-thing a huſband can do, (that is 'not a breach of the peace) ſo far as to 'think herſelf juſtified for *cloping* from 'him.'

*Lovel.* 'Captain Tomlinſon—Sir—I 'do aſſure you, that I ſhall be offended '—I ſhall be extremely concerned—'if I hear that word *eloping* mentioned 'again.'

*Capt.* 'Your nicety, and your love, 'Sir, may make you take offence—But 'it is my way to call every-thing by 'it's proper name, let who will be of-'fended.'

Thou canſt not imagine, Belford, how brave, and how independent, the raſcal looked.

*Capt.* 'When, *young gentleman*, you 'ſhall think proper to give us particu-'lars, we will find a word for this raſh 'act in ſo admirable a lady, that ſhall 'pleaſe you better—You ſee, Sir, that, 'being the repreſentative of my dear 'friend Mr. John Harlowe, I ſpeak as 'freely as I ſuppoſe *he* would do, if 'preſent. But you bluſh, Sir—I beg 'your pardon, Mr. Lovelace: it be-'comes not a modeſt man to pry into 'thoſe ſecrets, which a modeſt man can-'not reveal.'

I did not bluſh, Jack; but denied not the compliment, and looked down: the women ſeemed delighted with my modeſty: but the widow Bevis was more inclined to laugh at me, than praiſe me for it.

*Capt.* 'Whatever be the cauſe of this 'ſtep, (I will not again, Sir, call it *elope-'ment*, ſince that harſh word wounds 'your tenderneſs) I cannot but expreſs 'my ſurprize upon it, when I recollect 'the affectionate behaviour, to which 'I was witneſs between you, when I 'attended you laſt. *Over-love*, Sir, I 'think you once mentioned—but *over-'love*,' [ſmiling] 'give me leave to ſay, 'Sir, is an odd cauſe of quarrel—Few 'ladies—'

*Lovel.* 'Dear captain!' And I tried to bluſh.

The women alſo tried; and being more uſed to it, ſucceeded better.—Mrs. Bevis indeed has a red-hot countenance, and always bluſhes.

*Miſs R.* 'It ſignifies nothing to mince 'the matter: but the lady aboveas good 'as denies her marriage.—You *know*, 'Sir, that ſhe does;' turning to me.

*Capt.* 'Denies her marriage! Hea-'vens! how then have I impoſed upon 'my dear friend Mr. John Harlowe!'

*Lovel.* 'Poor dear!—But let not her '*veracity* be called in queſtion. She would 'not be guilty of a wilful untruth for 'the world.'

Then I had all their praiſes again.

*Lovel.* 'Dear creature!—She thinks 'ſhe has reaſon for her denial.—You 'know, Mrs. Moore—you know, Miſs 'Rawlins—what I owned to you above, 'as to my vow—'

I looked down, and, as once before, turned round my diamond-ring.

Mrs. Moore looked awry; and with a leer

leer at Miſs Rawlins, as to her partner in the hinted-at reference.

Miſs Rawlins looked down as well as I; her eye-lid half-cloſed, as if mumbling a Pater-noſter, meditating her ſnuff-box, the diſtance between her noſe and chin lengthened by a cloſe-ſhut mouth.

She put me in mind of the pious Mrs. Fetherſtone at Oxford, whom I pointed out to thee once, among other groteſque figures, at St. Mary's Church, whither we went to take a view of her two ſiſters: her eyes ſhut, not daring to truſt her heart with them open; and but juſt half-rearing her lids, to ſee who the next-comer was; and falling them again, when her curioſity was ſatisfied.

The widow Bevis gazed, as if on the hunt for a ſecret.

The captain looked archly, as if half in poſſeſſion of one.

Mrs. Moore at laſt broke the baſhful ſilence. Mrs. Lovelace's behaviour, ſhe ſaid, could be no otherwiſe ſo well accounted for, as by the ill-offices of *that* Miſs Howe; and by the ſeverity of her relations; which might but too probably have affected her head a little at times: adding, that it was very generous in me to give way to the ſtorm when it was up, rather than to exaſperate at ſuch a time.

'But let me tell you, Sirs,' ſaid the widow Bevis, 'that is not what one huſ-'band in a thouſand would have done.'

I deſired, that *no part of this converſation might be hinted to my ſpouſe*; and looked ſtill more baſhfully. Her great fault, I muſt own, was over-delicacy.

The captain leered round him; and ſaid, He believed he could gueſs from the hints I had given him in town, (of my *over-love*) and from what had now paſſed, that we had not conſummated our marriage.

O Jack! how ſheepiſhly then looked, or endeavoured to look, thy friend!—how primly Goody Moore!—how affectedly Miſs Rawlins!—while the honeſt widow Bevis gazed around her fearleſs; and though only ſimpering with her mouth, her eyes laughed out-right, and ſeemed to challenge a laugh from every eye in the company.

He obſerved, that I was a phœnix of a man, if ſo; and he could not but hope, that all matters would be happily accommodated in a day or two; and that then he ſhould have the pleaſure to aver to her uncle, that he was preſent, as he might ſay, on our wedding-day.

The women ſeemed all to join in the ſame hope.

'Ah, captain!—Ah, ladies!—how 'happy ſhould I be, if I could bring my 'dear ſpouſe to be of the ſame mind!'

'It would be a very happy conclu-'ſion of a very knotty affair,' ſaid widow Bevis; 'and I ſee not why we may 'not make this very night a merry one.'

The captain ſuperciliouſly ſmiled at me. He ſaw plainly enough, he ſaid, that we had been at *children's play* hitherto. A man of my character, who could give way to ſuch a caprice as this, muſt have a prodigious value for his lady. But one thing he would venture to tell me; and that was this—That, however deſirous young ſkittiſh ladies might be to have their way in this particular, it was a very bad ſetting-out for the man; as it gave his bride a very high proof of the power ſhe had over him: and he would engage, that no woman, *thus* humoured, ever valued the man the more for it; but very much the contrary—And there were *reaſons to be given why ſhe ſhould not*.

'Well, well, captain, no more of this 'ſubject before the ladies.—*One* feels,' [ſhrugging my ſhoulders, in a baſhful *try-to-bluſh* manner] 'that *one* is *ſo* ridi-'culous—I have been puniſhed enough 'for my tender folly.'

Miſs Rawlins had taken her fan, and would needs hide her face behind it—I ſuppoſe becauſe her bluſh was not quite ready.

Mrs. Moore hemmed, and looked down; and by that, gave hers over.

While the jolly widow, laughing out, praiſed the captain as one of Hudibras's metaphyſicians, repeating—

'He knew what's what, and that's as high
'As metaphyſick wit can fly.'

This made Miſs Rawlins bluſh indeed:—'Fie, fie, Mrs. Bevis!' cried ſhe, unwilling, I ſuppoſe, to be thought abſolutely ignorant.

Upon the whole, I began to think, that I had not made a bad exchange of our profeſſing mother, for the unprofeſſing Mrs. Moore. And indeed the women and I, and my beloved too, all mean the ſame thing: we only differ about the manner of coming at the propoſed end.

## LETTER XIII.

MR. LOVELACE. IN CONTINUATION.

IT was now high time to acquaint my ſpouſe, that Captain Tomlinſon was come. And the rather, as the maid told us, that the lady had aſked her, if ſuch a gen-

a gentleman [deſcribing him] was not in the parlour?

Mrs. Moore went up, and requeſted, in my name, that ſhe would give us audience.

But ſhe returned, reporting my beloved's deſire, that Captain Tomlinſon would excuſe her for the preſent. She was very ill. Her ſpirits were too weak to enter into converſation with him; and ſhe muſt lie down.

I was vexed, and at firſt extremely diſconcerted. The captain was vexed too. And my concern, thou mayeſt believe, was the greater on *his account*.

She had been very much fatigued, I own. Her fits in the morning muſt have diſordered her: and ſhe had carried her reſentment ſo high, that it was the leſs wonder ſhe ſhould find herſelf low, when her raiſed ſpirits had ſubſided. *Very* low, I may ſay; if ſinkings are proportioned to riſings; for ſhe had been lifted up above the ſtandard of a common mortal.

The captain, however, ſent up his own name, that if he could be admitted to drink one diſh of tea with her, he ſhould take it for a favour: and would go to town, and diſpatch ſome neceſſary buſineſs, in order, if poſſible, to leave his morning free to attend her.

But ſhe pleaded a violent head-ache; and Mrs. Moore confirmed the plea to be juſt.

I would have had the captain lodge there that night, as well in compliment to him, as introductory to my intention of entering myſelf upon my new-taken apartment: but his hours were of too much importance to him to ſtay the evening.

It was indeed very inconvenient for him, he ſaid, to return in the morning; but he is willing to do all in his power to heal this breach, and that as well for the ſakes of me and my lady, as for that of his dear friend Mr. John Harlowe; who muſt not know how far this miſunderſtanding had gone. He would therefore only drink one diſh of tea with the ladies and me.

And accordingly, after he had done ſo, and I had had a little private converſation with him, he hurried away.

His fellow had given him, in the interim, a high character to Mrs. Moore's ſervants: and this reported by the widow Bevis, (who, being no proud woman, is *hail fellow, well met*, as the ſaying is, with all her aunt's ſervants) he was a *fine* gentleman, a *diſcreet* gentleman, a man of *ſenſe* and *breeding*, with them all: and it was pity, that, with ſuch great buſineſs upon his hands, he ſhould be obliged to come again.

'My life for yours,' audibly whiſpered the widow Bevis, 'there is *humour* as 'well as *head-ache* in ſomebody's declin-'ing to ſee this worthy gentleman.—Ah, 'Lord! how happy might ſome people 'be if they would!'

'No perfect happineſs in this world,' ſaid I, very gravely, and with a ſigh; for the widow muſt know that I heard her. 'If we have not *real* unhappineſs, 'we can make it, even from the over-'flowings of our good fortune.'

'Very true,' and, 'Very true,' the two widows. 'A charming obſervation!' Mrs. Bevis. Miſs Rawlins ſmiled *her* aſſent to it; and I thought ſhe called me in her heart, 'Charming man!' For ſhe profeſſes to be a great admirer of moral obſervations.

I had hardly taken leave of the captain, and ſat down again with the women, when Will came; and calling me out, 'Sir, Sir!' ſaid he, grinning with a familiarity in his looks as if what he had to ſay entitled him to take liberties; 'I have got the fellow down!—I have 'got old Grimes—Hah, hah, hah, hah! '—He is at the Lower-Flaſk—Almoſt 'in the condition of *David's Sow*, and 'pleaſe your honour.'—[The dog himſelf not much better] 'Here is his letter '—from—from Miſs Howe—ha, ha, ha, 'ha,' laughed the varlet; holding it faſt, as if to make conditions with me, and to excite my praiſes, as well as my impatience.

I could have knocked him down; but he would have his *ſay* out—'Old Grimes 'knows not that I have the letter—I 'muſt get back to him before he miſſes 'it—I only made a pretence to go out 'for a few minutes—but—but'—and then the dog laughed again—'He *muſt* 'ſtay—Old Grimes *muſt* ſtay—till I go 'back to pay the reckoning.'

D—n the prater!—Grinning raſcal! —'The letter!—The letter!'

He gathered in his *wide mathe*, as he calls it, and gave me the letter; but with a *ſtrut*, rather than a *bow*; and then ſidled off like one of widow Sorlings's dunghill-cocks, exulting after a great feat performed. And all the time that I was holding up the billet to the light, to try to get at it's contents without breaking the ſeal, [for, diſpatched in a hurry, it had no cover] there ſtood he, laughing, ſhrugging, playing off his legs; now ſtroking his ſhining chin; now turning his hat upon his thumb; then leering

ing

ing in my face, flourishing with his head —'O Christ!' now-and-then cried the rascal.

What joy has this dog in mischief!—More than I can have in the completion of my most favourite purposes!—These fellows are happier than their masters.

I was once thinking to rumple up this billet till I had broken the seal. *Young* families [Miss Howe's is not an ancient one] love ostentatious sealings: and it might have been supposed to have been squeezed in pieces, in old Grimes's breeches-pocket. But I was glad to be *saved* the guilt as well as suspicion of having a hand in so dirty a trick; for thus much of the contents (enough for my purpose) I was enabled to scratch out in character, without it; the folds depriving me only of a few connecting words; which I have supplied between hooks.

My Miss Harlowe, thou knowest, had *before* changed her name to *Miss* Lætitia Beaumont. Another *alias* now, Jack, to it; for this billet was directed to her by the name of *Mrs.* Harriot Lucas. I have learned her to be half a rogue, thou seest.

'I CONGRATULATE you, my 'dear, with all my heart and soul, upon '[your escape] from the villain. [I 'long] for the particulars of all. [My 'mother] is out; but, expecting her re-'turn every minute, I dispatched [your] 'messenger instantly. [I will endeavour 'to come at] Mrs. Townsend without 'loss of time; and will write at large 'in a day or two, if in that time I can 'see her. [Mean time I] am excessively 'uneasy for a letter I sent you yesterday 'by Collins, [who must have left it at] 'Wilson's after you got away. [It is 'of very] great importance. [I hope 'the] villain has it not. I would not 'for the world [that he should.] Im-'mediately send for it, if by so doing, the 'place you are at [will not be] discover-'ed. If he has it, let me know it by 'some way [out of] hand. If not, you 'need not send. *Ever, ever yours,*

'JUNE 9. A. H.'

O Jack, what heart's-ease does this *interception* give me!—I sent the rascal back with the letter to Old Grimes, and charged him to drink no deeper. He owned, that he was *half seas over.*

'Dog!' said I, 'are you not to court 'one of Mrs. Moore's maids to-night?'

'Cry your mercy, Sir!—I will be 'sober.—I had forgot that—But old 'Grimes is plaguy tough—I thought I 'should never have got him down.'

'Away, villain!—Let old Grimes 'come; and on horseback too, to the 'door.'

'He shall, and please your honour, if 'I can get him on the saddle, and if he 'can sit.'

'And charge him not to have alight-'ed, nor to have seen *any*-body.'

'Enough, Sir!' familiarly nodding his head, to shew he took me. And away went the villain—Into the parlour, to the women, I.

In a quarter of an hour came old Grimes on horseback, waving to his sad-dle-bow, now on this side, now on that; his head, at others, joining to that of his more sober beast.

It looked very well to the women, that I made no effort to speak to old Grimes; (though I wished *before them,* that I knew the contents of what he brought) but, on the contrary, desired that they would instantly let my spouse know that her messenger was returned.

Down she flew, violently as she had the head-ache!

O how I prayed for an opportunity to be revenged of her for the ungrate-ful trouble she had given to her uncle's friend!

She took the letter from old Grimes with her own hands, and retired to an inner-parlour to read it.

She presently came out again to the fellow, who had much ado to sit his horse —'Here is your money, friend. I thought 'you long. But what shall I do to get 'somebody to go to town immediately 'for me? I see *you* cannot.'

Old Grimes took his money; let fall his hat in d'offing it; had it given him; and rode away; his eyes using-glass, and set in his head, as I saw through the win-dow; and in a manner speechless; all his language hiccoughs. My dog need-ed not to have gone so deep with this *tough* old Grimes. But the rascal was in his kingdom with him.

The lady applied to Mrs. Moore: she mattered not the price. Could a man and horse be engaged for her?—Only to go for a letter left for her, at one Mr. Wilson's in Pall Mall.

A poor neighbour was hired. A horse procured for him. He had his directions.

In vain did I endeavour to engage my beloved, when she was below. Her head-ache, I suppose, returned. She, like the rest of her sex, can be ill or well when she pleases.

'I see her drift,' thought I: 'it is to 'have all her lights from Miss Howe be-'fore she resolves; and to take her mea-'sures accordingly.'

Up ſhe went, expreſſing great impatience about the letter ſhe had ſent for; and deſired Mrs. Moore to let her know if I offered to ſend any of my ſervants to town—To get at the letter, I ſuppoſe, was her fear: but ſhe might have been quite eaſy on that head; and yet perhaps would not, had ſhe known, that the worthy Captain Tomlinſon (who will be in town before her meſſenger) will leave there the important letter: which I hope will help to pacify her, and reconcile her to me.

O Jack! Jack! thinkeſt thou that I will take all this roguiſh pains, and be ſo often called a villain, for nothing?

But yet, is it not taking pains to come at the fineſt creature in the world, not for a *tranſitory moment* only, but for one of our lives! The ſtruggle only, Whether I am to have her in *my own way*, or in *hers?*

But now I know thou wilt be frightened out of thy wits for me—'What, 'Lovelace! wouldſt thou let her have 'a letter that will inevitably blow thee 'up; and blow up the mother, and all 'her nymphs!—yet not intend to re-'form, nor intend to marry?'

Patience, puppy! Canſt thou not truſt thy maſter?

## LETTER XIV.

MR. LOVELACE. IN CONTINUATION.

I Went up to my new-taken apartment, and fell to writing in character, as uſual. I thought I had made good my quarters. But the cruel creature, underſtanding that I intended to take up my lodgings there, declared with ſo much violence againſt it, that I was obliged to ſubmit, and to accept of another lodging, about twelve doors off, which Mrs. Moore recommended. And all the advantage I could obtain was, that Will, unknown to my ſpouſe, and for fear of a freak, ſhould lie in the houſe.

Mrs Moore, indeed, was unwilling to diſoblige *either* of us. But Miſs Rawlins was of opinion, that nothing more ought to be allowed me: and yet Mrs. Moore owned, that the refuſal was a ſtrange piece of tyranny to an huſband, if I *were* an huſband.

I had a good mind to make Miſs Rawlins ſmart for it. Come and ſee Miſs Rawlins, Jack—If thou likeſt her, I'll get her for thee with a *wet finger*, as the ſaying is!

The widow Bevis indeed ſtickled hard for me. [An innocent or injured man will have friends every-where] She ſaid, That to *bear much* with ſome wives, was to be obliged to bear more: and I reflected, with a ſigh, *that tame ſpirits muſt always be impoſed upon.* And then, in my heart, I renewed my vows of revenge upon this haughty and perverſe beauty.

The ſecond fellow came back from town about nine o'clock, with Miſs Howe's letter of Wedneſday laſt, Collins, *it ſeems*, when he left it, had deſired, that it might be ſafely and ſpeedily delivered into Miſs Lætitia Beaumont's own hands. But Wilſon, underſtanding, that neither ſhe nor I were in town, [*He could not know of our difference thou muſt think*] reſolved to take care of it till our return, in order to give it into one of our own hands; and now delivered it to her meſſenger.

This was told *her*. Wilſon, I doubt not, is in her favour upon it.

She took the letter with great eagerneſs; opened it in a hurry, [I am glad ſhe did; yet, I believe, all was right] before Mrs. Moore and Mrs. Bevis; [Miſs Rawlins was gone home] and ſaid, She would not for the world that I ſhould have had that letter, for the ſake of her dear friend the writer; who had written to her very uneaſily about it.

'Her *dear friend!*' repeated Mrs. Bevis, when ſhe told me this:—'ſuch 'miſchief-makers are always deemed '*dear friends* till they are found out!'

The widows ſays, that I am the fineſt gentleman ſhe ever beheld.

I have found a warm kiſs now-and-then very kindly taken.

I might be a very wicked fellow, Jack, if I were to do all the miſchief in my power. But I am ever-more for quitting a too eaſy prey to *reptile rakes*. What but difficulty (though the lady is an angel) engages me to ſo much perſeverance here? And *here, conquer or die!* is now the determination!

I HAVE juſt now parted with this honeſt widow. She called upon me at my new lodgings. I told her, that I ſaw I muſt be farther obliged to her in the courſe of this difficult affair. She muſt allow me to make her a handſome preſent when all was happily over. But I deſired, that ſhe would take no notice of what ſhould paſs between us, *not even to her aunt*; for that ſhe, as I ſaw, was in the power of Miſs Rawlins: and Miſs Rawlins being a maiden gentlewoman, knew not the *right* and the *fit* in matrimonial matters, as ſhe, my dear widow, did.

'Very

'Very true: how *ſhould* ſhe?' ſaid Mrs. Bevis, proud of knowing—nothing! But, for her part, ſhe deſired no preſent. It was enough if ſhe could contribute to reconcile man and wife, and diſappoint miſchief-makers. She doubted not, that ſuch an envious creature as Miſs Howe was glad that Mrs. Lovelace had eloped—Jealouſy and love *was* Old Nick!

See, Belford, how charmingly things work between me and my new acquaintance the widow!—Who knows, but that ſhe may, after a little farther intimacy, (though I am baniſhed the houſe at nights) contrive a midnight viſit for me to my ſpouſe, when all is ſtill and faſt aſleep?

Where can a woman be ſafe, who has once entered the liſts with a contriving and intrepid lover?

'But as to this *letter*,' methinks thou ſayeſt, 'of Miſs Howe?'

I knew thou wouldſt be uneaſy for me: but did not I tell thee that I had provided for every-thing? That I always took care to keep ſeals entire, and to preſerve covers? Was it not eaſy then, thinkeſt thou, to contrive a ſhorter letter out of a longer; and to copy the very words?

I can tell thee, it was ſo well ordered, that, not being ſuſpected to have been in my hands, it was not eaſy to find me out. Had it been my beloved's hand, there would have been no imitating it, for ſuch a length. Her delicate and even mind is ſeen in the very cut of her letters. Miſs Howe's hand is no bad one; but it is not ſo equal and regular. That little devil's natural impatience hurrying on her fingers, gave, I ſuppoſe, from the beginning, her hand-writing, as well as the reſt of her, it's fits and ſtarts, and thoſe peculiarities, which, like ſtrong muſcular lines in a face, neither the pen, nor the pencil, can miſs.

Haſt thou a mind to ſee what it was I *permitted* Miſs Howe to write to her lovely friend? Why then read it here, as extracted from hers of Wedneſday laſt, with a few additions of my own. The additions underſcored.

'MY DEAREST FRIEND,

'YOU will perhaps think, that I have 'been too long ſilent. But I had begun 'two letters at different times ſince my 'laſt, and written a great deal each time; 'and with ſpirit enough, I aſſure you; 'incenſed as I was againſt the abomina'ble wretch you are with, particularly 'on reading yours of the 21ſt of the paſt 'month.

'The FIRST I intended to keep open 'till I could give you ſome account of 'my proceedings with Townſend. It 'was ſome days before I ſaw her: and 'this intervenient ſpace giving me time 'to re-peruſe what I had written, I 'thought it proper to lay that aſide, and 'to write in a ſtyle a little leſs fer'vent; for you would have blamed me, 'I knew, for the freedom of ſome of my 'expreſſions, [execrations if you pleaſe.] 'And when I had gone a good way in 'the SECOND, the change in your pro'ſpects, on his communicating to you 'Miſs Montague's letter, and his better 'behaviour, occaſioning a change in 'your mind, I laid that aſide alſo: and 'in this uncertainty thought I would 'wait to ſee the iſſue of affairs between 'you before I wrote again; believing 'that all would ſoon be decided one way 'or other.

'*Here I was forced to break off.* I am *too* 'little my own miſtreſs—My mother *is* 'always up and down; and watching as 'if I were writing to a fellow. What 'need I [ſhe aſks me] lock myſelf in, if I 'am only reading paſt correſpondencies? 'For that is my pretence, when ſhe 'comes poking in with her face ſharp'ened to an edge, as I may ſay, by cu'rioſity that gives her more pain than 'pleaſure—The Lord forgive me; but 'I believe I ſhall huff her next time ſhe 'comes in.

'Do you forgive me too, my dear. 'My mother ought; becauſe ſhe ſays, 'I am my father's girl; and becauſe I 'am ſure I am hers.

'*Upon my life, my dear, I am ſometimes* 'of opinion, *that this vile man was capable* 'of meaning you diſhonour. *When I look back* 'upon his paſt conduct, *I cannot help think*'ing ſo: what a villain, *if ſo!*—*But now I* 'hope, *and verily believe, that he has laid* 'aſide ſuch thoughts. *My reaſons for both* 'opinions *I will give you.*

'*For the firſt*; to wit, *that he had it once* 'in his head to take you at advantage *if he* 'could. *I conſider, that* pride, revenge, and 'a delight to tread in unbeaten paths, 'are principal ingredients in the charac'ter of this finiſhed libertine. He hates 'all your family, yourſelf excepted—'Yet is a ſavage in love. His pride, and 'the credit which a few plauſible quali'ties ſprinkled among his odious ones, 'have given him, have ſecured him too 'good a reception from our eye-judg'ing, our undiſtinguiſhing, our ſelf-flat'tering, our too-confiding ſex, to make 'aſſiduity and obſequiouſneſs, and a

'conquest of his unruly passions, any 'part of his study.

'He has some reason for his animosity 'to all the men, and to one woman, of 'your family. He has always shewn 'you, and his whole family too, that he 'prefers his pride to his interest. He is 'a declared marriage-hater; a notori-'ous intriguer; full of his inventions, 'and glorying in them. As his vanity 'had made him imagine, that no wo-'man could be proof against his love, 'no wonder that he struggled like a lion 'held in toils, against a passion that he 'thought not returned. Hence, per-'haps, it is not difficult to believe, that 'it became possible for such a wretch as 'this to give way to his old prejudices 'against marriage; and to that revenge 'which had always been a first passion 'with him.

'*And hence may we account for* his de-'lays; his teazing ways; his bringing 'you to bear with his lodging in the same 'house; his making you pass to the 'people of it as his wife; his bringing 'you into the company of his libertine 'companions; the attempt of imposing 'upon you that Miss Partington for a 'bedfellow, *&c.*

'*My reasons for the contrary opinion; to 'wit, that he is now resolved to do you all 'the justice in his power to do you*; are 'these: that he sees that all his own 'family have warmly engaged them-'selves in your cause: that the horrid 'wretch loves you; with such a love, '*however*, as Herod loved his Mariamne: 'that, on enquiry, I find it to be true, 'that Counsellor Williams (whom Mr. 'Hickman knows to be a man of emi-'nence in his profession) has actually as 'good as finished the settlements: that 'two draughts of them have been made; 'one avowedly to be sent to *this very* 'Captain Tomlinson: and I find, that 'a licence has actually been more than 'once endeavoured to be obtained, and 'that difficulties have hitherto been 'made equally to Lovelace's vexation 'and disappointment. My mother's 'proctor, who is very intimate with the 'proctor applied to by the wretch, has 'come at this information, in confidence; 'and hints, that as Mr. Lovelace is a 'man of high fortunes, these difficulties 'will probably be got over.

'*I had once resolved to make strict en-'quiry about Tomlinson; and still, if you 'will, your uncle's favourite housekeeper may 'be sounded, at distance.*

'*I know that the matter is so laid*, that 'Mrs. Hodges is supposed to know no-'thing of the treaty set on foot by means 'of Captain Tomlinson. But your un-'cle is an old man; and old men 'imagine themselves to be under obli-'gation to their paramours, if younger 'than themselves, and seldom keep any-'thing from their knowledge.—Yet me-'thinks, there can be no need; since 'Tomlinson, as you describe him, is so 'good a man, and so much of a gentle-'man; the end to be answered by his 'being an impostor so much more than 'necessary, if Lovelace has villainy in 'his head.—And thus what he commu-'nicated to you of Mr. Hickman's ap-'plication to your uncle, and of Mrs. 'Norton's to your mother; (some of 'which particulars I am satisfied his vile 'agent Joseph Leman could not reveal 'to his viler employer) his pushing on 'the marriage-day, in the name of your 'uncle; which it could not answer any 'wicked purpose for him to do; and 'what he writes of your uncle's proposal, 'to have it thought that you were mar-'ried from the time that you had lived 'in one house together; and that to be 'made to agree with the time of Mr. 'Hickman's visit to your uncle; the in-'sisting on a trusty person's being pre-'sent at the ceremony, at that uncle's 'nomination—These things make me '*assured that he now at last means honoura-'bly.*

'*But if any unexpected delays should hap-'pen on his side, acquaint me, my dear, 'with the very street where Mrs. Sinclair 'lives; and where Mrs. Fretchville's house 'is situated; (which I cannot find that you 'have ever mentioned in your former letters '—which is a little odd) and I will make 'strict enquiries of them, and of Tomlinson 'too; and I will (if your heart will let you 'take my advice) soon procure you a refuge 'from him with Mrs. Townsend.*

'*But why do I now, when you seem to be 'in so good a train, puzzle and perplex you 'with my retrospections? And yet they may 'be of use to you, if any delay happen on 'his part.*

'*But that I think cannot well be. What 'you have therefore now to do, is, so to be-'have to this proud-spirited wretch, as may 'banish from his mind all remembrance of* 'past disobligations, and to receive his 'addresses, as those of a betrothed lov-'er. You will incur the censure of 'prudery and affectation, if you keep 'him at that distance which you have 'hitherto *kept him at.* His sudden (and 'as suddenly recovered) illness has giv-'en him an opportunity to find out that 'you love him. [Alas! my dear, I

'knew

'knew you loved him!] He has ſeemed 'to change his nature, and is all love 'and gentleneſs. *And no more quarrels 'now, I beſeech you.*

'*I am very angry with him, nevertheleſs, for the freedoms which he took with 'your perſon; and I think ſome guard is 'neceſſary, as he is certainly an encroacher. 'But indeed all men are ſo; and you are 'ſuch a charming creature, and have kept 'him at ſuch a diſtance!—But no more of 'this ſubject. Only, my dear, be not over-'nice, now you are ſo near the ſtate. You 'ſee what difficulties you laid yourſelf under,* when Tomlinſon's letter called you 'again into *the wretch's* company.

'If you meet with no impediments, 'no new cauſes of doubt, your reputa-'tion in the eye of the world is con-'cerned, that you ſhould be his, *and, 'as your uncle rightly judges, he thought 'to have been his, before now.* And yet, '*let me tell you*, I can *hardly* bear *to think*, 'that theſe libertines ſhould be reward-'ed for their villainy with the beſt of the 'ſex, when the worſt of it are too good 'for them.

'I ſhall ſend this long letter by Col-'lins, who changes his day to oblige 'me. As none of our letters by Wil-'ſon's conveyance have miſcarried, when 'you have been in more apparently diſ-'agreeable ſituations than you are in 'at preſent, *I have no doubt* that this will 'go ſafe.

'Miſs Lardner (whom you have ſeen 'at her couſin Biddulph's) ſaw you at 'St. James's church on Sunday was 'fortnight. She kept you in her eye 'during the whole time; but could 'not once obtain the notice of yours, 'though ſhe curtſeyed to you twice. 'She thought to pay her compliments 'to you when the ſervice was over; 'for ſhe doubted not but you were mar-'ried—and for an odd reaſon—Becauſe 'you came to church by yourſelf.—'Every eye, as uſual, wherever you are, 'ſhe ſaid, was upon you: and this ſeem-'ing to give you hurry, and you being 'nearer the door than ſhe, you ſlid out 'before ſhe could get to you. But ſhe 'ordered her ſervant to follow you till 'you were houſed. This ſervant ſaw 'you ſtep into a chair which waited for 'you; and you ordered the man to carry 'you to the place where they took you 'up. She *deſcribes the houſe*, as a very 'genteel houſe, and fit to receive people 'of faſhion: *and what makes me mention 'this, is, that perhaps you will have a viſit 'from her; or meſſage, at leaſt.*

'*So that you have Mr. Doleman's teſti-'mony to the credit of the houſe and people 'you are with; and he is* a man of for-'tune, and ſome reputation; formerly 'a rake indeed; but married to a wo-'man of family; and having had a palſy 'blow, one would think, a penitent. 'You have *alſo Mr. Mennell's at leaſt 'paſſive teſtimony*; *Mr.* Tomlinſon's; *and 'now, laſtly, Miſs Lardner's*; *ſo that there 'will be the leſs need for enquiry: but you 'know my buſy and inquiſitive temper, as 'well as my affection for you, and my con-'cern for your honour. But all doubt will 'ſoon be loſt in certainty.*

'*Nevertheleſs I muſt add, that I would 'have you* command me up, if I can be 'of the leaſt ſervice or pleaſure to you. 'I value not fame; I value not cen-'ſure; nor even life itſelf, I verily 'think, as I do your honour and your 'friendſhip—For is not your honour 'my honour? and is not your friend-'ſhip the pride of my life?

'May Heaven preſerve you, my deareſt 'creature, in honour and ſafety, is the 'prayer, the hourly prayer, of your 'ever-faithful and affectionate

'ANNA HOWE.

'THURSDAY MORN. 5.

'I have written all night. *Excuſe 'indifferent writing. My crow-quils 'are worn to the ſtumps, and I muſt get 'a new ſupply.*'

Theſe ladies always write with crow-quils, Jack.

If thou art capable of taking in all my *providences*, in this letter, thou wilt admire my ſagacity and contrivance almoſt as much as I do myſelf. Thou ſeeſt, that Miſs Lardner, Mrs. Sinclair, Tomlinſon, Mrs. Fretchville, Mennell, are all mentioned it. My firſt liberties with her perſon alſo. [Modeſty, modeſty, Belford, I doubt, is more confined to time, place, and occaſion, even by the moſt delicate minds, than thoſe minds would have it believed it to be.] And why all theſe taken notice of by me from the genuine letter, but for fear ſome future letter from the vixen ſhould eſcape my hands, in which ſhe might refer to thoſe names? And if none of them were to have been found in this that is to paſs for hers, I might be routed *horſe and foot*, as Lord M. would phraſe it in a like caſe.

Deviliſh hard (and yet I may thank myſelf) to be put to all this plague and trouble:—'And for *what*,' doſt thou aſk? O Jack, for a triumph of more value to me *beforehand* than an imperial crown!—Don't aſk me the value of it

a *month hence*. But what indeed is an imperial crown itſelf, when a man is uſed to it?

Miſs Howe might well be anxious about the letter ſhe wrote. Her ſweet friend, from what I have let paſs of hers, has reaſon to rejoice in the thought, that it fell not into my hands.

And now muſt all my contrivances be ſet at work, to intercept the expected letter from Miſs Howe; which is, as I ſuppoſe, to direct her to a place of ſafety, and out of my knowledge. Mrs. Townſend is, no doubt, in this caſe, to ſmuggle her off. I hope the *villain*, as I am ſo frequently called between theſe two girls, will be able to manage this point.

'But what, perhaps,' thou aſkeſt, 'if 'the lady ſhould take it into her head, 'by the connivance of Miſs Rawlins, 'to quit this houſe privately in the 'night?'

I have thought of this, Jack. Does not Will lie in the houſe? And is not the widow Bevis my faſt friend?

## LETTER XV.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

SATURDAY, 6 O'CLOCK, JUNE 10.

THE lady gave Will's ſweetheart a letter laſt night to be carried to the poſt houſe as this morning, directed for Miſs Howe, under cover to Hickman. I dare ſay neither cover nor letter will be ſeen to have been opened. The contents but eight lines—To own —The receipt of her double-dated letter in ſafety; and referring to a longer letter, which ſhe intends to write, when ſhe ſhall have a quieter heart, and leſs trembling fingers. But mentions ſomething to have happened [My detecting her ſhe means] which has given her very great flutters, confuſions and apprehenſions: but which ſhe will wait the iſſue of [Some hopes for me hence, Jack!] before ſhe gives her freſh perturbation or concern on her account.—She tells her how impatient ſhe ſhall be for her next, *&c.*

Now, Belford, I thought it would be but kind in me to ſave Miſs Howe's concern on theſe alarming hints; ſince the curioſity of ſuch a ſpirit muſt have been prodigiouſly excited by them. Having therefore ſo good a copy to imitate, I wrote; and taking out that of my beloved, put under the ſame cover the following ſhort billet; inſcriptive and concluſive parts of it in her own words.

'HAMPSTEAD, TUESDAY EVENING.

'MY EVER-DEAR MISS HOWE,

'A FEW lines only, till calmer ſpi-'rits and quieter fingers can be grant-'ed me, and till I can get over the ſhock 'which your intelligence has given me '—To acquaint you—that your kind 'long letter of Wedneſday, and, as I 'may ſay, of Thurſday morning, is 'come ſafe to my hands. On receipt 'of yours by my meſſenger to you, I 'ſent for it from Wilſon's. There, 'thank Heaven! it lay. May that Hea-'ven reward you for all your paſt, and 'for all your *intended* goodneſs to *your* 'for-ever obliged 'CL. HARLOWE.'

I took great pains in writing this. It cannot, I hope, be ſuſpected. Her hand is ſo *very* delicate. Yet hers is written leſs beautifully than ſhe uſually writes: and I hope Miſs Howe will allow ſomewhat for *hurry of ſpirits*, and *unſteady fingers*.

My conſideration for Miſs Howe's *eaſe of mind* extended ſtill farther than to the inſtance I have mentioned.

That this billet might be with her as ſoon as poſſible, (and before it could have reached Hickman by the poſt) I diſpatched it away by a ſervant of Mowbray's. Miſs Howe, had there been any failure or delay, might, as thou wilt think, have communicated her anxieties to your fugitive friend; and ſhe *to me* perhaps in a way I ſhould not have been pleaſed with.

Once more wilt thou wonderingly queſtion—All this pains for a ſingle girl?

Yes, Jack!—But is not this girl a CLARISSA?—And who knows but kind fortune, as a reward for my perſeverance, may toſs me in her charming friend? Leſs likely things have come to paſs, Belford. And to be ſure I ſhall have her, if I reſolve upon it.

## LETTER XVI.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

EIGHT O'CLOCK, SAT. MORN. JUNE 10

I AM come back from Mrs. Moore's, whither I went in order to attend my charmer's commands. But no admittance—A very bad night.

Doubtleſs ſhe muſt be as much concerned, that ſhe has carried her reſentments ſo very far, as I have reaſon to be, that I made ſuch a poor uſe of the opportunity I had on Wedneſday night.

But now, Jack, for a brief review of my preſent ſituation; and a ſlight hint or two of my precautions.

I have ſeen the women this morning, and

and find them half-right, half-doubting.

Miſs Rawlins's brother tells her, that ſhe *lives* at Mrs. Moore's.

Mrs. Moore can do nothing without Miſs Rawlins.

People who keep lodgings at publick places expect to get by every-one who comes into their purlieus. Though not permitted to lodge there myſelf, I have engaged all the rooms ſhe has to ſpare, to the very garrets; and *that*, as I have told thee before, for a month certain, and at her own price, board included; my ſpouſe's and all: but ſhe muſt not at preſent know it. So I hope I have Mrs. Moore faſt *by the intereſt*.

This, devil-like, is ſuiting temptations to inclinations.

I have always obſerved, and, I believe, I have hinted as much formerly, that all dealers, though but for pins, may be taken in by cuſtomers for pins, ſooner than by a direct bribe of ten times the value; eſpecially if pretenders to conſcience: for the office of a bribe would not only give room for ſuſpicion, but would ſtartle and alarm their ſcrupulouſneſs; while a high price paid for what you buy, is but ſubmitting to be cheated in the method the perſon makes a profeſſion to get by. Have I not ſaid that human nature is a rogue?—And do not I know that it is?

To give a higher inſtance, How many proud ſenators in the year 1720, were induced by preſents or ſubſcriptions of South Sea Stock, to contribute to a ſcheme big with national ruin; who yet would have ſpurned the man who ſhould have preſumed to offer them even twice the ſum certain, that they had a chance to gain by the ſtock?—But to return to my *review*, and to my *precautions*.

Miſs Rawlins fluctuates, as ſhe hears the lady's ſtory, or as ſhe hears mine. Somewhat of an infidel, I doubt, is this Miſs Rawlins. I have not yet conſidered *her* foible. The next time I ſee her, I will take particular notice of all the moles and freckles in her mind; and then *infer* and *apply*.

The widow Bevis, as I have told thee, is all my own.

My man Will lies in the houſe. My other new fellow attends upon *me*; and cannot therefore be quite ſtupid.

Already is Will over head and ears in love with one of Mrs. Moore's maids. He was ſtruck with her the moment he ſet his eyes upon her. A raw country wench too. But all women, from the counteſs to the cookmaid, are put into high good-humour with themſelves when a man is taken with them at firſt ſight. Be they ever ſo *plain*, [No woman can be *ugly*, Jack!] they'll find twenty good reaſons, beſides the great one *(for God's ſake)* by the help of the glaſs without (and perhaps in ſpite of it) and conceit within, to juſtify the honeſt fellow's *caption*.

The rogue has ſaved 150l. in my ſervice—More by fifty than I bid him ſave. No doubt, he thinks he *might* have done ſo; though I believe not worth a groat. The beſt of maſters I—Paſſionate, indeed; but ſoon appeaſed.

The wench is extremely kind to him already. The other maid is alſo very civil to him. He has a huſband for *her* in his eye. She cannot but ſay, that Mr. Andrew, my *other* ſervant [The girl is for fixing the *perſon*] is a very well ſpoken civil young man.

'We common folks have our joys, 'and pleaſe your honour,' ſays honeſt Joſeph Leman, 'like as our betters 'have.' And true ſays honeſt Joſeph. —Did I prefer eaſe to difficulty, I ſhould envy theſe low-born ſinners ſome of their joys.

But if Will had *not* made amorous pretenſions to the wenches, we all know, that ſervants, united in one *common compare-note cauſe*, are intimate the moment they ſee one another—Great genealogiſts too; they know immediately the whole kin and kin's kin of each other, though diſperſed over the three kingdoms, as well as the genealogies and kin's kin of thoſe whom they ſerve.

But my precautions end not here.

O Jack, with ſuch an invention, what occaſion had I to carry my beloved to Mrs. Sinclair's?

My ſpouſe may have *further* occaſion for the meſſengers whom ſhe diſpatched, one to Miſs Howe's, the other to Wilſon's. With one of theſe Will is already well acquainted, as thou haſt heard—To mingle liquor is to mingle ſouls with theſe fellows—With the other meſſenger he will ſoon be acquainted, if he be not already.

The captain's ſervant has *his* uſes and inſtructions aſſigned him. I have hinted at ſome of them already. *He* alſo ſerves a moſt humane and conſiderate maſter. I love to make every-body reſpected to my power.

The poſt, general and penny, will be ſtrictly watched likewiſe.

Miſs Howe's Collins is remembered to be deſcribed. Miſs Howe's and Hickman's liveries alſo.

James Harlowe and Singleton are warned

warned againſt. I am to be acquainted with any enquiry that ſhall happen to be made after my ſpouſe, whether by her married or maiden name, before *ſhe* ſhall be told of it—And this that I may have it in my power to *prevent miſchief*.

I have ordered Mowbray and Tourville (and Belton, if his health permit) to take their quarters at Hampſtead for a week, with their fellows to attend them. I ſpare thee for the preſent, becauſe of thy private concerns. But hold thyſelf in cheerful readineſs however, as a mark of thy *allegiance*.

As to my ſpouſe herſelf, has ſhe not reaſon to be pleaſed with me for having permitted her to receive Miſs Howe's letter from Wilſon's? A plain caſe, either that I am no deep plotter, or that I have no further views than to make my peace with her for an offence ſo ſlight and ſo *accidental*.

Miſs Howe ſays, though prefaced with an *alas!* that her charming friend loves me: ſhe muſt therefore yearn after this reconciliation—Proſpects ſo fair—If ſhe uſed me with leſs rigour and more politeneſs; if ſhe ſhewed me any *compaſſion*; ſeemed inclinable to ſpare me, and to make the moſt favourable conſtructions; I cannot but ſay, that it would be impoſſible not to ſhew *her* ſome. But to be inſulted and defied by a rebel in one's power, what prince can bear that?

But I return to the ſcene of action. I muſt keep the women ſteady. I had no opportunity to talk to my worthy Mrs. Bevis in private.

Tomlinſon, a dog, not come yet!

## LETTER XVII.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

FROM MY APARTMENTS AT MRS. MOORE'S.

MISS Rawlins at her brother's; Mrs. Moore engaged in houſehold matters; widow Bevis dreſſing; I have nothing to do but write. This curſed Tomlinſon not yet arrived!—Nothing to be done without him.

I think he ſhall complain in pretty high language of the treatment he met with yeſterday. What are our affairs to him? He can have no view but to ſerve us. Cruel to ſend back to town, *un-audienced*, unſeen, a man of his buſineſs and importance. He never ſtirs a foot, but ſomething of conſequence depends upon his movements. A confounded thing to trifle thus humourſomely with ſuch a gentleman's moments!—Theſe women think, that all the buſineſs of the world muſt ſtand ſtill for their *figaries:* [A good female word, Jack!] The greateſt triflers in the creation, to fancy themſelves the moſt important beings in it—*Merry come up!* as I have heard Goody Sorlings ſay to her ſervants, when ſhe has rated at them, with mingled anger and diſdain.

After all, methinks I want theſe *toſtications* [Thou ſeeſt how women, and women's words, fill my mind] to be over, *happily* over, that I may ſit down quietly, and reflect upon the dangers I have paſſed through, and the troubles I have undergone. I have a *reflecting* mind, as thou knoweſt; but the very word *reflecting* implies *all got over*.

What briars and thorns does the wretch ruſh into (a ſcratched face and tattered garments the unavoidable conſequence) who will needs be for ſtriking out a new path through overgrown underwood; quitting *that* beaten out for him by thoſe who have travelled the ſame road before him!

A VISIT from the widow Bevis, in my own apartment. She tells me, that my ſpouſe had thoughts laſt night, after I was gone to my lodgings, of removing from Mrs. Moore's.

I almoſt wiſh ſhe had attempted to do ſo.

Miſs Rawlins, it ſeems, who was applied to upon it, diſſuaded her from it.

Mrs. Moore alſo, though ſhe did not own that Will lay in the houſe, (or rather ſat up in it, courting) ſet before her the difficulties, which, in her opinion, ſhe would have to get clear of, without my knowledge; aſſuring her that ſhe could be no-where more ſafe than with her, till ſhe had fixed whither to go. And the lady herſelf recollected, that if ſhe went, ſhe might miſs the expected letter from her dear friend Miſs Howe; which, as ſhe owned, was to direct her future ſteps.

She muſt alſo ſurely have ſome curioſity to know what her uncle's friend had to ſay to her from her uncle, contemptuouſly as ſhe yeſterday treated a man of his importance. Nor could ſhe, I ſhould think, be abſolutely determined to put herſelf out of the way of receiving the viſits of two of the principal ladies of my family, and to break entirely with me in the face of them all.—Beſides, whither could ſhe have gone?—Moreover, Miſs Howe's letter coming (after her elopement) ſo ſafely to her hands,

hands, muſt ſurely put her into a more confiding temper with me, and with every-one elſe, though ſhe would not immediately own it.

But theſe good folks have ſo *little* charity!—Are ſuch *ſevere* cenſurers!—Yet who is *abſolutely perfect?*—It were to be wiſhed, however, that *they would* be ſo modeſt as to doubt themſelves ſometimes: then would they allow for others, as others (excellent as they imagine themſelves to be) muſt for them.

SATURDAY, ONE O'CLOCK.

TOMLINSON at laſt is come. Forced to ride five miles about, (though I ſhall impute his delay to great and important buſineſs) to avoid the ſight of two or three impertinent raſcals, who, little thinking whoſe affairs he was employed in, wanted to obtrude themſelves upon him. I think I will make this fellow eaſy, if he behave to my liking in this affair.

I ſent up, the moment he came.

She deſired to be excuſed receiving his viſit till four this afternoon.

*Intolerable!*—No conſideration!—None at all in this ſex, when their curſed humours are in the way!—Pay-day, pay-*hour*, rather, will come!—O that it were to be the next!

The captain is in a pet. Who can blame him? Even the women think a man of his conſequence, and generouſly coming to ſerve *us*, hardly uſed. Would to Heaven ſhe had attempted to get off laſt night! The women not my enemies, who knows but the huſband's exerted authority might have met with ſuch connivance, as might have concluded either in carrying her back to her former lodgings, or in conſummation at Mrs. Moore's, in ſpite of exclamations, fits, and the reſt of the female obſecrations?

'My beloved has not appeared to any-body this day, except to Mrs. Moore. Is, it ſeems, extremely low: unfit for the intereſting converſation that is to be held in the afternoon. Longs to hear from her dear friend Miſs Howe—Yet cannot expect a letter for a day or two. Has a bad opinion of all mankind.—No wonder!—Excellent creature as ſhe is! with ſuch a *father*, ſuch *uncles*, ſuch a *brother*, as ſhe has!

How does ſhe look?

Better than could be expected from yeſterday's fatigue, and laſt night's ill reſt.

Theſe tender doves know not, till put to it, what they can bear; eſpecially when engaged in love-affairs; and their attention wholly engroſſed. But the ſex love buſy ſcenes. Still-life is their averſion. A woman will *create* a ſtorm, rather than be without one. So that they can preſide in the whirlwind, and direct it, they are happy.—But my beloved's misfortune is, that ſhe muſt live in tumults; yet neither raiſe them herſelf, nor be able to controul them.

## LETTER XVIII.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

SAT. NIGHT, JUNE 10.

WHAT will be the iſſue of all my plots and contrivances, devil take me if I am able to divine. But I will not, as Lord M. would ſay, *foreſtall my own market.*

At four, the appointed hour, I ſent up, to deſire admittance in the captain's name and my own.

She would wait upon the *captain* preſently; [Not upon *me!*] and in the parlour, if it were not engaged.

The dining-room being *mine*, perhaps that was the reaſon of her naming the parlour—Mighty nice again, if ſo!—'No good ſign for me,' thought I, 'this 'ſtiff punctilio.'

In the parlour, with me and the captain, were Mrs. Moore, Miſs Rawlins, and Mrs. Bevis.

The women ſaid, they would withdraw, when the lady came down.

*Lovel.* 'Not except ſhe chuſes you 'ſhould, ladies.—People who are ſo 'much above-board as I am, need not 'make ſecrets of any of their affairs. 'Beſides, you three ladies are now ac-'quainted with all our concerns.'

*Capt.* 'I have ſome things to ſay to 'your lady, that perhaps ſhe would not 'herſelf chuſe that any-body ſhould 'hear; not even *you*, Mr. Lovelace, as 'you and her family are not upon ſuch 'a good foot of underſtanding as were 'to be wiſhed.'

*Lovel.* 'Well, well, captain, I muſt 'ſubmit. Give us a ſign to withdraw; 'and we will withdraw.'

It was better that the excluſion of the women ſhould come from him, than from me.

*Capt.* 'I will bow, and wave my hand, 'thus—when I wiſh to be alone with 'the lady. Her uncle doats upon her. 'I hope, Mr. Lovelace, you will not 'make a reconciliation more difficult, 'for the earneſtneſs which my dear 'friend ſhews to bring it to bear: but 'indeed I muſt tell you, *as I told you more*

'*than*

'*than once before*, that I am afraid you 'have made lighter of the occaſion of 'this miſunderſtanding to me, than it 'ought to have been made.'

*Lovel.* 'I hope, Captain Tomlinſon, 'you do not queſtion my veracity!'

*Capt.* 'I beg your pardon, Mr. Love-'lace—But thoſe things which we men 'may think lightly of, may not be light 'to a woman of delicacy.—And then, if 'you *have* bound yourſelf by a vow, you 'ought—'

Miſs Rawlins bridling, her lips cloſed, (but her mouth ſtretched to a ſmile of approbation, the longer for not buttoning) tacitly ſhewed herſelf pleaſed with the captain for his delicacy.

Mrs. Moore *could* ſpeak—'*Very true*,' however, was all ſhe ſaid, with a motion of her head that expreſſed the bow-approbatory.

'For my part,' ſaid the jolly widow, ſtaring with eyes as big as eggs, 'I know 'what I know—But man and wife *are* 'man and wife; or they are *not* man and 'wife.—I have no notion of ſtanding 'upon ſuch niceties.'

'But here ſhe comes!' cried one, hearing her chamber-door open—'Here 'ſhe comes!' another, hearing it ſhut after her—And down dropt the angel among us.

We all ſtood up, bowing and curtſeying; and could not help it. For ſhe entered with ſuch an air as commanded all our reverence. Yet the captain looked plaguy grave.

*Cl.* 'Pray keep your ſeats, ladies—'Pray do not go.' [For they made offers to withdraw; yet Miſs Rawlins would have burſt, had ſhe been ſuffered to retire.] 'Before this time you have 'heard all my ſtory, I make no doubt—'Pray keep your ſeats—At leaſt all Mr. 'Lovelace's.'

'A very ſaucy and whimſical begin-'ning,' thought I.

'Captain Tomlinſon, your ſervant,' addreſſing herſelf to him with inimitable dignity. 'I hope you did not take 'amiſs my declining your viſit yeſterday. 'I was really incapable of talking upon 'any ſubject that required attention.'

*Capt.* 'I am glad I ſee you better now, 'Madam. I hope I do.'

*Cl.* 'Indeed I am not well. I would 'not have excuſed myſelf from attend-'ing you ſome hours ago, but in hopes 'I ſhould have been better. I beg your 'pardon, Sir, for the trouble I have 'given you; and ſhall the rather expect 'it, as *this day will*, I hope, *conclude it 'all*.'

'Thus ſet! thus determined!' thought I—'Yet to have *ſlept* upon it!'—But, as what ſhe ſaid was capable of a good, as well as a bad conſtruction, I would not put an unfavourable one upon it.

*Lovel.* 'The captain was ſorry, my 'dear, he did not offer his attendance 'the moment he arrived yeſterday. He 'was afraid that you took it amiſs that 'he did not.'

*Cl.* 'Perhaps I thought that my *un-'cle's* friend might have wiſhed to ſee me 'as ſoon as he came.'—[How we ſtared!]—'But, Sir,' [to me] 'it might be *con-'venient to you* to detain him.'

'The devil!' thought I—'So there 'really was reſentment, as well as head-'ache, as my good friend Mrs. Bevis 'obſerved, in her refuſing to ſee the '*honeſt* gentleman.'

*Capt.* 'You *would* detain me, Mr. 'Lovelace—I was for paying my reſpects 'to the lady the moment I came.'

*Cl.* 'Well, Sir,' [interrupting him] to 'wave this; for I would not be thought 'captious—If you have not ſuffered in-'convenience, in being obliged to come 'again, I ſhall be eaſy.'

*Capt.* [Half-diſconcerted] 'A *little* in-'convenience, I can't ſay but I have 'ſuffered. I have, indeed, too many 'affairs upon my hands. But the deſire 'I have to ſerve you and Mr. Lovelace, 'as well as to oblige my dear friend your 'uncle Harlowe, make great inconve-'niences but ſmall ones.'

*Cl.* 'You are very obliging, Sir.—'Here is a great alteration ſince you 'parted with us laſt.'

*Capt.* 'A great one indeed, Madam! 'I was very much ſurprized at it, on 'Thurſday evening, when Mr. Love-'lace conducted me to your lodgings, 'where we hoped to find you.'

*Cl.* 'Have you any-thing to ſay to me, 'Sir, from my uncle himſelf, that re-'quires my *private* ear?—Don't go, la-'dies,' [for the women ſtood up, and 'offered to withdraw]—'If Mr. Love-'lace ſtays, I am ſure *you* may.'

I frowned. I bit my lip. I looked 'at the women, and ſhook my head.'

*Capt.* 'I have nothing to offer, but 'what Mr. Lovelace is a party to, and 'may hear, except one private word 'or two, which may be poſtponed to the 'laſt.'

*Cl.* 'Pray, ladies, keep your ſeats.—'Things are altered, Sir, ſince I ſaw you. 'You can mention nothing that relates 'to *me* now, to which *that gentleman* can 'be a party.'

*Capt.* 'You ſurprize me, Madam! I

'am

'am ſorry to hear this!—Sorry for your 'uncle's ſake!—Sorry for *your* ſake!—'Sorry for Mr. *Lovelace's* ſake!—And 'yet I am ſure he muſt have given 'greater occaſion than he has mentioned 'to me, or——'

*Lovel.* 'Indeed, captain—Indeed, ladies—I have told you great part of my 'ſtory!—And what I told you of my offence was the truth:—What I conceal'ed of my ſtory was only what I appre'hended would, if known, cauſe this 'dear creature to be thought more cen'ſorious than charitable.'

*Cl.* 'Well, well, Sir, ſay what you 'pleaſe. Make me as black as you 'pleaſe. Make yourſelf as white as you 'can. I am not now in your power: 'that conſideration will comfort me for 'all.'

*Capt.* 'God forbid that I ſhould offer 'to plead in behalf of a crime, that a 'woman of virtue and honour cannot 'forgive! But ſurely, ſurely, Madam, 'this is going too far.'

*Cl.* 'Do not blame me, Captain Tom'linſon. I have a good opinion of you, 'as my *uncle's* friend. But if you are 'Mr. *Lovelace's* friend, that is another 'thing; for my intereſts and Mr. Love'lace's muſt now be for ever ſeparated.'

*Capt.* 'One word with you, Madam, 'if you pleaſe,'—offering to retire.

*Cl.* 'You may ſay all that you pleaſe 'to ſay before theſe gentlewomen. Mr. 'Lovelace may have ſecrets. I have 'none. You ſeem to think me faulty: 'I ſhould be glad that all the world 'knew my heart. Let my enemies ſit 'in judgment upon my actions; fairly 'ſcanned I fear not the reſult. Let 'them even aſk me my moſt ſecret 'thoughts, and, whether they make for 'me, or againſt me, I will reveal them.'

*Capt.* 'Noble lady! who can ſay as 'you ſay!'

The women held up their hands and eyes; each as if ſhe had ſaid, 'Not I.'

'No diſorder here!' ſaid Miſs Rawlins: but (judging by her own heart) a confounded deal of improbability, I believe ſhe thought.

'Finely *ſaid*, to be ſure,' ſaid the widow Bevis, ſhrugging her ſhoulders.

Mrs. Moore ſighed.

'Jack Belford,' thought I, 'knows all 'mine: and in this I am more ingenu'ous than any of the three, and a fit 'match for this paragon.'

*Cl.* 'How Mr. Lovelace has found me 'out here, I cannot tell. But ſuch mean 'devices, ſuch artful, ſuch worſe than 'Waltham diſguiſes put on, to obtrude 'himſelf into my company; ſuch bold, 'ſuch ſhocking untruths—'

*Capt.* 'The favour of but one word, 'Madam, in private.'

*Cl.* 'In order to ſupport a right which 'he has not over me!—O Sir! O Cap'tain Tomlinſon!—I think, I have rea'ſon to ſay, that the man (there he 'ſtands!) is capable of any vileneſs!'

The women looked upon one another, and upon me, by turns, to ſee how I bore it. I had ſuch dartings in my head at the inſtant, that I thought I ſhould have gone diſtracted. My brain ſeemed on fire. What would I have given to have had her alone with me!—I traverſed the room; my clenched fiſt to my forehead. 'O that I had any-body here,' thought I, 'that Hercules-like, when 'flaming in the tortures of Dejanira's 'poiſoned ſhirt, I could tear in pieces!'

*Capt.* 'Dear lady! ſee you not how 'the poor gentleman—Lord, how have 'I impoſed upon your uncle, at this 'rate! How happy, did I tell him, I ſaw 'you! How happy I was ſure you would 'be in each other!'

*Cl.* 'Sir! you don't know how many 'premeditated offences I *had forgiven* 'when I ſaw you laſt, before I could ap'pear to you, what I hoped then I might 'for the future be!—But you may tell 'my uncle, if you pleaſe, that I cannot 'hope for his mediation. Tell him, 'that my guilt, in giving this man an 'opportunity to ſpirit me away from my '*tried*, my *experienced*, my *natural* friends, '(harſhly as they treated me) ſtares me 'every day more and more in the face; 'and ſtill the more, as my fate ſeems to 'be drawing to a criſis, according to 'the malediction of my offended father!'

And then ſhe burſt into tears, which even affected that dog, who, brought to abet me, was himſelf all *Belforded* over.

The women, ſo uſed to cry without grief, as they are to laugh without reaſon, by mere force of example, [Confound their promptitudes!] muſt needs pull out their handkerchiefs. The leſs wonder, however, as I myſelf, between confuſion, ſurprize, and concern, could hardly ſtand it.

What's a tender heart good for!—Who can be happy that has a *feeling* heart?—And yet thou'lt ſay, that he who has it not, muſt be a tyger, and no man.

*Capt.* 'Let me beg the favour of one 'word with you, Madam, in private; 'and that on my *own* account.'

The women hereupon offered to re-

tire. She inſiſted, that if *they* went, *I* ſhould not ſtay.

*Capt.* 'Sir,' bowing to me, 'ſhall I 'beg—'

'I hope,' thought I, 'that I may truſt 'this ſolemn dog, inſtructed as he is. 'She does not doubt him. I'll ſtay out 'no longer than to give her time to ſpend 'her firſt fire.'

I then paſſively withdrew, with the women—But with ſuch a bow to my goddeſs, that it won for me every heart but that I wanted *moſt* to win; for the haughty maid bent not her knee in return.

The converſation between the captain and the lady, when we were retired, was to the following effect: they both talked loud enough for me to hear them: the lady from anger, the captain with deſign; and thou mayeſt be ſure there was no liſtener but myſelf. What I was imperfect in was ſupplied afterwards; for I had my vellum-leaved book to note all down. If ſhe had known this, perhaps ſhe would have been more ſparing of her invectives—and but *perhaps* neither.

He told her, that as her brother was abſolutely reſolved to ſee her; and as he himſelf, in compliance with her uncle's expedient, had reported her marriage; and as that report had reached the ears of Lord M. Lady Betty, and the reſt of my relations; and as he had been obliged, in conſequence of his firſt report, to vouch it; and as her brother might find out where ſhe was, and apply to the women here, for a confirmation or refutation of the marriage; he had thought himſelf obliged to countenance the report before the women: that this had embaraſſed him not a little, as he would not for the world that ſhe ſhould have cauſe to think him capable of prevarication, contrivance, or double-dealing: and that this made him deſirous of a private converſation with her.

It was true, ſhe ſaid, ſhe *had* given her conſent to ſuch an expedient, believing it was her *uncle's*; and little thinking, that it would lead to ſo many errors. Yet ſhe might have known, that one error is frequently the parent of many. Mr. Lovelace had made her ſenſible of the truth of that obſervation, on more occaſions than one; and it was an obſervation that he, the captain, had made in one of the letters that was ſhewn her yeſterday.

He hoped, that ſhe had no miſtruſt of him: that ſhe had no doubt of his honour. 'If, Madam, you ſuſpect me—'If you think me capable—What a 'man—The Lord be merciful to me!—'What a man muſt you think me!'

'I hope, Sir, there cannot be a man 'in the world who could deſerve to be 'ſuſpected in ſuch a caſe as this. I do '*not* ſuſpect you. If it were poſſible 'there could be *one* ſuch man, I am ſure, 'Captain Tomlinſon, a father of child-'ren, a man in years, of ſenſe, and ex-'perience, cannot be that man.'

He told me, that juſt then, he thought he felt a ſudden flaſh from her eye, an *eye-beam* as he called it, dart through his ſhivering reins; and he could not help trembling.

The dog's conſcience, Jack!—Nothing elſe!—I have felt half a dozen ſuch flaſhes, ſuch eye-beams, in as many different converſations with this ſoul-piercing beauty.

Her uncle, ſhe muſt own, was not accuſtomed to think of ſuch expedients: but ſhe had reconciled this to herſelf, as the caſe was unhappily uncommon, and by the regard he had for her honour.

This ſet the puppy's heart at eaſe, and gave him more courage.

She aſked him, if he thought Lady Betty and Miſs Montague intended her a viſit?

He had no doubt but they did.

'And does he imagine,' ſaid ſhe, 'that 'I could be brought to countenance to 'them the report you have given out?'

[*I had hoped to bring her to this, Jack, or ſhe had not ſeen their letters.* But I had told the captain, that I believed I muſt give up this expectation.]

No. He believed, that I had not ſuch a thought. He was pretty ſure, that I intended, when I ſaw *them*, to tell them (as in confidence) the naked truth.

He then told her, that her uncle had already made ſome ſteps towards a general reconciliation. 'The moment, 'Madam, that he knows you are really 'married, he will enter into conference 'with your *father* upon it; having ac-'tually expreſſed to your *mother*, his de-'ſire to be reconciled to you.'

'And what, Sir, ſaid my mother? 'What ſaid my *dear* mother?'

With great emotion ſhe aſked this queſtion; holding out her ſweet face, as the captain deſcribed her, with the moſt earneſt attention, as if ſhe would ſhorten the way which his words were to have to her heart.

'Your mother, Madam, burſt into 'tears upon it: and your uncle was ſo 'penetrated by *her* tenderneſs, that he

'could

'could not proceed with the subject. 'But he intends to enter upon it with 'her in form, as soon as he hears that 'the ceremony is over.'

By the tone of her voice she wept. 'The dear creature,' thought I, 'begins 'to relent!'—And I grudged the dog his eloquence. I could hardly bear the thought, that any man breathing should have the power which I had lost, of persuading this high-souled woman, though in my own favour. And, wouldst thou think it? this reflection gave me more uneasiness at the moment, than I felt from her reproaches, violent as they were; or than I had pleasure in her supposed relenting. For there is beauty in every-thing she says and does: beauty in her passion: beauty in her tears!—Had the captain been a young fellow, and of rank and fortune, *his* throat would have been in danger; and I should have thought very hardly of *her*.

'O Captain Tomlinson,' said she, 'you know not what I have suffered by 'this man's strange ways! He had, as 'I was not ashamed to tell him yesterday, 'a *plain path before him*. He at first be-'trayed me into his power: but when I 'was in it—' There she stopt. Then resuming—'O Sir, you know not what 'a strange man he has been!—An un-'polite, a rough-manner'd man!—In 'disgrace of his birth, and education, 'and knowledge, an unpolite man!—'And so acting, as if his worldly and 'personal advantages set him above 'those graces which distinguish a gen-'tleman.'

'The first woman that ever said, or 'that ever thought so of me, that's my 'comfort!' thought I.—But this (spoken to her *uncle's friend* behind my back) helps to heap up thy already too-full measure, dearest!—It is down in my vellum-book.

*Cl.* 'When I look back on his whole 'behaviour to a poor young creature, '(for I am but a *very* young creature!) 'I cannot acquit him either of great 'folly, or of deep design.—And, last 'Wednesday—' There she stopt; and I suppose turned away her face.

I wonder she was not ashamed to hint at what she thought so shameful; and that to a *man*, and *alone* with him.

*Capt.* 'Far be it from me, Madam, 'to offer to enter too closely into so ten-'der a subject. Mr. Lovelace owns, 'that you have reason to be displeased 'with him. But he so solemnly clears 'himself to me, of *premeditated* offence—'

*Cl.* 'He cannot clear himself, Cap-'tain Tomlinson. The people of the 'house must be very vile, as well as he. 'I am convinced, that there was a 'wicked confederacy—But no more 'upon such a subject.'

*Capt.* 'Only one word more, Madam '—He tells me, that you promised to 'pardon him. He tells me—'

'He knew,' interrupted she, 'that 'he deserved not pardon, or he had not 'extorted that promise from me. Nor 'had I given it to him, but to shield my-'self from the vilest outrage.'

*Capt.* 'I could wish, Madam, inex-'cusable as his behaviour has been, since 'he has *something* to plead in the reli-'ance he made upon your *promise*; that, 'for the sake of appearances to the world, 'and to avoid the mischiefs that may 'follow if you absolutely break with 'him, you could prevail upon your na-'turally generous mind to lay an obliga-'tion upon him by your forgiveness.'

She was silent.

*Capt.* 'Your father and mother, Ma-'dam, deplore a daughter lost to them, 'whom your generosity to Mr. Love-'lace may restore: do not put it to the 'possible chance, that they may have 'cause to deplore a double loss; the los-'ing of a *son*, as well as a *daughter*, who, 'by his own violence, which you may 'perhaps prevent, may be for ever lost 'to them, and to the whole family.'

She paused. She wept. She owned, that she felt the force of this argument.

'I will be the making this fellow,' thought I.

*Capt.* 'Permit me, Madam, to tell 'you, that I do not think it would be 'difficult to prevail upon your uncle, 'if you insist upon it, to come up pri-'vately to town, and to give you with 'his own hand to Mr. Lovelace—Ex-'cept indeed your present misunder-'standing were to come to his ears.—'Besides, Madam, your brother, it is 'likely, may at this very time be in 'town; and he is resolved to find you 'out.'

*Cl.* 'Why, Sir, should I be so much 'afraid of my *brother*? My brother has 'injured *me*, not I *him*. Will my brother 'offer to me, what Mr. Lovelace has 'offered!—Wicked, ingrateful man! 'to insult a friendless, unprotected crea-'ture, made friendless by himself!—I 'cannot, cannot think of him in the 'light I once thought of him. What, 'Sir, to put myself into the power of a 'wretch, who has acted by me with so

'much vile premeditation! who ſhall 'pity, who ſhall excuſe me, if I do, 'were I to ſuffer ever ſo much from him? '—No, Sir.—Let Mr. Lovelace leave 'me—Let my brother find me. I am 'not ſuch a poor creature, as to be 'afraid to face the brother who has in-'jured me.'

*Capt.* 'Were you and your brother 'to meet only to confer together, to ex-'poſtulate, to clear up difficulties, it 'were another thing. But what, Ma-'dam, can you think will be the iſſue 'of an interview, (Mr. Solmes with him) 'when he finds you *unmarried*, and re-'ſolved never to have Mr. Lovelace; 'ſuppoſing Mr. Lovelace were *not* to in-'terfere; which cannot be imagined?'

*Cl.* 'Well, Sir, I can only ſay I am a 'very unhappy creature!—I muſt reſign 'to the will of Providence, and be pati-'ent under evils, which *that* will not per-'mit me to ſhun. But I have taken my 'meaſures. Mr. Lovelace can never 'make *me* happy, nor I *him*. I wait here 'only for a letter from Miſs Howe. 'That muſt determine me—'

'Determine you as to Mr. Lovelace, 'Madam?' interrupted the captain.

*Cl.* 'I am already determined as to 'him.'

*Capt.* 'If it be not in his favour, I 'have done. I cannot uſe ſtronger ar-'guments than I have uſed, and it would 'be impertinent to repeat them. If you 'cannot forgive his offence, I am ſure 'it muſt have been much greater than 'he has owned to me. If you are abſo-'lutely determined, be pleaſed to let me 'know what I ſhall ſay to your uncle? 'You were pleaſed to tell me, *that this 'day would put an end to what you called 'my trouble:* I ſhould not have thought 'it any, could I have been an humble 'means of reconciling perſons of worth 'and honour to each other.'

Here I entered with a ſolemn air.

*Lovel.* 'Captain Tomlinſon, I have 'heard a part of what has paſſed between 'you and this unforgiving (however 'otherwiſe excellent) lady. I am cut 'to the heart to find the dear creature 'ſo determined. I could not have be-'lieved it poſſible, with ſuch proſpects, 'that I had ſo little ſhare in her eſteem. 'Nevertheleſs I muſt do myſelf juſtice 'with regard to the offence I was ſo un-'unhappy as to give, ſince I find you 'are ready to think it much greater than 'it really was.'

*Cl.* 'I hear not, Sir, your recapitu-'lations. I am, and ought to be, the 'ſole judge of inſults offered to my per-'ſon. I enter not into diſcuſſion with 'you, nor hear you on the ſhocking 'ſubject.' And was going.

I put myſelf between her and the door —'You *may* hear all I have to ſay, Ma-'dam. My *fault* is not of ſuch a nature, 'but that you *may*. I will be a juſt ac-'cuſer of myſelf; and will not wound 'your ears.'

I then proteſted that the fire was a real fire. [So it was] I diſclaimed [leſs truly indeed] premeditation. I owned that I was hurried on by the violence of a youthful paſſion, and by a ſudden impulſe, which few other perſons, in the like ſituation, would have been able to check: that I withdrew, at her command and entreaty, on the promiſe of pardon, without having offered the leaſt indecency, or any freedom, that would not have been forgiven by perſons of delicacy, ſurprized in an attitude ſo charming—Her terror on the alarm of fire, calling for a ſoothing behaviour, and perſonal tenderneſs, ſhe being ready to fall into fits: my hoped-for happy day ſo near, that I might be preſumed to be looked upon as a betrothed lover—And that this excuſe might be pleaded *even for the women of the houſe*, that they, thinking us actually married, might ſuppoſe themſelves to be the leſs concerned to interfere on ſo tender an occaſion—There, Jack, was a bold inſinuation on behalf of the women!

High indignation filled her diſdainful eye, eye-beam after eye-beam flaſhing at me. Every feature of her ſweet face had ſoul in it. Yet ſhe ſpoke not. Perhaps, Jack, ſhe had a thought, that this *plea for the women* accounted for my contrivance to have her paſs to them as married, when I *firſt carried her thither*.

*Capt.* 'Indeed, Sir, I muſt ſay that 'you did not well to add to the appre-'henſions of a lady ſo much terrified 'before.'

The dear creature offered to go by me. I ſet my back againſt the door, and beſought her to ſtay a few moments. 'I had not ſaid thus much, my deareſt 'creature, but for *your* ſake, as well as 'for *my own*, that Captain Tomlinſon 'ſhould not think I had been viler than 'I was. Nor will I ſay one word more 'on the ſubject, after I have appealed 'to your own heart, whether it was not 'neceſſary, that I ſhould *ſay ſo much*; 'and to the captain, whether otherwiſe 'he would not have gone away with a 'much worſe opinion of me, if he had 'judged of my offence by the violence of 'your reſentment.'

Capt.

*Capt.* 'Indeed I *should*. I *own* I should. 'And I am very glad, Mr. Lovelace, 'that you are able to defend yourself 'thus far.'

*Cl.* 'That cause must be well tried, 'where the offender takes his seat upon 'the same bench with the judge.—I sub- 'mit not mine to men—Nor, give me 'leave to say, to you, Captain Tomlin- 'son, though I am willing to have a 'good opinion of you. Had not the man 'been assured that he had influenced 'you in his favour, he would not have 'brought you up to Hampstead.'

*Capt.* 'That I am *influenced*, as you 'call it, Madam, is for the sake of your 'uncle, and for your own sake, more '(I will say to Mr. Lovelace's face) than 'for his. What can I have in view, 'but peace and reconciliation? I have, 'from the *first*, blamed, and I now, '*again*, blame Mr. Lovelace, for add- 'ing distress to distress, and terror to 'terror—the lady, as you acknowledge, 'Sir,' [*looking valiantly*] ready *before* to 'fall into fit.'

*Lovel.* 'Let me own to you, Captain 'Tomlinson, that I have been a very 'faulty, a very foolish man; and, if this 'dear creature *ever* honoured me with 'her love, an *ingrateful* one. But I have 'had too much reason to doubt it. And 'this is now a flagrant proof that she 'never had the value for me which my 'proud heart wished for; that, with 'such prospects before us; a day so near; 'settlements approved and drawn; her 'uncle meditating a general reconcilia- 'tion, which, for *her* sake, not *my own*, 'I was desirous to give into; she can, for 'an offence so *really* slight, on an occa- 'sion so truly accidental, renounce me 'for ever; and, with me, all hopes of 'that reconciliation in the way her uncle 'had put it in, and she had acquiesced 'with; and risque all consequences, *fa- 'tal ones* as they may too possibly be.— 'By my soul, Captain Tomlinson, the 'dear creature must have hated me all 'the time she was intending to honour 'me with her hand. And now she must 'resolve to abandon me, as far as I 'know, with a preference in her heart 'of the most odious of men—in favour 'of *that Solmes*, who, as you tell me, ac- 'companies her brother: and with what 'hopes, with what view, accompanies 'him!—How can I bear to think of 'this?'

*Cl.* 'It is fit, Sir, that you should 'judge of my regard for you, by your 'own consciousness of demerit. Yet you 'know, or you would not have dared 'to behave to me as sometimes you did, 'that you had *more of it* than you de- 'served.'

She walked from us; and then re- turning, 'Captain Tomlinson,' said she, 'I will own to you, that I was not '*capable* of resolving to give my *hand*, 'and—*nothing but my hand*. Have I not 'given a flagrant proof of this to the 'once most indulgent of parents? which 'has brought me into a distress, which 'this man has heightened, when he 'ought, in gratitude and honour, to 'have endeavoured to render it sup- 'portable. I had even a *bias*, Sir, in 'his favour, I scruple not to own it. 'Long, (much too long!) bore I with 'his unaccountable ways, attributing 'his errors to *unmeaning gaiety*, and to a 'want of knowing what *true delicacy*, and '*true generosity*, required from a heart 'susceptible of grateful impressions to 'one involved by his means in unhappy 'circumstances. It is now *wickedness* in 'him (a wickedness which discredits all 'his *professions*) to say, that his last cruel 'and ungrateful insult was not a *preme- 'ditated* one—But what need I say more 'of this insult, when it was of such a 'nature, that it has changed that bias 'in his favour, and made me chuse to 'forego all the inviting prospects he 'talks of, and to run all hazards, to 'free myself from his power?'

'O my dearest creature! how happy 'for us both, had I been able to *discover* '*that bias*, as you condescend to call it, 'through such reserves as man never 'encountered with!'

'He *did* discover it, Captain Tom- 'linson. He brought me, *more than once*, '*to own it*; the more needlessly brought 'me to own it, as I dare say his own '*vanity* give him *no cause to doubt it*; and 'as I had apparently no other motive in 'not being *forward* to own it, than my 'too justly-founded apprehensions of 'his *want of generosity*. In a word, Cap- 'tain Tomlinson, (and now, that I am 'determined upon my measures, I the 'less scruple to say it) I should have de- 'spised myself, had I found myself ca- 'pable of affectation or tyranny to the 'man I intended to marry. I have al- 'ways blamed the dearest friend I have 'in the world for a fault of this nature. 'In a word—'

*Lovel.* 'And had my angel really and 'indeed the favour for me she is pleased 'to own?—Dearest creature, forgive 'me. Restore me to your good opinion. 'Surely I have not sinned beyond for- 'giveness. You say, that I extorted

'from

'from you the promiſe you made me. 'But I could not have preſumed to 'make that promiſe the condition of my 'obedience, had I not thought there '*was room to expect* forgiveneſs. Permit, 'I beſeech you, the proſpects to take 'place, that were opening ſo agreeably 'before us. I will go to town, and bring 'the licence. All difficulties to the ob'taining of it are ſurmounted. Captain 'Tomlinſon ſhall be witneſs to the deeds. 'He will be preſent at the ceremony on 'the part of your uncle. Indeed he 'gave me hope, that your uncle him'ſelf—'

*Capt.* 'I *did*, Mr. Lovelace: and I 'will tell you my grounds for the hope 'I gave. I promiſed to my dear friend '—(Your uncle, Madam) that he ſhould 'give out, that he would take a turn 'with me to my little farm-houſe, as I 'call it, near Northampton, for a week 'or ſo.—Poor gentleman! he has of late 'been very little abroad! Too viſibly in'deed declining!—Change of air, it 'might be given out, was good for him. '—But I ſee, Madam, that this is too '*tender* a ſubject.'

The dear creature wept. She knew how to apply as meant the captain's hint to the *occaſion* of her uncle's declining ſtate of health.

*Capt.* 'We might indeed, I told him, 'ſet out in that road, but turn ſhort to 'town in *my* chariot; and he might ſee 'the ceremony performed with his own 'eyes, and be the deſired father, as well 'as the beloved uncle.'

She turned from us, and wiped her eyes.

*Capt.* 'And, really, there ſeem now 'to be but two objections to this, as Mr. 'Harlowe diſcouraged not the propoſal '—The one, the unhappy miſunder'ſtanding between you; which I would 'not by any means he ſhould know; 'ſince then he might be apt to give 'weight to Mr. James Harlowe's unjuſt 'ſurmiſes.—The other, that it would 'neceſſarily occaſion ſome delay to the 'ceremony; which certainly may be 'performed in a day or two—If—'

And then he reverently bowed to my goddeſs.—Charming fellow!—But often did I curſe my ſtars, for making me ſo much obliged to his adroitneſs.

She was going to ſpeak; but, not liking the turn of her countenance, (although, as I thought, it's ſeverity and indignation ſeemed a little abated) I ſaid, and had like to have blown myſelf up by it—'One expedient I have juſt 'thought of.'

*Cl.* 'None of your *expedients*, Mr 'Lovelace!—I abhor your *expedients* 'your *inventions*—I have had too many 'of them.'

*Lovel.* 'See, Captain Tomlinſon!—'See, Sir!—O how we expoſe ourſelves 'to you!—Little did you think, I dare 'ſay, that we have lived in ſuch a con'tinued miſunderſtanding together!—'But you will make the beſt of it all. 'We may yet be happy. O that I could 'have been aſſured, that this dear crea'ture loved *me* with the hundredth part 'of the love I have for *her*!—Our diffi'dences have been mutual. I preſume 'to ſay, that ſhe has too much punctilio: 'I am afraid, that I have too little. 'Hence our difficulties. But I have a 'heart, Captain Tomlinſon, a heart that 'bids me hope for her love, becauſe it 'is reſolved to deſerve it as much as 'man *can* deſerve it.

*Capt.* 'I am indeed ſurprized at what 'I have ſeen and heard.—I defend not 'Mr. Lovelace, Madam, in the offence 'he has given you—As a father of 'daughters myſelf, I *cannot* defend him; 'though his fault ſeems to be lighter 'than I had apprehended—But in my 'conſcience, Madam, I think you carry 'your reſentment too high.'

*Cl.* 'Too high, Sir!—Too high, to 'the man that might have been happy 'if he would!—Too high, to the man 'that has held *my ſoul in ſuſpence* an hun'dred times, ſince (by artifice and de'ceit) he obtained a power over me!—'Say, Lovelace, thyſelf ſay, Art thou 'not the *very* Lovelace, who by inſult'ing *me*, haſt wronged thine *own hopes*? '—The wretch that appeared in vile 'diſguiſes, perſonating an old lame 'creature, ſeeking for lodgings for thy 'ſick wife?—Telling the gentlewomen 'here, ſtories all of thine own inven'tion; and aſſerting to them an huſ'band's right over me, which thou haſt 'not?—And is it' [Turning to the cap'tain] 'to be expected, that I ſhould 'give credit to the proteſtations of *ſuch* 'a man?'

*Lovel.* 'Treat me, deareſt creature, as 'you pleaſe, I will bear it: and yet 'your ſcorn and your violence have fix'ed daggers in my heart—But was it 'poſſible, without thoſe diſguiſes, to 'come at your ſpeech?—And could I 'loſe you, if ſtudy, if invention, would 'put it in my power to arreſt your anger, 'and give me hope to engage you to 'confirm to me the *promiſed pardon*? The 'addreſs I made to you before the wo'men, as if the marriage-ceremony had

'paſſed,

'passed; was in consequence of what 'your uncle *had advised*, and what *you* 'had acquiesced with; and the rather made, 'as your brother, and Singleton, and 'Solmes, were resolved to find out 'whether what was reported of your 'marriage were true or not, that they 'might take their measures accordingly; and in hopes to prevent that mischief, which I have been but *too* studious to prevent, since this tameness 'has but invited insolence from your 'brother and his confederates.'

*Cl.* 'O thou strange wretch, how thou 'talkest!—But, Captain Tomlinson, 'give me leave to say, that, were I inclined to enter farther upon this subject, I would appeal to Miss Rawlins's 'judgment. (Whom else have I to appeal to?) She seems to be a person of 'prudence and honour; but not to any '*man's* judgment, whether I carry my 'resentment beyond fit bounds, when I 'resolve—'

*Capt.* 'Forgive, Madam, the interruption—But I think there can be no 'reason for this. You ought, as you 'said, to be the *sole judge* of indignities 'offered you. The gentlewomen here 'are strangers to you. You will perhaps stay but a little while among 'them. If you lay the state of your case 'before any of them, and your brother 'come to enquire of them, your uncle's 'intended mediation will be discovered; 'and rendered abortive—*I* shall appear 'in a light that I never appeared in, 'in my life—for these women may not 'think themselves obliged to keep the 'secret.'

Charming fellow!

*Cl.* 'O what difficulties has one fatal 'step involved me in!—But there is no 'necessity for such an appeal to anybody. I am resolved on my measures.'

*Capt.* 'Absolutely resolved, Madam?'

*Cl.* 'I am.'

*Capt.* 'What shall I say to your uncle 'Harlowe, Madam?—Poor gentleman! 'how will he be surprized!—You see, 'Mr. Lovelace—You see, Sir—' Turning to me, with a flourishing hand—'But you may *thank yourself*—' And admirably stalked he from us.

'*True, by my soul*,' thought I. I traversed the room, and bit my unpersuasive lips, now upper, now under, for vexation.

He made a profound reverence to her—And went to the window, where lay his hat and whip; and, taking them up, opened the door. 'Child,' said he, to somebody he saw, 'pray, order 'my servant to bring my horse to the 'door.'

*Lovel.* 'You won't go, Sir—I hope 'you won't!—I am the unhappiest man 'in the world!—You won't go—Yet 'alas!—But you won't go, Sir!—There 'may be yet hopes that Lady Betty may 'have some weight.'

*Capt.* 'Dear Mr. Lovelace! and may 'not my worthy friend, an affectionate 'uncle, hope for *some* influence upon his 'daughter-niece?—But I beg pardon—'A letter will always find me disposed 'to serve the lady, and that as well for 'her sake, as for the sake of my dear 'friend.'

She had thrown herself into a chair; her eyes cast down: she was motionless, as in a profound study.

The captain bowed to her again: but met with no return to his bow. 'Mr. 'Lovelace,' said he, (with an air of equality and independence) 'I am your's.'

Still the dear unaccountable sat as immoveable as a statue; stirring neither hand, foot, head, nor eye—I never before saw any one in so profound a reverie, in so waking a dream.

He passed by her to go out at the door she sat near, though the passage by the other door was his direct way; and bowed again. She moved not. 'I will 'not disturb the lady in her meditations, 'Sir.—Adieu, Mr. Lovelace—*No farther, I beseech you.*'

She started, sighing—'Are you going, 'Sir?'

*Capt.* 'I am, Madam. I could have 'been glad to do you service; but I see 'it is not in my power.'

She stood up, holding out one hand, with inimitable dignity and sweetness '—I am sorry you are going, Sir!—I 'can't help it—I have no friend to advise with—Mr. Lovelace has the art (or 'good fortune, perhaps I should call it) 'to make himself many.—Well, Sir—'—if you will go, I can't help it.'

*Capt.* 'I will *not* go, Madam;' his eyes twinkling. [Again seized with a fit of humanity!] 'I will not go, if my 'longer stay can do you either service or 'pleasure.—What, Sir,' [Turning to me] 'what, Mr. Lovelace, was your 'expedient?—Perhaps something may 'be offered, Madam—'

She sighed, and was silent.

'REVENGE,' *invoked I to myself*, '*keep 'thy throne in my heart.—If the usurper 'LOVE once more drive thee from it, thou 'wilt never regain possession!*'

*Lovel.* 'What I had thought of, what 'I had intended to propose,' [And I sighed]

ſighed] 'was this, That the dear crea-
'ture, if ſhe will not forgive me, as ſhe
'promiſed, will ſuſpend the diſpleaſure
'ſhe has conceived againſt me, till Lady
'Betty arrives.—That lady may be the
'mediatrix between us. This dear crea-
'ture may put herſelf into *her* protecti-
'on, and accompany her down to her
'ſeat in Oxfordſhire. It is one of her
'ladyſhip's purpoſes to prevail on her
'ſuppoſed new niece to go down with
'her. It may paſs to every-one but to
'Lady Betty, and to you, Captain Tom-
'linſon, and to your friend Mr. Har-
'lowe, (as he deſires) that we have been
'ſome time married: and her being with
'my relations, will amount to a proof
'to James Harlowe, that we *are*; and
'our nuptials may be privately, and at
'this beloved creature's pleaſure, ſo-
'lemnized; and your report, captain,
'authenticated.'

*Capt.* 'Upon my honour, Madam,' clapping his hand upon his breaſt, 'a
'charming expedient!—This will an-
'ſwer every end.'

She muſed—She was greatly perplex-
ed—At laſt, 'God direct me!' ſaid ſhe:
'I know not what to do—A young un-
'friended creature. Whom have I to
'adviſe with!—Let me retire, if I *can*
'retire.'

She withdrew with ſlow and trembling feet, and went up to her chamber.

'For Heaven's ſake,' ſaid the pene-
trated varlet, [his hands lifted up] 'for
'Heaven's ſake, take compaſſion upon
'this admirable woman!—I cannot pro-
'ceed—I cannot proceed—She deſerves
'all things.'

'Softly!—damn the fellow!—The
'women are coming in.'

He ſobbed up his grief—turned about—hemmed up a more *manly* accent—'Wipe thy curſed eyes.'—He did. The ſunſhine took place on one cheek, and ſpread ſlowly to the other, and the fellow had his whole face again.

The women all three came in, led by that ever-curious Miſs Rawlins. I told them, that the lady was gone up to conſider of every-thing: that we had hopes of her. And ſuch a repreſentation we made of all that had paſſed, as brought either tacit or declared blame upon the fair-perverſe for hardneſs of heart and over-delicacy.

The widow Bevis, in particular, put out one lip, toſſed up her head, wrinkled her forehead, and made ſuch motions with her now lifted-up, now caſt-down eyes, as ſhewed, that ſhe thought there was a great deal of perverſeneſs and affectation in the lady. Now-and-then ſhe changed her cenſuring looks to looks of pity of me—But, (ſhe ſaid) She loved not to aggravate!—'A poor buſineſs, '*God help's!*' ſhrugging up her ſhoulders, 'to make ſuch a rout about!' And then her eyes laughed heartily—Indulgence was a good thing! Love was a good thing!—But too much was too much!

Miſs Rawlins, however, declared, after ſhe had called the widow Bevis, with a prudiſh ſimper, a *comical gentlewoman!* that there muſt be ſomething in our ſtory, which ſhe could not fathom; and went from us into a corner, and ſat down, ſeemingly vexed that ſhe could not.

## LETTER XIX.

MR. LOVELACE. IN CONTINUATION.

THE lady ſtaid longer above than we wiſhed; and I hoping that (lady-like) ſhe only waited for an *invitation* to return to us, deſired the widow Bevis, in the captain's name, (who wanted to go to town) to requeſt the favour of her company.

I cared not to ſend up either Miſs Rawlins or Mrs. Moore on the errand, leſt my beloved ſhould be in a *communicative diſpoſition*; eſpecially as ſhe had hinted at an appeal to Miſs Rawlins; who, beſides, has ſuch an unbounded curioſity.

Mrs. Bevis preſently returned with an anſwer, (winking and pinking at me) that the lady would follow her down. Miſs Rawlins could not but offer to retire, as the others did. Her eyes, however, intimated that ſhe had rather ſtay. But they not being anſwered as ſhe ſeemed to wiſh, ſhe went with the reſt, but with ſlower feet; and had hardly left the parlour, when the lady entered it by the other door; a melancholy dignity in her perſon and air.

She ſat down. 'Pray, Mr. Tomlin-
'ſon, be ſeated.'

He took his chair over-againſt her. I ſtood behind hers, that I might give him *agreed-upon* ſignals, ſhould there be occaſion for them.

As thus—A wink of the left-eye was to ſignify, '*Puſh that point, captain.*'

A wink of the right, and a nod, was to indicate *approbation* of what he had ſaid.

My fore-finger held up, and biting my lip, '*Get off of that, as faſt as poſ-*
'*ſible.*'

A right-forward nod, and a frown—'*Swear to it, captain.*'

My whole ſpread hand, *To take care*

*not to say too much on that particular subject.*

A scouling brow, and a positive nod, was to bid him *rise in temper*.

And these motions I could make, even those with my hand, without holding up my arm, or moving my wrist, had the women been there: as, when the motions were agreed upon, I knew not but they would.

She hemmed—I was going to speak, to spare her supposed confusion: but this lady never wants presence of mind, when presence of mind is necessary either to her honour, or to that conscious dignity which distinguishes her from all the women I ever knew.

'I have been considering,' said she, 'as well as I was able, of every thing 'that has passed; and of all that has 'been said; and of my unhappy situation. I mean no ill—I wish no ill—to 'any creature living, Mr. Tomlinson. 'I have always delighted to draw favourable rather than unfavourable conclusions; sometimes, as it has proved, 'for very bad hearts. Censoriousness, 'whatever faults I have, is not *naturally* 'my fault—But, circumstanced as I am; 'treated as I have been, unworthily 'treated, by a man who is full of contrivances, and glories in them—'

*Lovel.* 'My dearest life!—But I will 'not interrupt you.'

*Cl.* 'Thus treated, it becomes me to 'doubt—It concerns my honour to 'doubt, to fear, to apprehend—*Your* intervention, Sir, is so seasonable, so 'kind, for *this man*—My uncle's expedient, the first of the kind he ever, I 'believe, thought of! a plain, honest, 'good-minded man, as he is, not affecting such expedients—Your report 'in conformity to it—The consequences 'of that report—The alarm taken by 'my brother—His rash resolution upon 'it—The alarm taken by Lady Betty, 'and the rest of Mr. Lovelace's relations—The *sudden* letters written to him 'upon it, which, with yours, he shewed me '—All ceremony, among persons *born observers of ceremony*, and entitled to value 'themselves upon *their distinction*, dispensed with—All these things have 'happened *so quick*, and some of them 'so seasonable—'

*Lovel.* 'Lady Betty, you see, Madam, in her letter, dispenses with punctilio, avowedly in compliment to you. 'Charlotte, in hers, professes to do the 'same for the same reason. Good Heaven! that the respect intended you by 'my relations, who, in every other case, 'are really punctilious, should be thus 'construed! They were glad, Madam, 'to have an opportunity to compliment 'you at my expence. Every one of my 'family takes delight in rallying me. 'But their joy on the supposed occasion—'

*Cl.* 'Do I doubt, Sir, that you have 'not something to say, for any-thing you 'think fit to do? I am speaking to Captain 'Tomlinson, Sir. I will you would be 'pleased to withdraw—At least to come 'from behind my chair.'

And she looked at the captain, observing, no doubt, that his eyes seemed to take lessons from mine.

A fair match, by Jupiter!

The captain was disconcerted. The dog had not had such a blush upon his face for ten years before. I bit my lip for vexation: walked about the room; but, nevertheless, took my post again; and blinked with my eyes to the captain, as a caution to him to take more care of *his*: and then scouling with my brows, and giving the nod-positive, I as good as said, '*Resent that, captain.*'

*Capt.* 'I hope, Madam, you have 'no suspicion, that I am capable—'

*Cl.* 'Be not displeased with me, Captain Tomlinson. I have told you, that 'I am not of a suspicious temper. Excuse me for the sake of my sincerity. 'There is not, I will be bold to say, a 'sincerer heart in the world, than her's 'before you.'

She took out her handkerchief, and put it to her eyes.

I was going, at that instant, after her example, to vouch for the honesty of *my* heart; but my conscience *Mennelled* upon me; and would not suffer the meditated vow to pass my lips.—'A deviliſh thing,' thought I, 'for a man to be so little himself, when he has the most occasion for 'himself!'

The villain Tomlinson looked at me with a rueful face, as if he begged leave to cry for company. It might have been as well, if he *had* cried. A feeling heart, or the tokens of it given by a sensible eye, are very reputable things, when kept in countenance by the occasion.

And here let me fairly own to thee, that twenty times in this trying conversation I said to myself, that could I have thought, that I should have had all this trouble, and incurred all this guilt, I would have been honest at first. But why, Jack, is this dear creature so lovely; yet so invincible?—Ever heardst thou before, that the sweets of May blossomed in December?

*Capt.* 'Be pleaſed—be pleaſed, Madam—if you have doubts of my honour—'

A whining varlet! He ſhould have been quite angry—For what gave I him the nod-poſitive? He ſhould have ſtalked again to the window, as for his whip and hat.

*Cl.* 'I am only making ſuch obſervations as my youth, my inexperience, and my preſent unhappy circumſtances, ſuggeſt to me—A worthy heart (ſuch, I hope, is Captain Tomlinſon's) need not fear an examination—need not fear being looked into—Whatever doubts *that* man, who has been the *cauſe of my errors*, and, as my ſevere father imprecated, *the puniſher of the errors he has cauſed*, might have had of me, or of my honour, I would have forgiven him for them, if he had fairly propoſed them to me: for ſome doubts perhaps *ſuch a man* might have of the future conduct of a creature whom he could induce to correſpond with him againſt *parental prohibition*, and againſt the *lights which her own judgment threw in upon her*: and if he had propounded them to me like a man and a gentleman, I would have been glad of the opportunity given me to clear my intentions, and to have ſhewn myſelf entitled to his good opinion—And I hope *you*, Sir—'

*Capt.* 'I am ready to hear all your doubts, Madam, and to clear them up.'

*Cl.* 'I will only put it, Sir, to your conſcience and honour—'

The dog ſat uneaſy: he ſhuffled with his feet: her eye was upon him: he was therefore, after the rebuff he had met with, afraid to look at me for my motions; and now turned his eyes towards me, then from me, as if he would *unlook* his own looks.

*Cl.* 'That all is true, that you have written, and that you have told me?'

I gave him a right-forward nod, and a frown—as much as to ſay, '*Swear to it, captain.*' But the varlet did not round it off as I would have had him. However, he averred that it was.

He had hoped, he ſaid, that the circumſtances with which his commiſſion was attended, and what he had communicated to her, *which he could not know but from his dear friend her uncle*, might have ſhielded him even from the *ſhadow* of ſuſpicion—'But I am contented,' ſaid he, ſtammering, 'to be thought—to be thought—what—what you pleaſe to think me—till—till you are ſatisfied—'

A whore's-bird!

*Cl.* 'The circumſtances you refer to, I muſt own, *ought* to ſhield you, Sir, from ſuſpicion—But the man before you is a man that would make an angel ſuſpected, ſhould that angel plead for him.'

I came forward—Traverſed the room—Was indeed in a bloody paſſion—'I have no patience, Madam!'—And again I bit my unperſuaſive lip.

*Cl.* 'No man ought to be impatient at imputations he is not aſhamed to deſerve. An innocent man *will not* be outrageous upon ſuch imputations. A guilty man *ought not.*' [Moſt excellently would this charming creature cap ſentences with Lord M.!] 'But I am not now trying you, Sir,' [to me] 'on the foot of your *merits*. I am only ſorry, that I am conſtrained to put queſtions to this *worthier* gentleman,' [*Worthier* gentleman, Jack!] 'which perhaps I ought not to put, ſo far as they regard *himſelf.*—And I hope, Captain Tomlinſon, that you, who know not Mr. Lovelace ſo well, as, to my unhappineſs, I do, and who have children of your own, will excuſe a poor young creature, who is deprived of all worldly protection, and who has been inſulted and endangered by the moſt *deſigning man in the world*, and perhaps *by a confederacy of his creatures.*'

There ſhe ſtopt; and ſtood up, and looked at me; fear, nevertheleſs, apparently mingled with her anger. And ſo it ought. I was glad, however, of this poor ſign of love—No one fears whom they value not.

'*Women's tongues were licenſed,*' I was going to ſay—But my conſcience would not let me call her a *woman*; nor uſe to her ſo vulgar a phraſe. I could only rave by my motions; lift up my eyes, ſpread my hands, rub my face, pull my wig, and look like a fool. Indeed, I had a great mind to run mad. Had I been alone with her, I would; and ſhe ſhould have taken conſequences.

The captain interpoſed in my behalf; gently, however, and as a man not quite ſure that he was himſelf acquitted. Some of the pleas we had both inſiſted on, he again enforced—And, ſpeaking low—'Poor gentleman!' ſaid he, 'who can but pity him!—Indeed, Madam, it is eaſy to ſee, with all his failings, the power you have over him!'

*Cl.* 'I have no pleaſure, Sir, in diſtreſſing any one—Not even *him*, who has ſo much diſtreſſed *me.*—But, Sir, when I THINK, and when I ſee him before me, I cannot command my temper!

'per!—Indeed, indeed, Captain Tomlinſon, Mr. Lovelace *has not acted by me* either as a grateful, or a generous man; nor even as a *prudent* one!—He knows not, as I told him yeſterday, the value of the heart he has inſulted!'

There the angel ſtopt; her handkerchief at her eyes.

O Belford, Belford! that ſhe ſhould ſo greatly excel, as to make me, at times, appear as a villain in my own eyes!

I beſought her pardon. I promiſed, that it ſhould be the ſtudy of my whole life to deſerve it. My faults, I ſaid, *whatever* they had been, were rather faults in her *apprehenſion*, than in *fact*. I beſought her to give way to the expedient I had hit upon—I repeated it. The captain enforced it, for her uncle's ſake. I once more, for the ſake of the general reconciliation; for the ſake of all my family; for the ſake of preventing further miſchief.

She wept. She ſeemed ſtaggered in her reſolution—She turned from me. I mentioned the letter of Lord M. I beſought her to reſign to Lady Betty's mediation all our differences, if ſhe would not forgive me *before* ſhe ſaw her.

She turned towards me—She was going to ſpeak; but her heart was full—And again ſhe turned away her face—Then, half-turning it to me, her handkerchief at her eyes—'And do you *really* 'and *indeed* expect Lady Betty and Miſs 'Montague?—And do you—' Again ſhe ſtopt.

I anſwered in a ſolemn manner.

She turned from me her whole face, and pauſed, and ſeemed to conſider. But, in a paſſionate accent, again turning towards me, [O how difficult, Jack, for a Harlowe ſpirit to forgive!]—'Let 'her ladyſhip come, if ſhe pleaſes.' ſaid ſhe—'I cannot, cannot wiſh to *ſee* her '—And if I did ſee her, and ſhe were 'to plead for you, I cannot wiſh to *hear* 'her!—The more I *think*, the leſs I can 'forgive an attempt, that I am convinc'ed was intended to *deſtroy* me.' [A plaguy ſtrong word for the occaſion, ſuppoſing ſhe was right!] 'What has my 'conduct been, that an inſult of *ſuch* a 'nature ſhould be offered to me, as it 'would be a *weakneſs* in me to forgive? 'I am ſunk in my own eyes!—And how 'can I receive a viſit that muſt depreſs 'me more?'

The captain urged her in my favour with greater earneſtneſs than before. We both even clamoured, as I may ſay, for mercy and forgiveneſs. [Didſt thou never hear the good folks talk of taking Heaven by ſtorm?]—Contrition repeatedly avowed—A total reformation promiſed—The happy expedient again urged.

*Cl.* 'I have taken my meaſures. I 'have gone too far to recede, or to *wiſh* 'to recede. My mind is prepared for 'adverſity. That I have not *deſerved* 'the evils I have met with, is my conſolation.—I have written to Miſs Howe 'what my intentions are. My heart is 'not *with* you—It is *againſt* you, Mr. 'Lovelace. I had not written to you as 'I did in the letter I left behind me, had 'I not reſolved, whatever became of me, 'to renounce you for ever.'

I was full of hope now. Severe as her expreſſions were, I ſaw ſhe was afraid that I ſhould think of what ſhe had written. And, indeed, her letter is violence itſelf. *Angry people, Jack, ſhould never write while their paſſion holds.*

*Lovel.* 'The ſeverity you have ſhewn 'me, Madam, whether by pen or by 'ſpeech, ſhall never have place in my 'remembrance, but for your *honour*. In 'the light you have taken things, all is 'deſerved, and but the natural reſult 'of virtuous reſentment; and I adore 'you, even for the pangs you have given 'me.'

She was ſilent. She had employment enough with her handkerchief at her eyes.

*Lovel.* 'You lament ſometimes, that 'you have no friends of your own ſex to 'conſult with. Miſs Rawlins, I muſt 'confeſs, is too inquiſitive to be confid'ed in.' [I liked not, thou mayeſt think, her appeal to Miſs Rawlins.] 'She *may* 'mean well. But I never in my life knew 'a perſon who was fond of prying into 'the ſecrets of others, that was fit to be 'truſted. The curioſity of ſuch is go'verned by pride, which is not grati'fied but by whiſpering about a ſecret 'till it becomes publick, in order to 'ſhew either their conſequence, or their 'ſagacity. It is ſo in every caſe. What 'man or woman, who is *covetous* of *power*, 'or of *wealth*, is covetous of either, for 'the ſake of making a right uſe of it?—'But in the ladies of my family you *may* 'confide. It is their ambition to think 'of you, as one of themſelves. Renew 'but your conſent to paſs *to the world*, 'for the ſake of your uncle's expedient, 'and for the prevention of miſchief, as 'a lady ſome time married. Lady Betty 'may be acquainted with the naked 'truth; and you may *(as ſhe hopes you 'will)* accompany her to her ſeat; and, 'if it *muſt* be ſo, conſider me as in a ſtate

'of penitence or probation, to be accepted or rejected, as I may appear to 'deſerve.'

The captain again clapt his hands on his breaſt, and delared upon his honour, that this was a propoſal, that were the caſe that of his own daughter, and ſhe were not reſolved upon *immediate* marriage, (which yet he thought by far the more elegible choice) he ſhould be very much concerned, were ſhe to refuſe it.

*Cl.* 'Were I with Mr. Lovelace's re'lations, and to paſs as his wife to the 'world, I could not have any choice. 'And how could he be then in a ſtate of 'probation?—O, Mr. Tomlinſon, you 'are too much his *friend* to ſee into his 'drift.'

'*Capt.* 'His friend, Madam, as I ſaid 'before, as I am *yours* and your *uncle's*, 'for the ſake of a general reconciliation, 'which muſt begin with a better under'ſtanding between yourſelves.'

*Lovel.* 'Only, my deareſt life, reſolve 'to attend the arrival and viſit of Lady 'Betty; and permit her to arbitrate 'between us.'

*Capt.* 'There can be no harm in *that*, 'Madam. You can ſuffer no inconve'nience from *that*. If Mr. Lovelace's 'offence be ſuch, that a woman of La'dy Betty's character judges it to be 'unpardonable, why then—'

*Cl.* [Interrupting; and to me] 'If I 'am not invaded by you, Sir—If I am '(as I ought to be) my own miſtreſs, I 'think to ſtay here in this *honeſt houſe*' [And then had I an *eye-beam*, as the captain calls it, flaſhed at me] 'till I 'receive a letter from Miſs Howe. 'That, I hope, will be in a day or two. 'If in that time the ladies come whom 'you expect, and if they are deſirous to 'ſee the creature whom you have made 'unhappy, I ſhall know whether I can 'or cannot receive their viſit.'

She turned ſhort to the door, and retiring went up ſtairs to her chamber.

O Sir,' ſaid the captain, as ſoon as ſhe was gone, 'what an angel of a wo'man is this! I *have been*, and I *am*, a 'very wicked man. But if any-thing 'ſhould happen amiſs to this admirable 'lady, through *my* means, I ſhall have 'more cauſe for ſelf-reproach, than for 'all the bad actions of my life put toge'ther.'

And his eyes gliſtened.

'Nothing can happen amiſs, thou 'ſorrowful dog!—What *can* happen 'amiſs?—Are we to form our opinion 'of things by the romantick notions of 'a girl, who ſuppoſes *that* to be the 'greateſt which is the ſlighteſt of evils? 'Have I not told thee our whole ſtory? 'Has ſhe not broken her promiſe? Did 'I not generouſly ſpare her, when in 'my power? I was decent, though I 'had her at ſuch advantage. Greater 'liberties have I taken with girls of 'character at a common romping-bout, 'and all has been laughed off, and hand'kerchief and headcloths adjuſted, and 'petticoats ſhaken to rights, in my pre'ſence. Never man, in the like cir'cumſtances, and reſolved as I was re'ſolved, goaded on as I was goaded on, 'as well by her own ſex, as by the im'pulſes of a violent paſſion, was ever 'ſo decent. Yet what mercy does ſhe 'ſhew me?

Now, Jack, this pitiful dog was ſuch another unfortunate one as thyſelf—His arguments ſerving to confirm me in the very purpoſe he brought them to prevail upon me to give up. Had he left me to myſelf, to the tenderneſs of my own nature, moved as I was when the lady withdrew; and had he ſat down, and made odious faces, and ſaid nothing; it is very poſſible, that I ſhould have taken the chair over-againſt him which ſhe had quitted; and have cried and blubbered with him for half an hour together. But the varlet to *argue* with me!—To pretend to *convince* a man, who knows in his heart that he is doing a wrong thing! He muſt needs think, that this would put me upon trying what I could ſay for myſelf; and when the excited compunction can be carried from the *heart* to the *lips*, it muſt evaporate in words.

Thou perhaps, in this place, wouldſt have urged the ſame plea that he urged. What I anſwered to him therefore may do for thee, and ſpare *thee* the trouble of writing, and *me* of reading, a good deal of nonſenſe.

*Capt.* 'You were pleaſed to tell me, 'Sir, that you only propoſed *to try her* 'virtue; and that you believed you 'ſhould actually marry her.'

*Lovel.* 'So I ſhall, and cannot help 'it. I have no doubt but I ſhall. And 'as to *trying* her, is ſhe not now in the 'height of her trial? Have I not reaſon 'to think that ſhe is coming about? Is 'ſhe not now yielding up her reſent'ment for an attempt which ſhe thinks 'ſhe ought *not* to forgive?—And if ſhe 'do, may ſhe not forgive the *laſt at*'*tempt*?—Can ſhe, in a word, reſent '*that* more than ſhe does *this*?—Women 'often, for their own ſakes, will keep 'the *laſt ſecret*; but will oſtentatiouſly

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'din the ears of gods and men with their 'clamours upon a ſucceſsleſs offer. It 'was my folly, my weakneſs, that I gave 'her not more cauſe for this her unſpar-'ing violence!'

*Capt.* 'O Sir, you will never be able 'to ſubdue this lady without force.'

*Lovel.* 'Well then, puppy, muſt I not 'endeavour to find a proper time and 'place—'

*Capt.* 'Forgive me, Sir! But can you 'think of force to ſuch a fine creature?'

*Lovel.* 'Force, indeed, I abhor the 'thought of; and for what thinkeſt thou, 'have I taken all the pains I have taken, 'and engaged ſo many perſons in my 'cauſe, but to avoid the neceſſity of *vi-'olent* compulſion? But yet, imagineſt 'thou that I expect *direct conſent* from 'ſuch a lover of forms as this lady is 'known to be! Let me tell thee, M'Do-'nald, that thy maſter Belford has urg-'ed on thy ſide of the queſtion all that 'thou canſt urge. Muſt I have every 'ſorry fellow's conſcience to pacify, as 'well as my own?—By my ſoul, Pa-'trick, ſhe has a friend *here*' [clapping my hand on my breaſt] 'that pleads for 'her with greater and more irreſiſtible 'eloquence, than all the men in the 'world can plead for her. And had ſhe 'not *eſcaped me?*—And yet how have I 'anſwered the firſt deſign of trying her, 'and in *her* the virtue of the moſt vir-'tuous of the ſex?—Perſeverance, man? 'Perſeverance—What wouldſt thou 'have me decline a trial that may make 'for the honour of a ſex we all ſo dearly 'love?'

'Then, Sir, you have no thoughts—'no thoughts—' [looking ſtill more ſor-'rowfully] 'of marrying this wonder-'ful lady?'

'Yes, yes, Patrick, but I have. But 'let me, firſt, to gratify *my* pride, bring 'down *hers*. Let me ſee, that ſhe loves 'me well enough to forgive me for my '*own* ſake. Has ſhe not heretofore la-'mented, that ſhe ſtaid not in her fa-'ther's houſe, though the conſequence 'muſt have been, if ſhe *had*, that ſhe 'muſt have been the wife of the odious 'Solmes? If now ſhe be brought to 'conſent to be mine, ſeeſt thou not 'that the *reconciliation* with her *deteſted* 'relations is the *inducement*, as it *always* 'was, and not *love* of *me?*—Neither her 'virtue nor her love can be eſtabliſhed 'but upon full trial; the *laſt* trial—But 'if her reſiſtance and reſentment be 'ſuch as hitherto I have reaſon to ex-'pect they will be, and if I find in that 'reſentment leſs of hatred of *me*, than of the *fact*, then ſhall ſhe be mine in her 'own way. Then, hateful as is the '*life of ſhackles* to me, will I *marry her.*'

'Well, Sir, I can only ſay, that I am 'dough in your hands, to be moulded 'into what ſhape you pleaſe. But if, as 'I ſaid before—'

'None of thy *ſaids before*, Patrick. 'I remember all thou ſaidſt—And I 'know all thou canſt *further* ſay—Thou 'art only, Pontius Pilate like, waſhing 'thine own hands (don't I know thee?) 'that thou mayſt have ſomething to 'ſilence thy conſcience with by loading 'me. But we have gone too far to re-'cede. Are not all our engines in rea-'dineſs?—Dry up thy ſorrowful eyes. 'Let unconcern and heart's eaſe once 'more take poſſeſſion of thy ſolemn 'features. Thou haſt hitherto per-'formed extremely well. Shame not 'thy *paſt* by thy *future* behaviour; and 'a rich reward awaits thee. It thou *art* 'dough, *be* dough;' and I ſlap'd him on the ſhoulder—'Reſume but thy former 'ſhape—And I'll be anſwerable for the 'event.'

He bowed aſſent and compliance: went to the glaſs; and began to untwiſt and unſadden his features: pull'd his wig right, as if that, as well as his head and heart, had been diſcompoſed by his compunction; and once more be-came old Lucifer's and mine.

But didſt thou think, Jack, that there was ſo much—What-ſhall-I-call-it?—In this Tomlinſon? Didſt thou imagine, that ſuch a fellow as that had bowels? That nature ſo long dead and buried in him, as to all human effects, ſhould thus revive and exert itſelf?—Yet why do I aſk this queſtion of thee, who, to my equal ſurprize, haſt ſhewn, on the ſame occaſion, the like compaſſionate ſenſibilities?

As to Tomlinſon, it looks as if po-verty had made him the wicked fellow *he* is; as plenty and wantonneſs have made us what *we* are. *Neceſſity*, after all, is the teſt of principle. But what is there in this dull word, or thing, called HONESTY, that even I, who cannot in my preſent views be ſerved by it, cannot help thinking even the accidental ema-nations of it amiable in Tomlinſon, though demonſtrated in a *female caſe*; and judging *better of him* for being capa-ble of ſuch?

## LETTER XX.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

THIS debate between the captain and me was hardly over, when the three

three women, led by Miſs Rawlins, entered, hoping no intruſion—But very deſirous, the maiden ſaid, to know if we were likely to accommodate.

'O yes, I hope ſo. You know ladies, that your ſex muſt in theſe caſes, 'preſerve their forms. They muſt be 'courted to comply with their own happineſs. A lucky expedient we have 'hit upon. The uncle has his doubts 'of our marriage. He cannot believe, 'nor will any-body, that it is poſſible 'that a man ſo much in love—the lady 'ſo deſirable—'

They all took the hint—It was a very extraordinary caſe, the two widows allowed. Women, Jack, [as I believe I have obſerved elſewhere] have a high opinion of what they can do for us.—Miſs Rawlins deſired me, if I pleaſed, to let them know the expedient; and looked as if there was no need to proceed in the reſt of my ſpeech.

I begged, that they would not let the lady know I had told them what this expedient was; and they ſhould hear it.

They promiſed.

It was this: that to oblige and ſatisfy Mr. Harlowe, the ceremony was to be *again performed*. He was to be *privately preſent*, and to give his niece to me with his own hands—And ſhe was retired to conſider of it.

Thou ſeeſt, Jack, that I have provided an excuſe, to ſave my veracity to the women here, in caſe I ſhould incline to marriage, and ſhe would chuſe to have Miſs Rawlins's aſſiſtance at the ceremony. Nor doubted I to bring my fair-one to ſave my credit on this occaſion, if I could get her to conſent to be mine.

'A charming expedient!' cried the widow. They were all three ready to clap their hands for joy upon it. Women love to be married twice at leaſt, Jack; though not indeed to the *ſame man*. And all bleſſed the reconciliatory ſcheme, and the propoſer of it; and, ſuppoſing it came from the captain, they looked at him with pleaſure, while his face ſhined with the applauſe implied. He ſhould think himſelf very happy, if he could bring about a general reconciliation; and he flourithed with his head like my man Will, on his victory over old Grimes; bridling by turns, like Miſs Rawlins in the height of a prudiſh fit.

But now it was time for the captain to think of returning to town, having a great deal of buſineſs to diſpatch before morning: nor was he certain that he ſhould again be able to attend us at Hampſtead before he went home.

And yet, as every-thing was drawing towards a criſis, I did not intend that he ſhould leave Hampſtead this night.

A meſſage to the above effect was carried up, at my deſire, by Mrs. Moore; with the captain's compliments, and to know if ſhe had any commands for him to her uncle?

But I hinted to the women, that it would be proper for them to withdraw, if the lady did come down; leſt ſhe ſhould not care to be ſo free before *them* on a propoſal ſo particular, as ſhe would be to *us*, who had offered it to her conſideration.

Mrs. Moore brought down word, that the lady was following her. They all three withdrew; and ſhe entered at one door, as they went out at the other.

The captain accoſted her, repeating the contents of the meſſage ſent up; and deſired ſhe would give him her commands in relation to the report he was to make to her uncle Harlowe.

'I know not what to ſay, Sir, nor 'what I would have *you* to ſay, to my 'uncle—Perhaps you may have buſineſs 'in town—Perhaps you need not ſee my 'uncle, till I have heard from Miſs 'Howe; till after lady Betty—I don't 'know what to ſay.'

I implored the return of that value, which ſhe had ſo generouſly acknowledged once to have had for me. I preſumed, I ſaid, to flatter myſelf that Lady Betty, in her own perſon, and in the name of all my family, would be able, on my promiſed reformation and contrition, to prevail in my favour, eſpecially as our proſpects in other reſpects with regard to the general reconciliation wiſhed for were ſo happy. 'But let 'me owe to *your own generoſity*, my 'deareſt creature,' ſaid I, 'rather than 'to the mediation of *any perſon on earth*, 'the forgiveneſs I am an humble ſuitor 'for. How much more agreeable to '*yourſelf*, O beſt beloved of my ſoul, 'muſt it be, as well as *obliging to me*, that 'your firſt perſonal knowledge of my 'relations, and theirs of you, (for they 'will not be denied attending you) 'ſhould not be begun in recriminations, 'in appeals! As Lady Betty will be 'here ſoon, it will not perhaps be poſ-'ſible for you to receive her viſit with 'a brow abſolutely ſerene. But deareſt, 'deareſt creature, I beſeech you, let 'the miſunderſtanding paſs as a flight 'one—As a miſunderſtanding cleared 'up. Appeals give pride and ſuperi-

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'ority to the perſons appealed to, and 'are apt to leſſen the appellant, not only 'in their eye, but in her own. Exalt 'not into judges thoſe who are prepar-'ed to take leſſons and inſtructions from 'you. The individuals of my family 'are as proud as I am ſaid to be. But 'they will cheerfully reſign to your ſu-'periority—You will be the firſt woman 'of the family in every-one's eyes.'

This might have done with any other woman in the world but *this*; and yet ſhe is the only woman in the world of whom it may with truth be ſaid. But thus, angrily, did ſhe diſclaim the compliment.

'Yes, indeed!'—[And there ſhe ſtopt a moment, her ſweet boſom heaving with a noble diſdain]—'Cheated out of 'myſelf from the very firſt!—A fugi-'tive from my own family! Renounced 'by my relations! Inſulted by you!—'—Laying humble claim to the pro-'tection of yours!—Is not this the light 'in which I muſt appear not only to 'the ladies of your family, but to all 'the world?—Think you, Sir, that in 'theſe circumſtances, or even had I 'been in the *happieſt*, that I could be af-'fected by this plea of undeſerved ſu-'periority?—You are a ſtranger to the 'mind of Clariſſa Harlowe, if you think 'her capable of ſo poor and ſo *undue* a 'pride!'

She went from us to the further end of the room.

The captain was again affected—'Excellent creature!' I called her; and, reverently approaching her, urged further the plea I had laſt made.

'It is but lately,' ſaid I, 'that the 'opinions of my relations have been 'more than indifferent to me, whether 'good or bad; and it is for *your* ſake, 'more than *my own*, that I now wiſh to 'ſtand well with my whole family. 'The principal motive of Lady Betty's 'coming up, is to purchaſe preſents for 'the whole family to make on the hap-'py occaſion.

'This conſideration,' turning to the captain, 'with ſo noble-minded a dear 'creature, I know, can have no weight; 'only as it will ſhew their value and re-'ſpect. But what a damp would their 'worthy hearts receive, were they to 'find their admired new niece as they 'now think her, not only *not* their niece, 'but capable of renouncing me for ever! 'They love me: They *all* love me. I 'have been guilty of carleſſneſs and le-'vity to them, indeed; but of careleſſ-'neſs and levity only; and *that* owing 'to a pride that has ſet me above mean-'neſs, though it has not done every-'thing for me.

'My whole family will be guarantees 'for my good behaviour to this dear 'creature, their niece, their daughter, 'their couſin, their friend, their choſen 'companion and directreſs, all in one. '—Upon my ſoul, captain, we *may*, we '*muſt* be happy.

'But, deareſt, deareſt creature, let 'me on my knees,' [And down I dropt, her face all the time turned half from me, as ſhe ſtood at the window, her handkerchief often at her eyes] 'on my 'knees, let me plead your *promiſed* for-'giveneſs; and let us not appear to 'them, on their viſit, thus unhappy 'with each other. Lady Betty, the next 'hour that ſhe ſees you, will write her 'opinion of you, and of the likelihood 'of our future happineſs, to Lady Sarah 'her ſiſter, a weak-ſpirited woman, 'who now hopes to ſupply to herſelf, 'in my bride, the loſt daughter ſhe ſtill 'mourns for!'

The captain then joined in, and re-urged her uncle's hopes and expectations, and his reſolution effectually to ſet about the general reconciliation; the miſchief that might be prevented; and the certainty that there was, that her uncle might be prevailed upon to give her to me with his own hand, if ſhe made it her choice to wait for his coming up. But, for his own part, he humbly adviſed, and fervently preſſed her to make the very next day, or Monday at fartheſt, my happy day.

'Permit me, deareſt lady,' ſaid he, 'and I could kneel to you myſelf.' [Bending his knee] 'though I have no 'intereſt in my earneſtneſs, but the 'pleaſure I ſhould have to be able to 'ſerve you all; to beſeech you to give 'me an opportunity to aſſure your un-'cle, that I myſelf ſaw with my own 'eyes the happy knot tied!—All miſun-'derſtandings, all doubts, all diffidences, 'will then be at an end.'

'And what, Madam,' rejoined I, ſtill kneeling, 'can there be in your new 'meaſures, be they what they will, that 'can ſo happily, ſo *reputably*, I will pre-'ſume to ſay, for all round, obviate the 'preſent difficulties?'

'Miſs Howe herſelf, if ſhe love you, 'and if ſhe love your fame, Madam,' urged the captain, his knee ſtill bent, 'muſt congratulate you on ſuch a happy 'concluſion.'

Then turning her face, ſhe ſaw the captain half-kneeling—'O, Sir! O, 'Captain

'Captain Tomlinſon!—Why this *undue* 'condeſcenſion?' extending her hand to his elbow, to raiſe him. 'I cannot 'bear this!'—Then caſting her eye on me, 'Riſe, Mr. Lovelace—Kneel not to 'the poor creature whom you have inſulted!—How cruel the occaſion for 'it!—And how mean the ſubmiſſion!'

'Not mean to ſuch an angel!—Nor 'can I riſe, but to be forgiven!'

The captain then re-urged once more the day—He was amazed, he ſaid, if ſhe ever valued me—

'O, Captain Tomlinſon,' interrupted ſhe, 'how much are you the friend of 'this man!—*If I had never valued him, he 'never would have had it in his power to 'inſult me*; nor could I, if I had never 'regarded him, have *taken to heart as I 'do* the inſult (execrable as it was) ſo 'undeſervedly, ſo ungratefully given—'But let him retire—For a moment let 'him retire.'

I was more than half afraid to truſt the captain by himſelf with her. He gave me a ſign that I might depend upon him. And then I took out of my pocket his letter to me, and Lady Betty's, and Miſs Montague's, and Lord M.'s letters; (which laſt ſhe had not then ſeen) and giving them to him, 'Procure for me, in the firſt place, Mr. 'Tomlinſon, a re-peruſal of theſe three 'letters; and of *this* from Lord M.—'And I beſeech you, my deareſt life, 'give them due conſideration: and let 'me on my return find the happy ef'fects of that conſideration.'

I then withdrew; with ſlow feet, however, and a miſgiving heart.

The captain inſiſted upon this re-peruſal previouſly to what he had to ſay to him, as he tells me. She complied, but with ſome difficulty; as if ſhe was *afraid* of being *ſoftened in my favour*.

She lamented her unhappy ſituation; deſtitute of friends, and not knowing whither to go, or what to do. She aſked queſtions, *ſifting queſtions*, about her uncle, about her family, and after what he knew of Mr. Hickman's fruitleſs application in her favour.

He was well prepared in this particular; for I had ſhewn him the letters and extracts of letters of Miſs Howe, which I had ſo happily come at. Might ſhe be aſſured, ſhe aſked him, that her brother, with Singleton, and Solmes, were actually in queſt of her?

He averred that they were.

She aſked, If he thought I had hopes of prevailing on her to go back to town?

He was ſure I had not.

Was he really of opinion, that Lady Betty would pay her a viſit?

He had no doubt of it.

'But, Sir; but, Captain Tomlinſon '—' [Impatiently turning from him, and again to him] 'I know not what to 'do—But were I *your* daughter, Sir—'Were *you* my own father—Alas! Sir, 'I have neither father nor mother!'

He turned from her, and wiped his eyes.

'O Sir! you have humanity!' [She wept too.] 'There are ſome men in 'the world, thank Heaven, that *can* be 'moved. O, Sir, I have met with 'hard-hearted men—in my own family 'too—or I could not have been ſo un'happy as I am—But I make every'body unhappy!'

His eyes no doubt ran over.

'Deareſt Madam! Heavenly lady!—'Who can—who can—' heſitated and blubbered the dog, as he owned. And indeed I heard ſome part of what paſſed, though *they both* talked lower than I wiſhed; for, from the nature of *their* converſation, there was no room for altitudes.

THEM, and BOTH, and THEY!—How it goes againſt me to include this angel of a creature, and any man on earth but myſelf, in *one* word!

*Capt.* 'Who can forbear being af'fected?—But, Madam, you *can* be no 'other man's.'

*Cl.* 'Nor would I be. But he is ſo 'ſunk with me!—To fire the houſe!—'An artifice ſo vile!—contrived for the 'worſt of purpoſes!—Would you have 'a daughter of yours—But what would 'I ſay?—Yet you ſee, that I have no'body in whom I can confide!—Mr. 'Lovelace is a vindictive man!—He 'could not love the creature whom he 'could inſult as he has inſulted me!'

She pauſed. And then reſuming—'In ſhort, I never, never can forgive '*him*, nor he *me*.—Do you think, Sir, I 'would have gone ſo far as I have gone, 'if I had intended ever to draw with 'him in one yoke?—I left behind me '*ſuch* a letter—'

'You know, Madam, he has acknow'ledged the juſtice of your reſentment.'

'O Sir, he can acknowledge, and he 'can retract, fifty times a day—But do 'not think I am trifling with myſelf and 'you, and want to be *perſuaded* to for'give him, and to be *his*. There is not 'a creature of my ſex, who would have 'been *more explicit*, and *more frank*, than 'I would have been, from the moment 'I *intended* to be his, had I had a heart

'like

'like *my own* to deal with. I was always 'above reserve, Sir, I will presume to 'say, where I had no cause of doubt. 'Mr. Lovelace's conduct has made me 'appear, perhaps, *over-nice*, when my 'heart wanted to be *encouraged* and '*assured*; and when, if it had been so, 'my whole behaviour would have been 'governed by it.'

She stopt; her handkerchief at her eyes.

I enquired after the minutest part of her behaviour, as well as after her words. I love, thou knowest, to trace human nature, and more particularly female nature, through it's most secret recesses.

The pitiful fellow was lost in silent admiration of her. And thus the noble creature proceeded.

'It is the fate in unequal unions, that 'tolerable creatures, through them, 'frequently incur censure, when more 'happily yoked, they might be entitled 'to praise. And shall I not shun a union with a man, that might lead into 'errors a creature who flatters herself 'that she is blest with an inclination to 'be good; and who wishes to make 'every-one happy with whom she has 'any connection, even to her very ser-'vants?'

She paused, taking a turn about the room—the fellow, devil fetch him, a mummy all the time: then proceeded.

'Formerly, indeed, I hoped to be an 'humble means of reforming him. But, 'when I have *no such hope*, is it right '[You are a serious man, Sir] to make 'a venture that shall endanger *my own* '*morals*?'

Still silent was the varlet. If my advocate had nothing to say for me, what hope of carrying my cause?

'And now, Sir, what is the result of 'all?—It is this—That you will en-'deavour, if you have that influence 'over him which a man of your sense 'and experience ought to have, to pre-'vail upon him, and that for *his own* 'sake, as well as for *mine*, to leave me 'free to pursue my own destiny. And 'of this you may assure him, that I ne-'ver will be any other man's.'

'Impossible, Madam! I know that 'Mr. Lovelace would not hear me with 'patience on such a topick. And I do 'assure you, that I have *some spirit*, and 'should not care to take an indignity 'from him, or from any man living.'

She paused—Then resuming—'And 'think you, Sir, that my uncle will refuse 'to receive a letter from me?' [*How averse, 'Jack, to concede a tittle in my favour!*]

'I know, Madam, as matters are cir-'cumstanced, that he would not *an-'swer* it. If you please, I will carry 'one down from you.'

'And will he not pursue his inten-'tions in *my* favour, nor be himself re-'conciled to me, except I am married?'

'From what your brother gives out, 'and affects to believe, on Mr. Love-'lace's living with you in the same—'

'No more, Sir—I am an unhappy 'creature!'

He then re-urged, that it would be in her power instantly, or on the morrow, to put an end to all her difficulties.

'How can that *be?*' said she: 'the 'licence *still* to be obtained? The set-'tlements *still* to be signed? Miss 'Howe's answer to my last *unreceived?*— 'And shall I, Sir, be in such a HURRY, 'as if I thought my *honour in danger if I* '*delayed?* Yet *marry* the man from whom 'only it *can* be endangered!—Unhappy, 'thrice unhappy, Clarissa Harlowe!— 'In how many difficulties has one rash 'step involved thee!'—And she turned from him, and wept.

The varlet, by way of comfort, wept too: yet her tears, as he might have observed, were tears that indicated rather a *yielding* than a *perverse* temper.

There is a sort of stone, thou knowest, so soft in the quarry, that it may in a manner be cut with a knife; but if the opportunity be not taken, and it is exposed to the air for any time, it will become as hard as marble, and then with difficulty it yields to the chissel. So this lady, not taken at the moment, after a turn or two cross the room, gained more resolution; and then she declared, as she had done once before, that she would wait the issue of Miss Howe's answer to the letter she had sent her from hence, and take her measures accordingly—leaving it to him, 'mean time, to make what report he thought fit, to her uncle—the kindest that *truth* could bear, she doubted not from Captain Tomlinson: and she should be glad of a few lines from him, to hear what *that* was.

She wished him a good journey. She complained of her head; and was about to withdraw: but I stept round to the door next the stairs, as if I had but just come in from the garden, (which, as I entered, I called a very pretty one) and took her reluctant hand, as she was going out. 'My dearest life, you are not 'going?—What hopes, captain?—Have 'you not some hopes to give me of 'pardon and reconciliation?'

She said, She would not be detained.

But I would not let her go, till she had promised to return, when the captain had reported to me what her resolution was.

And when he had, I sent up, and claimed her promise; and she came down again, and repeated, (as what she was determined upon) that she would wait for Miss Howe's answer to the letter she had written to her, and take her measures according to it's contents.

I expostulated with her upon it, in the most submissive and earnest manner. She made it necessary for me to repeat many of the pleas I had before urged: the captain seconded me with equal earnestness. At last, each fell down on our knees before her.

She was distressed. I was afraid at one time she would have fainted. Yet neither of us would rise without some concessions. I pleaded my own sake; the captain, his dear friend her uncle's; and *both* repleaded, the prevention of future mischief; and the peace and happiness of the two families.

She owned herself unequal to the conflict. She sighed. She sobbed. She wept. She wrung her hands.

I was perfectly eloquent in my vows and protestations. Her tearful eyes were cast down upon me; a glow upon each charming cheek; a visible anguish in every lovely feature—At last, her trembling knees seeming to fail her, she dropt into the next chair; her charming face, as if seeking for a hiding place, (which a mother's bosom would have best supplied) sinking upon her own shoulder.

I forgot at the instant all my vows of revenge. I threw myself at her feet as she sat; and, snatching her hand, pressed it with my lips. I besought Heaven to forgive my past offences, and prosper my future hopes, as I designed honourably and justly by the charmer of my heart, if once she would restore me to her favour. And I thought I felt drops of scalding water [Could they be tears?] trickle down upon my cheeks; while my cheeks, glowing like fire, seemed to scorch up the unwelcome strangers.

I then arose, not doubting of an *implied* pardon in this silent distress. I raised the captain. I whispered him—'By my soul, man, I am in earnest.—'Now talk of reconciliation, of her uncle, of the licence, of settlement.'—And raising my voice, 'If now at last, 'Captain Tomlinson, my angel will give 'me leave to call so great a blessing mine, 'it will be impossible that you should say 'too much to her uncle in praise of my 'gratitude, my affection, and fidelity to 'his charming niece; and he may begin 'as soon as he pleases, his kind schemes 'for effecting the desirable reconciliation!—Nor shall he prescribe any 'terms to me that I will not comply 'with.'

The captain blessed me with his eyes and hands—'Thank God!' whispered he. We approached the lady together.

*Capt.* 'What hinders, dearest Madam, what now hinders, but that 'Lady Betty Lawrance, when she comes, 'may be acquainted with the truth of 'every-thing? And that then she may 'assist privately at your nuptials?—I will 'stay till they are celebrated; and then 'shall go down with the happy tidings 'to my dear Mr. Harlowe. And all will '—all must—soon be happy.'

'I must have an answer from Miss 'Howe,' replied the still trembling fair-one. 'I cannot change my new measures, but with her advice. I will forfeit all my hopes of happiness in this 'world, rather than forfeit her good 'opinion, and that she should think me 'giddy, unsteady, or precipitate. All 'I shall further say on the present subject is this, That, when I have her answer to what I *have* written, I will write 'to her the whole state of the matter, as 'I shall then be enabled to do.'

*Lovel.* 'Then must I despair for ever '—O Captain Tomlinson, Miss Howe 'hates me!—Miss Howe——'

*Capt.* 'Not so, perhaps—When Miss 'Howe knows your concern for having 'offended, she will never advise, that, 'with such prospects of general reconciliation, the hopes of so many considerable persons in both families should 'be frustrated. Some little time, as this 'excellent lady has foreseen and hinted, 'will necessarily be taken up in actually 'procuring the licence, and in perusing 'and signing the settlements. In that 'time Miss Howe's answer may be received; and Lady Betty may arrive; 'and she, no doubt, will have weight 'to dissipate the lady's doubts, and to 'accelerate the day. It shall be my part, 'mean time, to make Mr. Harlowe easy. 'All I fear from delay is, from Mr. 'James Harlowe's quarter; and therefore all must be conducted with prudence and privacy—as your uncle, 'Madam, has proposed.'

She was silent—I rejoiced in her silence. 'The dear creature,' thought I, 'has actually forgiven me in her heart! '—But why will she not lay me under 'obligation to her, by the generosity of

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'an explicit declaration?—And yet, as 'that would not accelerate any-thing, 'while the licence is not in my hands, 'she is the less to be blamed (if I do 'her justice) for taking more time to '*descend*.'

I proposed, as on the morrow night, to go to town; and doubted not to bring the licence up with me on Monday morning. Would she be pleased to assure me, that she would not depart from Mrs. Moore's?

She should stay at Mrs. Moore's till she had an answer from Miss Howe.

I told her, that I hoped I might have her *tacit* consent at least to the obtaining of the licence.

I saw by the turn of her countenance that I should not have asked this question. She was so far from *tacitly* consenting, that she declared to the contrary.

As I never intended, I said, to ask her to enter again into a house, with the people of which she was so much offended, would she be pleased to give orders for her cloaths to be brought up hither? Or should Dorcas attend her for any of her commands on that head?

She desired not ever more to see anybody belonging to that house. She might perhaps get Mrs. Moore or Mrs. Bevis to go thither for her, and take her keys with them.

I doubted not, I said, that Lady Betty would arrive by that time. I hoped she had no objection to my bringing that lady and my cousin Montague up with me?

She was silent.

'To be sure, Mr. Lovelace,' said the captain, 'the lady can have no objecti-'on to this.'

She was still silent. So silence in this case was assent.

Would she be pleased to write to Miss Howe?

'Sir! Sir!' peevishly interrupting—'No more questions—No prescribing to 'me—You will do as you think fit. So 'will I, as I please. I own no obligation to you.—Captain Tomlinson, 'your servant. Recommend me to my 'uncle Harlowe's favour.' And was going.

I took her reluctant hand, and besought her only to promise to meet me early in the morning.

'To what purpose meet you? Have 'you more to say, than has been said? '—I have had enough of vows and protestations, Mr. Lovelace. To what 'purpose should I meet you to-morrow 'morning?'

I repeated my request, and that in the most fervent manner, naming six in the morning.

'You know, that I am always stir-'ring before that hour, at this season 'of the year,' was the half-expressed consent.

She then again recommended herself to her uncle's favour; and withdrew.

And thus, Belford, has she *mended her markets*, as Lord M. would say, and I worsted mine. Miss Howe's next letter is now the hinge on which the fate of both must turn. I shall be absolutely ruined and undone, if I cannot intercept it.

## LETTER XXI.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

SAT. MIDNIGHT.

'NO *rest*,' says a text that I once heard preached upon, '*to the wicked*'—And I cannot close my eyes, (yet only wanted to compound for half an hour in an elbow-chair)—So must scribble on.

I parted with the captain, after another strong debate with him in relation to what is to be the fate of this lady. As the fellow has an excellent head, and would have made an eminent figure in any station of life, had not his early days been tainted with a deep crime, and he detected in it; and as he had the right side of the argument; I had a good deal of difficulty with him; and at last brought myself to promise, that if I could prevail upon her generously to forgive me, and to reinstate me in her favour, I would make it my whole endeavour to get off of my contrivances, as happily as I could, (only that Lady Betty and Charlotte *must come*;) and then, substituting him for her uncle's proxy, take shame to myself, and marry.

But, if I should, Jack, (with the strongest antipathy to the state that ever man had) what a figure shall I make in rakish annals? And can I have taken all this pains for nothing? Or for a wife only, that, however excellent, [and *any* woman, do I think, I could make good, because I could make any woman *fear* as well as *love* me] might have been obtained without the plague I have been at, and much more reputably than with it? And hast thou not seen, that this haughty woman [Forgive me that I call her *haughty!* and a *woman!* Yet is she not haughty?] knows not how to forgive with graciousness? Indeed has not at all forgiven me? But holds my soul in a

*ſuſpence* which has been ſo grievous to her own.

At this ſilent moment, I think, that if I were to purſue my former ſcheme, and reſolve to try whether I cannot make a greater fault ſerve as a ſpunge to wipe out the leſs; and then be forgiven for that; I can juſtify myſelf to *myſelf*; and that, as the fair invincible would ſay, is all in all.

As it is my intention, in all my reflections, to avoid repeating, at leaſt dwelling upon, what I have before written to thee, though the ſtate of the caſe may not have varied; ſo I would have thee to re-conſider the *old* reaſonings, (particularly thoſe contained in my anſwer to thy laſt expoſtulatory nonſenſe;) and add the *new* as they fall from my pen; and then I ſhall think myſelf invincible;—at leaſt, as arguing rake to rake.

I take the gaining of this lady to be eſſential to my happineſs: and is it not natural for *all* men to aim at obtaining whatever they think will make them happy, be the object more or leſs conſiderable in the eyes of others?

As to the manner of endeavouring to obtain her, by falſification of oaths, vows, and the like—Do not the poets of two thouſand years and upwards tell us, that Jupiter laughs at the perjuries of lovers? And let me add to what I have heretofore mentioned on that head, a queſtion or two.

Do not the mothers, the aunts, the grandmothers, the governeſſes of the pretty innocents, always, from their very cradles to riper years, preach to them the deceitfulneſs of men?—That they are not to regard their oaths, vows, promiſes?—What a parcel of ſibbers would all theſe reverend matrons be, if there were not now-and-then a pretty credulous rogue taken in for a juſtification of their preachments, and to ſerve as a beacon lighted up for the benefit of the reſt?

Do we not then ſee, that an honeſt prowling fellow is a neceſſary evil on many accounts? Do we not ſee, that it is highly requiſite that a ſweet girl ſhould be now-and-then drawn aſide by him?—And the more eminent the girl, in the graces of perſon, mind, and fortune, is not the example likely to be the more efficacious?

If theſe *poſtulata* be granted me, who, I pray, can equal my charmer in all theſe? Who therefore ſo fit for an example to the reſt of the ſex?—At worſt, I am entirely within my worthy friend Mandeville's aſſertion, *That private vice are publick benefits.*

Well, then, if this ſweet creature muſt *fall*, as it is called, for the benefit of all the pretty fools of the ſex, ſhe *muſt*; and there's an end of the matter. And what would there have been in it of uncommon or rare, had I not been ſo long about it?—And ſo I diſmiſs all further argumentation and debate upon the queſtion: and I impoſe upon thee, when thou writeſt to me, an eternal ſilence on this head.

*Wafered on as an after-written introduction to the paragraphs which follow, marked with turned commas* [*thus*, ‘]

‘LORD, Jack, what ſhall I do now!—How one evil brings on another!—Dreadful news to tell thee!—While I was meditating a ſimple robbery, here have I (in my own defence indeed) been guilty of murder!—A bloody murder!—So I believe it will prove.—At her laſt gaſp!—Poor impertinent oppoſer! Eternally reſiſting!—Eternally contradicting! There ſhe lies, weltering in her blood! her death's wound have I given her!—But ſhe was a thief, an impoſtor, as well as a tormentor. She had ſtolen my pen.—While I was ſullenly meditating, doubting, as to my future meaſures, ſhe ſtole it; and thus ſhe wrote with it, in a hand exactly like my own; and would have faced me down, that it was really my own hand-writing.

‘But let me reflect, before it be too ‘late. On the manifold perfections of ‘this ever-admirable creature let me ‘reflect. The hand yet is only held up. ‘The blow is not ſtruck. Miſs Howe's ‘next letter may blow thee up. In policy thou ſhouldeſt be now at leaſt honeſt. ‘Thou canſt not live without her. Thou ‘wouldeſt rather marry her than loſe her ‘abſolutely. Thou mayeſt undoubtedly ‘prevail upon her, inflexible as ſhe ‘ſeems to be, for marriage. But if now ‘ſhe find thee a villain, thou mayeſt ‘never more engage her attention, and ‘ſhe perhaps will refuſe and abhor thee.

‘Yet already have I not gone too far? ‘Like a repentant thief, afraid of his ‘gang, and obliged to go on, in fear of ‘hanging till he comes to be hanged, I ‘am afraid of the gang of my curſed con‘trivances.

‘As I hope to live, I am ſorry (at ‘the preſent writing) that I have been ‘ſuch a fooliſh plotter, as to put it, as I ‘fear I have done, out of my *own power* ‘to be honeſt. I hate compulſion in all ‘forms; and cannot bear, even to be

‘*compelled*

'*compelled* to be the wretch my choice 'has made me!—So now, Belford, as 'thou haſt ſaid, I am a machine at laſt, 'and no free agent.

'Upon my ſoul, Jack, it is a very 'fooliſh thing for a man of ſpirit to have 'brought himſelf to ſuch a height of 'iniquity, that he muſt proceed, and 'cannot help himſelf; and yet to be 'next to certain, that this very victory 'will undo him.

'Why was ſuch a woman as this 'thrown into my way, whoſe very fall 'will be her glory, and perhaps not only 'my ſhame, but my deſtruction?

'What a happineſs muſt that man 'know, who moves regularly to ſome 'laudable end, and has nothing to re-'proach himſelf with in his progreſs to 'it! When, by honeſt means, he at-'tains this end, how great and unmixed 'muſt be his enjoyments! What a hap-'py man, in this particular caſe, had I 'been, had it been given me to *be* only 'what I wiſhed to *appear* to be!'

Thus far had my *conſcience* written with my pen; and ſee what a recreant ſhe had made of me!—I ſeized her by the throat—'*There!*—*There!*' ſaid I, 'thou vile impertinent!—Take *that*, 'and *that!*—How often have I given 'thee warning!—And now, I hope, 'thou intruding varleteſs, have I done 'thy buſineſs!

'Puleing, and low-voiced, rearing 'up thy deteſted head, in vain implore'ſt 'thou *my* mercy, who, in *thy* day haſt 'ſhewed me ſo little!—Take *that*, for 'a riſing blow!—And now will *thy* pain, 'and *my* pain from *thee*, ſoon be over.—'Lie there!—Welter on!—Had I not 'given thee thy death's wound, thou 'wouldeſt have robbed me of all my 'joys. Thou couldeſt not have mended 'me, 'tis plain. Thou couldeſt only 'have thrown me into deſpair. Didſt 'thou not ſee, that I had gone too far 'to recede?—Welter on, once more I 'bid thee!—Gaſp on!—*That* thy laſt 'gaſp ſurely!—How hard dieſt thou!'

'ADIEU!—Unhappy man!—A-'DIEU!'

'Tis kind in thee, however, to bid 'me *adieu!*'

'Adieu, adieu, adieu, to thee, O 'thou inflexible, and, till now, uncon-'querable boſom-intruder!—Adieu to 'thee for ever!'

## LETTER XXII.

MR. LOVELACE, TO J. BELFORD, ESQ.

SUNDAY MORN. (JUNE 11.) 4 O'CLOCK.

A Few words to the verbal information thou ſenteſt me laſt night concerning thy poor old man; and then I riſe from my ſeat, ſhake myſelf, refreſh, new-dreſs, and ſo to my charmer, whom, notwithſtanding her reſerves, I hope to prevail upon to walk out with me on the Heath, this warm and fine morning.

The birds muſt have awakened her before now. They are in full ſong. She always gloried in accuſtoming herſelf to behold the ſun-riſe; one of God's natural wonders, as once ſhe called it.

Her window ſalutes the eaſt. The valleys muſt be gilded by his rays, by the time I am with her; for already have they made the up-lands ſmile, and the face of nature cheerful.

How unſuitable wilt thou find this gay preface to a ſubject ſo gloomy, as that I am now turning to!

I am glad to hear thy tedious expectations are at laſt anſwered.

Thy ſervant tells me, that thou art plaguily grieved at the old fellow's departure.

I can't ſay, but thou mayeſt *look* as if thou wert; harraſſed as thou haſt been for a number of days and nights with a cloſe attendance upon a dying man, beholding his drawing-on hour—Pretending, for decency's ſake, to whine over his excruciating pangs—To be in the way to anſwer a thouſand impertinent enquiries after the health of a man thou wiſhedſt to die—To pray by him——for ſo once thou wroteſt to me!—To read by him—To be forced to join in conſultation with a crew of ſolemn and parading doctors, and their officious zanies the apothecaries, joined with the butcherly tribe of ſcarificators; all combined to carry on the phyſical farce, and to cut out thongs both from his fleſh and his eſtate—To have the ſuper-added apprehenſion of dividing thy intereſt in what he ſhall leave with a crew of eager-hoping, never-to-be-ſatisfied relations, legatees, and the devil knows who, of private gratifiers of paſſions laudable and illaudable—In theſe circumſtances, I wonder not that thou lookeſt before ſervants (as little grieved at heart as thyſelf, and who are gaping after legacies, as thou after *heirſhip*) as if thou indeed wert grieved; and as if the moſt wry-fac'd woe had befallen thee.

Then, as I have often thought, the reflection that muſt naturally ariſe from ſuch mortifying objects, as the death of one with whom we have been familiar, muſt afford, when we are obliged to attend it in it's ſlow approaches, and in it's face-twiſting pangs, that it will one day be our own caſe, goes a great way to credit the appearance of grief.

And this it is that, ſeriouſly reflected upon, may temporarily give a fine air of ſincerity to the wailings of lively widows, heart-exulting heirs, and reſiduary legatees of all denominations; ſince, by keeping down the inward joy, thoſe intereſting reflections muſt ſadden the aſpect, and add an appearance of real concern to the aſſumed ſables.

Well, but, now thou art come to the reward of all thy watchings, anxieties, and cloſe attendances, tell me what it is; tell me if it compenſate thy trouble, and anſwer thy hope?

As to myſelf, thou ſeeſt, by the gravity of my ſtyle, how the ſubject has helped to mortify me. But the neceſſity I am under of committing either ſpeedy matrimony, or a rape, has ſaddened over my gayer proſpects, and, more than the caſe itſelf, contributed to make me ſympathize with thy preſent joyful-ſorrow.

Adieu, Jack. I muſt be ſoon out of my pain; and my Clariſſa ſhall be ſoon out of hers—For ſo does the arduouſneſs of the caſe require.

## LETTER XXIII.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

SUNDAY MORNING.

I Have had the honour of my charmer's company for two complete hours. We met before ſix in Mrs. Moore's garden. A walk on the Heath refuſed me.

The ſedateneſs of her aſpect, and her kind compliance in this meeting, gave me hopes. And all that either the captain or I had urged yeſterday to obtain a full and free pardon, that re-urged!; and I told her, beſides, that Captain Tomlinſon was gone down with hopes to prevail upon her uncle Harlowe to come up in perſon, in order to preſent to me the greateſt bleſſing that man ever received.

But the utmoſt I could obtain was, that ſhe would take no reſolution in my favour till ſhe received Miſs Howe's next letter.

I will not repeat the arguments I uſed: but I will give thee the ſubſtance of what ſhe ſaid in anſwer to them.

She had conſidered of every thing, ſhe told me. My whole conduct was before her. The houſe I carried her to muſt be a vile houſe. The people early ſhewed what they were capable of, in the earneſt attempt made to faſten Miſs Partington upon her; as ſhe doubted not, with my approbation—['Surely,' thought I, 'ſhe has not received a duplicate of Miſs Howe's letter of detection!'] They heard her cries. My inſult was undoubtedly premeditated. By my whole recollected behaviour to her, previous to it, it muſt be ſo. I had the vileſt of views, no queſtion. And my treatment of her put it out of all doubt.

Soul all over, Belford! ſhe ſeems ſenſible of liberties that my paſſion made me inſenſible of having taken, or ſhe could not ſo deeply reſent.

She beſought me to give over all thoughts of her. Sometimes, ſhe ſaid, ſhe thought herſelf cruelly treated by her neareſt and deareſt relations: at *ſuch* times, a ſpirit of repining and even of reſentment took place; and the reconciliation, at other times ſo deſirable, was not then ſo much the favourite wiſh of her heart, as was the ſcheme ſhe had formerly planned—of taking her good Norton for her directreſs and guide, and living upon her own eſtate in the manner her grandfather had intended ſhe ſhould live.

This ſcheme ſhe doubted not that her couſin Morden, who was one of her truſtees for that eſtate, would enable her (and that, as ſhe hoped, without litigation) to purſue. 'And if he can, and 'does, what Sir, let me aſk you,' ſaid ſhe, 'have I ſeen in your conduct, that 'ſhould make me prefer to it an union of 'intereſts, where there is ſuch a diſunion in minds?'

So thou ſeeſt, Jack, there is *reaſon*, as well as *reſentment*, in the preference ſhe makes againſt me!—Thou ſeeſt, that ſhe preſumes to think that ſhe can be happy *without* me; and that ſhe muſt be unhappy *with* me!

I had beſought her, in the concluſion of my re-urged arguments, to write to Miſs Howe before Miſs Howe's anſwer could come, in order to lay before her the preſent ſtate of things; and if ſhe *would* pay a deference to her judgment, to let her have an opportunity to give it on the full knowledge of the caſe—

'So I would, Mr. Lovelace,' was the anſwer, 'if I were in doubt myſelf, 'which I would prefer; marriage, or 'the ſcheme I have mentioned. You 'cannot think, Sir, but the latter muſt 'be my choice. I wiſh to part with you 'with temper—Don't put me upon re-'peating—'

'*Part with me*, Madam!' interrupted I—'I cannot bear thoſe words!—But 'let me beſeech you, however, to write 'to Miſs Howe. I hope, if Miſs Howe 'is not my enemy—'

'She is not the enemy to your *perſon*, 'Sir;—

'Sir;—as you would be convinced, if 'you *saw her laſt letter to me*. But were 'ſhe not an enemy to your *actions*, ſhe 'would not be *my* friend, nor the friend 'of *virtue*. Why will you provoke from 'me, Mr. Lovelace, the harſhneſs of 'expreſſion, which, however deſerved 'by you, I am unwilling juſt now to 'uſe; having ſuffered enough in the 'two paſt days from my own vehe-'mence?'

I bit my lip for vexation. I was ſilent.

'Miſs Howe,' proceeded ſhe, 'knows 'the full ſtate of matters already, Sir. 'The anſwer I expect from her reſpects '*myſelf*, not *you*. Her heart is too warm 'in the cauſe of friendſhip, to leave me 'in ſuſpence one moment longer than is 'neceſſary, as to what I want to know. 'Nor does her anſwer abſolutely de-'pend upon herſelf. She muſt ſee a per-'ſon firſt; and that perſon perhaps ſee 'others.'

The curſed ſmuggler-woman, Jack! —Miſs Howe's Townſend, I doubt not! —Plot, contrivance, intrigue, ſtratagem!—Underground moles theſe wo-men—'But let the earth cover me! let 'me be a mole too,' thought I, 'if they 'carry their point!—And if this lady 'eſcape me now!'

She frankly owned, that ſhe had once thought of embarking *out of all our ways* for ſome one of our American colonies: but now that ſhe had been *compelled* to ſee me, (which had been her greateſt dread, and which ſhe would have given her life to avoid) ſhe thought ſhe might be happieſt in the reſumption of her for-mer favourite ſcheme, if Miſs Howe could find her a reputable and private aſylum, till her couſin Morden could come. But if he came not ſoon, and if ſhe had a difficulty to get a place of re-fuge; whether from her brother or from *any-body-elſe*, [meaning me, I ſuppoſe] ſhe might yet perhaps go abroad: for, to ſay the truth, ſhe could not think of returning to her father's houſe; ſince her brother's rage, her ſiſter's upbraid-ings, her father's anger, her mother's ſtill more-affecting ſorrowings, and her own conſciouſneſs under them all, would be inſupportable to her.

O Jack! I am ſick to death, I pine, I die, for Miſs Howe's next letter! I would bind, gag, ſtrip, rob, and do any-thing but murder, to intercept it.

But, determined as ſhe ſeems to be, it was evident to me, nevertheleſs, that ſhe had ſtill ſome tenderneſs for me.

She often wept as ſhe talked, and much oftener ſighed. She looked at me twice with an eye of *undoubted* gentleneſs, and three times with an eye *tending* to com-paſſion and ſoftneſs: but it's benign rays were as often *ſnatched* back, as I may ſay, and her face averted, as if her ſweet eyes were not to be truſted, and could not ſtand againſt my eager eyes; ſeeking, as they did, for a loſt heart in hers, and endeavouring to penetrate to her very ſoul.

More than once I took her hand. She ſtruggled not *much* againſt the freedom. I preſſed it once with my lips. She was not *very* angry. A frown indeed; but a frown that had more diſtreſs in it than indignation.

How came the dear ſoul (cloathed as it is with ſuch a ſilken veſture) by all it's ſteadineſs?—Was it neceſſary, that the active gloom of ſuch a tyrant of a *father*, ſhould commix with ſuch a paſſive ſweetneſs of a will-leſs *mother*, to pro-duce a conſtancy, an equanimity, a ſteadi-neſs, in the *daughter*, which never wo-man before could boaſt of?—If ſo, ſhe is more obliged to that deſpotick father than I could have imagined a creature to be, who gave diſtinction to every-one related to her beyond what the crown itſelf can confer.

I hoped, I ſaid, that ſhe would ad-mit of the intended viſit, which I had ſo often mentioned. of the two ladies.

She was *here*. She had ſeen *me*. She could not help herſelf at preſent. She ever had the higheſt regard for the la-dies of my family, becauſe of their worthy characters. There ſhe turned away her ſweet face, and vanquiſhed an half-riſen ſigh.

I kneeled to her then. It was upon a verdant cuſhion; for we were upon the graſs-walk. I caught her hand. I beſought her with an earneſtneſs that called up, as I could feel, my heart to my eyes, to make me, by her forgive-neſs and example, more worthy of them, and of her own kind and generous wiſhes. 'By my ſoul, Madam,' ſaid I, 'you ſtab me with your goodneſs, your 'undeſerved goodneſs! and I cannot 'bear it!'

'Why, why,' thought I, as I did ſeveral times in this converſation, 'will 'ſhe not *generouſly* forgive me? Why 'will ſhe make it neceſſary for me to 'bring Lady Betty and my couſin to my 'aſſiſtance? Can the fortreſs expect the 'ſame advantageous capitulation, which 'yields not to the ſummons of a reſiſt-

'leſs

'leſs conqueror, as if it gave not the 'trouble of bringing up, and raiſing 'it's heavy artillery againſt it?'

'What *ſenſibilities*,' ſaid the divine creature, withdrawing her hand, 'muſt 'thou have ſuppreſſed!—What a dread-'ful, what a judicial hardneſs of heart 'muſt thine be; who canſt be capable 'of ſuch emotions as ſometimes have 'flowed from thy lips; yet canſt have 'ſo far overcome them all, as to be 'able to act as thou haſt acted, and that 'from ſettled purpoſe and premeditati-'on; and this, as it is *ſaid*, through-'out the whole of thy life, from infancy 'to this time!'

I told her, that I had hoped, from the generous concern ſhe had expreſſed for me, when I was ſo ſuddenly and dangerouſly taken ill—[The ipecacuanha experiment, Jack!]

She interrupted me—'Well have you 'rewarded me for the concern you ſpeak 'of!—However, I will frankly own, 'now that I am determined to think no 'more of you, that you might (unſatis-'fied as I nevertheleſs was with you) 'have made an intereſt—'

She paused. I beſought her to pro-ceed.

'Do you ſuppoſe, Sir,' and turned away her ſweet face as we walked, 'do 'you ſuppoſe, that I had not thought 'of laying down a plan to govern my-'ſelf by, when I found myſelf ſo un-'happily over-reached and cheated, as 'I may ſay, out of myſelf?—When I 'found, that I could not *be*, and *do*, 'what I wiſhed *to be*, and *to do*, do you 'imagine, that I had not caſt about, 'what was the *next* proper courſe to take? '—And do you believe, that this *next* 'courſe has not coſt me ſome pain, to be 'obliged to—'

There again ſhe ſtopt.

'But let us break off diſcourſe,' re-ſumed ſhe. 'The ſubject grows too—' She ſighed—'Let us break off diſcourſe 'I will go in—I will prepare for 'church—' ['The devil!' thought I.] 'Well as I *can* appear in theſe every-'day worn cloaths'—looking upon her-ſelf—'I will go to church.'

She then turned from me to go into the houſe.

'Bleſs me, my beloved creature, bleſs 'me with the continuance of this affect-'ing converſation—Remorſe has ſeized 'my heart!—I have been exceſſively 'wrong—Give me further cauſe to curſe 'my heedleſs folly, by the continuance 'of this calm, but ſoul-penetrating 'converſation.'

'No, no, Mr. Lovelace. I have ſaid 'too much. Impatience begins to break 'in upon me. If you can excuſe me to 'the ladies, it will be better for my 'mind's ſake, and for your credit's ſake, 'that I do not ſee them. Call me to '*them* over-nice, petulant, prudiſh; what 'you pleaſe call me to them. Nobody 'but Miſs Howe, to whom, next to the 'Almighty, and my own mother, I wiſh 'to ſtand acquitted of wilful error, ſhall 'know the whole of what has paſſed. 'Be happy, as you may!—*Deſerve* to be 'happy, and happy you will be, in your 'own reflection at leaſt, were you to be 'ever ſo unhappy in other reſpects. For 'myſelf, if I ſhall be enabled, on due 'reflection, to look back upon my own 'conduct, without the great reproach 'of having wilfully, and againſt the light 'of my own judgment, erred, I ſhall be 'more happy, than if I had all that the 'world accounts deſirable.'

The noble creature proceeded; for I could not ſpeak.

'This ſelf-acquittal, when ſpirits are 'lent me to diſpel the darkneſs which at 'preſent too often over-clouds my mind, 'will, I hope, make me ſuperior to all 'the calamities that can befal me.'

Her whole perſon was informed by her ſentiments. She ſeemed to be taller than before. How the god within her exalted her, not only above me, but above herſelf!

'Divine creature!' (as I *thought* her) I *called* her. I acknowledged the ſupe-riority of her mind; and was proceeding —But ſhe interrupted me—'All human 'excellence,' ſaid ſhe, 'is comparative 'only. My mind, I believe, is indeed 'ſuperior to yours, debaſed as yours is 'by evil habits: but I had not known it 'to be ſo, if you had not *taken* pains 'to convince me of the inferiority of 'yours.'

How great, how ſublimely great, this creature!—By my ſoul, I cannot forgive her for her virtues! There is no bearing the conſciouſneſs of the infinite inferi-ority ſhe charged me with.—But why will ſhe break from me, when good re-ſolutions are taking place?—The red-hot iron ſhe refuſes to ſtrike—O why will ſhe ſuffer the yielding wax to hard-en?

We had gone but a few paces towards the houſe, when we were met by the im-pertinent women, with notice, that break-faſt was ready. I could only, with up-lifted hands, beſeech her to give me hope of a renewed converſation after breakfaſt.

No;

No; she would go to church.

And into the house she went, and up stairs directly. Nor would she oblige me with her company at the tea-table.

I offered by Mrs. Moore to quit both the table and the parlour, rather than she should exclude herself, or deprive the two widows of the favour of her company.

That was not all the matter, she told Mrs. Moore. She had been struggling to keep down her temper. It had cost her some pains to do it. She was desirous to compose herself, in hopes to receive benefit by the divine worship she was going to join in.

Mrs. Moore hoped for her presence at dinner.

She had rather be excused. Yet, if she could obtain the frame of mind she hoped for, she might not be averse to shew, that she had got above those sensibilities, which gave consideration to a man who deserved not to be to her what he had been.

This said, no doubt, to let Mrs. Moore know, that the garden-conversation had not been a reconciling one.

Mrs. Moore seemed to wonder, that we were not upon a better foot of understanding, after so long a conference; and the more, as she believed, that the lady had given in to the proposal for the repetition of the ceremony, which I had told them was insisted upon by her uncle Harlowe. But I accounted for this, by telling both widows, that she was resolved to keep on the reserve, till she heard from Captain Tomlinson, whether her uncle would be present in person at the solemnity, or would name that worthy gentleman for his proxy.

Again I enjoined strict secrecy, as to this particular; which was promised by the widows, as well for themselves, as for Miss Rawlins; of whose taciturnity they gave me such an account, as shewed me, that she was *secret-keeper-general* to all the women of fashion at Hampstead.

The Lord, Jack! What a world of mischief, at this rate, must Miss Rawlins know?—What a Pandora's box must her bosom be?—Yet, had I nothing that was more worthy of my attention to regard, I would engage to open it, and make my uses of the discovery.

And now, Belford, thou perceivest, that all my reliance is upon the mediation of Lady Betty and Miss Montague, and upon the hope of intercepting Miss Howe's next letter.

No. 53.

## LETTER XXIV.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

THE fair inexorable is actually gone to church with Mrs Moore and Mrs. Bevis. But Will closely attends her motions; and I am in the way to receive any occasional intelligence from him.

She did not *chuse* [A mighty word with the sex! as if they were always to have their own wills!] that I should wait upon her. I did not much press it, that she might not apprehend, that I thought I had reason to doubt her voluntary return.

I once had it in my head to have found the widow Bevis other employment. And I believe she would have been as well pleased with my company as to go to church; for she seemed irresolute when I told her, that two out of a family were enough to go to church for one day. But having her things on, (as the women call every-thing) and her aunt Moore expecting her company, she thought it best to go—'*Lest it should look oddly, you 'know,*' whispered she, to one who was above regarding how it looked.

So here am I in my dining-room; and have nothing to do but to write, till they return.

And what will be my subject, thinkest thou!—Why, the old beaten one, to be sure; self-debate—through temporary remorse: for the blow being not struck, her guardian-angel is redoubling his efforts to save her.

If it be not *that*, [And yet what power should *her* guardian-angel have over *me?*] I don't know what it is, that gives a check to my revenge, whenever I meditate treason against so sovereign a virtue. Conscience is dead and gone, as I told thee; so it cannot be that. A young conscience growing up, like the phœnix, from the ashes of the old one, it cannot be surely. But if it were, it would be hard, if I could not over-lay a young conscience.

Well, then, it must be LOVE, I fancy. LOVE itself, inspiring love of an object so adorable—Some little attention possibly paid likewise to thy whining arguments in her favour.

Let LOVE then be allowed to be the moving principle; and the rather, as LOVE naturally makes the lover loth to disoblige the object of it's flame; and knowing, that an offence of the *meditated* kind will be a mortal offence to

her, cannot bear that I ſhould think of giving it.

Let LOVE and me talk together a little on this ſubject—Be it a *young conſcience*, or *love*, or *thyſelf*, Jack, thou ſeeſt that I am for giving every whiffler audience. But *this* muſt be the laſt debate on this ſubject; for is not her fate in a manner at it's criſis? And muſt not my next ſtep be an irretrievable one, tend it which way it will?

AND now the debate is over.

A thouſand charming things (for LOVE is gentler than CONSCIENCE) has this little urchin ſuggeſted in her favour.

He pretended to know both our hearts: and he would have it, that though my love was a prodigious ſtrong and potent love; and though it has the merit of many months faithful ſervice to plead, and has had infinite difficulties to ſtruggle with; yet that it is not THE RIGHT SORT OF LOVE.

*Right ſort of love!*—A puppy!—'But, 'with due regard to your deityſhip,' ſaid I, 'what merits has ſhe with YOU, 'that *you* ſhould be of her party! Is *hers*, 'I pray you, a *right ſort of love?* Is it 'love at all? She don't *pretend* that it is. 'She owns not your ſovereignty. What 'a d—l moves *you*, to plead thus earneſtly for a rebel, who deſpiſes your 'power?'

And then he came with his *if's* and *and's*—And it would *have been*, and *ſtill*, as he believed, would be, love, and a love of the exalted kind, if I would encourage it by the *right ſort of love* he talked of: and, in juſtification of his opinion, pleaded her own confeſſions, as well thoſe of yeſterday, as of this morning: and even went ſo far back as to my ipecacuanha-illneſs.

I never talked ſo familiarly with his godſhip before: thou mayeſt think therefore that this dialect ſounded oddly in my ears. And then he told me, how often I had thrown cold water upon the moſt charming flame that ever warmed a lady's boſom, while but young and riſing.

I required a definition of this *right ſort* of love. He tried at it: but made a ſorry hand of it. Nor could I, for the ſoul of me, be convinced, that what he meant to extol, was LOVE.

Upon the whole, we had a notable controverſy upon this ſubject, in which he inſiſted upon the *unprecedented merit* of the lady. Nevertheleſs I got the better of him; for he was ſtruck abſolutely dumb, when (waving her preſent perverſeneſs, which yet was a ſufficient anſwer to all his pleas) I aſſerted, and offered to prove it, by a thouſand inſtances *impromptu*, that love was not governed by *merit*, nor could be under the dominion of *prudence*, or any other *reaſoning power*: and if the lady were capable of love, it was of ſuch a ſort of love, *as ſhe had nothing to do with*, and which never before reigned in a female heart.

I aſked him, What he thought of her flight from me, at a time when I was more than half overcome by the *right ſort of love* he talked of?—And then I ſhewed him the letter ſhe wrote, and left behind her for me, with an intention, no doubt, abſolutely to break my heart, or to provoke me to hang, drown, or ſhoot myſelf; to ſay nothing of a multitude of declarations from her, defying his power, and imputing all that looked like love in her behaviour to me, to the perſecution and rejection of her friends; which made her think of me but as a laſt reſort.

LOVE then gave her up. The letter, he ſaid, deſerved neither pardon nor excuſe. He did not think he had been pleading for ſuch a *declared* rebel. And as to the reſt, he ſhould be a betrayer of the rights of his own ſovereignty, if what I had alledged were true, and he were ſtill to plead for her.

I ſwore to the truth of all. And *truly* I ſwore: which perhaps I do not always do.

And now what thinkeſt thou muſt become of the lady, whom LOVE itſelf gives up, and CONSCIENCE cannot plead for?

## LETTER XXV.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON.

O Belford! what a hair's-breadth eſcape have I had!—Such a one, that I tremble between terror and joy, at the thoughts of what *might* have happened, and did not.

What a perverſe girl is this, to contend with her fate; yet has reaſon to think, that her very ſtars fight againſt her! I am the luckieſt of men!—But my breath almoſt fails me, when I reflect upon what a ſlender thread my deſtiny hung.

But not to keep thee in ſuſpence; I have, within this half-hour, obtained poſſeſſion of the expected letter from Miſs Howe—And by *ſuch* an accident!

But

But here, with the former, I diſpatch this; thy meſſenger waiting.

## LETTER XXVI.

MR. LOVELACE. IN CONTINUATION.

THUS it was—My charmer accompanied Mrs. Moore again to church this afternoon. I had been very earneſt, in the *firſt* place, to obtain her company at dinner: but in vain. According to what ſhe had ſaid to Mrs. Moore, I was *too conſiderable* to her, to be allowed that favour. In the *next* place, I beſought her to favour me, after dinner, with another garden-walk. But ſhe *would* again go to church. And what reaſon have I to rejoice that ſhe did!

My worthy friend Mrs. Bevis thought one ſermon a day, *well* obſerved, enough; ſo ſtaid at home to bear me company.

The lady and Mrs. Moore had not been gone a quarter of an hour, when a young country-fellow on horſeback came to the door, and enquired for Mrs. *Harriot Lucas*. The widow and I (undetermined how we were to entertain each other) were in the parlour next the door; and hearing the fellow's enquiry, 'O 'my dear Mrs. Bevis,' ſaid I, 'I am 'undone—undone for ever—if you do 'not help me out!—Since here, in all 'probability, is a meſſenger from that 'implacable Miſs Howe with a letter; 'which, if delivered to Mrs. Lovelace, 'may undo all we have been doing.'

'What,' ſaid ſhe, 'would you have 'me do?'

'Call the maid in this moment, that I 'may give her her leſſon; and, if it be 'as I imagined, I'll tell you what you 'ſhall do.'

*Wid.* 'Margaret!—Margaret!—'come in this minute.'

*Lovel.* 'What anſwer, Mrs. Marga-'ret, did you give the man, upon his 'aſking for Mrs. *Harriot Lucas?*

*Peggy.* 'I only aſked, What was his 'buſineſs, and who he came from?—'(For, Sir, your honour's ſervant had 'told me how things ſtood:)—And I 'came at your call, Madam, before he 'anſwered me.'

*Lovel.* 'Well, child, if ever you wiſh 'to be happy in wedlock yourſelf, and 'would have people diſappointed, who 'want to make miſchief between you 'and your huſband, get out of him his 'meſſage, or letter if he has one, and 'bring it to me, and ſay nothing to Mrs. 'Lovelace, when ſhe comes in; and here 'is a guinea for you.'

*Peggy.* 'I will do all I can to ſerve 'your honour's worſhip for nothing,' [Nevertheleſs, with a ready hand, taking the guinea:] 'for Mr. William tells 'me what a good gentleman you be.'

Away went Peggy to the fellow at the door.

*Peggy.* 'What is your buſineſs, friend, 'with Mrs. *Harry Lucas?*'

*Fellow.* 'I muſt ſpeak to her her own 'ſelf.'

*Lovel.* 'My *deareſt* widow, do you 'perſonate Mrs. Lovelace—For Hea-'ven's ſake do you perſonate Mrs. Love-'lace!'

*Wid.* 'I perſonate Mrs. Lovelace, 'Sir! how can I do that?—She is fair '—I am brown. She is ſlender—I am 'plump.'

*Lovel.* 'No matter, no matter—The 'fellow may be a new-come ſervant: he 'is not in livery, I ſee. He may not 'know her perſon. You can but be 'bloated and in a dropſy.'

*Wid.* 'Dropſical people look not ſo 'freſh and ruddy as I do.'

*Lovel.* 'True—But the clown may 'not know that. 'Tis but for a preſent 'deception.'

'Peggy, Peggy,' called I, in a female tone, ſoftly at the door. 'Madam,' anſwered Peggy; and came up to me to the parlour-door.

*Lovel.* 'Tell him the lady is ill; and 'has lain down upon the couch. And 'get his buſineſs from him, whatever 'you do.'

Away went Peggy.

*Lovel.* 'Now, my dear widow, lie 'along on the ſettee, and put your hand-'kerchief over your face, that, if he *will* 'ſpeak to you himſelf, he may not ſee 'your eyes and your hair.—So—That's 'right—I'll ſtep into the cloſet by you.'

I did ſo.

*Peggy.* [returning.] 'He won't de-'liver his buſineſs to me. He will ſpeak 'to Mrs. Harriot Lucas her own ſelf.'

*Lovel.* [holding the door in my hand.] 'Tell him, that this is Mrs. Harriot 'Lucas; and let him come in. Whiſ-'per him, (if he doubts) that ſhe is 'bloated, dropſical, and not the woman 'ſhe was.'

Away went Margery.

*Lovel.* 'And now, my dear widow, 'let me ſee what a charming Mrs. 'Lovelace you'll make!—Aſk, if he 'comes from Miſs Howe.—Aſk, if he 'lives with her.—Aſk how ſhe does.—'Call her at every word, your dear Miſs 'Howe.—Offer him money—Take this 'half-guinea for him—Complain of 'your head, to have a pretence to hold

'it down; and cover your forehead and 'eyes with your hand, where your hand-'kerchief hides not your face.—That's 'right—And diſmiſs the raſcal—[Here 'he comes]—as ſoon as you can.'

In came the fellow, bowing and ſcraping, his hat poked out before him with both his hands.

*Fellow.* 'I am ſorry, Madam, an't 'pleaſe you, to find you be'nt well.'

*Widow.* 'What is your buſineſs with 'me, friend?'

*Fellow.* 'You are Mrs. Harriot Lucas, 'I ſuppoſe, Madam?'

*Widow.* 'Yes. Do you come from 'Miſs Howe?'

*Fellow.* 'I do, Madam.'

*Widow.* 'Doſt thou know my right 'name, friend?'

*Fellow.* 'I can give a ſhrewd gueſs. 'But that's none of my buſineſs.'

*Widow.* 'What is thy buſineſs? I 'hope Miſs Howe is well?'

*Fellow.* 'Yes, Madam; pure well, I 'thank God. I wiſh you were ſo too.'

*Widow.* 'I am t o full of grief to be 'well.'

*Fellow.* 'So belike I have *hard* ſay.'

*Widow.* 'My head aches ſo dread-'fully, I cannot hold it up. I muſt beg 'of you to l t me know your bu neſs.'

*Fellow.* 'Nay, and that be all, my bu-'ſineſs is ſoon known. It is but to give 'this letter to your own *particklar* hands '—Here it is.'

*Widow.* [*taking it.*] 'From my dear 'friend Miſs Howe?—Ah, my head!'

*Fellow.* 'Yes, Madam: but I am ſorry 'you are ſo bad.'

*Widow.* 'Do you live with Miſs 'Howe?'

*Fellow.* 'No, Madam: I am one of 'her tenant's ſons. Her lady-mother 'muſt not know as how I came of this 'errand. But the letter, I ſuppoſe, will 'tell you all.'

*Widow.* 'How ſhall I ſatisfy you for 'this kind trouble?'

*Fellow.* 'Na how at all. What I do 'is for love of M ſs Howe. She will 'ſatisfy me more than enough. But, 'may hap, you can ſend no anſwer, you 'are ſo ill.'

*Widow.* 'Was you ordered to wait for 'an anſwer?'

*Fellow.* 'No—I cannot ſay that I was. 'But I was bidden to obſerve how you 'looked, and how you was; and if you 'did write a line or ſo, to take care of it, 'and give it only to our young landlady, 'in ſecret.'

*Widow.* 'You ſee I look ſtrangely. 'Not ſo well as I uſed to do.'

*Fellow.* 'Nay, I don't know that I 'ever ſaw you but once before; and 'that was at a ſtyle where I met you and 'my young landlady; but knew better 'than to ſtare a gentlewoman in the face; 'eſpecially at a ſtyle.'

*Widow.* 'Will you eat, or drink, 'friend?'

*Fellow.* 'A cup of ſmall ale, I don't 'care if I do.'

*Widow.* 'Margaret, take the young 'man down, and treat him with what 'the houſe affords.'

*Fellow.* 'Your ſervant, Madam. But 'I ſtaid to eat as I come along, juſt up-'on the heath yonder; or elſe, to ſay 'the truth, I had been here ſooner.—['*Thank my ſtars,*' *thought I,* '*thou didſt.*'] —'A piece of powdered beef was upon 'the table, at the ſign of the Caſtle, 'where I ſtopt to enquire for this houſe: 'and ſo, thoff I only intended to wet 'my whiſtle, I could not help eating. 'So ſhall only taſte of your ale; for the 'beef was woundily corned.'

'Prating dog!—Pox on thee!'—thought I.

He withdrew bowing and ſcraping.

'Margaret,' whiſpered I, in a female voice, [whipping out of the cloſet, and holding the parlour-door in my hand] 'get him out of the houſe a faſt as you 'can, leſt they come from church, and 'catch him here.'

*Peggy.* 'Never fear, Sir.'

The fellow went down, and, it ſeems, drank a large draught of ale; and Margaret finding him very talkative, told him, She begged his pardon; but ſhe had a ſweetheart juſt come from ſea, whom ſhe was forced to hide in the pantry; ſo was ſure he would excuſe her from ſtaying with him.

Aye, aye, to be ſure, the clown ſaid: *for if he could not make ſport, he would ſpoil none.* But he whiſpered her, that one Squire Lovelace was a *damnation rogue*, if the truth might be told.

'For what?' ſaid Margaret. And could have given him, ſhe told the widow, (who related to me all this) a good dowſe of the chaps.

'For kiſſing all the women he came 'near.'

At the ſame time the dog wrapped himſelf round Margery, and gave her a ſmack, that, ſhe told Mrs. Bevis afterwards, ſhe might have heard into the parlour.

Such, Jack, is human nature: thus does it operate in all degrees; and ſo does the clown, as well as his betters, practiſe what he cenſures; and cenſure what

what he practiſes! Yet this ſly dog knew not but the wench had a ſweet-heart locked up in the pantry! If the truth were known, ſome of the ruddy-face dairy wenches might perhaps call him a *damnation rogue*, as juſtly as their betters of the ſame ſex might Squire Lovelace.

The fellow told the maid, that, by what he diſcovered of the young lady's face, it looked very *roſy* to what he took it to be; and he thought her a good deal fatter, as ſhe lay, and not ſo tall.

All women are born to intrigue, Jack; and practiſe it more or leſs, as fathers, guardians, governeſſes, from dear experience can tell; and in love-affairs are naturally expert, and quicker in their wits by half than men. This ready, though raw wench, gave an inſtance of this, and improved on the dropſical hint I had given her. The lady's ſeeming plumpneſs was owing to dropſical diſorder, and to the round poſture ſhe lay in—'*Very likely, truly.*' Her appearing to him to be ſhorter, he might have obſerved was owing to her drawing her feet up from pain, and becauſe the couch was too ſhort, ſhe ſuppoſed—*Adſo, he did not think of that.* Her roſy colour was owing to grief and head-ache—'*Aye, that might very well be.*'—But he was highly pleaſed that he had given the letter into Mrs. Harriot's own hand, as he ſhould tell Miſs Howe.

He deſired once more to ſee the lady at his going away, and would not be denied. The widow therefore ſat up, with her handkerchief over her face, leaning her hand againſt the wainſcot.

He aſked, if ſhe had any *partiklar* meſſage?

No: ſhe was ſo ill ſhe could not write; which was a great grief to her.

Should he call next day? For he was going to London, now he was ſo near; and ſhould ſtay at a couſin's that night, who lived in a ſtreet called Fetter Lane.

No: ſhe would write as ſoon as able, and ſend by the poſt.

Well, then, if ſhe had nothing to ſend by him, may-hap he might ſtay in town a day or two; for he had never ſeen the Lions in the Tower, nor Bedlam, nor the Tombs; and he would make a holiday or two, as he had leave to do, if ſhe had no buſineſs or meſſage that required his poſting down next day.

She had not.

She offered him the half-guinea I had given her for him; but he refuſed it, with great profeſſions of diſintereſtedneſs, and love, as he called it, to Miſs Howe; to ſerve whom, he would ride to the world's-end, or *even* to Jericho.

And ſo the ſhocking raſcal went away: and glad at my heart was I when he was gone: for I feared nothing ſo much as that he would have ſtaid till they came from church.

Thus, Jack, got I my *heart's-eaſe*, the letter of Miſs Howe; and through ſuch a train of accidents, as makes me ſay, that the lady's ſtars fight againſt her. But yet I muſt attribute a good deal to my own precaution, in having taken right meaſures: for had I not ſecured the widow by my ſtories, and the maid by my ſervant, all would have ſignified nothing. And ſo heartily were they ſecured, the one by a ſingle guinea, the other by half a dozen warm kiſſes, and the averſion they both had to ſuch wicked creatures as delighted in making miſchief between man and wife, that they promiſed, that neither Mrs. Moore, Miſs Rawlins, Mrs. Lovelace, nor anybody living, till a week at leaſt were paſt, and till I gave leave, ſhould know any-thing of the matter.

The widow rejoiced that I had got the miſchief-maker's letter. I excuſed myſelf to her, and inſtantly withdrew with it; and after I had read it, fell to my ſhort-hand, to acquaint thee with my good luck: and they not returning ſo ſoon as church was done, (ſtepping, as it proved, in to Miſs Rawlins's, and tarrying there a-while, to bring that buſy girl with them to drink tea) I wrote thus far to thee; that thou mighteſt, when thou cameſt to this place, rejoice with me upon the occaſion.

They are all three juſt come in.

I haſten to them.

## LETTER XXVII.

### MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

I Have begun another letter to thee, in continuation of my narrative: but I believe I ſhall ſend thee this before I ſhall finiſh that. By the incloſed thou wilt ſee, that neither of the correſpondents deſerve mercy from me: and I am reſolved to make the ending with one, the beginning with the other.

If thou ſaveſt, That the provocations I have given to *one* of them, will juſtify *her* freedoms; I anſwer, 'So they *will*, 'to any other perſon but myſelf.' But he that is capable of giving theſe provocations, and has the power to puniſh thoſe who abuſe him *for* giving them, *will* ſhew his reſentment; and the more remorſe-

remorſeleſsly, perhaps, as he has *deſerved* the freedoms:

If thou ſayeſt, 'It is, however, wrong 'to do ſo;' I reply, that it is, nevertheleſs, human nature—And wouldſt thou not have me to be a *man*, Jack?

Here read the letter, if thou wilt. But thou art not my friend, if thou offereſt to plead for either of the ſaucy creatures, after thou *haſt* read it.

'TO MISS HARRIOT LUCAS, AT MRS. 'MOORE'S AT HAMPSTEAD.

'AFTER the diſcoveries I had made 'of the villainous machinations of the '*moſt abandoned of men*, particularized 'in the long letter of Wedneſday laſt, 'you will believe, my deareſt friend, 'that my ſurprize upon peruſing yours 'of Thurſday evening from Hampſtead 'was not ſo great as my indignation. 'Had the *villain* attempted to fire a city 'inſtead of an houſe, I ſhould not have 'wondered at it. All that I am amaz-'ed at, is, that he (whoſe boaſt, as I 'am told, it is, *that no woman ſhall keep 'him out of her bedchamber, when he has 'made a reſolution to be in it*) did not diſ-'cover *his foot* before. And it is as 'ſtrange to me, that having got you at 'ſuch a ſhocking advantage, and in ſuch 'a horrid houſe, you could at the time, 'eſcape diſhonour, and afterwards get 'from ſuch a ſet of *infernals*.

'I gave you, in my long letter of 'Wedneſday and Thurſday laſt, reaſons 'why you ought to miſtruſt that ſpeci-'ous Tomlinſon. The man, my dear, 'muſt be a ſolemn villain. *May light-'ning from Heaven blaſt the wretch who has 'ſet him and the reſt of his* REMORSELESS 'GANG, *at work, to endeavour to deſtroy 'the moſt conſummate virtue!*—Heaven be 'praiſed! you have eſcaped from all 'their ſnares, and *now are out of danger*. '—So I will not trouble you at preſent 'with the particulars that I have fur-'ther collected relating to this abomi-'nable impoſture.

'For the ſame reaſon, I forbear to 'communicate to you ſome *new ſtories* of 'the *abhorred wretch himſelf* which have 'come to my ears. One in particular, 'of ſo *ſhocking* a nature!—Indeed, my 'dear, the man's a devil.

'The whole ſtory of Mrs. Fretchville, 'and her houſe, I have no doubt to pro-'nounce, likewiſe, an abſolute fiction. '—*Fellow!—How my ſoul ſpurns the vil-'lain!*

'Your thoughts of going abroad, 'and your reaſons for ſo doing, moſt 'ſenſibly affect me. But be comforted, 'my dear! I hope you will not be under 'a neceſſity of quitting your native 'country. Were I ſure that that muſt 'be the cruel caſe, I would abandon all 'my own better proſpects, and ſoon be 'with you. And I would accompany 'you whitherſoever you went, and ſhare 'fortunes with you: for it is impoſſible 'that I ſhould be happy, if I knew that 'you were expoſed not only to the 'perils of the ſea, but to the attempts 'of other vile men; your perſonal 'graces attracting every eye, and ex-'poſing you to thoſe hourly dangers, 'which others, leſs diſtinguiſhed by the 'gifts of nature, might avoid.—All 'that I know, that beauty (ſo greatly 'coveted, and ſo greatly admired) is 'good for.

'O, my dear, were I ever to marry, 'and to be the mother of a CLARISSA, '[*Clariſſa* muſt be the name, if promiſ-'ingly lovely] how often would my 'heart ache for the dear creature, as 'ſhe grew up, when I reflected, that 'a prudence and diſcretion unexampled 'in woman, had not, in *you*, been a ſuf-'ficient protection to that beauty, which 'had drawn after it as many admirers 'as beholders!—How little ſhould I 'regret the attacks of that *cruel* diſtem-'per, as it is called, which frequently 'makes the greateſt ravages in the fineſt 'faces!

SAT. AFTERNOON.

'I HAVE juſt parted with Mrs. Town-'ſend. I thought you had once ſeen 'her with me: but ſhe ſays, ſhe never 'had the honour to be perſonally known 'to you. She has a *manlike ſpirit*. She 'knows the world. And her two bro-'thers being in town, ſhe is ſure ſhe 'can engage *them* in ſo good a cauſe, and '(if there ſhould be occaſion) *both their 'ſhips crews*, in your ſervice.

'Give your conſent, my dear; and 'the *horrid villain* ſhall be repaid with '*broken bones, at leaſt*, for all his vile-'neſs!

'The misfortune is, Mrs. Townſend 'cannot be with you till *Thurſday next*, 'or *Wedneſday at ſooneſt*: are you ſure 'you can be ſafe where you are, till 'then? I think you are too near 'London; and perhaps you had better 'be *in it*. If you remove, let me, the 'very moment, know *whither*.

'How my heart is torn, to think of 'the neceſſity ſo dear a creature is 'driven to, of hiding herſelf? *Deviliſh 'fellow!* He muſt have been ſportive

'and

'and wanton in his inventions—Yet that 'cruel, that ſavage ſportiveneſs has ſaved 'you from the ſudden violence to which 'he has had recourſe in the violation of 'others, of names and families not con-'temptible. For ſuch the *villain* always 'gloried to ſpread his ſnares.

'The *vileneſs* of this *ſpecious monſter* 'has done more, than any other conſi-'deration could do, to bring Mr. Hick-'man into credit with me. Mr. Hick-'man alone knows (for me) of your 'flight, and the reaſon of it. Had I 'not given him the reaſon, he might 'have thought *ſtill worſe* of the vile at-'tempt. I communicated it to him by 'ſhewing him your letter from Hamp-'ſtead. When he had read it, [*And 'he trembled and reddened*, as he read] he 'threw himſelf at my feet, and beſought 'me to permit him to attend you, and 'to give you the protection of his houſe. 'The good-natured man had tears in 'his eyes, and was repeatedly earneſt 'on this ſubject; propoſing to take his 'chariot-and-four, or a ſet, and in per-'ſon, in the face of all the world, give 'himſelf the glory of protecting ſuch an 'oppreſſed innocent.

'I could not but be pleaſed with him. 'And I let him know that I was. I 'hardly expected ſo much ſpirit from 'him. But a man's paſſiveneſs to a be-'loved object of our ſex may not, per-'haps, argue want of courage on pro-'per occaſions.

'I thought I ought, in return, to 'have ſome conſideration for his ſafety, 'as ſuch an open ſtep would draw upon 'him the vengeance of the moſt *villain-'ous enterprizer* in the world, who has 'always a *gang of fellows*, ſuch as him-'ſelf, at his call, ready to ſupport one 'another in the vileſt outrages. But 'yet, as Mr. Hickman might have 'ſtrengthened his hands by legal re-'courſes, I ſhould not have ſtood upon 'it, had I not known your delicacy, '[ſince ſuch a ſtep muſt have made a 'great noiſe, and given occaſion for 'ſcandal, as if ſome advantage had 'been gained over you] and were there 'not the greateſt probability, that all 'might be more ſilently, and more ef-'fectually, managed by Mrs. Town-'ſend's means.

'Mrs. Townſend will in perſon at-'tend you—She *hopes*, on Wedneſday '—Her brothers and ſome of their peo-'ple will ſcatteringly, and as if they 'knew nothing of you, [ſo we have con-'trived] ſee you ſafe not only to Lon-'don, but to her houſe at Deptford.

'She has a kinſwoman, who will take 'your commands there, if ſhe herſelf 'be obliged to leave you. And there 'you may ſtay till the wretch's fury on 'loſing you, and his ſearch, are over.

'He will very ſoon, 'tis likely, enter 'upon ſome *new villainy*, which may en-'groſs him: and it may be given out, 'that you are gone to lay claim to the 'protection of your couſin Morden at 'Florence.

'Poſſibly, if he can be made to be-'lieve it, he will go over, in hopes to 'find you there.

'After a while, I can procure you a 'lodging in one of our neighbouring 'villages; where I may have the hap-'pineſs to be your daily viſitor. And 'if this Hickman be not ſilly and apiſh, 'and if my mother do not do unaccount-'able things, I may the ſooner think of 'marrying, that I may, without con-'troul, receive and entertain the dar-'ling of my heart.

'Many, very many, happy days do I 'hope we ſhall yet ſee together: and as 'this is *my* hope, I expect that it will be '*your* conſolation.

'As to your eſtate, ſince you are re-'ſolved not to litigate for it, we will be 'patient, either till Colonel Morden 'arrives, or till ſhame compels ſome 'people to be juſt.

'Upon the whole, I cannot but think 'your proſpects *now* much happier, than 'they could have been, had you been 'actually married to ſuch a man as this. 'I muſt therefore congratulate you up-'on your eſcape, not only from an *hor-'rid libertine*, but from *ſo vile a huſband*, 'as he *muſt* have made to any woman; 'but more eſpecially to a perſon of 'your virtue and delicacy.

'You hate him, heartily hate him, I 'hope, my dear—I am *ſure* you do. It 'would be ſtrange, if ſo much purity of 'life and manners were not to abhor 'what is ſo repugnant to itſelf.

'In your letter before me, you men-'tion one written to me for a *feint*. I 'have not received any ſuch. De-'pend upon it therefore, that he muſt 'have it. And if he has, it is a won-'der, that he did not likewiſe get my 'long one of the 7th. Heaven be praiſ-'ed that he did not; *and that it came 'ſafe to your hands!*

'I ſend this by a young fellow, whoſe 'father is one of our tenants, with com-'mand to deliver it to no other hands but 'yours. He is to return directly, if you 'give him any letter. If not, he will 'proceed to London upon his own plea-

'ſures. He is a ſimple fellow; but very 'honeſt. So you may ſay any-thing to 'him. If you write not by him, I de'ſire a line or two, as ſoon as poſſible.

'My mother knows nothing of *his* go'ing to you: nor yet of your abandoning 'the *fellow*. Forgive me! But he is not 'entitled to good-manners.

'I ſhall long to hear how you and 'Mrs. Townſend order matters. I wiſh 'ſhe could have been with you ſooner. 'But I have loſt no time in engaging 'her, as you will ſuppoſe. I refer to *her*, 'what I have further to ſay and adviſe. 'So ſhall conclude with my prayers, that 'Heaven will direct and protect my 'deareſt creature, and make your future 'days happy! ANNA HOWE.'

And now, Jack, I will ſuppoſe that thou haſt read this curſed letter. Allow me to make a few obſervations upon ſome of it's contents.

*It is ſtrange to Miſs Howe, that having got her friend at ſuch a ſhocking advantage*, &c.] And it is ſtrange to me, too. If ever I have ſuch another opportunity given to me, the cauſe of both our wonder, I believe, will ceaſe.

So thou ſeeſt Tomlinſon is further detected. No ſuch perſon as Mrs. Fretchville. *May lightning from Heaven*—O Lord, O Lord, O Lord!—What an horrid vixen is this!—My *gang*, my *remorſeleſs gang*, too, is brought in—And thou wilt plead for theſe girls again; wilt thou?—*Heaven be praiſed*, ſhe ſays, that her friend is out of danger—Miſs Howe ſhould be ſure of *that*: and that ſhe herſelf is ſafe.—But for this termagant, (as I often ſaid) I muſt ſurely have made a better hand of it.

*New ſtories* of me, Jack!—What can they be?—I have not found, that my generoſity to my Roſebud ever did me *due* credit with this pair of friends. Very hard, Belford, that credits cannot be ſet againſt debits, and a balance ſtruck in a rake's favour, as well as in that of every *common* man!—But he, from whom no good is expected, is not allowed the merit of the good he does.

I ought to have been a little more attentive to *character*, than I have been. For, notwithſtanding that the meaſures of right and wrong are ſaid to be ſo manifeſt, let me tell thee, that *character* biaſſes and runs away with all mankind. Let a man or woman once eſtabliſh themſelves in the world's opinion, and all that either of them do will be ſanctified. Nay, in the very courts of juſtice, does not *character* acquit or condemn as often as facts, and ſometimes even in ſpite of facts?—Yet, [impolitick that I have been, and am!] to be ſo careleſs of mine!—And now, I doubt, it is irretrievable.—But to leave moralizing.

Thou, Jack, knoweſt almoſt all my enterprizes worth remembering. Can this particular ſtory, which this girl hints at, be that of Lucy Villars?—Or can ſhe have heard of my intrigue with the pretty gypſey, who met me in Norwood, and of the trap I caught her cruel huſband in, [A fellow, as gloomy and tyrannical as old Harlowe] when he purſued a wife, who would not have deſerved ill of *him*, if he had deſerved well of *her*?—But he was not quite drowned. The man is alive at this day: and Miſs Howe mentions the ſtory as a *very* ſhocking one. Beſides, both theſe are a twelvemonth old, or more.

But evil fame and ſcandal are always *new*. When the offender has forgot a vile fact, it is often told to one and to another, who, having never heard of it before, trumpet it about as a novelty to others. But well ſaid the honeſt corregidor at Madrid, [A ſaying with which I enriched Lord M.'s collection]—'*Good* 'actions are remembered but for a day, *bad* 'ones for many years after the life of the 'guilty.'—Such is the reliſh that the world has for ſcandal. In other words, ſuch is the deſire which every-one has to exculpate himſelf by blackening his neighbour. You and I, Belford, have been very kind to the world, in furniſhing it with opportunities to gratify it's devil.

*Miſs Howe will abandon her own better proſpects, and ſhare fortunes with her, were ſhe to go abroad.*]—Charming romancer!—I muſt ſet about this girl, Jack. I have always had hopes of a woman whoſe paſſions carry her into ſuch altitudes!—Had I attacked Miſs Howe firſt, her paſſions (inflamed and guided, as I could have managed them) would have brought her to my lure in a fortnight.

But thinkeſt thou [and yet I think thou doſt] that there is any-thing in theſe high flights among the ſex? Verily, Jack, theſe vehement friendſhips are nothing but chaff and ſtubble, liable to be blown away by the very wind that raiſes them. Apes! mere apes of *us!* they think the word *friendſhip* has a pretty ſound with it; and it is much talked of; a faſhionable word: and ſo, truly, a ſingle woman, who thinks ſhe has a ſoul, and knows that ſhe wants ſomething, would be thought to have found a fellow-ſoul for it in her own ſex. But I repeat, that the

the word is a *mere* word, the thing a *mere* name with them; a cork-bottomed ſhuttle-cock, which they are fond of ſtriking to and fro, to make one another glow in the froſty weather of a ſingle ſtate; but which, when a *man* comes in between the pretended *inſeparables*, is given up, like their muſick, and other maidenly amuſements; which, nevertheleſs, may be neceſſary to keep the pretty rogues out of active miſchief. They then, in ſhort, having caught the *fiſh*, lay aſide the *net*.

Thou haſt a mind, perhaps, to make an exception for theſe two ladies. With all my heart. My Clariſſa has, if *woman* has, a ſoul capable of friendſhip. Her flame is bright and ſteady. But Miſs Howe's, were it not kept up by her mother's oppoſition, is too vehement to endure. How often have I known oppoſition not only cement friendſhip, but create love? I doubt not but poor Hickman would fare the better with this vixen, if her mother were as heartily againſt him, as ſhe is for him.

Thus much indeed, as to theſe two ladies, I will grant thee; that the active ſpirit of the one, and the meek diſpoſition of the other, may make their friendſhip more durable than it would otherwiſe be; for this is certain, that in every friendſhip, whether male or female, there muſt be a man and a woman ſpirit (that is to ſay, one of them, a *forbearing* one) to make it permanent.

But this I pronounce, as a truth, which all experience confirms; that friendſhip between women never holds to the ſacrifice of capital gratifications, or to the endangering of life, limb, or eſtate, as it often does in our nobler ſex.

Well, but next comes an indictment againſt poor *Beauty*!—What has beauty done, that *Miſs Howe* ſhould be offended at it?—Miſs Howe, Jack, is a charming girl. *She* has no reaſon to quarrel with beauty!—Didſt ever ſee her?—Too much fire and ſpirit in her eye indeed, for a girl!—But that's no fault with a man, that can lower that fire and ſpirit at pleaſure; and I know I am the man that can.

A ſweet auburn beauty is Miſs Howe. A firſt beauty among beauties when her ſweeter friend [with ſuch an aſſemblage of ſerene gracefulneſs, of natural elegance, of native ſweetneſs, yet conſcious, though not arrogant, dignity, every feature glowing with intelligence] is not in company.

The difference between the two, when together, I have ſometimes delighted to *read*, in the addreſſes of a ſtranger entering into the preſence of both, when ſtanding ſide by ſide. There never was an inſtance on ſuch an occaſion where the ſtranger paid not his firſt devoirs to my Clariſſa.

A reſpectful ſolemn awe ſat upon every feature of the addreſſer's face. His eyes ſeemed to aſk leave to approach her; and lower than common, whether man or woman, was the bow or curtſey. And although this awe was immediately diminiſhed by her condeſcending ſweetneſs, yet went it not ſo entirely off, but that you might ſee the reverence remain, as if the perſon ſaw more of the goddeſs than of the woman in her.

But the moment the ſame ſtranger turns to Miſs Howe, (though proud and ſaucy, and erect and bridling, ſhe) you will obſerve by the turn of his countenance, and the air of his addreſs, a kind of equality aſſumed. He appears to have diſcovered the woman in her, charming as that woman is. He ſmiles. He ſeems to expect repartee and ſmartneſs, and is never diſappointed. But then viſibly he prepares himſelf to *give* as well as *take*. He dares, after he has been a while in her company, to diſpute a point with her—Every point yielded up to the other, though no aſſuming or dogmatical air compels it.

In ſhort, with Miſs Howe, a bold man ſees (No doubt but Sir George Colmar did) that he and ſhe may either very ſoon be familiar together, [I mean with innocence] or he may ſo far incur her diſpleaſure, as to be forbid her preſence for ever.

For my own part, when I was firſt introduced to this lady, which was by my goddeſs when ſhe herſelf was a viſitor at Mrs. Howe's; I had not been half an hour with her, but I even hungered and thirſted after a romping-bout with the lively rogue; and in the ſecond or third viſit, was more deterred by the delicacy of her friend, than by what I apprehended from her own. 'This 'charming creature's preſence,' thought I, 'awes us both.' And I wiſhed her abſence, though any other woman were preſent, that I might try the difference in Miſs Howe's behaviour before her friend's face, or behind her back.

Delicate women *make* delicate women, as well as decent men. With all Miſs Howe's fire and ſpirit, it was eaſy to ſee, by her very eye, that ſhe watched for leſſons, and feared reproof, from the penetrating eye of her milder diſpoſitioned friend: and yet it was as eaſy to obſerve,

in the candour and ſweet manners of the other, that the fear which Miſs Howe ſtood in of her, was more owng to her own generous apprehenſion that ſhe fell ſhort of her excellences, than to Miſs Harlowe's conſciouſneſs of excellence over *her*. I have often, ſince I came at Miſs Howe's letters, revolved this juſt and fine praiſe contained in one of them. 'Every-one ſaw, that the preference 'they gave *you* to *themſelves*, exalted you 'not into any viſible triumph over them; 'for you had always ſomething to ſay, 'on every point you carried, that raiſed 'the yielding heart, and left every-one 'pleaſed and ſatisfied with themſelves, 'though they carried not off the palm.'

As I propoſe, in a more advanced life, to endeavour to atone for my youthful freedoms with individuals of the ſex, by giving cautions and inſtructions to the whole, I have made a memorandum to enlarge upon this doctrine;—to wit, That it is full as neceſſary to direct daughters in the choice of their female companions, as it is to guard them againſt the deſigns of men.

I ſay not this, however, to the diſparagement of Miſs Howe. She has from *pride*, what her friend has from *principle*. [The Lord help the ſex, if they had not pride!]—But yet I am confident, that Miſs Howe is indebted to the converſation and correſpondence of Miſs Harlowe for her higheſt improvements. But, both theſe ladies out of the queſtion, I make no ſcruple to aver, [And I, Jack, ſhould know ſomething of the matter] that there have been more girls ruined, at leaſt *prepared* for ruin, by their own ſex, (taking in ſervants, as well as companions) than *directly* by the attempts and deluſions of men.

But it is time enough, when I am old and joyleſs, to enlarge upon this topick.

As to the compariſon between the two ladies, I will expatiate more on that ſubject (for I like it) when I have *had them both*. Which this letter of the vixen girl's, I hope thou wilt allow, warrants me to try for.

I return to the conſideration of a few more of it's contents, to juſtify my vengeances ſo nearly now in view.

As to Mrs. Townſend; her manlike ſpirit; her two brothers; and their ſhips crews—I ſay nothing but this to the inſolent threatening—Let 'em come!—But as to her ſordid menace—To *repay the horrid villain*, as ſhe calls me, *for all my vileneſs*, by BROKEN BONES!—Broken bones, Belford!—Who can bear this porterly threatening!—Broken bones, Jack!—Damn the little vulgar—Give me a name for her—But I baniſh all *furious* reſentment. If I get theſe two girls into my power, Heaven forbid that I ſhould be a ſecond Phalaris, who turned his bull upon the artiſt! No bones of theirs will I break—They ſhall come off with me upon much lighter terms!

But theſe fellows are ſmugglers, it ſeems. And am not I a ſmuggler too?—I am; and have not the leaſt doubt, but I ſhall have ſecured my goods before Thurſday, or Wedneſday either.

But did I want a plot, what a charming new one does this letter of Miſs Howe ſtrike me out? I am almoſt ſorry, that I have fixed upon one.—For here, how eaſy would it be for me, to aſſemble a crew of ſwabbers, and to create a Mrs. Townſend (whoſe perſon, thou ſeeſt, my beloved knows not) to come on Tueſday, at Miſs Howe's repeated ſolicitations, in order to carry my beloved to a warehouſe of my own providing?

This, however, is my triumphant hope, that at the very time, that theſe ragamuffins will be at Hampſtead, (looking for us) my dear Miſs Harlowe and I, [So the fates, I imagine, have ordained] ſhall be faſt aſleep in each other's arms in town.—Lie ſtill, villain, till the time comes.—My heart, Jack! my heart!—It is always thumping away on the remoteſt proſpects of this nature.

But it ſeems, that *the vileneſs of this ſpecious monſter* [meaning me, Jack!] has brought Hickman into credit with her. So I have done *ſome* good! But to whom, I cannot tell: for this poor fellow, ſhould I permit him to have this termagant, will be puniſhed, as many times we all are, by the enjoyment of his own wiſhes—Nor can ſhe be happy, as I take it, with him, were he to govern himſelf by her will, and have none of his own; ſince never was there a directing wife, who knew where to ſtop: power makes ſuch a one wanton—She deſpiſes the man ſhe can govern. Like Alexander, who wept, that he had no more worlds to conquer, ſhe will be looking out for new exerciſes for her power, till ſhe grow uneaſy to herſelf, a diſcredit to her huſband, and a plague to all about her.

But this honeſt fellow, it ſeems, *with tears in his eyes*, and with *humble proſtration*, beſought the vixen to *permit* him to ſet out in his *chariot-and four*, in order to *give himſelf the glory of protecting ſuch an oppreſſed innocent, in the face of the whole world*. Nay, he *reddened*, it ſeems; and *trembled* too! as he read the fair complainant's letter.—How *valiant* is all this!

—Women

—Women love *brave* men; and no wonder, that his *tears*, his *trembling*, and his *proſtration*, gave him high reputation with the meek Miſs Howe.

But doſt think, Jack, that I in the like caſe, (and equally affected with the diſtreſs) ſhould have acted thus?—Doſt think, that I ſhould not firſt have reſcued the lady, and then, if needful, have aſked excuſe for it, the lady in my hand?—Wouldſt not *thou* have done thus, as well as I?

But 'tis beſt as it is. Honeſt Hickman may now ſleep in a whole ſkin. And yet that is more perhaps than he would have done, (the lady's deliverance *unattempted*) had I come at this *requeſted permiſſion* of his any other way, than by a letter, that it muſt not be known I have intercepted.

Miſs Howe thinks I may be diverted from purſuing my charmer, by ſome new-ſtarted *villainy*. *Villainy* is a word that ſhe is extremely fond of. But I can tell her, that it is impoſſible I ſhould, till the end of this *villainy* be obtained. Difficulty is a *ſtimulus* with ſuch a ſpirit as mine. I thought Miſs Howe knew me better. Were ſhe to offer herſelf, perſon for perſon, in the romancing zeal of her friendſhip, to ſave her friend, it ſhould not do, while the dear creature is on this ſide the moon.

She thanks Heaven, that her friend has received her letter of the 7th. We are all glad of it. She ought to thank me too. But I will not at preſent claim her thanks.

But when ſhe rejoices, that the letter went ſafe, does ſhe not, in effect, call out for vengeance, and *expect* it!—All in good time, Miſs Howe.

I will cloſe at this time with deſiring thee to make a *liſt* of the virulent terms with which the incloſed letter abounds: and then, if thou ſuppoſeſt, that I have made ſuch another, and have added to it all the flowers of the ſame blow, in the former letters of the ſame ſaucy creature, and thoſe in that of Miſs Harlowe which ſhe left for me on her elopement, thou wilt certainly think, that I have provocations ſufficient to juſtify me in all I ſhall do to either.

Return the incloſed the moment thou haſt peruſed it.

## LETTER XXVIII.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

SUNDAY NIGHT—MONDAY MORNING.

I Went down with revenge in my *heart*, the contents of Miſs Howe's letter almoſt engroſſing me, the moment that Miſs Harlowe and Mrs. Moore (accompanied by Miſs Rawlins) came in: but in my countenance all the gentle, the placid, the ſerene, that the glaſs could teach; and in my behaviour all the polite, that ſuch an *unpolite* creature, as ſhe has often told me I am, could put on.

Miſs Rawlins was ſent for home almoſt as ſoon as ſhe came in, to entertain an unexpected viſitor; to her great regret, as well as to the diſappointment of my fair-one, as I could perceive from the looks of both: for they had agreed, it ſeems, if I went to town, as I ſaid I intended to do, to take a walk upon the Heath, at leaſt in Mrs. Moore's garden; and who knows, what might have been the iſſue, had the ſpirit of curioſity in the one met with the ſpirit of communication in the other?

Miſs Rawlins promiſed to return, if poſſible: but ſent to excuſe herſelf: her viſitor intending to ſtay with her all night.

I rejoiced in my heart, at her meſſage; and, after much ſupplication, obtained the favour of my beloved's company for another walk in the garden, having, as I told her, abundance of things to ſay, to propoſe, and to be informed of, in order ultimately to govern myſelf in my future ſteps.

She had vouchſafed, I ſhould have told thee, with eyes turned from me, and in an *half-aſide* attitude, to ſip two diſhes of tea in my company—Dear ſoul!—How anger *unpoliſhes* the moſt polite! for I never ſaw Miſs Harlowe behave ſo aukwardly. I imagined ſhe knew not how to be aukward.

When we were in the garden, I poured my whole ſoul into her attentive ear; and beſought her returning favour.

She told me, that ſhe had formed her ſcheme for her future life: that, vile as the treatment was which ſhe had received from me, that was not all the reaſon ſhe had for rejecting my ſuit: but that, on the matureſt deliberation, ſhe was convinced, that ſhe could neither be happy with me, nor make me happy; and ſhe enjoined me, for both our ſakes, to think no more of her.

The captain, I told her, was rid down poſt in a manner, to forward my wiſhes with her uncle.—Lady Betty and Miſs Montague were undoubtedly arrived in town by this time. I would ſet out early in the morning to attend them. They adored her. They longed to ſee her. They *would* ſee her.—They would not be denied her company into Oxford-

ſhire. Whither could ſhe better go, to be free from her brother's inſults?—Whither to be abſolutely made unapprehenſive of any-body elſe?—Might I have any hopes of her returning favour, if Miſs Howe could be prevailed upon to intercede for me?

'*Miſs Howe prevailed upon to intercede 'for you!*' repeated ſhe, with a ſcornful bridle, but a very pretty one. And there ſhe ſtopt.

I *repeated* the concern it would be to me to be under a neceſſity of mentioning the miſunderſtanding to Lady Betty and my couſin, as a miſunderſtanding ſtill to be made up; and as if I were of very *little* conſequence to a dear creature who was of ſo *much* to me; urging, that theſe circumſtances would extremely lower me not only in my own opinion, but in that of my relations.

But ſtill ſhe referred to Miſs Howe's next letter; and all the conceſſion I could bring her to in this whole conference, was, that ſhe would wait the arrival and viſit of the two ladies, if they came in a day or two, or before ſhe received the expected letter from Miſs Howe.

'Thank Heaven for this!' thought I. 'And now may I go to town with hopes 'at my return to find thee, deareſt, 'where I ſhall leave thee.'

But yet, as ſhe may find reaſons to change her mind in my abſence, I ſhall not entirely truſt to this. My fellow, therefore, who is in the houſe, and who, by Mrs. Bevis's kind intelligence, will know every ſtep ſhe can take, ſhall have Andrew and a horſe ready, to give me immediate notice of her motions; and moreover, go whither ſhe will, he ſhall be one of her retinue, though unknown to herſelf, if poſſible.

This was all I could make of the fair inexorable. Should I be glad of it, or ſorry for it?

Glad, I believe: and yet my pride is confoundedly abated to think, that I had ſo little hold in the affections of this daughter of the Harlowes.

Don't tell me, that virtue and principle are her guides on this occaſion?—'Tis *pride*, a greater pride than my own, that governs her. Love, ſhe has none, thou ſeeſt; nor ever had; at leaſt not in a ſuperior degree. Love that deſerves the name, never was under the dominion of *Prudence*, or of any *reaſoning* power. She cannot bear to be thought a *woman*, I warrant! And if, in the laſt attempt, I find her *not* one, what will ſhe be the worſe for the trial?—No one is to blame for ſuffering an evil he cannot ſhun or avoid.

Were a general to be overpowered, and robbed by a highwayman, would he be leſs fit for the command of an army on that account?—If indeed the general, pretending great valour, and having boaſted, that he never would be robbed, were to make but faint reſiſtance when he was brought to the teſt, and to yield his purſe when he was maſter of his own ſword, then indeed will the highwayman who robs him be thought the braver man.

But from theſe laſt conferences am I furniſhed with one argument in defence of my favourite purpoſe, which I never yet pleaded.

O Jack! what a difficulty muſt a man be allowed to have, to conquer a predominant paſſion, be it what it will, when the gratifying of it is in his *power*, however wrong he knows it to be to reſolve to gratify it! Reflect upon this; and then wilt thou be able to account for, if not to excuſe, a projected crime, which has *habit* to plead for it, in a breaſt as ſtormy as uncontroulable!

This that follows is my new argument——

Should ſhe fail in the trial; ſhould I ſucceed; and ſhould ſhe refuſe to go on with me; and even reſolve not to marry me, (of which I can have no notion;) and ſhould ſhe diſdain to be obliged to me for the handſome proviſion I ſhould be proud to make for her, even to the *half of my eſtate*; yet cannot ſhe be altogether unhappy—Is ſhe not entitled to an independent fortune? Will not Colonel Morden, as her truſtee, put her in poſſeſſion of it? And did ſhe not in our former conference point out the *way of life*, that ſhe always preferred to the *married life*—to wit, To take her good Norton for her directreſs and guide, and to live upon her own eſtate in the manner her grandfather deſired ſhe ſhould live?

It is moreover to be conſidered that ſhe cannot, according to her own notions, recover above *one-half* of her fame, were we now to intermarry; ſo much does ſhe think ſhe has ſuffered by her going off with me. And will ſhe not be always repining and mourning for the loſs of the *other half*?—And if ſhe muſt live a life of ſuch uneaſineſs and regret for *half*, may ſhe not as well repine and mourn for the *whole*?

Nor, let me tell thee, will her own ſcheme of penitence, in this caſe, be half ſo perfect, if ſhe do *not* fall, as if ſhe *does*: for what a foolish penitent will ſhe make,

make, who has nothing to repent of!—She piques herſelf, thou knoweſt, and makes it matter of reproach to me, that ſhe went not off with me by her own conſent; but was tricked out of herſelf.

Nor upbraid thou me upon the meditated breach of vows ſo repeatedly made. She will not, thou ſeeſt, *permit* me to fulfil them. And if ſhe *would*, this I have to ſay, that at the time I made the moſt ſolemn of them, I was fully determined to keep them. But what prince thinks himſelf obliged any longer to obſerve the articles of treaties the moſt ſacredly ſworn-to, than ſuits with his intereſt or inclination; although the conſequence of the infraction muſt be, as he knows, the deſtruction of thouſands?

Is not this then the reſult of all, that Miſs Clariſſa Harlowe, if it be not her own fault, may be as virtuous *after* ſhe has loſt her honour, as it is called, as ſhe was *before*? She may be a more eminent example to her ſex; and if ſhe yield (a *little* yield) in the trial, may be a *completer penitent*. Nor can ſhe, but by her own wilfulneſs, be reduced to *low fortunes*.

And thus may her *old* nurſe and ſhe; an *old* coachman; and a pair of *old* coach-horſes; and two or three *old* maid-ſervants, and perhaps a *very old* footman or two, (for every-thing will be old and penitential about her) live very comfortably together; reading *old* ſermons, and *old* prayer books; and relieving *old* men, and *old* women; and giving *old* leſſons, and *old* warnings, upon new ſubjects, as well as *old* ones, to the young ladies of her neighbourhood; and ſo paſs on to a good *old* age, doing a great deal of good both by precept and example in her generation.

And is a woman who can live thus prettily without *controul*; who ever did prefer, and who *ſtill* prefers, the *ſingle* to the *married life*; and who will be enabled to do every-thing, that the plan ſhe had formed will direct her to do; to be ſaid to be ruined, undone, and ſuch ſort of ſtuff?—I have no patience with the pretty fools, who uſe thoſe ſtrong words, to deſcribe a tranſitory evil; an evil which a mere church-form makes none?

At this rate of romancing, how many *flouriſhing ruins* doſt thou, as well as I, know? Let us but look about us, and we ſhall ſee ſome of the haughtieſt and moſt *cenſorious* ſpirits among our acquaintance of that ſex, now paſſing for chaſte wives, of whom ſtrange ſtories might be told; and others, whoſe huſbands hearts have been made to ache for their gaieties both before and after marriage; and yet know not half ſo much of them, as ſome of us honeſt fellows could tell them.

But, having thus ſatisfied myſelf in relation to the worſt that can happen to this *charming creature*; and that it will be her own fault, if ſhe be unhappy; I have not at all reflected upon what is likely to be *my own lot*.

This has always been my notion, though Miſs Howe grudges us rakes the beſt of the ſex, and ſays, that the worſt is too good for us; that the wife of a libertine ought to be pure, ſpotleſs, uncontaminated. To what purpoſe has ſuch a one lived a free life, but to know the world, and to make his advantages of it?—And, to be *very* ſerious, it would be a misfortune to the publick for two perſons, heads of a family, to be both bad; ſince, between two ſuch, a race of varlets might be propagated, (Lovelaces and Belfords, if thou wilt) who might do great miſchief in the world.

Thou ſeeſt at bottom, that I am not an abandoned fellow; and that there is a mixture of gravity in me. This, as I grow older, may increaſe; and when my active capacity begins to abate, I may ſit down with the Preacher, and reſolve all my paſt life into vanity and vexation of ſpirit.

This is certain, that I ſhall never find a woman ſo well ſuited to my taſte, as Miſs Clariſſa Harlowe. I only wiſh that I may have ſuch a lady as her to comfort and adorn my ſetting-ſun. I have often thought it very unhappy for us both, that ſo excellent a creature ſprang up a little too late for my *ſetting out*, and a little too early in my *progreſs*, before I can think of *returning*. And yet, as I have picked up the ſweet traveller in my way, I cannot help wiſhing, that ſhe would bear me company in the *reſt* of my journey, although ſhe were to ſtep out of her own path to oblige me. And then, perhaps, we could put up in the *evening* at the ſame *inn*; and be very happy in each other's converſation; recounting the difficulties and dangers we had paſſed in our way to it.

I imagine, that thou wilt be apt to ſuſpect, that ſome paſſages in this letter were written in town. Why, Jack, I cannot but ſay, that the Weſtminſter air is a little groſſer than that at Hampſtead; and the converſation of Mrs. Sinclair, and the nymphs, leſs innocent than Mrs. Moore's and Miſs Rawlins's. And I think in my heart, that I can ſay

and write those things at one place, which I cannot at the other; nor indeed any-where else.

I came to town about seven this morning—All necessary directions and precautions remembered to be given.

I besought the favour of an audience before I set out. I was desirous to see which of her lovely faces she was pleased to put on, after another night had passed. But she was resolved, I found, to leave our quarrel open. She would not give me an opportunity so much as to entreat her again to close it, before the arrival of Lady Betty and my cousin.

I had notice from my proctor, by a few lines brought by a man and horse, just before I set out, that all difficulties had been for two days past surmounted; and that I might have the licence for fetching.

I sent up the letter to my beloved, by Mrs. Bevis, with a repeated request for admittance to her presence upon it: but neither did this stand me in stead. I suppose she thought it would be allowing of the consequences that were naturally to be expected to follow the obtaining of this instrument, if she had consented to see me on the contents of this letter, having refused me that honour before I sent it up to her.—No surprizing her.—No advantage to be taken of her inattention to the nicest circumstances.

And now, Belford, I set out upon business.

## LETTER XXIX.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

MONDAY, JUNE 12.

DIDST ever see a licence, Jack?

'*Edmund, by divine permission, Lord Bishop of London, To our well-beloved in Christ, Robert Lovelace.*' [Your servant, my good lord! What have I done to merit so much goodness, who never saw your lordship in my life?] '*of the parish of St. Martin's, in the Fields, batchelor, and Clarissa Harlowe, of the same parish, spinster, sendeth greeting.—WHEREAS ye are, as is alledged, determined to enter into the holy state of matrimony,*' [This is only alledged, thou observest] '*by and with the consent of, &c. &c. &c. and are very desirous of obtaining your marriage to be solemnized in the face of the church: We are willing that such your honest desires*' [Honest desires, Jack!] '*may more speedily have their due effect: and therefore, that ye may be able to procure such marriage to be freely and lawfully solemnized in the parish-church of St. Martin in the Fields, or St. Giles's in the Fields in the county of Middlesex, by the rector, vicar, or curate thereof, at any time of the year,*' [At ANY time of the year, Jack!] '*without publication of bans: provided, that by reason of any precontract,*' [I verily think that I have had three or four precontracts in my time; but the good girls have not claimed upon them of a long while] '*consanguinity, affinity, or any other lawful cause whatsoever, there be no lawful impediments in this behalf; and that there be not at this time any action, suit, plaint, quarrel, or demand, moved or depending before any judge ecclesiastical or temporal, for or concerning any marriage contracted by or with either of you; and that the said marriage be openly solemnized in the church above mentioned, between the hours of eight and twelve in the forenoon; and without prejudice to the minister of the place where the said woman is a parishioner: We do hereby, for good causes,*' [It cost me—Let me see, Jack—What did it cost me?] '*give and grant our licence, or faculty, as well to you the parties contracting, as to the rector, vicar, or curate of the said church, where the said marriage is intended to be solemnized, to solemnize the same, in manner and form above-specified, according to the rites and ceremonies prescribed in the book of Common-Prayer in that behalf published by authority of parliament. Provided always, that if hereafter any fraud shall appear to have been committed, at the time of granting this licence, either by false suggestions, or concealment of the truth,*' [Now this, Belford, is a little hard upon us: for I cannot say, that every-one of our suggestions is literally true—So, in good conscience, I ought not to marry under this licence] '*the licence shall be void to all intents and purposes, as if the same had not been granted. And in that case, we do inhibit all ministers whatsoever, if any-thing of the premises shall come to their knowledge, from proceeding to the celebration of the said marriage, without first consulting us, or our vicar-general.* Given, &c.'

Then follow the register's name, and a large pendent seal, with these words round it—'SEAL OF THE VICAR-GENERAL AND OFFICIAL PRINCIPAL OF THE DIOCESE OF LONDON.'

A good whimsical instrument, take it all together!—But what, thinkest thou, are the arms to this matrimonial harbinger?—Why, in the first place, *Two crossed Swords*; to shew that marriage is a state of offence as well as defence; *Three Lions*, to denote that those who enter

enter into the ſtate, ought to have a triple proportion of courage. And [Couldſt thou have imagined that theſe prieſtly fellows, in ſo ſolemn a caſe, would cut their jokes upon poor ſouls who came to have their *honeſt deſires* put in a way to be gratified;] there are *three crooked horns*, imartly top-knotted with ribbands; which being the ladies wear, ſeem to indicate that they may very probably adorn, as well as beſtow, the Bull's feather.

To deſcribe it according to Heraldry art, if I am not miſtaken—Gules, two Swords, ſaltire-wiſe, Or; ſecond coat, a chevron ſable between three bugle-horns, OR, [*So it ought to be:*] on a chief of the ſecond, three Lions rampant of the firſt.—But the devil take them for their hieroglyphicks, ſhould I ſay, if I were determined in good earneſt to marry!

And determined to marry I would be, were it not for this conſideration: That once married, and I am married for life.

That's the plague of it!—Could a man do as the birds do, change every Valentine's Day, [A *natural* appointment! for birds have not the *ſenſe*, forſooth, to fetter themſelves, as we wiſe-acre men take great and ſolemn pains to do] there would be nothing at all in it. And what a glorious time would the *lawyers* have, on the one hand, with their *Noverint Univerſi's*, and ſuits commenceable on reſtitution of goods and chattles; and the *parſons* on the other, with their indulgences [renewable annually, as *other* licences] to the *honeſt deſires* of their clients!

Then, were a ſtated mulct, according to rank or fortune, to be paid on every change, towards the exigences of the ſtate, [But none on *renewals* with the *old faces*, for the ſake of encouraging conſtancy, eſpecially among the *minores*] the change would be made ſufficiently difficult, and the whole publick would be the better for it; while thoſe children, which the parents could not agree about maintaining, might be conſidered as the *children of the publick*, and provided for like the children of the ancient Spartans; who were (as ours would in this caſe be) a nation of heroes. How, Jack, could I have improved upon Lycurgus's inſtitutions, had I been a lawgiver!

Did I never ſhew thee a ſcheme, which I drew up on ſuch a notion as this?—in which I demonſtrated the *conveniences*, and obviated the *inconveniences*, of changing the preſent mode to this—I believe I never did.

I remember I proved, to a demonſtration, that ſuch a change would be a means of annihilating, abſolutely annihilating, four or five very atrocious and capital ſins.—*Rapes*, vulgarly ſo called; adultery, and fornication; nor would *polygamy* be panted after. Frequently would it prevent *murders* and *duelling*: hardly any ſuch thing as *jealouſy* (the cauſe of ſhocking violences) would be heard of: and hypocriſy between man and wife be baniſhed the boſoms of each. Nor, probably, would the reproach of *barrenneſs* reſt, as now it too often does, where it is leaſt deſerved.—Nor would there poſſibly be ſuch a perſon as a barren woman.

Moreover, what a multitude of domeſtick quarrels would be avoided, were ſuch a ſcheme carried into execution? Since both ſexes would bear with each other, in the view that they could help themſelves in a few months.

And then what a charming ſubject for converſation would be the gallant and generous laſt partings between man and wife! Each, perhaps a new mate in eye, and rejoicing ſecretly in the manumiſſion, could afford to be complaiſantly-ſorrowful in appearance. 'He preſented 'ed *her* with this jewel,' it will be ſaid by the reporter, for *example*-ſake—'She '*him* with that.—How *he* wept!—How '*ſhe* ſobbed!—How they looked after 'one another!'—Yet, that's the jeſt of it, neither of them wiſhing to ſtand another twelvemonth's trial.

And if giddy fellows, or giddy girls, miſbehave in a firſt marriage, whether from *noviceſhip*, having expected to find more in the matter than can be found; or from *perverſeneſs* on *her* part, or *poſitiveneſs* on *his*, each being miſtaken in the other, [A mighty difference, Jack, in the ſame perſon, an *inmate*, or a *viſitor*;] what a fine opportunity will each have, by this ſcheme, of recovering a loſt character, and of ſetting all right in the next adventure?

And, O Jack! with what joy, with what rapture, would the *changelings* (or *changeables*, if thou like that word better) number the weeks, the days, the hours, as the annual obligation approached to it's deſirable period!

As for the ſpleen or vapours, no ſuch malady would be known or heard of. The phyſical tirbe would, indeed, be the ſufferers, and the only ſufferers; ſince freſh health and freſh ſpirits, the conſequences of ſweet blood and ſweet humours,

humours, (the mind and body continually pleaſed with each other) would perpetually flow in; and the joys of *expectation*, the higheſt of all our joys, would invigorate and keep all alive.

But, that no body of men might ſuffer, the *phyſicians*, I thought, might turn *parſons*, as there would be a great demand for parſons. Beſides, as they would be partakers in the general benefit, they muſt be ſorry fellows indeed, if they preferred themſelves to the publick.

Every-one would be married a dozen times, at leaſt. Both men and women would be careful of their characters, and polite in their behaviour, as well as delicate in their *perſons*, and elegant in their *dreſs*, [A great matter each of theſe, let me tell thee, to keep paſſion alive] either to induce a *renewal* with the *old love*, or to recommend themſelves to a *new*. While the news-papers would be crouded with paragraphs; all the world their readers, as all the word would be concerned to ſee *who and who's together*.

'Yeſterday,' for inſtance, 'entered 'into the holy ſtate of matrimony,' [We ſhould all ſpeak reverently of matrimony then] 'the Right Honourable Robert 'Earl Lovelace,' [I ſhall be an earl by that time] 'with her Grace the Dutcheſs 'Dowager of Fifty-manors; his lord-'ſhip's one-and-thirtieth wife.'—I ſhall then be contented, perhaps, to take up, as it is called, with a widow. But ſhe muſt not have had more than one huſband neither. Thou knoweſt, that I am nice in theſe particulars.

I know, Jack, that thou, for thy part, wilt approve of my ſcheme.

As Lord M. and I, between us, have three or four boroughs at command, I think I will get into parliament, in order to bring in a bill for this good purpoſe.

Neither will the houſes of parliament, nor the houſes of convocation, have reaſon to object to it. And all the courts, whether *ſpiritual* or *ſenſual*, *civil* or *uncivil*, will find their account in it, when paſſed into a law.

By my ſoul, Jack, I ſhould be apprehenſive of a general inſurrection, and that incited by the women, were ſuch a bill to be thrown out.—For here is the excellency of the ſcheme: the women will have equal reaſon with the men to be pleaſed with it.

Doſt think, that *old prerogative Harlowe*, for example, muſt not, if ſuch a law were in being, have pulled in his horns?—So excellent a wife as he has, would never elſe have *renewed* with ſuch a gloomy tyrant: who, as well as all other married tyrants, muſt have been upon good behaviour from year to year.

A termagant wife, if ſuch a law were to paſs, would be a phœnix.

The *churches* would be the only *market-places* for the fair-ſex; and a *domeſtick excellence* the capital recommendation.

Nor would there be an *old maid* in Great Britain, and all it's territories. For what an odd ſoul muſt ſhe be, who could not have her *twelvemonth's trial*?

In ſhort, a total alteration for the better, in the *morals* and *way of life* in both ſexes, muſt, in a very few years, be the conſequence of ſuch a ſalutary law.

Who would have expected ſuch a one from me! I wiſh the devil owe me not a ſpite for it.

Then would not the diſtinction be very pretty, Jack, as in flowers?—Such a gentleman, or ſuch a lady, is an ANNUAL—Such a one a PERENNIAL.

One difficulty, however, as I remember, occured to me, upon the probability that a wife might be *enceinte*, as the lawyers call it. But thus I obviated it.

That no man ſhould be allowed to marry another woman without his *then* wife's conſent, till ſhe were brought-to-bed, and he had defrayed all incident charges; and till it was agreed upon between them, whether the child ſhould be *his*, *hers*, or the *publick's*. The women, in this caſe, to have what I call the *coercive option*: for I would not have it in the man's power to be a dog, neither.

And, indeed, I gave the turn of the ſcale in every part of my ſcheme in the womens favour: for dearly do I love the ſweet rogues.

How infinitely more preferable this my ſcheme to the polygamy one of the old Patriarchs, who had wives and concubines without number!—I believe David and Solomon had their hundreds *at a time*. Had they not, Jack?

Let me add, that *annual parliaments*, and *annual marriages*, are the projects next my heart. How could I expatiate upon the benefits that would ariſe from both!

## LETTER XXX.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

WELL, but now my plots thicken; and my employment of writing to thee on this ſubject will ſoon come to a conclu-

a concluſion. For now, having got the licence; and Mrs. Townſend with her tars being to come to Hampſtead next Wedneſday or Thurſday; and another letter poſſibly or meſſage from Miſs Howe, to enquire how Miſs Harlowe does, upon the ruſtick's report of her ill health, and to expreſs her wonder that ſhe has not heard from her in anſwer to her's on her eſcape—I muſt ſoon blow up the lady, or be blown up myſelf. And ſo I am preparing, with Lady Betty and my couſin Montague, to wait upon my beloved with a coach-and-four, or a ſett; for Lady Betty will not ſtir out with a pair, for the world; though but for two or three miles. And this is a well-known part of her character.

'But as to the arms and creſt upon 'the coach and trappings?'

Doſt thou not know, that a Blunt's muſt ſupply her, while her own is new-lining and repairing? An opportunity ſhe is willing to take now ſhe is in town. Nothing of this kind can be done to her mind in the country. Liveries nearly Lady Betty's.

Thou haſt ſeen Lady Betty Lawrance ſeveral times—Haſt thou not, Belford?

'No, never in my life.'

But thou haſt; and lain with her too; or fame does thee more credit than thou deſerveſt—Why, Jack, knoweſt thou not Lady Betty's other name?

'*Other* name!—Has ſhe two?'

She has. And what thinkeſt thou of Lady Bab Wallis?

'O the devil!'

Now thou haſt it. Lady Barbara, thou knoweſt, lifted up in circumſtances, and by pride, never appears or produces herſelf, but on occaſions ſpecial—To paſs to men of quality or price, for a dutcheſs, or counteſs, at leaſt. She has always been admired for a grandeur in her air, that few women of quality can come up to: and never was ſuppoſed to be other than what ſhe paſſed for; though often and often a paramour for lords.

And who, thinkeſt thou, is my couſin Montague?

'Nay, how ſhould I know?'

How, indeed! Why, my little Johanetta Golding; a lively, yet modeſt-looking girl, is my couſin Montague.

There, Belford, is an aunt!—There's a couſin!—Both have wit at will. Both are accuſtomed to ape quality. Both are genteely deſcended. Miſtreſſes of themſelves; and well educated—Yet paſt pity.—True *Spartan* dames; aſhamed of nothing but *detection*.—Always, therefore, upon their guard againſt that. And in their own conceit, when aſſuming top parts, the very quality they ape.

And how doſt think I dreſs them out?—I'll tell thee.

Lady Betty in a rich gold tiſſue, adorned with jewels of high price.

My couſin Montague in a pale pink, ſtanding on end with ſilver flowers of her own working. Charlotte, as well as my beloved, is admirable at her needle. Not quite ſo richly jewelled-out as Lady Betty; but ear-rings and ſolitaire very valuable, and infinitely becoming.

Johanetta, thou knoweſt, has a good complexion, a fine neck, and ears remarkably fine—ſo has Charlotte. She is nearly of Charlotte's ſtature too.

Laces both, the richeſt that could be procured.

Thou canſt not imagine what a ſum the loan of the jewels coſt me; though but for three days.

This ſweet girl will half ruin me. But ſeeſt thou not by this time, that her reign is ſhort?—It muſt be ſo. And Mrs. Sinclair has already prepared everything for her reception once more.

HERE come the ladies—attended by Suſan Morriſon, a tenant-farmer's daughter, as Lady Betty's woman; with her hands before her, and thoroughly inſtructed.

How dreſs advantages women!—eſpecially thoſe, who have naturally a genteel air and turn, and have had education.

Hadſt thou ſeen how they paraded it—'Couſin,' and 'Couſin,' and 'Nephew,' at every word; Lady Betty bridling and looking *haughtily-condeſcending:* Charlotte gallanting her fan, and ſwimming over the floor without touching it.

'How I long to ſee my niece-elect!' cries one—For they are told, that we are not married; and are pleaſed, that I have not put the ſlight upon them, that they had apprehended from me.

'How I long to ſee my dear couſin, 'that is to be!' the other.

'Your la'ſhip,' and 'Your la'ſhip,' and an aukward curtſey at every addreſs, prim Suſan Morriſon.

'Top your parts, ye villains!—You 'know how nicely I diſtinguiſh. There 'will be no paſſion in *this caſe* to blind 'the judgment, and to help on medi-'tated deluſion, as when you engage 'with titled ſinners. My charmer is as 'cool and as diſtinguiſhing, though not

'quite so learned in her own sex, as I 'am. Your commonly-assumed dignity won't do for me now. Airs of superiority, as if *born* to rank.—But no 'over-do!—Doubting nothing. Let not 'your faces arraign your hearts.

'Easy and unaffected!—Your very 'dresses will give you pride enough.

'A little *graver*, Lady Betty.—More 'significance, less bridling in your dignity.

'That's the air!—Charmingly hit—'Again—You have it.

'Devil take you!—Less arrogance. 'You are got into airs of *young quality*. 'Be less sensible of your new condition. 'People born to dignity command respect without needing to require it.

'Now for *your* part, cousin Charlotte!

'Pretty well. But a little too frolicky 'that air—Yet have I prepared my beloved to expect in you both, great vivacity and quality-freedom.

'Curse those eyes!—Those glancings 'will never do. A down-cast bashful 'turn, if you can command it—Look 'upon me. Suppose me now to be my 'beloved.

'Devil take that leer. Too *significantly* 'arch!—Once I knew you the girl I 'would now have you to be.

'Sprightly, but not confident, cousin 'Charlotte!—Be sure forget not to look 'down, or aside, when looked at. When 'eyes meet eyes, be yours the retreating ones. Your face will bear examination.

'O Lord! O Lord! that so young a 'creature can so soon forget the innocent appearance she first charmed by; 'and which I thought born with you all! '—Five years to ruin what twenty had 'been building up! How natural the 'latter lesson! How difficult to regain 'the former!

'A stranger, as I hope to be saved, to 'the principal arts of your sex!—Once 'more, what a-devil has your heart to 'do in your eyes?

'Have I not told you, that my be'loved is a great observer of the eyes? 'She once quoted upon me a text, which 'shewed me how she came by her knowledge—Dorcas's were found guilty of 'treason the first moment she saw her.

'Once more, suppose *me* to be my 'charmer.—Now you are to encounter 'my *examining* eye, and my *doubting* 'heart.

'That's my dear!

'Study that air in the pier-glass!

'Charming!—Perfectly right!

'Your honours, now, devils!

'Pretty well, cousin Charlotte, for a 'young country lady!—Till form yields 'to familiarity, you *may* curtsey low. You 'must not be supposed to have forgot 'your boarding-school airs.

'But too low, too low, Lady Betty, 'for your years and your quality. The 'common fault of your sex will be your 'danger: aiming to be young too long! '—The devil's in you all, when you 'judge of yourselves by your wishes, 'and by your vanity!—Fifty, in that 'case, is never more than fifteen.

'Graceful ease, conscious dignity, 'like that of my charmer, O how hard 'to hit!

'Both together now.

'Charming!—That's the air, Lady 'Betty!—That's the cue, cousin Char'lotte, suited to the character of each! '—But, once more, be sure to have a 'guard upon your eyes.'

'Never fear, nephew!'

'Never fear, cousin.'

A dram of Barbadoes each.

And now we are gone.

## LETTER XXXI.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

AT MRS. SINCLAIR'S, MONDAY AFTERNOON.

ALL is right, as heart can wish!—In spite of all objection—In spite of a reluctance next to fainting—In spite of all foresight, vigilance, suspicion—once more is the charmer of my soul in her old lodgings!

Now throbs away every pulse! Now thump, thump, thumps my bounding heart for something!

But I have not time for the particulars of our management.

My beloved is now directing some of her cloaths to be packed up—Never more to enter this house!—Nor ever more will she, I dare say, when once again out of it!

Yet not so much as a condition of forgiveness!—The Harlowe-spirited fair-one will not *deserve* my mercy!—She will wait for Miss Howe's next letter; and then, if she find a *difficulty in her new schemes*—[Thank her for nothing]—will—Will what?—Why even *then* will take time to consider, whether I am to be forgiven, or for ever rejected. An indifference that revives in my heart the remembrance of a thousand of the like nature.—And yet Lady Betty and Miss Montague [*A man would be tempted to think, Jack, that they wish her to provoke*

*my vengeance*] declare, that I ought to be ſatisfied with ſuch a proud ſuſpenſion.

They are entirely attached to her. Whatever ſhe ſays, *is*, *muſt be*, goſpel! They are guarantees for her return to Hampſtead this night. They are to go back with her. A ſupper beſpoken by Lady Betty at Mrs. Moore's. All the vacant apartments there, by my permiſſion, (for I had engaged them for a month certain) to be filled with them and their attendants, for a week at leaſt, or till they can prevail upon the dear perverſe, as they hope they ſhall, to reſtore me to her favour, and to accompany Lady Betty to Oxfordſhire.

The dear creature has thus far condeſcended—That ſhe will write to Miſs Howe, and acquaint her with the preſent ſituation of things.

If ſhe write, I ſhall ſee what ſhe writes. But I believe ſhe will have other employment ſoon.

Lady Betty is ſure, ſhe tells her, that ſhe ſhall prevail upon her to forgive me; though ſhe dares ſay, that I deſerve not forgiveneſs. Lady Betty is too delicate to enquire ſtrictly into the nature of my offence. But it muſt be an offence againſt *herſelf*, againſt *Miſs Montague*, againſt the *virtuous of the whole ſex*, or it could not be ſo highly reſented. Yet ſhe will not leave her till ſhe forgive me, and till ſhe ſee our nuptials privately celebrated. Mean time, as ſhe approves of her *uncle's expedient*, ſhe will addreſs her as *already my wife before ſtrangers*.

Stedman her ſolicitor may attend her for orders, in relation to her Chancery-affair, at Hampſtead. Not one hour they *can* be favoured with, will they loſe from the company and converſation of ſo dear, ſo charming a new relation.

Hard then if ſhe had not obliged them with her company, in their coach-and-four, to and from their couſin Leeſon's, who longed (as they themſelves had done) to ſee a lady ſo juſtly celebrated.

How will Lord M. be raptured when he ſees her, and can ſalute her as his niece!

How will Lady Sarah bleſs herſelf!—She will now think her loſs of the dear daughter ſhe mourns for, happily ſupplied!

Miſs Montague dwells upon every word that falls from her lips. She perfectly adores her new couſin: for her couſin ſhe *muſt* be. And her couſin will ſhe call her! She anſwers for equal admiration in her ſiſter Patty.

'Aye,' cry I, (whiſpering loud enough for her to hear) 'how will my couſin 'Patty's dove's eyes gliſten and run over, 'on the very firſt interview!—So gra-'cious, ſo noble, ſo unaffected a dear 'creature!'

'What a happy family,' chorus we all, 'will ours be!'

Theſe and ſuch like congratulatory admirations every hour repeated: her modeſty hurt by the extatick praiſes:—her graces are too natural to herſelf for her to be proud of them:—but ſhe muſt be content to be puniſhed for excellences that caſt a ſhade upon the *moſt* excellent!

In ſhort, we are here, as at Hampſtead, all joy and rapture: all of us except my beloved; in whoſe ſweet face [her almoſt fainting reluctance to reenter theſe doors not overcome] reigns a kind of anxious ſerenity!—But how will even that be changed in a few hours!

Methinks I begin to pity the half-apprehenſive beauty!—But, avaunt, thou unſeaſonably intruding pity! Thou haſt more than once already well-nigh undone me!—And, adieu, Reflection! Be gone, Conſideration! and Commiſeration! I diſmis ye all, for at leaſt a week to come!—Be remembered her broken word! Her flight, when my fond ſoul was meditating mercy to her! Be remembered her treatment of me in her letter on her eſcape to Hampſtead!—Her Hampſtead virulence!—What is it ſhe ought not to expect from an unchained Beelzebub, and a plotting villain?

Be her preference of the ſingle life to *me* alſo remembered!—That ſhe deſpiſes me!—That ſhe even refuſes to be my WIFE!—A proud Lovelace to be denied a *wife!*—To be more proudly rejected by a daughter of the *Harlowes!* The ladies of my own family [She *thinks* them the ladies of my family] ſupplicating in vain for her returning favour to their deſpiſed kinſman, and taking laws from her ſtill prouder punctilio!

Be the execrations of her vixen friend likewiſe remembered, poured out upon me from *her* repreſentations, and thereby made her *own* execrations!

Be remembered ſtill more particularly, the Townſend plot, ſet on foot between them, and now, in a day or two, ready to break out! and the *ſordid threatnings* thrown out againſt me by that little fury!

Is not *this* the criſis for which I have been

been long waiting? Shall Tomlinſon, ſhall theſe women be engaged; ſhall ſo many engines be ſet at work, at an immenſe expence, with infinite contrivance; and all to no purpoſe?

Is not *this* the hour of her trial—And in *her*, of the trial of the virtue of her whole ſex, ſo long premeditated, ſo long threatened?—Whether her froſt be froſt indeed?—Whether her virtue be principle?—Whether, if *once ſubdued, ſhe will not be always ſubdued?* And will ſhe not want the very crown of her glory, the proof of her till now all ſurpaſſing excellence, if I ſtop ſhort of the ultimate trial?

Now is the end of purpoſes long overawed, often ſuſpended, at hand. And need I to throw the ſins of her curſed family into the too weighty ſcale?

*Abhorred be force!—Be the thoughts of force! There is no triumph over the will in force!* This I know I have ſaid. But would I not have avoided it, if I could?—Have I not tried every other method? And have I any other reſource left me? Can ſhe reſent the *laſt outrage* more than ſhe has reſented a *fainter effort?*—And if her reſentments run ever ſo high, cannot I repair by matrimony?—She will not refuſe me, I know, Jack; the haughty beauty will not refuſe me, when her pride of being corporally inviolate is brought down; when ſhe can tell no tales, but when (be her reſiſtance what it will) even her own ſex will ſuſpect a yielding in reſiſtance; and when that modeſty, which may fill her boſom with reſentment, will lock up her ſpeech.

But how know I, that I have not made my own difficulties?—Is ſhe not a woman?—What redreſs lies for a perpetrated evil?—Muſt ſhe not *live?*—Her piety will ſecure her life.—And will not *time* be my friend?—What, in a word, will be her behaviour afterwards?—She cannot fly me!—She muſt forgive me—And, as I have often ſaid, *once forgiven, will be for ever forgiven.*

Why then ſhould this enervating pity unſteel my fooliſh heart?

It ſhall not. All theſe things will I remember; and think of nothing elſe, in order to keep up a reſolution, which the women about me will have it I ſhall be ſtill unable to hold.

I'll teach the dear charming creature to emulate me in contrivance;—I'll teach her to weave webs and plots againſt her conqueror!—I'll ſhew her, that in her ſmuggling ſchemes ſhe is but a ſpider compared to me, and that ſhe has all this time been ſpinning only a cobweb!

WHAT ſhall we do now! We are immerſed in the depth of grief and apprehenſion! How ill do women bear diſappointment!—Set upon going to Hampſtead, and upon quitting for ever a houſe ſhe re-entered with infinite reluctance; what things ſhe intended to take with her, ready packed up; herſelf on tiptoe to be gone: and I prepared to attend her thither; ſhe begins to be afraid that ſhe ſhall not go this night; and in grief and deſpair has flung herſelf into her old apartment; locked herſelf in; and through the key-hole Dorcas ſees her on her knees—praying I ſuppoſe for a ſafe deliverance.

And from what?—And wherefore theſe agonizing apprehenſions?

Why, here, this unkind Lady Betty, *with* the dear creature's knowledge, though to her concern, and this mad-headed couſin Montague *without* it, while ſhe was employed in directing her package, have hurried away in the coach to their own lodgings; [Only, indeed, to put up ſome night-cloaths, and ſo-forth, in order to attend their ſweet couſin to Hampſtead] and, no leſs to my ſurprize than hers, are not yet returned.

I have ſent to know the meaning of it.

In a great hurry of ſpirits, ſhe would have had me to go myſelf. Hardly any pacifying her!. The girl, God bleſs her! is wild with her own idle apprehenſions!—What is ſhe afraid of?

I curſe them both for their delay—My tardy villain, how he ſtays!—'Devil fetch them! Let them ſend their 'coach, and we'll go without them.' In her hearing I bid the fellow tell them ſo.—Perhaps he ſtays to bring the coach, if any-thing happens to hinder the ladies from attending my beloved this night.

DEVIL take them, again ſay I!—They *promiſed* too they would not ſtay, becauſe it was but two nights ago, that a chariot was robbed at the foot of Hampſtead Hill; which alarmed my fair-one when told of it!

Oh! here's Lady Betty's ſervant, with a billet.

'TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

MONDAY NIGHT.

'EXCUSE us, dear nephew, I be-'ſeech you, to my deareſt kinſwoman. 'One night cannot break ſquares. For 'here Miſs Montague has been taken 'violently ill with three fainting fits, 'one after another. The hurry of her

'joy

'joy, I believe, to find your dear lady 'ſo much ſurpaſs all expectation, [Ne-'ver did family-love, you know, reign ſo 'ſtrong as among us] and the too eager 'deſire ſhe had to attend her, have occa-'ſioned it! For ſhe has weak ſpirits, 'poor girl! well as ſhe looks.

'If ſhe be better, we will certainly go 'with you to-morrow morning, after 'we have breakfaſted with *her*, at your 'lodgings. But, whether ſhe be, or 'not, I will do myſelf the pleaſure to 'attend your lady to Hampſtead; and 'will be with you for that purpoſe about 'nine in the morning. With due com-'pliments to your moſt worthy beloved, 'I am *yours affectionately*,

'ELIZAB. LAWRANCE.'

Faith and troth, Jack, I know not what to do with myſelf: for here, juſt now having ſent in the above note by Dorcas, out came my beloved with it in her hand: in a fit of phrenzy!—True, by my ſoul!

She had indeed complained of *her head* all the evening!

Dorcas ran to me, out of breath, to tell me, that her lady was coming in ſome ſtrange way: but ſhe followed her ſo quick, that the frighted wench had had not time to ſay in what way.

It ſeems, when ſhe read the billet—'Now, indeed,' ſaid ſhe, 'I am a loſt 'creature! O the poor Clariſſa Har-'lowe!'

She tore off her head-cloaths: enquired where I was: and in ſhe came, her ſhining treſſes flowing about her neck; her ruffles torn, and hanging in tatters, about her ſnowy hands; with her arms ſpread out; her eyes wildly turned, as if ſtarting from their orbits—Down ſunk ſhe at my feet, as ſoon as ſhe approached me; her charming boſom heaving to her uplifted face; and claſping her arms about my knees, 'Dear Lovelace,' ſaid ſhe, 'if ever—if 'ever—if ever—' And, unable to ſpeak another word, quitting her claſping hold, down proſtrate on the floor ſunk ſhe, neither in a fit nor out of one.

I was quite aſtoniſhed—All my purpoſes ſuſpended for a few moments, I knew neither what to ſay, nor what to do. But recollecting myſelf, 'Am I 'again,' thought I, 'in a way to be 'overcome, and made a fool of!—If I 'now recede, I am gone for ever.'

I raiſed her, but down ſhe ſunk, as if quite diſjointed; her limbs failing her—yet not in a fit neither. I never heard of or ſaw ſuch a dear unaccountable: almoſt lifeleſs, and ſpeechleſs too for a few moments—What muſt her apprehenſions be at that moment? And for what?—An high-notioned dear ſoul!—'Pretty ignorance!' thought I.

Never having met with ſo ſincere, ſo unqueſtionable a repugnance, I was ſtaggered—I was confounded—Yet how ſhould I know that it would be ſo till I tried?—And how, having proceeded thus far, could I ſtop, were I *not* to have had the women to goad me on, and to make light of circumſtances, which they pretended to be better judges of than I?

I lifted her, however, into a chair; and in words of diſordered paſſion, told her, All her fears were needleſs: wondered at them: begged of her to be pacified: beſought her reliance on my faith and honour: and revowed all my old vows, and poured forth new ones.

At laſt, with an heart-breaking ſob, 'I ſee, I ſee, Mr. Lovelace,' in broken ſentences ſhe ſpoke—'I ſee, I ſee—that 'at laſt—at laſt—I am ruined!—Ruined, 'if *your* pity—Let me implore your 'pity!'—And down on her boſom, like a half-broken-ſtalked lily top-heavy with the overcharging dews of the morning, ſunk her head, with a ſigh that went to my heart.

All I could think of to re-aſſure her, when a little recovered, I ſaid.

Why did I not ſend for their coach, as I had intimated? It might return in the morning for the ladies.

'I had actually done ſo,' I told her, on ſeeing her ſtrange uneaſineſs. 'But 'it was then going to fetch a doctor for 'Miſs Montague, leſt his chariot ſhould 'not be ſo ready.'

'Ah! Lovelace!' ſaid ſhe, with a doubting face; anguiſh in her imploring eye.

Lady Betty would think it very ſtrange, I told her, if ſhe were to know it was ſo diſagreeable to her to ſtay one night for *her* company in the houſe where ſhe had paſſed *ſo many*.

She called me names upon this—She had called me names before.—I was patient.

Let her go to Lady Betty's lodgings, then; *directly* go; if the perſon I called Lady Betty was really Lady Betty.

'If, my dear! Good Heaven! What 'a villain does that IF ſhew you believe 'me to be.'

'I cannot help it—I beſeech you once 'more, to let me go to Mrs. Leeſon's, 'if *that* IF ought not to be ſaid.'

Then,

Then assuming a more resolute spirit —'I will go! I will enquire my way! I will go by myself!'—And would have rushed by me.

I folded my arms about her to detain her; pleading the bad way I heard poor Charlotte was in; and what a farther concern her impatience, if she went, would give to poor Charlotte.

She would believe nothing I said, unless I would instantly order a coach, (since she was not to have Lady Betty's, nor was permitted to go to Mrs. Leeson's) and let her go in it to Hampstead, late as it was, and all alone; so much the better: for in the house of *people* of whom Lady Betty, upon enquiry, had heard a bad character; [*Dropt foolishly this, by my prating new relation, in order to do credit to herself by depreciating others*] every-thing, and every face, looking with so much meaning vileness, as well as *my own*, ['*Thou art still too sen-*'*sible*,' *thought I*, '*my charmer!*'] she was resolved not to stay another night.

Dreading what might happen as to her intellects, and being very apprehensive, that she might possibly go through a great deal before morning, (though more violent she could not well be with the worst she dreaded) I humoured her, and ordered Will to endeavour to get a coach directly, to carry us to Hampstead; I cared not at what price.

Robbers, with whom I would have terrified her, she feared not—*I* was all her fear, I found; and this house her terror: for I saw plainly, that she now believed, that Lady Betty and Miss Montague were both impostors.

But her mistrust is a little of the latest to do her service!

And, O Jack, the rage of love, the rage of revenge is upon me! By turns they tear me!—The progress already made—The womens instigations—The power I shall have to try her to the utmost, and still to marry her, if she be not to be brought to cohabitation—Let me perish, Belford, if she escape me now!

WILL is not yet come back. Near eleven.

WILL is this moment returned.—No coach is to be got, either *for love or money*.

Once more, she urges—'To Mrs. 'Leeson's let me go, Lovelace! Good 'Lovelace, let me go to Mrs. Leeson's? 'What is Miss Montague's illness to 'my terror?—For the Almighty's sake, 'Mr. Lovelace!'—her hands clasped.

'O, my angel! What a wildness is 'this!—Do you know, do you see, my 'dearest life, what appearance your 'causeless apprehensions have given 'you?—Do you know it is past eleven 'o'clock!'

'Twelve, one, two, three, four—'any hour—I care not—if you mean 'me honourably, let me go out of this 'hated house!'

Thou'lt observe, Belford, that though this was written afterwards, yet (as in other places) I write it as it was spoken and happened, as if I had retired to put down every sentence as spoken. I know thou likest this lively *present tense* manner, as it is one of my peculiars.

Just as she had repeated the last words, '*if you mean me honourably, let me go out* '*of this hated house*,' in came Mrs. Sinclair, in a great ferment—'And what, 'pray, Madam, has *this house* done to 'you?—Mr. Lovelace, you have known 'me some time; and if I have not the 'niceness of this lady, I hope I do not 'deserve to be treated thus?'

She set her huge arms akembo: '*Hoh!* 'Madam, let me tell you, I am amazed 'at your freedoms with my character! '—And, Mr. Lovelace,' [Holding up, and violently shaking her head] 'if 'you are a gentleman, and a man of 'honour—'

Having never before seen any-thing but obsequiousness in this woman, little as she liked her, she was frightened at her masculine air, and fierce look—'God help me!' cried she—'What will 'become of me now!' Then turning her head hither and thither, in a wild kind of amaze, 'Whom have I for a 'protector! What will become of me 'now!'

'*I* will be your protector, my dearest 'love!—But indeed you are uncharitably severe upon poor Mrs. Sinclair! 'Indeed you are!—She is a gentlewo-'man born, and the relict of a man of 'honour; and though left in such cir-'cumstances as to oblige her to let lodg-'ings, yet would she scorn to be guilty 'of a wilful baseness.'

'I hope so—It may be so—I may be 'mistaken—But—But there is no crime, 'I presume, no treason, to say I don't 'like her house.'

The old dragon straddled up to her, with her arms kemboed again—Her eye-brows erect, like the bristles of a hog's back, and scouling over her short-

ened

ened noſe, more than half-hid her ferret eyes. Her mouth was diſtorted. She pouted out her blubber-lips as if to bellows up wind and ſputter into her horſe-noſtrils; and her chin was curdled, and more than uſually prominent with paſſion.

With two *Hoh, Madams*, ſhe accoſted the frighted fair-one; who, terrified, caught hold of my ſleeve.

I feared ſhe would fall into fits; and, with a look of indignation, told Mrs. Sinclair, that theſe apartments were mine; and I could not imagine what ſhe meant, either by liſtening to what paſſed between me and my ſpouſe, or to come in uninvited; and ſtill more I wondered at her giving herſelf theſe ſtrange liberties.

I may be to blame, Jack, for ſuffering this wretch to give herſelf theſe airs; but her coming in was without my orders.

The old beldam throwing herſelf into a chair, fell a blubbering and exclaiming. And the pacifying of her, and endeavouring to reconcile the lady to her, took up till near one o'clock.

And thus, between terror and the late hour, and what followed, ſhe was diverted from the thoughts of getting out of the houſe to Mrs. Leeſon's or anywhere elſe.

## LETTER XXXII.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

TUESDAY MORN. JUNE 13.

AND now, Belford, I can go no farther. The affair is over. Clariſſa lives. And I am *your humble ſervant*, R. LOVELACE.

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*The whole of this black tranſaction is given by the injured lady to Miſs Howe, to her ſubſequent letters, dated Thurſday, July 6.* See Vol. VI. Letters XLIV. XLV. XLVI.

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## LETTER XXXIII.

MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

WATFORD. WEDN. JUNE 14.

O Thou ſavage-hearted monſter! What work haſt thou made in *one guilty hour*, for a *whole age* of repentance.

I am inexpreſſibly concerned at the fate of this matchleſs lady! She could not have fallen into the hands of any other man breathing, and ſuffered as ſhe has done with thee.

I had written a great part of another long letter, to try to ſoften thy flinty heart in her favour; for I thought it but too likely, that thou ſhouldſt ſucceed in getting her back to the accurſed woman's. But I find it would have been too late, had I finiſhed it, and ſent it away. Yet cannot I forbear writing, to urge thee to make the *only* amends thou now canſt make her, by a proper uſe of the licence thou haſt obtained.

Poor, poor lady! It is a pain to me, that I ever ſaw her. Such an adorer of virtue to be ſacrificed to the vileſt of her ſex; and thou their implement in the devil's hands, for a purpoſe ſo baſe, ſo ungenerous, ſo inhumane!—Pride thyſelf, O crueleſt of men! in this reflection; and that thy triumph over a woman, who for thy ſake was abandoned of every friend ſhe had in the world, was effected, not by advantages taken of her weakneſs and credulity; but by the blackeſt artifice; after a long courſe of ſtudied deceits had been tried to no purpoſe.

I can tell thee, it is well either for thee or for me, that I am not the brother of the lady. Had I been her brother, her violation muſt have been followed by the blood of one of us.

Excuſe me, Lovelace; and let not the lady fare the worſe for my concern for her. And yet I have but one *other* motive to aſk thy excuſe; and that is, becauſe I owe to thy own communicative pen the knowledge I have of thy barbarous villainy, ſince thou mighteſt, if thou wouldſt, have paſſed it upon me for a common ſeduction.

CLARISSA LIVES, thou ſayeſt. That ſhe does is my wonder: and theſe words ſhew, that thou thyſelf (though thou couldſt, nevertheleſs, proceed) hardly expectedſt ſhe would have ſurvived the outrage. What muſt have been the poor lady's diſtreſs, (watchful as ſhe had been over her honour) when dreadful certainty took place of cruel apprehenſion!—And yet a man may gueſs what it muſt have been, by that which thou painteſt, when ſhe ſuſpected herſelf tricked, deſerted, and betrayed, by the pretended ladies.

That thou couldſt behold her phrenzy on this occaſion, and her half-ſpeechleſs, half-fainting proſtration at thy feet, and yet retain thy evil purpoſes, will hardly be thought credible, even by thoſe who know *thee*, if they have ſeen *her*.

Poor,

Poor, poor lady! With ſuch noble qualities as would have adorned the moſt exalted married life, to fall into the hands of the *only* man in the world, who could have treated her as thou haſt treated her!—And to let looſe the old dragon, as thou properly calleſt her, upon the before-affrighted innocent, what a barbarity was *that!* What a *poor* piece of barbarity! in order to obtain by terror, what thou deſpaireſt to gain by love, though ſupported by ſtratagems the moſt inſidious!

*O*, LOVELACE! LOVELACE! *had I doubted it before, I ſhould now be convinced, that there muſt be a* WORLD AFTER THIS, *to do juſtice to injured merit, and to puniſh barbarous perfidy!* Could the divine SOCRATES, and the divine CLARISSA, otherwiſe have ſuffered?

But let me, if poſſible, for one moment, try to forget this villainous outrage on the moſt excellent of women.

I have buſineſs here, which will hold me yet a few days; and then perhaps I ſhall quit this houſe for ever.

I have had a ſolemn and tedious time of it. I ſhould never have known, that I had half the reſpect I really find I had for the old gentleman, had I not ſo cloſely, at his earneſt deſire, attended him, and been a witneſs of the tortures he underwent.

This melancholy occaſion may poſſibly have contributed to humanize me: but ſurely I never could have been ſo remorſeleſs a caitiff as *thou* haſt been, to a woman of *half* this lady's excellence.

But pr'ythee, dear Lovelace, if thou'rt a man, and not a devil, reſolve, out of hand, to repair thy ſin of ingratitude, by conferring upon thyſelf the higheſt honour thou *canſt* receive, in making her lawfully thine.

But if thou canſt not prevail upon thyſelf to do her this juſtice, I think I ſhould not ſcruple a tilt with thee [An everlaſting rupture *at leaſt* muſt follow] if thou ſacrificeſt her to the accurſed women.

Thou art deſirous to know what advantage I reap by my uncle's demiſe. I do not certainly know; for I have not been ſo greedily ſolicitous on this ſubject, as ſome of the kindred have been, who ought to have ſhewn more decency, as I have told them, and ſuffered the corpſe to have been cold before they had begun their hungry enquiries. But, by what I gathered from the poor man's talk to me, who oftener than I wiſhed touched upon the ſubject, I deem it will be upwards of 5000l. in caſh, and in the funds, after all legacies paid, beſides the real eſtate, which is a clear 1000l. a year.

I wiſh from my heart, thou wert a money-lover! Were the eſtate to be of double the value, thou ſhouldſt have it every ſhilling; only upon one condition —[for my circumſtances before were as eaſy as I wiſh them to be while I am ſingle]—That thou wouldſt permit me the honour of being this fatherleſs lady's *father*, as it is called, at the altar.

Think of this! my dear Lovelace: be honeſt: and let me preſent thee with the brighteſt jewel that man ever poſſeſſed; and then, body and ſoul, wilt thou bind to thee for ever, thy

BELFORD.

## LETTER XXXIV.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

THURSDAY, JUNE 15.

'LET me alone, you great dog, you! '—Let me alone!'—have I heard a leſſer boy, his coward arms held over his head and face, ſay to a bigger, who was pommeling him, for having run away with his apple, his orange, or his ginger-bread.

So ſay I to thee, on occaſion of thy ſeverity to thy poor friend, who, as thou owneſt, has furniſhed thee (ungenerous as thou art!) with the weapons thou brandiſheſt ſo fearfully againſt him—And to what purpoſe, when the miſchief is done?—when, of conſequence, the affair is irretrievable?—and when a CLARISSA could not move me?

Well, but, after all, I muſt own, that there is ſomething very ſingular in this lady's caſe: and, at times, I cannot help regretting, that I ever attempted her; ſince not *one power either of body or ſoul* could be moved in my favour; and ſince, to uſe the expreſſion of the philoſopher, on a much graver occaſion, There is no difference to be found between the ſkull of King Philip, and that of another man.

But people's extravagant notions of things alter not facts, Belford: and, when all's done, Miſs Clariſſa Harlowe has but run the fate of a thouſand others of her ſex—Only that they did not ſet ſuch a romantick value upon what they call their *honour*; that's all.

And yet I will allow thee this—That if a perſon ſets a high value upon anything, be it ever ſuch a trifle in itſelf, or in the eye of others, the robbing of that perſon of it is *not* a trifle to *him*.

Take

Take the matter in this light, I own I have done wrong, great wrong, to this admirable creature.

But have I not known twenty and twenty of the ſex, who have ſeemed to carry their notions of virtue high; yet, when brought to the teſt, have abated of their ſeverity? And how ſhould we be convinced that *any* of them are proof, till they are tried?

A thouſand times have I ſaid, that I never yet met with ſuch a woman as this. If I *had*, I hardly ever ſhould have attempted Miſs Clariſſa Harlowe. Hitherto ſhe is an angel: and was not that the point which at ſetting out I propoſed to try? And was not *cohabitation* ever my darling view? And am I not now, at laſt, in the high-road to it? —It is true, that I have nothing to boaſt of as to her will. *The very contrary.* But now are we come to the teſt, whether ſhe cannot be brought to make the beſt of an irreparable evil—If ſhe exclaim, [She has reaſon to exclaim, and I will ſit down with patience by the hour together to hear her exclamations, till ſhe is tired of them] ſhe will then deſcend to expoſtulation perhaps—Expoſtulation will give me hope—Expoſtulation will ſhew, that ſhe hates me not. And if ſhe hate me not, ſhe will forgive me: and if ſhe *now* forgive; then will all be over; and ſhe will be mine upon my own terms: and it ſhall then be the whole ſtudy of my future life to make her happy.

So, Belford, thou ſeeſt, that I have journeyed on this ſtage, [indeed, through infinite mazes, and as infinite remorſes] with one determined point in view, from the firſt.—To thy urgent ſupplication then, that I will do her grateful juſtice by marriage, let me anſwer in Matt Prior's two lines on his hoped-for auditorſhip; as put into the mouths of his St. John and Harley—

'—Let that be done, which Matt doth ſay.
"YEA," quoth the earl—"BUT NOT TO-
"DAY."

Thou ſeeſt, Jack, that I make no reſolutions, however, againſt doing her, one time or other, the wiſhed-for juſtice, even were I to ſucceed in my principal view, *cohabitation*. And of this I do aſſure thee, that, if I ever marry, it muſt, it ſhall be Miſs Clariſſa Harlowe. —Nor is her honour at all impaired with *me*, by what ſhe has *ſo far* ſuffered: but the contrary. She muſt only take care, that, if ſhe be at laſt brought to forgive me, ſhe ſhew me, that her Lovelace is the only man on earth, whom ſhe could have forgiven on the like occaſion.

But, ah, Jack! what, in the mean time, ſhall I do with this admirable creature? At preſent—[I am loth to ſay it—But, at preſent] ſhe is quite ſtupified.

I had rather, methinks, ſhe ſhould have retained all her active powers, though I had ſuffered by her nails and her teeth, than that ſhe ſhould be ſunk into ſuch a ſtate of abſolute—inſenſibility, (ſhall I call it?) as ſhe has been in ever ſince Tueſday morning. Yet, as ſhe begins a little to revive, and now-and-then to call names, and to exclaim, I dread almoſt to engage with the anguiſh of a ſpirit that owes it's extraordinary agitations to niceneſs that has no example either in ancient or modern ſtory. For, after all, what is there in her caſe, that ſhould *ſtupify* ſuch a glowing, ſuch a *blooming* charmer!—Exceſs of grief, exceſs of terror, has made a perſon's hair ſtand on end, and even (as we have read) changed the colour of it. But that it ſhould ſo ſtupify, as to make a perſon, at times, inſenſible to thoſe imaginary wrongs, which would raiſe others *from* ſtupefaction, is very ſurprizing!

But I will leave this ſubject, leſt it ſhould make me too grave.

I was yeſterday at Hampſtead, and diſcharged all obligations there, with no ſmall applauſe. I told them, that the lady was now as happy as myſelf: and that is no great untruth; for I am not altogether ſo, when I allow myſelf to *think*.

Mrs. Townſend, with her tars, had not been then there. I told them what I would have them to ſay to her, if ſhe came.

Well, but, after all, [How many *after-all's* have I?] I could be very grave, were I to give way to it.—The devil take me for a fool!—What's the matter with me, I wonder!—I muſt breathe a freſher air for a few days.

But what ſhall I do with this admirable creature the while?—Hang me, if I know!—For, if I ſtir, the venomous ſpider of this habitation will want to ſet upon the charming fly, whoſe ſilken wings are already ſo entangled in my enormous web, that ſhe cannot move hand or foot: for ſo much has grief ſtupified her, that ſhe is at preſent as deſtitute of will, as ſhe always ſeemed to be of deſire. I muſt not, therefore, think of leaving her yet for two days together.

## LETTER XXXV.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

I Have juſt now had a ſpecimen of what the reſentment of this dear creature will be when quite recovered: an affecting one!—For, entering her apartment after Dorcas; and endeavouring to ſoothe and pacify her diſordered mind; in the midſt of my blandiſhments, ſhe held up to Heaven, in a ſpeechleſs agony, the innocent licence, (which ſhe has in her own power;) as the poor diſtreſſed Catalans held up their Engliſh treaty, on an occaſion that keeps the worſt of my actions in countenance.

She ſeemed about to call down vengeance upon me; when, happily, the leaden god, in pity to her trembling Lovelace, waved over her half-drowned eyes his ſomniferous wand, and laid aſleep the fair exclaimer, before ſhe could go through with her intended imprecation.

Thou wilt gueſs, by what I have written, that ſome *little* art has been made uſe of: but it was with a *generous* deſign, (if thou'lt allow me the word on ſuch an occaſion) in order to leſſen the too quick ſenſe ſhe was likely to have of what ſhe was to ſuffer. A contrivance I never had occaſion for before, and had not thought of now, if Mrs. Sinclair had not propoſed it to me: to whom I left the management of it: and I have done nothing but curſe her ever ſince, leſt the quantity ſhould have for ever damped her charming intellects.

Hence my concern—For I think the poor lady ought not to have been ſo treated. *Poor lady*, did I ſay?—What have I to do with thy creeping ſtile?—But have not I the worſt of it; ſince her inſenſibility has made me but a thief to my own joys?

I did not intend to tell thee of this little *innocent* trick; for ſuch I deſigned it to be; but that I hate diſingenuouſneſs: to thee, eſpecially: and as I cannot help writing in a more ſerious vein than uſual, thou wouldſt, perhaps, had I not hinted the true cauſe, have imagined that I was ſorry for the fact itſelf: and this would have given *thee* a good deal of trouble in ſcribbling dull perſuaſives to repair by matrimony; and *me* in reading thy crude nonſenſe. Beſides, one day or other, thou mighteſt, had I not confeſſed it, have heard of it in an aggravated manner; and I know thou haſt ſuch an high opinion of this lady's virtue, that thou wouldſt be diſappointed, if thou hadſt reaſon to think, that ſhe was ſubdued by *her own* conſent, or any the leaſt yielding in her will. And ſo is ſhe beholden to me in ſome meaſure, that, at the expence of *my* honour, ſhe may ſo juſtly form a plea, which will entirely ſalve *hers*.

And now is the whole ſecret out.

Thou wilt ſay I am a horrid fellow!—As the lady does, that I am the *unchained Beelzebub*, and a *plotting villain:* and as this is what you both ſaid beforehand, and nothing worſe *can* be ſaid, I deſire, if thou wouldſt not have me quite ſerious with thee, and that I ſhould think thou meaneſt more by thy tilting hint, than I am willing to believe thou doſt, that thou wilt forbear thy invectives: for is not the thing done?—Can it be helped?—And muſt I not now try to make the beſt of it?—And the rather do I enjoin thee this, and inviolable ſecrecy; becauſe I begin to think, that my puniſhment will be greater than the fault, were it to be only from my own reflection.

## LETTER XXXVI.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

FRIDAY, JUNE 16.

I Am ſorry to hear of thy miſfortune; but hope thou wilt not long lie by it. Thy ſervant tells me, what narrow eſcape thou hadſt with thy neck. I wiſh it may not be ominous: but I think thou ſeemeſt not to be in ſo enterprizing a way as formerly; and yet, merry or ſad, thou ſeeſt a rake's neck is always in danger, if not from the hangman, from his own horſe. But 'tis a vicious toad, it ſeems; and I think thou ſhouldſt never venture upon his back again; for 'tis a plaguy thing for rider and horſe both to be vicious.

The fellow tells me, thou deſireſt me to continue to write to thee in order to *divert* thy chagrin on thy forced confinement: but how can I think it in my *power* to divert, when my ſubject is not pleaſing to myſelf?

Cæſar never knew what it was to be *hipped*, I will call it, till he came to be what Pompey was; that is to ſay, till he arrived at the height of his ambition: nor did thy Lovelace know what it was to be gloomy, till he had completed his wiſhes upon the moſt charming creature in the world.

And yet why ſay I *completed*? when the *will*, the *conſent*, is wanting—And I have ſtill views before me of obtaining that!

Yet I could almoſt join with thee in the wiſh, which thou ſendeſt me up by thy ſervant, unfriendly as it is, that I had had thy misfortune before Monday night laſt: for here the poor lady has run into a contrary extreme to that I told thee of in my laſt: for now is ſhe as much too lively, as before ſhe was too ſtupid; and 'bating that ſhe has pretty frequent lucid intervals, would be deemed raving mad, and I ſhould be obliged to confine her.

I am moſt confoundedly diſturbed about it: for I begin to fear that her intellects are irreparably hurt.

Who the devil could have expected ſuch ſtrange effects from a cauſe ſo common, and ſo ſlight?

But theſe high-ſouled and high-ſenſed girls, who had ſet up for ſhining lights and examples to the reſt of the ſex, are with ſuch difficulty brought down to the common ſtandard, that a wiſe man, who prefers his peace of mind to his glory in ſubduing one of that exalted claſs, would have nothing to ſay to them.

I do all in my power to quiet her ſpirits, when I force myſelf into her preſence.

I go on, begging pardon one minute; and vowing truth and honour another.

I would at firſt have perſuaded her, and offered to call witneſſes to the truth of it, that we were actually married. Though the licence was in her hands, I thought the aſſertion might go down in her diſorder; and charming conſequences I hoped would follow. But this would not do.

I therefore gave up that hope: and now I declare to her, that it is my reſolution to marry her, the moment her uncle Harlowe informs me, that he will grace the ceremony with his preſence.

But ſhe believes nothing I ſay; nor (whether in her ſenſes or not) bears me with patience in her ſight.

I pity her with all my ſoul; and I curſe myſelf, when ſhe is in her wailing fits, and when I apprehend, that intellects, ſo charming, are for ever damped. But more I curſe theſe women, who put me upon ſuch an expedient! Lord! Lord! what a hand have I made of it!—*And all for what?*

Laſt night, for the firſt time ſince Monday laſt, ſhe got to her pen and ink: but ſhe purſues her writing with ſuch eagerneſs and hurry, as ſhew too evidently her diſcompoſure.

I hope, however, that this employment will help to calm her ſpirits.

JUST now Dorcas tells me, that what ſhe writes ſhe tears, and throws the paper in fragments under the table, either as not knowing what ſhe does, or diſliking it: then gets up, wrings her hands, weeps, and ſhifts her ſeat all round the room: then returns to her table, ſits down, and writes again.

ONE odd letter, as I may call it, Dorcas has this moment given me from her—'*Carry this*,' ſaid ſhe, '*to the vileſt of men.*' Dorcas, a toad, brought it, without any farther direction, to *me*. I ſat down, intending (though 'tis pretty long) to give thee a copy of it: but, for my life, I cannot; 'tis ſo extravagant. And the original is too much an original to let it go out of my hands.

But ſome of the ſcraps and fragments, as either torn through, or flung aſide, I will copy for the novelty of the thing, and to ſhew thee how her mind works now ſhe is in this whimſical way. Yet I know I am ſtill furniſhing thee with new weapons againſt myſelf. But ſpare thy comments. My own reflections render them needleſs. Dorcas thinks her lady will aſk for them: ſo wiſhes to have them to lay again under her table.

By the firſt thou'lt gueſs, that I have told her, that Miſs Howe is very ill, and can't write; that ſhe may account the better for not having received the letter deſigned for her.

## PAPER I.

(TORN IN TWO PIECES.)

'MY DEAREST MISS HOWE!

'O WHAT dreadful, dreadful things 'have I to tell you! But yet I cannot 'tell you neither. But ſay, are you 'really ill, as a vile, vile creature in-'forms me you are?

'But he never yet told me truth, and 'I hope has not in this: and yet, if it 'were not true, ſurely I ſhould have 'heard from you before now!—But 'what have I to do to upbraid?—You 'may well be tired of me!—And if you 'are, I can forgive you; for I am tired 'of myſelf: and all my own relations 'were tired of me long before you were.

'How good you have always been to 'me, mine own dear Anna Howe!—'But how I ramble!

'I ſat down to ſay a great deal—My 'heart was full—I did not know what to 'ſay firſt—And thought, and grief, and 'confuſion, and (O my poor head!) I 'cannot tell what—And thought, and 'grief, and confuſion, came crouding

'so thick upon me; *one* would be first, 'another would be first, *all* would be 'first! so I can write nothing at all. 'Only that, whatever they have done 'to me, I cannot tell; but I am no longer 'what I was in any one thing—In any 'one thing did I say? Yes, but I am; 'for I am still, and I ever will be, *your* '*true*——'

Plague on it! I can write no more of this eloquent nonsense myself; which rather shews a raised, than a quenched imagination: but Dorcas shall transcribe the others in separate papers, as written by the whimsical charmer: and some time hence, when all is over, and I can better bear to read them, I may ask thee for a sight of them. Preserve them therefore; for we often look back with pleasure even upon the heaviest griefs, when the cause of them is removed.

## PAPER II.

(SCRATCHED THROUGH, AND THROWN UNDER THE TABLE).

—'AND can you, my dear honoured 'papa, resolve for ever to reprobate 'your poor child?—But I am sure you 'would not, if you knew what she has 'suffered since her unhappy—And will 'nobody plead for your poor suffering 'girl?—No one good body?—Why, 'then, dearest Sir, let it be an act of 'your own innate goodness, which I 'have so much experienced, and so 'much abused. I don't presume to 'think you should receive me—No, in-'deed—My name is—I don't know 'what my name is!—I never dare to 'wish to come into your family again!—'But your heavy curse, my papa—Yes, 'I *will* call you papa, and help yourself 'as you can—for you are my own dear 'papa, whether you will or not—And 'though I am an unworthy child—yet 'I *am* your child—'

## PAPER III.

'A LADY took a great fancy to a 'young lion, or a bear, I forget which '—But a bear, or a tyger, I believe, it 'was. It was made her a present of, 'when a whelp. She fed it with her 'own hand: she nursed up the wicked 'cub with great tenderness; and would 'play with it without fear or apprehen-'sion of danger: and it was obedient 'to all her commands: and it's tame-'ness, as she used to boast, encreased 'with it's growth; so that, like a lap-'dog, it would follow her all over the 'house. But mind what followed: at 'last, some-how, neglecting to satisfy 'it's hungry maw, or having otherwise 'disobliged it on some occasion, it re-'sumed it's nature; and on a sudden fell 'upon her, and tore her in pieces.—'And who was most to blame, I pray? 'The brute, or the lady? The lady, 'surely!—For what *she* did, was *out* of 'nature, *out* of character, at least: what '*it* did, was *in* it's own nature.'

## PAPER IV.

'HOW art thou now humbled in the 'dust, thou proud Clarissa Harlowe! 'Thou that never steppedst out of thy 'father's house but to be admired! Who 'wert won't to turn thine eye, sparkling 'with healthful life, and self-assurance, 'to different objects at once as thou pas-'sedst, as if (for so thy penetrating sister 'used to say) to plume thyself upon the 'expected applauses of all that beheld 'thee! Thou that usedst to go to rest 'satisfied with the adulations paid thee 'in the past day, and couldst put off eve-'ry thing but thy vanity!'

## PAPER V.

'REJOICE not now, my Bella, my 'sister, my friend; but pity the hum-'bled creature, whose foolish heart you 'used to say you beheld through the thin 'veil of humility which covered it.

'It must have been so! My fall had 'not else been permitted—

'You penetrated my proud heart with 'the jealousy of an elder sister's search-'ing eye.

'You knew me better than I knew 'myself.

'Hence your upbraidings and your 'chidings when I began to totter.

'But forgive now those vain triumphs 'of my heart.

'I thought, poor proud wretch that 'I was, that what you said was owing 'to your envy.

'I thought I could acquit my inten-'tion of any such vanity.

'I was too secure in the knowledge I 'thought I had of my own heart.

'My supposed advantages became a 'snare to me.

'And what now is the end of all?'

PAPER

## PAPER VI.

'WHAT now is become of the proſpects of a happy life, which once I 'thought opening before me?—Who 'now ſhall aſſiſt in the ſolemn prepara-'tions? Who now ſhall provide the nup-'tial ornaments, which ſoften and divert 'the apprehenſions of the fearful virgin? 'No court now to be paid to my ſmiles! 'No encouraging compliments to inſpire 'thee with hope of laying a mind not 'unworthy of thee under obligation! 'No elevation now for conſcious merit, 'and applauded purity, to look down 'from on a proſtrate adorer, and an ad-'miring world, and up to pleaſed and 'rejoicing parents and relations!'

## PAPER VII.

'THOU pernicious caterpillar that 'preyeſt upon the fair leaf of virgin 'fame, and poiſoneſt thoſe leaves which 'thou canſt not devour!

'Thou fell blight, thou eaſtern blaſt, 'thou overſpreading mildew, that de-'ſtroyeſt the early promiſes of the ſhin-'ing year! that mockeſt the laborious 'toil, and blaſteſt the joyful hopes of the 'painful huſbandman!

'Thou fretting moth, that corrupteſt 'the faireſt garment!

'Thou eating canker-worm, that prey-'eſt upon the opening bud, and turneſt 'the damaſk roſe into livid yellowneſs!

'If, as religion teaches us, God will 'judge us, in a great meaſure, by our 'benevolent or evil actions to one ano-'ther—O wretch! bethink thee, in time 'bethink thee, how great muſt be thy 'condemnation!'

## PAPER VIII.

'AT firſt, I ſaw ſomething in your 'air and perſon that diſpleaſed me not. 'Your birth and fortunes were no ſmall 'advantages to you.—You acted not ig-'nobly by my paſſionate brother. Eve-'ry-body ſaid you were brave: every-'body ſaid you were generous. A *brave* 'man, I thought, could not be a *baſe* 'man: a *generous* man, could not, I be-'lieved, be *ungenerous*, where he ac-'knowledged *obligation*. Thus prepoſ-'ſeſſed, all the reſt that my ſoul loved 'and wiſhed for in your reformation, I 'hoped!—I knew not, but by report, 'any flagrant inſtances of your vileneſs. 'You ſeemed frank, as well as generous: 'frankneſs and generoſity ever attracted 'me: whoever kept up thoſe appear-'ances, I judged of their hearts by my 'own; and whatever qualities *I wiſhed* 'to find in them, I was *ready* to find; 'and, *when* found, I believed them to 'be natives of the ſoil.

'My fortunes, my rank, my charac-'ter, I thought a further ſecurity. I 'was in none of thoſe reſpects unworthy 'of being the niece of Lord M. and of 'his two noble ſiſters.—Your vows, your 'imprecations—But, Oh! you have bar-'barouſly and baſely conſpired againſt 'that honour, which you ought to have 'protected: and now you have made 'me—What is it of vile that you have '*not* made me?

'Yet God knows my heart, I had no 'culpable inclinations!—I honoured 'virtue!—I hated vice!—But I knew 'not, that you were vice itſelf!'

## PAPER IX.

'HAD the happineſs of any the poor-'eſt outcaſt in the world, whom I had 'never ſeen, never known, never before 'heard of, lain as much in *my* power, as 'my happineſs did in *yours*, my benevo-'lent heart would have made me fly to 'the ſuccour of ſuch a poor diſtreſſed '—With what pleaſure would I have 'raiſed the dejected head, and comfort-'ed the deſponding heart!—but who 'now ſhall pity the poor wretch, who 'has encreaſed, inſtead of diminiſhed, 'the number of the miſerable!'

## PAPER X.

'LEAD me, where my own thoughts themſelves may loſe me;
'Where I may doſe out what I've left of life,
'Forget myſelf, and that day's guilt!
'Cruel remembrance!—how ſhall I appeaſe thee?

'Oh!

'—Oh! you have done an act
'That blots the face and bluſh of modeſty;
'Takes off the roſe
'From the fair forehead of an innocent love,
'And makes a bliſter there!

'Then down I laid my head;
'Down on cold earth, and for a while was dead;
'And my freed ſoul to a ſtrange ſomewhere fled!
"Ah! ſottiſh ſoul!" ſaid I,
'When back to it's cage again I ſaw it fly;
"Fool! to reſume her broken chain;
"And row the galley here again!
"Fool! to that body to return,
"Where it condemn'd and deſtin'd is to *mourn!*"

'O, my Miſs Howe! if thou haſt friendſhip help me,
'And ſpeak the words of peace to my divided ſoul,
'That wars within me,
'And raiſes ev'ry ſenſe to my confuſion.
'I'm tott'ring on the brink
'Of peace; and thou art all the hold I've left!
'Aſſiſt me——in the pangs of my affliction!

'When honour's loſt, 'tis a relief to die:
'Death's but a ſure retreat from infamy.

'Then farewel, youth,
'And all the joys that dwell
'With youth and life!
'And life itſelf, farewel!

'For life can never be ſincerely bleſt,
'Heav'n puniſhes the *bad*, and proves the *beſt*.

"Death only can be dreadful to the bad:
"To innocence 'tis like a bugbear dreſs'd
"To frighten children. Pull but off the maſk,
"And he'll appear a friend."

"I could a tale unfold—
"Would *harrow up thy ſoul!*"

'By ſwift misfortunes
'How am I purſu'd!
'Which on each other
'Are, like waves, renew'd!

AFTER all, Belford, I have juſt ſkimmed over theſe tranſcriptions of Dorcas; and I ſee there are method and good ſenſe in ſome of them, wild as others of them are; and that her memory, which ſerves her ſo well for theſe poetical flights, is far from being impaired. And this gives me hope, that ſhe will ſoon recover her charming intellects—Though I ſhall be the ſufferer by their reſtoration, I make no doubt.

But, in the letter ſhe wrote to me, there are yet greater extravagances; and tnough I ſaid it was too affecting to give thee a copy of it, yet, after I have let thee ſee the looſe papers incloſed, I think I may throw in a tranſcript of that. Dorcas therefore ſhall here tranſcribe it. I cannot. The reading of it affected me ten times more than the ſevereſt reproaches of a regular mind could do.

'TO MR. LOVELACE.

'I NEVER intended to write another 'line to you. I would not ſee you, if I 'could help it—O that I never had!

'But tell me of a truth, Is Miſs Howe 'really and truly ill?—Very ill?—And 'is not her illneſs poiſon? And don't '*you* know who gave it her?

'What you, or Mrs. Sinclair, or ſome-'body, (I cannot tell who) have done to 'my poor head, you beſt know: but I 'ſhall never be what I was. My head 'is gone. I have wept away all my brain, 'I believe; for I can weep no more. 'Indeed I have had my full ſhare; ſo it 'is no matter.

'But, good now, Lovelace, don't ſet 'Mrs. Sinclair upon me again. I never 'did her any harm. She *ſo* affrights 'me, when I ſee her!—Ever ſince—

'When

'When was it? I cannot tell. *You* can, 'I suppose. She may be a good woman, 'as far as I know. She was the wife 'of a man of honour — Very likely '—Though forced to lett lodgings for 'her livelihood. Poor gentlewoman! 'Let her know I pity her: but don't 'let her come near me again — Pray 'don't!

'Yet she may be a very good wo-'man—

'What would I say!—I forget what I 'was going to say.

'O Lovelace, you are Satan himself; 'or he helps you out in every-thing; 'and that's as bad!

'But have you really and truly sold 'yourself to him? And for how long? 'What duration is your reign to have?

'Poor man! The contract *will* be out; 'and then what will be your fate!

'O Lovelace! if you could be sorry 'for yourself, I would be sorry too— 'But when all my doors are fast, and 'nothing but the key-hole open, and 'the key of late put into that, to be 'where you are, in a manner, without 'opening any of them—O wretched, 'wretched Clarissa Harlowe!

'For I never will be Lovelace—let 'my uncle take it as he pleases.

'Well, but now I remember what I 'was going to say—It is for *your* good— 'not *mine*—For nothing can do me good 'now!—O thou villainous man! thou 'hated Lovelace!

'But Mrs. Sinclair may be a good 'woman—If you love me—But that you 'don't—But don't let her bluster up 'with her worse than mannish airs to 'me again! O she is a frightful woman! 'If she *be* a woman! She needed not to 'put on that *fearful mask* to scare me out 'of my poor wits. But don't tell her 'what I say—I have no hatred to her— 'It is only fright, and foolish fear, that's 'all.—She may not *be* a bad woman— 'But neither are all *men*, any more than 'all *women*, alike--God forbid they should 'be like you!

'Alas! you have killed my head 'among you—I don't say who did it!— 'God forgive you all!—But had it not 'been better to have put me out of all 'your ways at once? You might safely 'have done it! For nobody would re-'quire me at your hands—No, not a soul '—Except, indeed, Miss Howe would 'have said, when she should see you, "What, Lovelace, have you done with "Clarissa Harlowe?"—And then you 'could have given any slight gay an-'swer—"Sent her beyond sea;" or, "She has run away from me, as she did "from her parents." And this would 'have been easily credited; for you 'know, Lovelace, she that could run 'away from *them*, might very well run 'away from *you*.

'But this is nothing to what I wanted 'to say. Now I have it—

'I have lost it again—This foolish 'wench comes teazing me—"For what "purpose should I eat? For what end "should I wish to live?—I tell thee, "Dorcas, I will neither eat nor drink. "I cannot be worse than I am.

"I will do as you'd have me—Good "Dorcas, look not upon me so fiercely" "—But thou canst not look so bad as I "have seen somebody look."

'Mr. Lovelace, now that I remember 'what I took pen in hand to say, let me 'hurry off my thoughts, lest I lose them 'again—Here I am sensible—And yet I 'am hardly sensible neither—But I know 'my head is not as it should be, for all 'that—Therefore let me propose one 'thing to you: it is for *your* good—not 'mine; and this is it:

'I must needs be both a trouble and 'an expence to you. And here my un-'cle Harlowe, when he knows how I am, 'will never wish any man to have me: 'no, not even *you*, who have been the 'occasion of it—Barbarous and ungrate-'ful!—A less complicated villainy cost 'a Tarquin—But I forget what I would 'say again—

'Then *this* is it—I never shall be my-'self again: I have been a very wicked 'creature—a vain, proud, poor crea-'ture—full of secret pride—which I car-'ried off under an humble guise, and 'deceived every-body—My sister says 'so—And now I am punished—So let 'me be carried out of this house, and 'out of your sight; and let me be put 'into that Bedlam privately, which once 'I saw: but it was a sad sight to me 'then! Little as I thought what I should 'come to *myself!*—That is all I would 'say: this is all I have to wish for—Then 'I shall be out of all your ways; and I 'shall be taken care of; and bread and 'water, without your tormentings, will 'be dainties; and my straw-bed the 'easiest I have lain in—for—I cannot 'tell how long!

'My cloaths will sell for what will 'keep me there, perhaps as long as I 'shall live. But, Lovelace, *dear* Love-'lace I will call you; for you have cost 'me enough, I'm sure!—don't let me 'be made a shew of, for my *family's* sake; 'nay, for your *own sake*, don't do that

—For

'—For when I know all I have ſuffered, which yet I do not, and no matter if I never do—I may be apt to rave againſt you by name, and tell of all your baſeneſs to a poor humbled creature, that once was as proud as any-body—But of what I can't tell—Except of mine own folly and vanity—But let that paſs—ſince I am puniſhed enough for it—

'So, ſuppoſe, inſtead of Bedlam, it were a private mad-houſe, where nobody comes!—That will be better a great deal.

'But another thing, Lovelace: don't let them uſe me cruelly when I am there—*You* have uſed me cruelly enough, you know!—Don't let *them* uſe me cruelly; for I will be very tractable; and do as any-body would have me to do—Except what you would have me do—for that I never will.—Another thing, Lovelace: don't let this *good* woman; I was going to ſay *vile* woman; but don't tell her that—Becauſe ſhe won't let you ſend me to this happy refuge perhaps, if ſhe were to know it—

'Another thing, Lovelace: and let me have pen, and ink, and paper, allowed me—It will be all my amuſement—But they need not ſend to any-body I ſhall write to what I write, becauſe it will but trouble them: and ſomebody may do you a miſchief, may-be—I wiſh not that any-body do any-body a miſchief upon my account.

'You tell me, that Lady Betty Lawrance, and your couſin Montague, were here to take leave of me; but that I was aſleep, and could not be waked. So you told me at firſt, I was married, you know; and that you were my huſband—Ah! Lovelace! look to what you ſay.—But let not them, (for they will ſport with my miſery) let not *that* Lady Betty, let not *that* Miſs Montague, whatever the *real* ones may do; nor Mrs. Sinclair neither, nor any of her lodgers, nor her nieces, come to ſee me in my place—*Real* ones, I ſay; for, Lovelace, I ſhall find out all your villainies in time—Indeed I ſhall—So put me there as ſoon as you can—It is for *your* good—Then all will paſs for ravings that I can ſay, as, I doubt not, many poor creatures exclamations do paſs, though there may be too much truth in them for all that—And you know *I began to be mad at Hampſtead*—So you ſaid.—Ah! villainous man! what have you not to anſwer for!

'A LITTLE interval ſeems to be lent me. I had begun to look over what I have written. It is not fit for any one to ſee, ſo far as I have been able to re-peruſe it: but my head will not hold, I doubt, to go through it all. If therefore I have not already mentioned my earneſt deſire, let me tell you, it is *this*; that I be ſent out of this abominable houſe without delay, and locked up in ſome private mad-houſe about this town; for ſuch it ſeems there are; never more to be ſeen, or to be produced to any-body, except in your own vindication, if you ſhould be charged with the murder of my perſon; a much lighter crime, than that of my honour, which the greateſt villain on earth has robbed me of. And deny me not this my laſt requeſt, I beſeech you; and one other, and that is, never to let me ſee you more! This ſurely may be granted to *the miſerably abuſed*,

'CLARISSA HARLOWE.'

I WILL not bear thy heavy preachments, Belford, upon this affecting letter. So, not a word of that ſort! The paper, thou'lt ſee, is bliſtered with the tears even of the hardened tranſcriber: which has made her ink run here-and-there.

Mrs. Sinclair is a true heroine, and, I think, ſhames us all. And ſhe is a *woman* too! Thou'lt ſay, 'The beſt 'things corrupted become the worſt.' But this is certain, that whatever the ſex ſet their hearts upon, they make thorough work of it. And hence it is, that a miſchief which would end in ſimple robbery among men-rogues, becomes murder, if a woman be in it.

I know thou wilt blame me for having had recourſe to *art*. But do not phyſicians preſcribe opiates in acute caſes, where the violence of the diſorder would be apt to throw the patient into a fever or delirium? I aver, that my motive for this expedient was *mercy*; nor could it be any-thing elſe. For a rape, thou knoweſt, to us rakes, is far from being an undeſirable thing. Nothing but the law ſtands in our way, upon that account; and the opinion of what a modeſt woman will ſuffer rather than become a *viva voce* accuſer, leſſens much an honeſt fellow's apprehenſions on that ſcore. Then, if theſe *ſomnivolencies* [I hate the word *opiates* on this occaſion] have turned her head, that is an effect they frequently have upon ſome conſtitutions; and

and in this caſe was rather the fault of the doſe than the deſign of the giver.

But is not wine itſelf an opiate in degree?—How many women have been taken advantage of by wine, and other ſtill more intoxicating viands?—Let me tell thee, Jack, that the *experience* of many of the *paſſive* ſex, and the *conſciences* of many more of the *active*, appealed to, will teſtify that thy Lovelace is not the worſt of villains. Nor would I have *thee* put me upon clearing myſelf by compariſons.

If ſhe eſcape a ſettled delirium when my plots unravel, I think it is all I ought to be concerned about. What therefore I deſire of thee, is, that, if two conſtructions may be made of my actions, thou wilt afford me the moſt favourable. For this, not only friendſhip, but my own ingenuouſneſs, which has furniſhed thee with the knowledge of the facts againſt which thou art ſo ready to inveigh, require of thee.

WILL is juſt returned from an errand to Hampſtead; and acquaints me, that Mrs. Townſend was yeſterday at Mrs. Moore's, accompanied by three or four rough fellows; a greater number (as ſuppoſed) at a diſtance. She was ſtrangely ſurprized at the news that my ſpouſe and I are entirely reconciled; and that two fine ladies, my relations, came to viſit her, and went to town with her: where ſhe is very happy with me. *She* was ſure we were not married, ſhe ſaid, unleſs it was while we were at Hampſtead: and *they* were ſure the ceremony was not performed there. But that the lady *is* happy and eaſy, is unqueſtionable: and a fling was thrown out by Mrs. Moore and Mrs. Bevis at *miſchief makers*, as they knew Mrs. Townſend to be acquainted with Miſs Howe.

Now, ſince my fair-one can neither receive, nor ſend away letters, I am pretty eaſy as to this Mrs. Townſend and her employer. And I fancy Miſs Howe will be puzzled to know what to think of the matter, and afraid of ſending by Wilſon's conveyance; and perhaps ſuppoſe that her friend ſlights her; or has changed her mind in my favour, and is aſhamed to own it; as ſhe has not had an anſwer to what ſhe wrote; and will believe that the ruſtick delivered her laſt letter into her own hand.

Mean time I have a little project come into my head, of a *new* kind; juſt for amuſement-ſake, that's all: variety has irreſiſtible charms. I cannot live without intrigue. My charmer has no paſſions; that is to ſay, none of the paſſions that I want her to have. She engages all my reverence. I am at preſent more inclined to regret what I have done, than to proceed to new offences: and ſhall regret it till I ſee how ſhe takes it when recovered.

Shall I tell thee my project? 'Tis not a high one.—'Tis this—To get hither Mrs. Moore, Miſs Rawlins, and my widow Bevis; for they are deſirous to make a viſit to my ſpouſe, now we are ſo happy together. And, if I can order it right, Belton, Mowbray, Tourville, and I, will ſhew them a little more of the ways of this wicked town, than they at preſent know. Why ſhould they be *acquainted* with a man of my character, and not be the *better* and *wiſer* for it?—I would have every body rail againſt rakes with *judgment* and *knowledge*, if they *will* rail. Two of theſe women gave me a great deal of trouble: and the third, I am confident, will forgive a merry evening.

Thou wilt be curious to know, what the *perſons* of theſe women are, to whom I intend ſo much diſtinction. I think I have not heretofore mentioned any-thing characteriſtick of their perſons.

Mrs. *Moore* is a widow of about thirty-eight; a little mortified by misfortunes; but thoſe are often the merrieſt folks, when warmed. She has good features ſtill; and is what they call much of a gentlewoman, and very neat in her perſon and dreſs. She has given over, I believe, all thoughts of our ſex: but when the dying embers are raked up about the half-conſumed ſtump, there will be fuel enough left, I dare ſay, to blaze out, and give a comfortable warmth to a half-ſtarved by-ſtander.

Mrs. *Bevis* is comely; that is to ſay, plump; a lover of mirth, and one whom no grief ever dwelt with, I dare ſay, for a week together; about twenty-five years of age: Mowbray will have very little difficulty with her, I believe; for one cannot do every-thing one's ſelf. And yet ſometimes women of this free caſt, when it comes to the point, anſwer not the promiſes their cheerful forwardneſs gives a man who has a view upon them.

Miſs *Rawlins* is an agreeable young lady enough; but not beautiful. She has ſenſe, and would be thought *to know the world*, as it is called; but, for her knowledge, is more indebted to *theory* than *experience*. A mere whip-ſyllabub knowledge this, Jack, that always fails the perſon who truſts to it, when it ſhould

hold to do her ſervice. For ſuch young ladies have ſo much dependence upon their own underſtanding and warineſs, are ſo much above the cautions that the leſs opinionative may be benefited by, that their preſumption is generally their overthrow, when attempted by a man of experience, who knows how to flatter their vanity, and to magnify their wiſdom, in order to take advantage of their folly. But, for Miſs Rawlins, if I can add *experience* to her *theory*, what an accompliſhed perſon will ſhe be!—And how much will ſhe be obliged to me; and not only *ſhe*, but all thoſe who may be the better for the *precepts* ſhe thinks herſelf already ſo well qualified to give! Dearly, Jack, do I love to engage with theſe *precept-givers*, and *example ſetters*.

Now, Belford, although there is nothing ſtriking in any of theſe characters; yet may we, at a pinch, make a good frolicky half-day with them, if, after we have ſoftened their wax at table by encouraging viands, we can ſet our women and them into dancing: dancing, which all women love, and all men ſhould therefore promote, for *both* their ſakes.

And thus, when Tourville ſings, Belton fiddles Mowbray makes rough love, and I ſmooth; and thou, Jack, wilt be by that time well enough to join in the chorus; the devil's in't, if we don't mould them into what ſhape we pleaſe—our own women, by their laughing freedoms, encouraging them to break through all their cuſtomary reſerves: for women to women, thou knoweſt, are great darers and incentives: not one of them loving to be outdone or outdared, when their hearts are thoroughly warmed.

I know, at firſt, the difficulty will be the *accidental* abſence of my dear Mrs. Lovelace, to whom principally they will deſign their viſit: but if we can exhilarate them, they won't then wiſh to ſee her; and I can form twenty accidents and excuſes, from one hour to another, for her abſence, till each ſhall have a ſubject to take up all her thoughts.

I am really ſick at heart for a frolick, and have no doubt but this will be an agreeable one. Theſe women already think me a wild fellow; *nor do they like me the leſs for it*, as I can perceive; and I ſhall take care, that they ſhall be treated with ſo much freedom before one another's faces, that in policy they ſhall keep each other's counſel. And won't this be doing a kind thing by them? ſince it will knit an indiſſoluble band of union and friendſhip between three women who are neighbours, and at preſent have only *common* obligations to one another: for thou wanteſt not to be told, that ſecrets of love, and ſecrets of this nature, are generally the ſtrongeſt cement of female friendſhips.

But, after all, if my beloved ſhould be happily reſtored to her intellects, we may have ſcenes ariſe between us, that will be ſufficiently buſy to employ all the faculties of thy friend, without looking out for new occaſions. Already, as I have often obſerved, has ſhe been the means of ſaving ſcores of her ſex, yet without her own knowledge.

SATURDAY NIGHT.

By Dorcas's account of her lady's behaviour, the dear creature ſeems to be recovering. I ſhall give the earlieſt notice of this to the *worthy* Captain Tomlinſon, that he may apprize uncle John of it. I muſt be properly enabled, from that quarter, to pacify her, or at leaſt, to rebate her firſt violence.

## LETTER XXXVII.

### MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON, 6 O'CLOCK, (JUNE 18.)

I Went out early this morning, and returned not till juſt now; when I was informed, that my beloved, in my abſence, had taken it into her head to attempt to get away.

She tripped down, with a parcel tied up in a handkerchief, her hood on; and was actually in the entry, when Mrs. Sinclair ſaw her.

'Pray, Madam,' whipping between her and the ſtreet-door, 'be pleaſed to 'let me know whither you are going?'

'Who has a right to controul me?' was the word.

'I have, Madam, by order of your 'ſpouſe: and,'—kemboing her arms, as ſhe owned—'I deſire you will be pleaſed 'to walk up again.'

She would have ſpoken; but could not: and, burſting into tears, turned back, and went up to her chamber: and Dorcas was taken to taſk for ſuffering her to be in the paſſage before ſhe was ſeen.

This ſhews, as we hoped laſt night, that ſhe was recovering her charming intellects.

Dorcas ſays, ſhe was viſible to her but once before, the whole day; and then ſeemed very ſolemn and ſedate.

I will endeavour to ſee her. It muſt be in her own chamber, I ſuppoſe; for ſhe

ſhe will hardly meet me in the dining-room. What advantage will the confidence of our ſex give me over the modeſty of hers, if ſhe be recovered!—*I*, the moſt confident of men: *ſhe*, the moſt delicate of women. Sweet ſoul! methinks I have her before me—Her face averted—Speech loſt in ſighs—Abaſhed—Conſcious—What a triumphant aſpect will this give me, when I gaze in her downcaſt countenance!

THIS moment Dorcas tells me, ſhe believes ſhe is coming to find me out. She aſked her after me: and Dorcas left her, drying her red-ſwoln eyes at her glaſs; [No deſign of moving me by tears!] ſighing too ſenſibly for my courage. But to what purpoſe have I gone thus far, if I purſue not my principal end? Niceneſs muſt be a little abated. She knows the worſt. That ſhe cannot fly me; that ſhe muſt ſee me; and that I can look her into a ſweet confuſion; are circumſtances greatly in my favour. What can ſhe do, but rave and exclaim? I am uſed to raving and exclaiming—But, if recovered, I ſhall ſee how ſhe behaves upon this our firſt ſenſible interview after what ſhe has ſuffered.

Here ſhe comes.

## LETTER XXXVIII.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

SUNDAY NIGHT.

NEVER blame me for giving way to have art uſed with this admirable creature. All the princes of the air, or beneath it, joining with me, could never have ſubdued her while ſhe had her ſenſes.

I will not anticipate—Only to tell thee, that I am too much awakened by her to think of ſleep, were I to go to-bed; and ſo ſhall have nothing to do, but to write an account of our odd converſation, while it is ſo ſtrong upon my mind that I can think of nothing elſe.

She was dreſſed in a white damaſk night-gown, with leſs negligence than for ſome days paſt. I was ſitting with my pen in my fingers; and ſtood up when I firſt ſaw her, with great complaiſance, as if the day were ſtill her own. And ſo indeed it is.

She entered with ſuch dignity in her manner, as ſtruck me with great awe, and prepared me for the poor figure I made in the ſubſequent converſation. A poor figure indeed!—But I will do her juſtice.

She came up with quick ſteps, pretty cloſe to me; a white handkerchief in her hand; her eyes neither fierce nor mild, but very earneſt; and a fixed ſedateneſs in her whole aſpect, which ſeemed to be the effect of deep contemplation: and thus ſhe accoſted me, with an air and action that I never ſaw equalled.

'You ſee before you, Sir, the wretch, 'whoſe preference of you to all your 'ſex, you have rewarded—as it indeed 'deſerved to be rewarded. My father's 'dreadful curſe has already operated 'upon me in the very letter of it, as to 'this life; and it ſeems to me too evident, that it will not be your fault, 'that it is not entirely compleated in the 'loſs of my ſoul, as well as of my honour '—Which you, villainous man! have 'robbed me of, with a baſeneſs ſo unnatural—ſo inhuman—that, it ſeems, you, 'even *you*, had not the heart to attempt 'it, till my ſenſes were made the previous ſacrifice.'

Here I made an heſitating effort to ſpeak, laying down my pen: but ſhe proceeded:—'Hear me out, guilty 'wretch!—abandoned man!—*Man* did 'I ſay?—Yet what name elſe can I?—'ſince the mortal worryings of the fierceſt beaſt would have been more natural, and infinitely more welcome, than 'what you have acted by me; and that 'with a premeditation and contrivance 'worthy only of that ſingle heart, which 'now, *baſe* as well as ungrateful as thou 'art, ſeems to quake within thee.—And 'well mayeſt thou quake—well mayeſt 'thou tremble and falter, and heſitate, 'as thou doſt—when thou reflecteſt upon 'what I have ſuffered for thy ſake, and 'upon the returns thou haſt made me!'

By my ſoul, Belford, my whole frame was ſhaken: for not only her looks, and her action, but her voice, ſo ſolemn, was inexpreſſibly affecting: and then my curſed guilt, and her innocence, and merit, and rank, and ſuperiority of talents, all ſtared me at that inſtant in the face ſo formidably, that my preſent account, to which ſhe unexpectedly called me, ſeemed, as I then thought, to reſemble that general one, to which we are told we ſhall be ſummoned, when our conſcience ſhall be our accuſer.

But ſhe had had time to collect all the powers of her eloquence. The whole day probably in her intellects. And then I was the more diſappointed, as I had thought I could have gazed the dear creature into confuſion—But it is plain, that the ſenſe ſhe has of her wrongs ſets this matchleſs woman *above all leſſer, all weaker* conſiderations.

'My dear—My love—I—I—I never—No never—' Lips trembling, limbs quaking, voice inward, hesitating, broken—Never, surely, did miscreant look so *like* a miscreant!—While thus she proceeded, waving her snowy hand, with all the graces of moving oratory.

'I have no pride in the confusion visible in thy whole person. I have been all the day praying for a composure, if I could not escape from this vile house, that should once more enable me to look up to my destroyer with the consciousness of an innocent sufferer. Thou seest me, since my wrongs are beyond the power of *words to express*, thou seest me, *calm enough* to wish, that thou mayest continue harrassed by the workings of thy own conscience, till effectual repentance take hold of thee, that so thou mayest not forfeit all title to *that* mercy which thou hast not shewn to the poor creature now before thee, who had so well deserved to meet with a faithful friend, where she met with the worst of enemies.

'But tell me—(for no doubt thou hast *some* scheme to pursue)—Tell me, since I am a prisoner, as I find, in the vilest of houses, and have not a friend to protect or save me, what thou intendest shall become of the remnant of a life not worth the keeping!—Tell me, if yet there are more evils reserved for me; and whether thou hast entered into a compact with the grand Deceiver, in the person of his horrid agent in this house; and if the ruin of my soul, that my father's curse may be fulfilled, is to complete the triumphs of so vile a confederacy?—Answer me!—Say, if thou hast courage to speak out to her whom thou hast ruined, tell me what *further* I am to suffer from thy barbarity?'

She stopped here; and, sighing, turned her sweet face from me, drying up with her handkerchief those tears which she endeavoured to restrain; and, when she could not, to conceal from my sight.

As I told thee, I had prepared myself for high passions, raving, flying, tearing, execration: these transient violences, the workings of sudden grief, and shame, and vengeance, would have set us upon a par with each other, and quitted scores. These have I been accustomed to; and, as nothing violent is lasting, with these I could have wished to encounter. But such a majestick composure—Seeking me—whom, yet it is plain, by her attempt to get away, she would have avoided seeing—No Lucretia-like vengeance upon herself in her thought—Yet swallowed up, her whole mind swallowed up, as I may say, by a grief so heavy, as, in her own words, to be beyond the power of speech to express—and to be able, discomposed as she was, to the very morning, to put such a home-question to me, as if she had penetrated my future view—How could I avoid looking like a fool, and answering, as before, in broken sentences, and confusion?

'What—What-a—What has been done—I—I—I—cannot but say—Must own—Must confess—Hem—Hem—Is not right—Is not what should have been—But a—But—But—I am truly—truly—sorry for it—Upon my soul I am—And—And—will do all—do every-thing—Do what—What-ever is incumbent upon me—all that you—that you—that you shall require, to make you amends!'

O Belford! Belford! Whose the triumph now!—HERS, or MINE?

'Amends!—O thou truly despicable wretch!'—Then lifting up her eyes—'Good Heaven! Who shall pity the creature who could fall by so base a mind!—Yet'—and then she looked indignantly upon me—'Yet, I hate thee not (base and low-souled as thou art!) half so much as I hate myself, that I saw thee not sooner in thy proper colours!—That I hoped either morality, gratitude, or humanity, from a libertine, who, to *be* a libertine, must have got over and defied all moral sanctions.'

She then called upon her cousin Morden's name, as if he had warned her against a man of free principles; and walked towards the window; her handkerchief at her eyes: but, turning short towards me, with an air of mingled scorn and majesty—[*What, at the moment, would I have given never to have injured her!*]—'What amends hast *thou* to propose!—What amends can such a one as thou make to a person of spirit, or common-sense, for the evils thou hast so inhumanly made me suffer?'

'As soon, Madam—As soon—as—As soon as your uncle—or—not waiting—'

'Thou wouldst tell me, I suppose—I know what thou wouldst tell me—But thinkest thou, that *marriage will satisfy for a guilt like thine?*—Destitute as thou hast made me both of friends and fortune, I too much despise the wretch, *who could rob himself of his wife's virtue*, to endure the thoughts of thee, in the light

'light thou ſeemeſt to hope I will ac-
'cept thee in!'

I heſitated an interruption: but my meaning died away upon my trembling lips. I could only pronounce the word *marriage*—And thus ſhe proceeded:

'Let me therefore know, whether I 'am to be controuled in the future diſ-
'poſal of myſelf? Whether, in a coun-
'try of liberty, as *this*, where the *ſove-*
'*reign* of it muſt not be guilty of *your*
'wickedneſs, and where *you* neither
'durſt have attempted it, had I one
'friend or relation to look upon me;
'I am to be kept here a priſoner, to
'ſuſtain freſh injuries? Whether, in a
'word, you intend to hinder me from
'going whither my deſtiny ſhall lead
'me?'

After a pauſe—for I was ſtill ſilent—

'Can you not anſwer me this plain
'queſtion?—I quit all claim, all expec-
'tation, upon you—What right have
'you to detain me here?'

I could not ſpeak. What could I ſay to ſuch a queſtion?

'O wretch!' wringing her uplifted hands, 'had I not been robbed of my
'ſenſes, and that in the *baſeſt* manner—
'You beſt know how—Had I been able
'to account for myſelf, and your pro-
'ceedings, or to have known but how
'the days paſſed; a whole week ſhould
'not have gone over my head, as I find
'it has done, before I had told you,
'what I now tell you—*That the man who*
'*has been the villain to me you have been,*
'*ſhall never make me his wife.*—I will
'write to my uncle, to lay aſide his kind
'intentions in my favour—All my
'proſpects are ſhut in—I give myſelf up
'for a loſt creature as to this world—
'Hinder me not from entering upon a
'life of ſevere penitence, for correſ-
'ponding, after prohibition, with a
'wretch who has too well juſtified all
'their warnings and inveteracy; and
'for throwing myſelf into the power of
'your vile artifices. Let me try to ſe-
'cure the only hope I have left. This is
'all the amends I aſk of you. I repeat,
'therefore, am I *now* at liberty to diſpoſe
'of myſelf as I pleaſe?'

Now comes the fool, the miſcreant, again, heſitating his broken anſwer—
'My deareſt love, I am confounded—
'quite confounded—at the thought of
'what—of what has been done; and at
'the thought of—to whom. I ſee—I ſee
'—there is no withſtanding your elo-
'quence!—Such irreſiſtible proofs of
'the love of virtue *for it's own ſake*—did
'I never hear of, nor meet with, in all
'my reading. And if you can forgive a
'repentant villain, who thus on his
'knees implores your forgiveneſs,'—
[Then down I dropt, abſolutely in earneſt in all I ſaid]—'I vow by all
'that's ſacred and juſt, (and may a thun-
'derbolt ſtrike me dead at your feet, if
'I am not ſincere!) that I will by mar-
'riage, before to-morrow noon, with-
'out waiting for your uncle, or any-
'body, do you all the juſtice I now *can*
'do you. And you ſhall ever after con-
'troul and direct me as you pleaſe, till
'you have made me more worthy of
'your angelick purity, than now I am:
'nor will I preſume ſo much as to touch
'your garment, till I have the honour
'to call ſo great a bleſſing lawfully
'mine.'

'O thou guileful betrayer! There is
'a juſt God, whom thou invokeſt—
'Yet the thunder-bolt deſcends not;
'and thou liveſt to imprecate and de-
'ceive!'

'My deareſt life!'—riſing; for I hoped ſhe was relenting.

'Hadſt thou not ſinned beyond the
'*poſſibility of forgiveneſs*,' interrupted ſhe; 'and this had been the firſt time
'that thus thou ſolemnly promiſeſt and
'invokeſt the vengeance thou haſt as
'often defied; the deſperateneſs of my
'condition might have induced me to
'think of taking a wretched chance with
'a man ſo profligate. But, *after what*
'*I have ſuffered by thee*, it would be *cri-*
'*minal* in me to wiſh to bind my ſoul in
'covenant to a man ſo nearly allied to
'perdition.'

'Good God!—how uncharitable!—
'I offer not to defend—Would to Hea-
'ven that I could recal—*So nearly allied*
'*to perdition*, Madam!—So *profligate* a
'man, Madam!'

'O how ſhort is expreſſion of *thy*
'crimes, and of *my* ſufferings!—Such
'premeditation in thy baſeneſs!—To
'proſtitute the characters of perſons of
'honour of thy own family—And all to
'delude a poor creature, whom thou
'oughteſt—But why talk I to thee?—Be
'thy crimes upon thy head!—Once more
'I aſk thee, Am I, or am I not, at my
'own liberty *now*?'

I offered to ſpeak in defence of the women, declaring that they really were the very perſons—

'Preſume not,' interrupted ſhe, 'baſe
'as thou art, to ſay one word in thine
'own vindication on this head. I have
'been contemplating their behaviour,
'their converſation, their over-ready
'acquieſcences to my declarations in thy
'diſfavour;

'disfavour; their free, yet affectedly reserved light manners: and now, that 'the ſad event has opened my eyes, and 'I have compared facts and paſſages together, in the little interval that has 'been lent me, I wonder I could not 'diſtinguiſh the behaviour of the unmatron-like jilt whom thou broughteſt to 'betray me, from the worthy lady 'whom thou haſt the honour to call thy 'aunt: and that I could not detect the 'ſuperficial creature, whom thou paſſedſt upon me for the the virtuous Miſs 'Montague.'

'Amazing uncharitableneſs in a lady 'ſo good herſelf!—That the high ſpirits 'thoſe ladies were in to ſee *you*, ſhould 'ſubject them to ſuch cenſures!—I do 'moſt ſolemnly vow, Madam—'

'That they were,' interrupting me, 'verily and *indeed*, Lady Betty Lawrance, 'and thy couſin Montague!—O wretch! 'I ſee by thy ſolemn averment,'—[*I had not yet averred it*]—what credit ought to 'be given to all the reſt. Had I no 'other proof—'

Interrupting her, I beſought her patient ear. I had found myſelf, *I told her*, almoſt *avowedly* deſpiſed and hated. I had no hope of gaining her love, or her confidence. The letter ſhe had left behind her, on her removal to Hampſtead, ſufficiently convinced me, that ſhe was entirely under Miſs Howe's influence, and waited but the return of a letter from her to enter upon meaſures that would deprive me of her for ever: Miſs Howe had *ever* been my enemy: more ſo *then*, no doubt, from the contents of the letter ſhe had written to her on her firſt coming to Hampſtead: that I dared not to ſtand the event of ſuch a letter; and was glad of an opportunity, by Lady Betty's and my couſin's means, (though they knew not my motive) to get her back to town; far, at the *time*, from *intending* the outrage which my deſpair, and her want of confidence in me, put me ſo vilely upon—

I would have proceeded; and particularly would have ſaid ſomething of Captain Tomlinſon and her uncle; but ſhe would not hear me further. And indeed it was with viſible indignation, and not without ſeveral angry interruptions, that ſhe heard me ſay ſo much.

Would I dare, ſhe aſked me, to offer at a palliation of my baſeneſs? The two women, ſhe was convinced, were impoſtors. She knew not but Captain Tomlinſon, and Mr. Mennell, were ſo too. But, whether *they* were ſo or not, *I* was. And ſhe inſiſted upon being at her own diſpoſal for the remainder of her ſhort life—For indeed ſhe abhorred me in every light; and more particularly in that, in which I offered myſelf to her acceptance.

And, ſaying this, ſhe flung from me; leaving me abſolutely ſhocked and confounded at her part of a converſation, which ſhe began with ſuch uncommon, however ſevere, compoſure, and concluded with ſo much ſincere and unaffected indignation.

And now, Jack, I muſt addreſs one ſerious paragraph *particularly* to thee.

I have not yet touched upon cohabitation—Her uncle's mediation ſhe does not abſolutely diſcredit, as I had the pleaſure to find by one hint in this converſation—Yet ſhe ſuſpects my future views, and has doubt about Mennell and Tomlinſon.

I *do* ſay, If ſhe come *fairly* at her *lights*, at her *clues*, or what ſhall I call them? her penetration is *wonderful*.

But if ſhe do *not* come at them fairly, *then* is her incredulity, *then* is her antipathy to me, evidently accounted for.

I will ſpeak out—Thou couldſt not, ſurely, play me booty, Jack?—Surely thou couldſt not let thy weak pity for *her* lead thee to an unpardonable breach of truſt to thy *friend*, who has been ſo unreſerved in his communications to thee?

I cannot believe thee capable of ſuch a baſeneſs. Satisfy me, however, upon this head. I muſt make a curſed figure in her eyes, vowing and proteſting, as I ſhall not ſcruple occaſionally to vow and proteſt, if all the time ſhe has had unqueſtionable informations of my perfidy. I know thou as little feareſt me, as I do thee, in any point of manhood; and wilt ſcorn to deny it, if thou *haſt* done it, when thus home-preſſed.

And here I have a good mind to ſtop, and write no farther, till I have thy anſwer.

And ſo I will.

MONDAY MORN. PAST THREE.

## LETTER XXXIX.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

MONDAY MORN. 5 O'CLOCK, (JUNE 19).

I *Muſt* write on. Nothing elſe can divert me: and I think thou canſt not have been a dog to me.

I would fain have cloſed my eyes: but ſleep flies me. Well ſays *Horace*, as tranſlated by *Cowley*—

'The

'The halcyon *ſleep* will never build his neſt
'In any ſtormy breaſt.
'Tis not enough, that he does find
'*Clouds* and *darkneſs* in the mind:
'*Darkneſs* but half his work will do.
'Tis not enough: he muſt find *quiet* too.'

Now indeed I do from my heart wiſh, that I had never known this lady. But who would have thought there had been ſuch a woman in the world? Of all the ſex I have hitherto knwn, or heard, or read of, it was *once ſubdued and always ſubdued*. The *firſt* ſtruggle was generally the *laſt*; or at leaſt, the ſubſequent ſtruggles were ſo much fainter and fainter, that a man would rather have them, than be without them. But how know I yet—

It is now near ſix—The ſun for two hours paſt has been illuminating everything about me; for that impartial orb ſhines upon mother Sinclair's houſe, as well as upon any other: but nothing within me can it illuminate.

At day-dawn I looked through the key-hole of my beloved's door. She had declared ſhe would not put off her cloaths any more in this houſe. There I beheld her in a ſweet ſlumber, which I hope will prove refreſhing to her diſturned ſenſes; ſitting in her elbow-chair, her apron over her head; her head ſupported by one ſweet hand, the other hand hanging down upon her ſide, in a ſleepy lifeleſſneſs: half of one pretty foot only viſible.

'See the difference in our caſes!' thought I: 'ſhe, the charming injured, 'can ſweetly ſleep, while the varlet-in-'jurer cannot cloſe his eyes; and has 'been trying to no purpoſe the whole 'night to divert his melancholy, and to 'fly from himſelf!'

As every vice generally brings on it's own puniſhment, even in *this* life; if any-thing were to tempt me to doubt of *future* puniſhment, it would be, that there can hardly be a greater than that which I at this inſtant experience in my own remorſe.

I hope it will go off.—If not, well will the dear creature be avenged; for I ſhall be the moſt miſerable of men.

SIX O'CLOCK.

Just now Dorcas tells me, that her lady is preparing openly, and without diſguiſe, to be gone. Very probable. The humour ſhe flew away from me in laſt night, has given me expectation of ſuch an enterprize.

Now, Jack, to be thus hated, and deſpiſed!—And if I *have* ſinned beyond forgiveneſs—

But ſhe has ſent me a meſſage by Dorcas, that ſhe will meet me in the dining-room; and deſires [odd enough!] that the wench might be preſent at the converſation that will paſs between us. This meſſage gives me hope.

NINE O'CLOCK.

Confounded art, cunning, villainy!—By my ſoul, ſhe had like to have ſlipt through my fingers!—She meant nothing by her meſſage, but to get Dorcas out of her way, and a clear coaſt. Is a fancied diſtreſs ſufficient to juſtify this lady for diſpenſing with her principles? Does ſhe not ſhew me, that ſhe can wilfully deceive as well as I?

Had ſhe been in the fore-houſe, and no paſſage to go through to get at the ſtreet-door, ſhe had certainly been gone. But her haſte betrayed her: for Sally Martin happening to be in the fore-parlour, and hearing a ſwifter motion than uſual, and a ruſtling of ſilks, as if from ſomebody in a hurry, looked out; and ſeeing who it was, ſtept between her and the door, and ſet her back againſt it.

'You muſt not go, Madam. Indeed 'you muſt not.'

'By what right?—And how dare you?'—And ſuch-like imperious airs the dear creature gave herſelf.—While Sally called out for her aunt; and half a dozen voices joined inſtantly in the cry, for me to haſten down—to haſten down—in a moment.

I was gravely inſtructing Dorcas above-ſtairs, and wondering what would be the ſubject of the converſation to which the wench was to be a witneſs, when theſe outcries reached my ears. And down I flew.—And there was the charming creature, the ſweet deceiver, panting for breath, her back againſt the partition, a parcel in her hand, [Women make no excurſions without their parcels] Sally, Polly, (but Polly obligingly pleaded for her) the mother, Mabell, and Peter, (the footman of the houſe) about her; all, however, keeping their diſtance; the mother and Sally between her and the door—In her ſoft rage the dear ſoul repeating, 'I *will* 'go—Nobody has a right—I *will* go!—'If you kill me, women, I won't go up 'again!'

As ſoon as ſhe ſaw me, ſhe ſtept a pace or two towards me! 'Mr. Lovelace, I '*will* go!' ſaid ſhe—'Do you authorize 'theſe

'these women—What right have they, 'or *you* either to ſtop me?'

'Is this, my dear, preparative to the 'converſation you led me to expect in 'the dining-room? And do you think 'I can part with you thus?—Do you 'think I will?'

'And am I, Sir, to be thus beſet? 'Surrounded thus?—What have theſe 'women to do with me?'

I deſired them to leave us, all but Dorcas, who was down as ſoon as I. I then thought it right to aſſume an air of reſolution, having found my tameneſs ſo greatly triumphed over. 'And 'now, my dear,' ſaid I, (urging her reluctant feet) 'be pleaſed to walk into 'the fore-parlour. Here, ſince you 'will not go up ſtairs; here we may *hold 'our parley*; and Dorcas *be witneſs to it*. '—And now, Madam,' ſeating her, and ſticking my hands in my ſides, 'your 'pleaſure!'

'Inſolent villain!' ſaid the furious lady. And, riſing, ran to the window and threw up the ſaſh. [She knew not, I ſuppoſe, that there were iron rails before the windows.] And, when ſhe found ſhe could not get out into the ſtreet, claſping her up-lifting hands together, having dropt her parcel—'For 'the love of God, good honeſt man!—'For the love of God, miſtreſs—' [to two paſſers-by] 'a poor, a poor crea-'ture' ſaid ſhe, 'ruined!'

I claſped her in my arms, people beginning to gather about the window: and then ſhe cried out 'Murder! Help! 'help!'—And carried her up to the dining-room, in ſpite of her little plotting heart, (as I may now call it) although ſhe violently ſtruggled, catching hold of the banniſters here and there, as ſhe could. I would have ſeated her there; but ſhe ſunk down half-motionleſs, pale as aſhes. And a violent burſt of tears happily relieved her.

Dorcas wept over her. The wench was actually moved for her!

Violent hyſtericks ſucceeded. I left her to Mabell, Dorcas, and Polly; the latter the moſt ſupportable to her of the ſiſterhood.

This attempt, ſo reſolutely made, alarmed me not a little.

Mrs. Sinclair, and her nymphs, are much more concerned; becauſe of the reputation of their houſe, as they call it, having received ſome inſults, (broken windows threatened) to make them produce the young creature who cried out.

While the mobbiſh inquiſitors were in the height of their office, the women came running up to me, to know what they ſhould do; a conſtable being actually fetched.

'Get the conſtable into the parlour,' ſaid I, 'with three or four of the for-'wardeſt of the mob, and produce one 'of the nymphs, onion-eyed, in a mo-'ment, with diſordered head-dreſs and 'handkerchief, and let her own herſelf 'the perſon: the occaſion, a female ſkir-'miſh; but ſatisfied with the juſtice done 'her. Then give a dram or two to each 'fellow, and all will be well.'

ELEVEN O'CLOCK.

ALL done, as I adviſed; and all is well.

Mrs. Sinclair wiſhes ſhe never had ſeen the face of ſo ſkittiſh a lady; and ſhe and Sally are extremely preſſing with me, to leave the perverſe beauty to their *breaking*, as they call it, for four or five days. But I curſed them into ſilence; only ordering double precaution for the future.

Polly, though ſhe conſoled the dear perverſe one all ſhe could, when *with her*, inſiſts upon it *to me*, that nothing but terror will procure me tolerable uſage.

Dorcas was challenged by the women upon her tears. She owned them real. Said, ſhe was aſhamed of herſelf; but could not help it. So ſincere, ſo *unyielding* a grief, in ſo *ſweet* a lady!

The women laughed at her: but I bid her make no apologies for her tears, nor mind their laughing. I was glad to ſee them *ſo ready*. Good uſe might be made of ſuch ſtrangers. In ſhort I would have her indulge them often, and try if it were not poſſible to gain her lady's confidence by her concern for her.

She ſaid, that her lady *did* take kind notice of them to her; and was glad to ſee ſuch tokens of humanity in her.

'Well then,' ſaid I, '*your* part, whe-'ther any-thing come of it or not, 'is 'to be *tender-hearted*. It can do no 'harm, if no good. But take care you 'are not *too ſuddenly*, or too *officiouſly* 'compaſſionate.'

So Dorcas will be a humane good ſort of creature, I believe, very quickly with her lady. And as it becomes women to be ſo, and as my beloved is willing to think highly of her own ſex; it will the more readily paſs with her.

I thought to have had one trial (having gone ſo far) for *cohabitation*. But what hope can there be of ſucceeding?—She is invincible!—*Againſt all my notions, againſt all my conceptions*, (thinking of her

her as a woman, and in the very bloom of her charms) *ſhe is abſolutely invincible*. My whole view at the preſent, is to do her legal juſtice, if I can but once more get her out of her altitudes.

The *conſent* of ſuch a woman muſt make her ever new, ever charming. But aſtoniſhing! Can the want of a church-ceremony make ſuch a difference!

She *owes* me her conſent; for hitherto I have nothing to boaſt of. All, of my ſide, has been *deep remorſe, anguiſh of mind* and *love encreaſed*, rather *than abated*.

How her proud rejection ſtings me! —And yet I hope ſtill to get her to liſten to my ſtories of the family-reconciliation, and of her uncle and Captain Tomlinſon—And as ſhe has given me a pretence to detain her againſt her will, ſhe *muſt* ſee me whether in temper or not —She cannot help it. And if love will not do, terror, as the women adviſe, muſt be tried.

A nice part, after all, has my beloved to act. If ſhe forgive me eaſily, I reſume perhaps my projects:—if ſhe carry her rejection into violence, that violence may make me deſperate, and occaſion freſh violence. She ought, ſince ſhe thinks ſhe has found the women out, to conſider *where ſhe is*.

I am confoundedly out of conceit with myſelf. If I give up my contrivances, my joy in ſtratagem, and plot, and invention, I ſhall be but a common man: ſuch another dull heavy creature as thyſelf. Yet what does even my ſucceſs in my machinations bring me, but regret, diſgrace, repentance? But I am overmatched, egregiouſly overmatched, by this woman. What to do with her, or without her, I know not.

## LETTER XL.

### MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

I Have this moment intelligence from Simon Parſons, one of Lord M.'s ſtewards, that his lordſhip is very ill. Simon, who is my obſequious ſervant, in virtue of my preſumptive heirſhip, gives me a hint in this letter, that my preſence at M. Hall will not be amiſs. So, I muſt accelerate, whatever be the courſe I ſhall be allowed or compelled to take.

No bad proſpects for this charming creature, if the old peer would be ſo kind as to ſurrender; and many a ſummons has this gout given him. A good 8000*l.* a year, and perhaps the title reverſionary, or a ſtill higher, would help me up with her.

Proudly as this lady pretends to be above all pride, grandeur will have its charms with her; for grandeur always makes a man's face ſhine in a woman's eye. I have a pretty good, becauſe a clear eſtate, as it is: but what a noble variety of miſchief will 8000*l.* a year enable a man to do!

Perhaps thou'lt ſay, I do *already* all that comes into my head: but that's a miſtake—Not one half, I will aſſure thee. And even *good folks*, as I have heard, love to have the *power* of doing miſchief, whether they make *uſe of it* or *not*. The late Queen Anne, who was a very good woman, was always fond of *prerogative*. And her miniſters, in her name, in more inſtances than one, made a *miniſterial* uſe of this foible.

BUT now, at laſt, I am to be admitted to the preſence of my angry fair-one: after three denials, nevertheleſs; and a *peremptory* from me, by Dorcas, that I muſt ſee her in her chamber, if I cannot ſee her in the dining-room.

Dorcas, however, tells me, that ſhe ſays, if ſhe were at her own liberty, ſhe would never ſee me more; and that ſhe had been aſking after the characters and conditions of the neighbours. I ſuppoſe, now ſhe has found her voice, to call out for help from them, if there were any to hear her.

She will have it now, it ſeems, that I had the wickedneſs from the very beginning, to contrive for her ruin, a houſe ſo convenient for dreadful miſchief.

Dorcas begs of her to be pacified—Entreats her to ſee me with patience—Tells her I am one of the moſt determined of men, as ſhe has heard ſay. That gentleneſs may do with me; but that nothing elſe will, ſhe believes. And what, as her ladyſhip (as ſhe always ſtiles her) is *married*, if I *had* broken my oath, or *intended* to break it!

She hinted plain enough to the honeſt wench, that ſhe was *not* married.—But Dorcas would not underſtand her.

This ſhews, that ſhe is reſolved to keep no meaſures. And now is to be a trial of ſkill, whether ſhe ſhall or not.

Dorcas has hinted to her my lord's illneſs, as a piece of intelligence that dropt in converſation from me.

But here I ſtop. My beloved, purſuant to my peremptory meſſage, is juſt gone up into the dining-room.

## LETTER XLI.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

MONDAY AFTERNOON.

PITY me, Jack, for pity's ſake; ſince if thou doſt not, nobody elſe will: and yet never was there a man of my genius and lively temper that wanted it more. We are apt to attribute to the devil every-thing that happens to us, which we would not *have* happen: but here, being (as perhaps thou'lt ſay) the devil myſelf, my plagues ariſe from an angel. I ſuppoſe all mankind is to be plagued by it's *contrary*.

She began with me like a true woman [*She* in the fault, *I* to be blamed] the moment I entered the dining-room: —not the leaſt apology, nor the leaſt excuſe, for the uproar ſhe had made, and the trouble ſhe had given me.

'I come,' ſaid ſhe, 'into thy deteſted preſence, becauſe I cannot help it. 'But why am I to be impriſoned here? '—Although to no purpoſe, I cannot 'help—'

'Deareſt Madam,' interrupted I, 'give not way to ſo much violence. 'You muſt know that your detention is 'entirely owing to the deſire I have to 'make you all the amends that is in my 'power to make you. And this, as well 'for *your* ſake as *my own*.—Surely there 'is ſtill *one* way left to repair the wrongs 'you have ſuffered.'

'Canſt thou blot out the paſt week! 'Several weeks paſt, I ſhould ſay; ever 'ſince I have been with thee? Canſt thou 'call back time?—If thou canſt—'

'Surely, Madam,' again interrupting, 'if I may be permitted to call you 'legally mine, I might have but an-'ticip——'

'Wretch that thou art! Say not another word upon the ſubject. When 'thou vowedſt, when thou promiſedſt 'at Hampſtead, I had begun to think 'that I muſt be thine. If I had conſented, at the requeſt of thoſe I thought 'thy relations, this would have been a 'principal inducement, that I could 'then have brought thee, what was 'moſt wanted, an unſullied honour in 'dowry, to a wretch deſtitute of all honour; and could have met the gratulations of a family to which thy life 'has been one continued diſgrace, with 'a conſciouſneſs of *deſerving* their gratulations. But thinkeſt thou, that I 'will give a harlot-niece to thy honourable uncle, and to thy *real* aunts; and 'a couſin to thy couſins from a brothel? 'For ſuch, in my opinion, is this de-'teſted houſe!'—Then, lifting up her claſped hands, 'Great and good God 'of Heaven,' ſaid ſhe, 'give me pati-'ence to ſupport myſelf under the 'weight of thoſe afflictions, which Thou, 'for wiſe and good ends, though at preſent impenetrable by me, haſt permitted!'

Then, turning towards me, who knew neither what to ſay *to* her, nor *for* myſelf, 'I renounce thee for ever, Love-'lace!—Abhorred of my ſoul! for 'ever I renounce thee!—Seek thy fortunes whereſoever thou wilt!—Only 'now, that thou haſt already ruined 'me—'

'Ruined you, Madam!—The world 'need not—' I knew not what to ſay.

'Ruined me in my *own* eyes; and 'that is the ſame to me, as if *all the* 'world knew it—Hinder me not from 'going whither my myſterious deſtiny 'ſhall lead me.

'Why heſitate you, Sir? What right 'have you to ſtop me, as you lately did; 'and to bring me up by force, my hands 'and arms bruiſed with your violence! 'What right have you to detain me 'here?'

'I am cut to the heart, Madam, with 'invectives ſo violent. I am but too 'ſenſible of the wrong I have done you, 'or I could not *bear* your reproaches. 'The man who perpetrates a villainy, 'and reſolves to go on with it, ſhews 'not the compunction I ſhew. Yet, if 'you think yourſelf in my power, I 'would caution you, Madam, not to 'make me deſperate. For you *ſhall* be 'mine, or my life ſhall be the forfeit! 'Nor is life worth having without you!'

'Be *thine!* I be *thine!*'—ſaid the paſſionate beauty. O how lovely in her violence!

'Yes, Madam, be *mine!*—I repeat, 'you *ſhall* be mine!—My very crime is 'your glory. My love, my admiration 'of you is encreaſed by what has paſ-'ed: *and ſo it ought.* I am willing, 'Madam, to court your returning fa-'vour: but let me tell you, were the 'houſe beſet by a thouſand armed men, 'reſolved to take you from me, they 'ſhould not effect their purpoſe, while 'I had life.'

'I never, never will be yours,' ſaid ſhe, claſping her hands together, and lifting up her eyes!—'I never will be 'yours!'

'We may yet ſee many happy years, 'Madam. All your friends may be re-'conciled to you. The treaty for that

'purpoſe

'purpose is in greater forwardness than 'you imagine. You know *better* than to 'think the *worse* of yourself for suffering 'what you *could not help*. Enjoin but the 'terms I can make my peace with you 'upon, and I will instantly comply.'

'Never, never,' repeated she, 'will I 'be yours!'

'Only forgive me, my dearest life, 'this *one* time!—A virtue so invincible! 'what further view *can* I have against 'you?—Have I attempted any further 'outrage?—If you will be mine, your 'injuries will be injuries done to myself. 'You have too well guessed at the unna-'tural arts that have been used.—But 'can a greater testimony be given of 'your virtue?—And now I have only 'to hope, that although I cannot make 'you *complete* amends, yet you will per-'mit me to make you *all* the amends 'that can possibly be made.

'Hear me out, I beseech you, Ma-'dam;' for she was going to speak with an aspect unpacifiedly angry, 'the God, 'whom you serve, requires but repen-'tance and amendment. Imitate *Him*, 'my dearest love, and bless me with the '*means* of reforming a course of life, 'that begins to be hateful to me. *That* 'was *once* your favourite point. Resume 'it, dearest creature: in charity to a 'soul, as well as body, which once, as 'I flattered myself, was *more* than indif-'ferent to you, resume it. And let to-'morrow's sun witness to our espousals.'

'*I* cannot judge thee,' said she; 'but 'the GOD to whom thou so boldly re-'ferrest, can; and assure thyself *He* will. 'But, if compunction has *really* taken 'hold of thee; if *indeed* thou art touched 'for thy ungrateful baseness, and mean-'est any-thing by pleading the holy ex-'ample thou recommendest to my imi-'tation; in this thy pretended repentant 'moment, let me sift thee thoroughly; 'and by thy answer I shall judge of the 'sincerity of thy pretended declara-'tions.

'Tell me then, Is there any reality 'in the treaty thou hast pretended to be 'on foot between my uncle and Captain 'Tomlinson, and thyself?—Say, and 'hesitate not, is there any truth in that 'story?—But, remember, if there be *not*, 'and thou avowest that there *is*, what 'further condemnation attends thy aver-'ment, if it be as solemn as I require it 'to be!'

This was a cursed thrust! What could I say?—'Surely this mercileſs lady is 'resolved to damn me,' thought I, 'and yet accuses me of a design against 'her soul!'—But was I not obliged to proceed as I had begun?

In short, I solemnly averred, that there was!—How one crime, as the good folks say, brings on another!

I added, That the captain had been in town, and would have waited on her, had she not been indisposed: that he went down much afflicted, as well on her account, as on that of her uncle; though I had not acquainted him either with the nature of her disorder, or the ever-to-be-regretted occasion of it; having told him, that it was a violent fever: that he had twice since, by her uncle's desire, sent up to enquire after her health: and that I had already dis-patched a man and horse with a letter, to acquaint him (and her uncle through him) with her recovery; making it my earnest request, that he would renew his application to her uncle for the favour of his presence at the private celebra-tion of our nuptials; and that I expect-ed an answer, if not this night, as to-morrow.

'Let me ask thee next,' said she, '(Thou knowest the opinion I have of 'the women thou broughtest to me at 'Hampstead; and who have seduced me 'hither to my ruin; let me ask thee) if, '*really* and *truly*, they were Lady Betty 'Lawrance and thy cousin Montague? '—What sayest thou—Hesitate not— 'What sayest thou to this question?'

'Astonishing, my dear, that you should 'suspect them!—But, knowing your 'strange opinion of them, what can I 'say to be believed?'

'And is *this* the answer thou returnest 'me? Dost thou *thus* evade my question? 'But let me know, for I am trying thy 'sincerity now, and shall judge of thy 'new professions by thy answer to this 'question; let me know, I repeat, whe-'ther those women be *really* Lady Betty 'Lawrance and thy cousin Montague?'

'Let me, my dearest love, be enabled 'to-morrow to call you lawfully mine, 'and we will set out the next day, if 'you please, to Berkshire, to my Lord 'M.'s, where they both are at this 'time; and you shall convince yourself 'by your own eyes, and by your own 'ears; which you will believe sooner 'than all I can say or swear.'

'Now, Belford, I had really some ap-prehension of treachery from thee; which made me so miserably evade; for else, I could *as* safely have sworn to the truth of this, as to that of the former: but she pressing me still for a categorical answer, I ventured plumb; and swore

to it, [*Lovers oaths, Jack!*] that they were really and truly Lady Betty Lawrance and my cousin Montague.

She lifted up her hands and eyes—'What can I think!—What *can* I think!'

'You *think* me a devil, Madam; a very devil! or you could not, after you have put these questions to me, seem to doubt the truth of answers so solemnly sworn to.'

'And if I do think thee so, have I not cause? Is there another man in the world (I hope for the sake of human nature, there is not) who could act by any poor friendless creature as thou hast acted by *me*, whom thou hast *made* friendless—And who, before I knew thee, had for a friend every-one who knew me?'

'I told you, Madam, *before*, that Lady Betty and my cousin were actually here, in order to take leave of you, before they set out for Berkshire: but the effects of my ungrateful crime (such, with shame and remorse, I own it to be) were the reason you could not see them. Nor could I be fond, that they should see *you:* since they never would have forgiven me, had they known what had passed — And what reason had I to expect your silence on the subject, had you been recovered?'

'It signifies nothing now, that the cause of their appearance has been answered in my ruin, *who* or *what* they are: but if thou hast averred thus solemnly to two falshoods, what a wretch do I see before me!'

I thought she had now reason to be satisfied; and I begged her to allow me to talk to her of to-morrow, as of the happiest day of my life. 'We have the licence, Madam—And you *must* excuse me, that I cannot let you go hence till I have tried every way I *can* try, to obtain your forgiveness.'

'And am I then' [With a kind of frantick wildness] 'to be detained a prisoner in this horrid house; am I, Sir?—Take care! Take care!' holding up her hand, menacing, 'how you make me desperate! If I fall, though by my own hand, inquisition will be made for my blood: and be not out in thy plot, Lovelace, if it *should* be so —Make *sure* work, I charge thee? dig a hole deep enough to cram in and conceal this unhappy body: for, depend upon it, that some of those, who will not stir to protect me living, will move Heaven and earth to avenge me dead!'

A horrid dear creature!—By my soul, she made me shudder! She had need indeed to talk of *her* unhappiness in falling into the hands of the only *man* in the world, who could have used her, as I have used her—She is the only *woman* in the world, who could have shocked and disturbed me, as she has done.—So we are upon a foot in *that* respect. And I think I have the *worst* of it by much: since very little has been my joy; very much my trouble: and *her* punishment, as she calls it, is *over*. But when *mine* will, or what it *may be*, who can tell?

Here, only recapitulating, (think, then, how I must be affected at the time) I was forced to leave off, and sing a song to myself. I aimed at a lively air; but I croaked rather than sung. And fell into the old dismal Thirtieth of January strain: I hemmed up for a sprightlier note; but it would not do: and at last I ended, like a malefactor, in a dead psalm melody.

Heigh-ho!—I gape like an unfledged kite in it's nest, wanting to swallow a chicken, bobbed at it's mouth by it's marauding dam!

'What a devil ails me!—I can neither think nor write!

'Lie down, pen, for a moment!'

## LETTER XLII.

MR LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

THERE is certainly a good deal in the observation, *that it costs a man ten times more pains to be wicked, than it would cost him to be good.* What a confounded number of contrivances have I had recourse to, in order to carry my point with this charming creature; and, after all, how have I puzzled myself by it; and yet am near tumbling into the pit which it was the end of all my plots to shun! What a happy man had I been with such an excellence, could I have brought my mind to marry when I first prevailed upon her to quit her father's house! But *then*, as I have often reflected, how had I *known*, that a but blossoming beauty, who could carry on a private correspondence, and run such risques with a notorious wild fellow, was not prompted by inclination, which one day might give such a free liver as myself, as much pain to reflect upon, as, at the time, it gave me pleasure? Thou remembrest the host's tale in Ariosto. And *thy* experience, as well as *mine*, can furnish out twenty *Fiametta's* in proof of the imbecillity of the sex.

But to proceed with my narrative.

The dear creature resumed the topick her heart was so firmly fixed upon; and insisted upon quitting the *odious house*, and that in very high terms.

I urged her to meet me the next day at the altar in either of the two churches mentioned in the licence. And I besought her, whatever were her resolution, to let me debate this matter calmly with her.

If, she said, I would have her give what I desired the least moment's consideration, I must not hinder her from being her own mistress. To what purpose did I ask her *consent*, if she had not a power over either her own person or actions?

'Will you give me your honour, Madam,' if I consent to your quitting a 'house so disagreeable to you?—'

'My honour, Sir!' said the dear creature—'Alas!'—And turned weeping from me with inimitable grace—As if she had said—'Alas!—You have robbed me of my honour!'

I hoped then, that her angry passions were subsiding; but I was mistaken: for, urging her warmly for the day; and that for the sake of our mutual honour, and the honour of both our families; in this high-flown and high-souled strain she answered me.

'And canst thou, Lovelace, be so *mean* '—as to wish to make a wife of the creature thou hast insulted, dishonoured, 'and abused, as thou hast me? Was it 'necessary to humble me down to the 'low level of thy baseness, before I 'could be a wife meet for thee? Thou 'hadst a father, who was a man of ho'nour: a mother, who deserved a bet'ter son. Thou hast an uncle, who is 'no dishonour to the peerage of a king'dom, whose peers are more respectable 'than the nobility of any other country. 'Thou hast other relations also, who may 'be *thy* boast, thou canst not be *theirs*— 'And canst thou not imagine, that thou 'hearest them calling upon thee; the 'dead from their monuments; the liv'ing from their laudable pride; not to 'dishonour thy ancient and splendid 'house, by entering into wedlock with 'a creature whom thou hast levelled 'with the dirt of the street, and classed 'with the vilest of her sex?'

I extolled her greatness of soul, and her virtue. I execrated myself for my guilt: and told her, how grateful to the *manes* of my ancestors, as well as to the wishes of the living, the honour I supplicated for would be.

But still she insisted upon being a free agent; of seeing herself in other lodgings before she would give what I urged the *least* consideration. Nor would she promise me favour even then, or to permit my visits. How then, as I asked her, could I comply, without resolving to lose her for ever?

She put her hand to her forehead often as she talked; and at last, pleading disorder in her head, retired; neither of us satisfied with the other. But *she* ten times more dissatisfied with me, than I with her.

Dorcas seems to be coming into favour with her.

'What now!—What now!'

MONDAY NIGHT.

How determined is this lady!—Again had she like to have escaped us!—What a fixed resentment!—She only, I find, assumed a little calm, in order to quiet suspicion. She was got down, and actually had unbolted the street-door, before I could get to her; alarmed as I was by Mrs. Sinclair's cook-maid, who was the only one that saw her fly through the passage: yet lightning was not quicker than I.

Again brought I her back to the dining-room, with infinite reluctance on her part. And before her face, ordered a servant to be placed constantly at the bottom of the stairs for the future.

She seemed even choaked with grief and disappointment.

Dorcas was exceedingly assiduous about her; and confidently gave it as her own opinion, that her dear lady should be permitted to go to another lodging, since *this* was so disagreeable to her: were she to be killed for saying so, she would say it. And was *good* Dorcas for this afterwards.

But for some time the dear creature was all passion and violence.

'I see, I see,' said she, when I had brought her up, 'what I am to expect 'from your new professions, O vilest of 'men!'

'Have I offered to you, my beloved 'creature, any thing that can justify 'this impatience after a more hopeful 'calm?'

She wrung her hands. She disordered her head-dress. She tore her ruffles. She was in a perfect phrenzy.

I dreaded her returning malady: but entreaty rather exasperating, I affected an angry air.—I bid her expect the worst she had to fear—And was menacing on, in hopes to intimidate her, when, dropping down at my feet—

''Twill be a mercy,' said she, 'the 'highest

'higheſt act of mercy you can do, to 'kill me outright upon this ſpot—This 'happy ſpot, as I will, in my laſt mo-'ments, call it!'—Then, baring, with a ſtill more frantick violence, part of her enchanting neck—'Here, here,' ſaid the ſoul-harrowing beauty, 'let thy 'pointed mercy enter! And I will thank 'thee, and forgive thee for all the dread-'ful paſt!—With my lateſt gaſp will I 'forgive and thank thee!—Or help *me* 'to the means, and I will myſelf put out 'of thy way ſo miſerable a wretch! And 'bleſs thee for thoſe means!'

'Why all this extravagant paſſion? 'Why all theſe exclamations? Have I 'offered any new injury to you, my dear-'eſt life? What a phrenzy is this! Am 'I not ready to make you all the repa-'ration that I *can* make you? Had I not 'reaſon to hope—'

'No, no, no, no—' half a dozen times, as faſt as ſhe could ſpeak.

'Had I not reaſon to hope, that you 'were meditating upon the means of 'making me happy, and yourſelf not 'miſerable, rather than upon a flight 'ſo cauſeleſs and ſo precipitate?'

'No, no, no, no,' as before, ſhaking her head with wild impatience, as re-ſolved not to attend to what I ſaid.

'My reſolutions are ſo honourable, 'if you will permit them to take effect, 'that I need not be ſolicitous whither 'you go, if you will but permit my viſits, 'and receive my vows.—And God is 'my witneſs, that I bring you not back 'from the door, with any view to your 'diſhonour; but the contrary: and this 'moment I will ſend for a miniſter to 'put an end to all your doubts and fears.'

'Say this, and ſay a thouſand times 'more, and bind every word with a ſo-'lemn appeal to that God whom thou 'art accuſtomed to invoke to the truth 'of the vileſt falſhoods, and all will ſtill 'be ſhort of what thou *haſt* vowed and 'promiſed to me. And, were *not* my 'heart to abhor thee, and to riſe againſt 'thee, for thy *perjuries*, as it *does*, I 'would not, I tell thee once more, I 'would not, bind my ſoul in covenant 'with ſuch a man, for a thouſand 'worlds!'

'Compoſe yourſelf, however, Ma-'dam; for *your own ſake*, compoſe your-'ſelf. Permit me to raiſe you up; *ab-'horred* as I am of your ſoul!

'Nay, if I muſt not touch you'— for ſhe wildly ſlapt my hands; but with ſuch a ſweet paſſionate air, her boſom heaving and throbbing as ſhe looked up to me, that although I was moſt ſincerely en-raged, I could with tranſport have preſſ-ed her to mine.

'If I muſt not touch you, I will not. '—But depend upon it,'—[and I aſſum-'ed the ſterneſt air I could aſſume, to try what *that* would do—'depend upon 'it, Madam, that this is not the way to 'avoid the evils you dread. Let me do 'what I will, I cannot be uſed worſe—'Dorcas, be gone!'

She aroſe, Dorcas being about to with-draw; and wildly caught hold of her arm:—'O Dorcas! If thou art of mine 'own ſex, leave me not, I charge thee!' —Then quitting Dorcas, down ſhe threw herſelf upon her knees, in the further-moſt corner of the room, claſping a chair with her face laid upon the bottom of it!—'O where can I be ſafe!—'Where—where can I be ſafe, from this 'man of violence?'

This gave Dorcas an opportunity to confirm herſelf in her lady's confidence: the wench threw herſelf at my feet, while I ſeemed in violent wrath; and, em-bracing my knees, 'Kill me, Sir—kill 'me, if you pleaſe!—I muſt throw my-'ſelf in your way, to ſave my lady. I 'beg your pardon, Sir—But you muſt 'be ſet on!—God forgive the miſchief-'makers!—But your own heart, if left 'to itſelf, would not permit theſe things! '—Spare, however, Sir!—ſpare my la-'dy, I beſeech you!'—buſtling on her knees about me, as if I were intending to approach her lady, had I not been re-ſtrained by her.

This, humoured by me—'Be gone, 'devil!—Officious devil, be gone!'—ſtartled the dear creature; who, ſnatch-ing up haſtily her head from the chair, and as haſtily popping it down again in terror, hit her noſe, I ſuppoſe, againſt the edge of the chair; and it guſhed out with blood, running in a ſtream down her boſom; ſhe herſelf too much af-frighted to heed it!

Never was mortal man in ſuch terror and agitation as I; for I inſtantly con-cluded, that ſhe had ſtabbed herſelf with ſome concealed inſtrument.

I ran to her in a wild agony—For Dor-cas was frighted out of all her mock in-terpoſition.

'What have you done!—O what have 'you done!—Look up to me, my deareſt 'life!—Sweet injured innocence, look 'up to me!—What have you done!—'Long will I not ſurvive you!'—And I was upon the point of drawing my ſword to diſpatch myſelf, when I diſcovered—[What an unmanly blockhead does this charming creature make me at her plea-ſure!]

ſure!]—that all I apprehended was but a bloody noſe, which, as far as I know, (for it could not be ſtopped in a quarter of an hour) may have ſaved her head and her intellects.

But I ſee by this ſcene, that the ſweet creature is but a pretty coward at bottom; and that I can terrify her out of her virulence againſt me, whenever I put on ſternneſs and anger. But then, as a qualifier to the advantage this gives me over her, I find myſelf to be a coward too, which I had not before ſuſpected, ſince I was capable of being ſo eaſily terrified by the apprehenſions of her offering violence to herſelf.

## LETTER XLIII.

### MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

BUT with all this dear creature's reſentment againſt me, I cannot, for my heart, think but ſhe will get all over, and conſent to enter the pale with me. Were ſhe even to die to-morrow, and to know ſhe ſhould, would not a woman of her ſenſe, of her punctilio, and in her ſituation, and of ſo proud a family, rather die married, than otherwiſe?—No doubt but ſhe would; although ſhe were to hate the man ever ſo heartily. If ſo, there is now but one man in the world whom ſhe can have—And that is *me*.

Now I talk [*Familiar writing* is but *talking*, Jack] thus glibly of entering the pale, thou wilt be ready to queſtion me, I know, as to my intentions on this head.

As much of my heart, as I know of it myſelf, will I tell thee.—When I am *from* her, I cannot ſtill help heſitating about marriage; and I even frequently reſolve againſt it, and determine to preſs my favourite ſcheme for cohabitation. But when I am *with* her, I am ready to ſay, to ſwear, and to do, whatever I think will be moſt acceptable to her: and were a parſon at hand, I ſhould plunge at once, no doubt of it, into the ſtate.

I have frequently thought, in *common* caſes, that it is happy for many giddy fellows, [There are giddy fellows, as well as giddy girls, Jack; and perhaps *thoſe* are as often drawn in, as *theſe*] that ceremony and parade are neceſſary to the irrevocable ſolemnity; and that there is generally time for a man to recollect himſelf in the ſpace between the heated over-night, and the cooler next morning; or I know not who could eſcape the ſweet gypſies, whoſe faſcinating powers are ſo much aided by our own raiſed imaginations.

'*A wife at any time*,' I uſed to ſay. I had ever confidence and vanity enough to think, that no woman breathing could deny her hand, when I held out mine. I am confoundedly mortified to find, that this lady is able to hold me at bay, and to refuſe all my *honeſt* vows.

What force [Allow me a ſerious reflection, Jack: it *will* be put down! What force] have evil habits upon the human mind! when we enter upon a devious courſe, we think we ſhall have it in our power when we will to return to the right path. But it is not ſo, I plainly ſee: for, who can acknowledge with more juſtice this dear creature's merits, and his own errors, than I? Whoſe regret, at times, can be deeper than mine, for the injuries I have done her? Whoſe reſolutions to repair thoſe injuries ſtronger?—Yet how tranſitory is my penitence!—How am I hurried away—Canſt thou tell by what?—O devil of youth, and devil of intrigue, how do you miſlead me!—How often do we end in occaſions for the deepeſt remorſe, what we begin in wantonneſs!

At the preſent writing, however, the turn of the ſcale is in behalf of matrimony—For I deſpair of carrying with her my favourite point.

The lady tells Dorcas, that her heart is broken; and that ſhe ſhall live but a little while. I think nothing of that, if we marry. In the firſt place, ſhe knows not what a mind unapprehenſive will do for her, in a ſtate to which all the ſex look forward with high ſatisfaction. How often have the whole ſacred conclave been thus deceived in their choice of a pope; not conſidering, that the new dignity is of itſelf ſufficient to give new life! A few months heart's eaſe will give my charmer a quite different notion of things: and I dare ſay, as I have heretofore ſaid, 'Once married, 'and I am married for life.'

I will allow, that her pride, in *one* ſenſe, has ſuffered abaſement: but her triumph is the greater in every other. And while I can think that all her trials are but additions to her honour, and that I have laid the foundations of her glory in my own ſhame, can I be called cruel, if I am *not* affected with her grief as ſome men would be?

And for what ſhould her heart be broken? Her will is unviolated—At *preſent*, however, her will is unviolated. The deſtroying of good habits, and the introducing of bad, to the corrupting of the

the whole heart, is the violation. That her will is not to be corrupted, that her mind is not to be debaſed, ſhe has hitherto unqueſtionably proved. And if ſhe give cauſe for further trials, and hold faſt her integrity; what *ideas* will ſhe have to dwell upon, that will be able to corrupt her morals? What *veſtigia*, what *remembrances*, but ſuch as will inſpire abhorrence of the attempter?

What nonſenſe then to ſuppoſe, that ſuch a mere *notional violation* as ſhe has ſuffered, ſhould be able to cut aſunder the ſtrings of life?

Her religion, married, or not married, will ſet her above making ſuch a trifling accident, ſuch an *involuntary* ſuffering, fatal to her.

Such conſiderations as theſe, they are, that ſupport me againſt all apprehenſion of bugbear conſequences: and I would have them have weight with thee; who art ſuch a doughty advocate for her. And yet I allow thee this; that ſhe really makes too much of it: takes it too much to heart. To be ſure ſhe ought to have forgot it by this time, except the charming, charming conſequence happen, that ſtill I am in hopes will happen, were I to proceed no further. And, if ſhe apprehend this herſelf, then has the dear over-nice ſoul ſome reaſon for taking it ſo much to heart: and yet would not, I think, refuſe to legitimate.

O Jack! had I an imperial diadem, I ſwear to thee, that I would give it up, even to my *enemy*, to have one charming boy by this lady. And ſhould ſhe *eſcape me*, and no ſuch effect follow, my revenge on her family, and, in *ſuch* a caſe, on herſelf, would be incomplete, and I ſhould reproach myſelf as long as I lived.

Were I to be ſure, that this foundation is laid, [And why may I not hope it is?] I ſhould not doubt to have her ſtill (ſhould ſhe withſtand her day of grace) on my own conditions: nor ſhould I, if it were ſo, queſtion that *revived* affection in *her*, which a woman ſeldom fails to have for the father of her firſt child, whether born in wedlock, or not.

And pr'ythee, Jack, ſee in this my ardent hope, a diſtinction in my favour from other rakes; who, almoſt to a man, follow their inclinations without troubling themſelves about conſequences. In imitation, as one would think, of the ſtrutting villain of a bird, which from feathered lady to feathered lady purſues his imperial pleaſures, leaving it to his ſleek paramours to hatch the genial product in holes and corners of their own finding out.

END OF THE FIFTH VOLUME.

THE

# HISTORY

OF

# CLARISSA HARLOWE.

## VOLUME THE SIXTH.

### LETTER I.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

TUESDAY MORN. JUNE 20.

WELL, Jack, now are we upon another foot together. This dear creature will not *let me be good*. She is now authorizing all my plots by her own example.

Thou muſt be partial in the higheſt degree, if now thou blameſt me for reſuming my former ſchemes, ſince in that caſe I ſhall but follow her clue. No forced conſtruction of her actions do I make on this occaſion, in order to juſtify a bad cauſe or a worſe intention. A ſlight pretence, indeed, ſerved the wolf, when he had a mind to quarrel with the lamb; but this is not now my caſe.

For here, [Wouldſt thou have thought it?] taking advantage of Dorcas's compaſſionate temper, and of ſome warm expreſſions, which the tender-hearted wench let fall againſt the cruelty of men; and wiſhing to have it in her power to ſerve her; has ſhe given her the following note, ſigned by her maiden-name: for ſhe has thought fit, in poſitive and plain words, to own to the pitying Dorcas, that ſhe is not married.

'MONDAY, JUNE 19. ....

'*I The underwritten do hereby promiſe, that, 'on my coming into poſſeſſion of my own 'eſtate, I will provide for Dorcas Martin-'dale in a gentlewoman-like manner, in my 'own houſe: or, if I do not ſoon obtain that 'poſſeſſion, or ſhould firſt die, I do hereby 'bind myſelf, my executors, and adminiſtra-'tors, to pay to her, or her order, during 'the term of her natural life, the ſum of five 'pounds on each of the four uſual quarterly 'days in the year; that is to ſay, twenty 'pounds by the year; on condition that ſhe 'faithfully aſſiſt me in my eſcape from an ille-'gal confinement, under which I now labour. 'The firſt quarterly payment to commence 'and be payable at the end of three months 'immediately following the day of my deliver-'ance. And I do alſo promiſe to give her, 'as a teſtimony of my honour in the reſt, a 'diamond-ring, which I have ſhewed her. 'Witneſs my hand, this nineteenth day of 'June, in the year above-written.*

'CLARISSA HARLOWE.'

Now, Jack, what terms wouldſt thou have me to keep with ſuch a ſweet corruptreſs?—Seeſt thou not how ſhe hates me?—Seeſt thou not, that ſhe is reſolved never to forgive me?—Seeſt thou not, however, that ſhe muſt diſgrace herſelf in the eye of the world, if ſhe actually ſhould eſcape?—That ſhe muſt be ſubjected to infinite diſtreſs and hazard? For whom has ſhe to receive and protect her? Yet to determine to riſque all theſe evils! And furthermore to ſtoop to artifice, to be guilty of the reigning vice of the times, of bribery and corruption! O Jack, Jack! *ſay* not, *write* not, another word in her favour!

Thou haſt blamed me for bringing her to this houſe: but had I carried her to any other in England, where there would have been one ſervant or inmate capable either of *compaſſion* or *corruption*, what muſt have been the conſequence?

But ſeeſt thou not, however, that, in this flimſy contrivance, the dear implacable, like a drowning man, catches at a ſtraw to ſave herſelf!—A ſtraw

ſhall ſhe find to be the refuge ſhe has reſorted to.

## LETTER II.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD ESQ.

TUESDAY MORN. 10 O'CLOCK.

VERY ill—Exceeding ill—as Dorcas tells me, in order to avoid ſeeing me—And yet the dear ſoul may be ſo in her *mind*. But is not that equivocation? Some one paſſion predominating, in every human breaſt, breaks through principle, and controuls us all. Mine is *love* and *revenge* taking turns. Hers is *hatred*—But this is my conſolation, that *hatred appeaſed, is love begun*; or *love renewed*, I may rather ſay, if love ever had footing here.

But *reflectioning* apart, thou ſeeſt, Jack, that her plot is beginning to work. To-morrow, it is to break out.

I have been abroad, to ſet on foot a plot of circumvention. All fair now, Belford!

I inſiſted upon viſiting my indiſpoſed fair-one. Dorcas made officious excuſes for her. I curſed the wench in her hearing for her impertinence; and ſtamped, and made a clutter; which was improved into an apprehenſion to the lady that I would have flung her faithful confidante from the top of the ſtairs to the bottom.

'He is a violent wretch!—But, Dorcas,' [*Dear* Dorcas, now it is] 'thou 'ſhalt have a friend in me to the laſt 'day of my life.'

And what now, Jack, doſt think the name of her *good angel* is!—Why *Dorcas Martindale*, Chriſtian and Super, (no more Wykes) as in the promiſſory note in my former—And the dear creature has bound her to her by the *moſt ſolemn* obligations, *beſides* the tie of intereſt.

'Whither, Madam, do you deſign 'to go when you get out of this houſe?'

'I will throw myſelf into the firſt open 'houſe I can find; and beg protection 'till I can get a coach, or a lodging in 'ſome honeſt family.'

'What will you do for cloaths, Ma'dam? I doubt you'll not be able to take 'any away with you, but what you'll 'have on.'

'O, no matter for cloaths, if I can 'but get out of this houſe.'

'What will you do for money, Ma'dam? I have heard his honour expreſs 'his concern, that he could not prevail 'upon you to be obliged to him, though 'he apprehended that you muſt be ſhort 'of money.'

'O, I have rings, and other valu'ables. Indeed I have but four gui'neas, and two of them I found lately 'wrapt up in a bit of lace, deſigned for 'a charitable uſe: but now, alas! cha'rity begins at home!—But I have one 'dear friend left, if ſhe be living, as I 'hope in God ſhe is! to whom I can be 'obliged, if I want. O Dorcas! I muſt 'ere now have heard from her if I had 'had fair play.'

'Well, Madam, yours is a hard caſe. 'I pity you at my heart!'

'Thank you, Dorcas!—I am un'happy, that I did not think *before*, that 'I might have confided in thy pity, and 'in thy ſex!'

'I pitied you, Madam, often and 'often: but you were always, as I 'thought, diffident of me. And then 'I doubted not but you were married; 'and I thought his honour was unkindly 'uſed by you. So that I thought it my 'duty to wiſh well to his honour, rather 'than to what I thought to be your 'humours, Madam. Would to Hea'ven, that I had known before that 'you were not married!—Such a lady! 'Such a fortune! To be ſo ſadly be'traved!'

'Ah, Dorcas! I was baſely drawn 'in! My youth—My ignorance of the 'world—And I have ſome things to 'reproach myſelf with, when I look 'back.'

'Lord, Madam, what deceitful crea'tures are theſe men!—Neither oaths, 'nor vows—I am ſure—I am ſure!' [and then with her apron ſhe gave her eyes half a dozen hearty rubs] 'I may 'curſe the time that I came into this 'houſe!'

Here was accounting for her bold eyes! And was it not better for Dorcas to give up a houſe which her lady could not think worſe of than ſhe did, in order to gain the reputation of ſincerity, than by offering to vindicate it, to make her proffered ſervices ſuſpected?

'Poor Dorcas!—Bleſs me! how lit'tle do we, who have lived all our time 'in the country, know of this wicked 'town!'

'Had I *been able to write*,' cried the veteran wench, 'I ſhould certainly have 'given ſome other near relations I have 'in Wales a little *inkling* of matters; 'and they would have ſaved me from '——from——from——'

Her ſobs were enough. The apprehenſions

kenſions of women on ſuch ſubjects are ever aforehand with ſpeech.

And then, ſobbing on, ſhe lifted her apron to her face again. She ſhewed me how.

'Poor Dorcas!'—Again wiping her own charming eyes.

All love, all compaſſion, is this dear creature to every-one in affliction, but me.

'And would not an aunt protect her 'kinſwoman?—Abominable wretch!'

'I can't—I can't—I can't ſay, my 'aunt was privy to it. She gave me 'good advice. She knew not for a great 'while that I was—that I was—that I 'was—ugh!—ugh!—ugh!—'

'No more, no more, good Dorcas—'What a world do we live in!—What a 'houſe am I in!—But come, don't 'weep:' (though ſhe herſelf could not forbear) 'my being betrayed into it, 'though to my own ruin, may be a 'happy event for thee: and if I live, it 'ſhall.'

'I thank you, my good lady,' blubbering. 'I am ſorry, very ſorry, you 'have had ſo hard a lot. But it may 'be the ſaving of my ſoul, if I can get to 'your ladyſhip's houſe. Had I but known 'that your ladyſhip was not married, I 'would have eat my own fleſh, before, 'before, before——'

Dorcas ſobbed and wept. The lady ſighed and wept alſo.

But now, Jack, for a ſerious reflection upon the premiſes.

How will the good folks account for it, that Satan has ſuch faithful inſtruments, and that the bond of wickedneſs is a ſtronger bond than the ties of virtue; as if it were the nature of the human mind to be villainous? For here, had Dorcas been *good*, and been tempted as ſhe was tempted to any-thing *evil*, I make no doubt but ſhe would have yielded to the temptation.

And cannot our fraternity in an hundred inſtances give proof of the like predominance of vice over virtue? And that we have riſqued more to ſerve and promote the intereſts of the former, than ever a good man did to ſerve a good man or a good cauſe? For have we not been prodigal of life and fortune? Have we not defied the civil magiſtrate upon occaſion? And have we not attempted reſcues, and dared all things, only to extricate a pounded profligate?

Whence, Jack, can this be?

O! I have it, I believe. The vicious are as bad as they can be; and do the devil's work without looking after; while he is continually ſpreading ſnares for the others; and, like a ſkilful angler, ſuiting his baits to the fiſh he angles for.

Nor let even *honeſt* people, *ſo called*, blame poor Dorcas for her fidelity in a bad cauſe. For does not the *general*, who implicitly ſerves an ambitious prince in his unjuſt deſigns upon his neighbours, or upon his own oppreſſed ſubjects; and even the *lawyer*, who, for the ſake of a paltry fee, undertakes to whiten a black cauſe, and to defend it againſt one he knows to be good; do the very ſame thing as Dorcas? And are they not both every whit as culpable? Yet the one ſhall be dubbed a hero, the other called an admirable fellow, and be contended for by every client, and his double-tongued abilities ſhall carry him through all the high preferments of the law with reputation and applauſe.

Well, but what ſhall be done, ſince the lady is ſo much determined on removing!—Is there no way to oblige her, and yet to make the very act ſubſervient to my own views? I fancy ſuch a way may be found out.

I will ſtudy for it—

Suppoſe I ſuffer her to make an eſcape? Her heart is in it. If ſhe effect it, the triumph ſhe will have over me upon it will be a counterbalance for all ſhe has ſuffered.

I will oblige her if I can.

## LETTER III.

### MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

TIRED with a ſucceſſion of fatiguing days, and ſleepleſs nights, and with contemplating the precarious ſituation I ſtand in with my beloved, I fell into a profound reverie; which brought on ſleep; and that produced a dream; a fortunate dream; which, as I imagine, will afford my working mind the means to effect the obliging double purpoſe my heart is now once more ſet upon.

What, as I have often contemplated, is the enjoyment of the fineſt women in the world, to the contrivance, the buſtle, the ſurprizes, and at laſt the happy concluſion of a well laid plot!—The charming *roundabouts*, to come the *neareſt way home*;—the doubts; the apprehenſions; the heart-achings; the meditated triumphs—Theſe are the joys that make the bleſſing dear. For all the reſt, what is it?—What but to find

an angel in imagination dwindled down to a woman in fact? ——But to my dream——

Methought it was about nine on Wednesday morning, that a chariot with a dowager's arms upon the doors, and in it a grave matronly lady [not unlike mother H. in the face; but in her heart, O how unlike!] stopped at a grocer's shop, about ten doors on the other side of the way, in order to buy some groceries: and methought Dorcas, having been out to see if the coast were clear, for her lady's flight, and if a coach were to be got near the place, espied this chariot with the dowager's arms, and this matronly lady: and what, methought, did Dorcas, that subtle traitress, do, but whip up to the old matronly lady, and lifting up her voice, say, 'Good, my lady, permit me one 'word with your ladyship!'

'What thou hast to say to me, say on,' quoth the old lady; the grocer retiring, and standing aloof, to give Docas leave to speak; who, methought, in words like these, accosted the lady:

'You seem, Madam, to be a very 'good lady; and here in this neighbour-'hood, at a house of no high repute, is 'an innocent lady of rank and fortune, 'beautiful as a May morning, and 'youthful as a rose-bud, and full as 'sweet and lovely; who has been trick-'ed thither by a wicked gentleman, 'practised in the ways of the town; and 'this very night will she be ruined, if 'she get not out of his hands. Now, O 'lady! if you will extend your compas-'sionate goodness to this fair young 'lady, in whom, the moment you be-'hold her, you will see cause to believe 'all I say; and let her but have a place 'in your chariot, and remain in your 'protection for one day only, till she 'can send a man and horse to her rich 'and powerful friends; you may save 'from ruin a lady, who has no equal 'for virtue as well as beauty.'

Methought the old lady, moved with Dorcas's story, answered and said, 'Hasten, O damsel, who in a happy 'moment art come to put it in my power 'to serve the innocent and the virtuous, 'which it has always been my delight 'to do: hasten to this young lady, and 'bid her hie hither to me with all speed; 'and tell her that my chariot shall be 'her asylum: and if I find all that thou 'sayest true, my house shall be her sanc-'tuary, and I will protect her from all 'her oppressors.'

Hereupon, methought, this traitress Dorcas hied back to the lady, and made report of what she had done. And methought, the lady highly approved of Dorcas's proceeding, and blessed her for her good thought.

And I lifted up mine eyes, and behold the lady issued out of the house, and without looking back, ran to the chariot with the dowager's coat upon it; and was received by the matronly lady with open arms, and 'Welcome, welcome, 'welcome, fair young lady, who so 'well answer the description of the faith-'ful damsel: and I will carry you in-'stanty to my house, where you shall 'meet with all the good usage your 'heart can wish for, till you can ap-'prize your rich and powerful friends 'of your past dangers, and present es-'cape.'

'Thank you, thank you, thank you, 'thank you, worthy, thrice worthy lady, 'who afford so kindly your protection 'to a most unhappy young creature, 'who has been basely seduced and be-'trayed, and brought to the very brink 'of destruction.'

Methought then, the matronly lady, who had, by the time the young lady came to her, bought and paid for the goods she wanted, ordered her coach-man to drive home with all speed; who stopped not till he had arrived in a cer-tain street, not far from Lincoln's Inn Fields, where the matronly lady lived in a sumptuous dwelling, replete with damsels who wrought curiously in mus-lins, cambricks, and fine linen, and in every good work that industrious dam-sels love to be employed about, except the loom and the spinning-wheel.

And methought, all the way the young lady and the old lady rode, and after they came in, till dinner was ready, the young lady filled up the time with the dismal account of her wrongs and her sufferings, the like of which was never heard by mortal ear; and this in so moving a manner, that the good old lady did nothing but weep, and sigh, and sob, and inveigh against the arts of wicked men, and against that abomin-able Squire Lovelace, who was a *plotting villain*, methought she said; and, more than that, an *unchained Beelzebub*.

Methought I was in a dreadful agony, when I found the lady had escaped; and in my wrath had like to have slain Dor-cas, and our mother, and every one I met. But, by some quick transition, and strange metamorphosis, which dreams do not usually account for, methought, all of a sudden, this matronly lady was

turned

turned into the famous mother H. herſelf; and, being an old acquaintance of mother Sinclair, was prevailed upon to aſſiſt in my plot upon the young lady.

Then, methought, followed a ſtrange ſcene; for, mother H. longing to hear more of the young lady's ſtory, and night being come, beſought her to accept of a place in her own bed, in order to have all the talk to themſelves. For, methought, two young nieces of hers had broken in upon them in the middle of the diſmal tale.

Accordingly going early to bed, and the ſad ſtory being reſumed, with as great earneſtneſs on one ſide, as attention on the other, before the young lady had gone far in it, mother H. methought was taken with a fit of the colick; and her tortures encreaſing, was obliged to riſe to get a cordial ſhe uſed to find ſpecific in this diſorder, to which ſhe was unhappily ſubject.

Having thus riſen, and ſtept to her cloſet, methought ſhe let fall the wax taper in her return; and then, [O metamorphoſis ſtill ſtranger than the former! What unaccountable things are dreams!] coming to bed again in the dark, the young lady, to her infinite aſtoniſhment, grief, and ſurprize, found mother H. turned into a young perſon of the other ſex: and although Lovelace was the *abhorred of her ſoul*, yet, fearing it was ſome *other* perſon, it was matter of ſome conſolation to her, when ſhe found it was no other than himſelf, and that ſhe had been ſtill the bedfellow of but *one* and the *ſame* man.

A ſtrange promiſcuous huddle of adventures followed, ſcenes perpetually ſhifting; now nothing heard from the lady, but ſighs, groans, exclamations, faintings, dyings—From the gentleman, but vows, promiſes, proteſtations, *diſclaimers of purpoſes purſued*; and all the gentle and ungentle preſſures of the lover's warfare.

Then, as quick as thought, (for dreams, thou knoweſt, confine not themſelves to the rules of the drama) enſued recoveries, lyings-in, chriſtenings, the ſmiling boy, amply, even in *her own* opinion, rewarding the ſuffering mother.

Then the grandfather's eſtate yielded up, poſſeſſion taken of it: living very happily upon it: her beloved Norton her companion; Miſs Howe her viſitor; and (admirable! thrice admirable!) enabled to *compare notes* with her; a charming girl, by the ſame father, to her friend's charming boy; who, as they grow up, in order to conſolidate their mammas friendſhips, (for neither have dreams regard to *conſanguinity*) intermarry; change names by act of parliament, to enjoy my eſtate—And I know not what of the like incongruous ſtuff.

I awoke, as thou mayeſt believe, in great diſorder, and rejoiced to find my charmer in the next room, and Dorcas honeſt.

Now thou wilt ſay this was a very odd dream. And yet, (for I am a ſtrange dreamer) it is not altogether improbable that ſomething like it may happen; as the pretty ſimpleton has the weakneſs to confide in Dorcas, whom till now ſhe diſliked.

But I forgot to tell thee one part of my dream; and that was, that the next morning, the lady gave way to ſuch tranſports of grief and reſentment, that ſhe was with difficulty diverted from making an attempt upon her own life. But however at laſt was prevailed upon to reſolve to live, and to make the beſt of the matter: a letter, methought, from Captain Tomlinſon helping to pacify her, written to apprize me, that her uncle Harlowe would certainly be at Kentiſh Town on Wedneſday night June 28, the following day, (the 29th) being his birth-day; and be doubly deſirous, on that account, that our nuptials ſhould be then privately ſolemnized in his preſence.

'But *is* Thurſday the 29th her uncle's 'anniverſary?'—methinks thou aſkeſt. —It is; or elſe the day of celebration ſhould have been earlier ſtill. Three weeks ago I heard her ſay it was; and I have down the birth-day of every-one of her family, and the wedding-day of her father and mother. The minuteſt circumſtances are often of great ſervice, in matters of the laſt importance.

And what ſayeſt thou now to my dream?

Who ſays, that ſleeping and waking, I have not fine helps from ſome *body*, ſome *ſpirit* rather, as thou'lt be apt to ſay? But no wonder that a Beelzebub has his devilkins to attend his call.

I can have no manner of doubt of ſucceeding in mother H.'s part of the ſcheme; for will the lady (who reſolves to throw herſelf into the *firſt houſe ſhe can enter*, or to beſpeak the protection of the *firſt perſon ſhe meets*; and who thinks there can be no danger *out* of this houſe, equal to what ſhe apprehends from me *in* it) ſcruple to accept of the chariot of a dowager, accidentally offering? And the lady's protection engaged by her

faithful Dorcas, so highly bribed to promote her escape?—And then Mrs. H. has the air and appearance of a venerable matron, and is not such a forbidding devil as Mrs. Sinclair.

The pretty simpleton knows nothing in the world; nor that people who have money, never want assistants in their views, be they what they will. How else could the princes of the earth be so implicitly served as they are, *change they hands ever so often*, and be their purposes *ever so wicked?*

If I can but get her to *go on* with me till Wednesday next week, we shall be settled together pretty quietly by that time. And indeed if she has any gratitude, and has in her the least of her sex's foibles, she must think I deserve her favour, by the pains she has cost me. For dearly do they all love that men should take pains about them and for them.

And here, for the present, I will lay down my pen, and congratulate myself upon my happy invention (since her obstinacy put me once more upon exercising it)—But with this resolution, I think, that, if the present contrivance fail me, I will exert all the faculties of my mind, all my talents, to procure for myself a legal right to her favour, and that in defiance of all my antipathies to the married state; and of the suggestions of the great devil out of the house, and of his secret agents in it—Since, if *now* she is not to be prevailed upon, or drawn in, it will be in vain to attempt her further.

## LETTER IV.

### MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

TUESDAY NIGHT, JUNE 20.

NO admittance yet to my charmer! She is very ill—in a violent fever, Dorcas thinks. Yet will have no advice.

Dorcas tells her how much I am concerned at it.

But again let me ask, Does this lady do right to make herself ill, when she is *not* ill? For my own part, libertine as people think me, when I had *occasion* to be sick, I took a dose of ipecacuanha, that I might not be guilty of a falsehood; and most heartily sick was I; as she, who then pitied me, full well knew. But here to pretend to be very ill, only to get an opportunity to run away, in order to avoid forgiving a man who has offended her, how unchristian!—If good folks allow themselves in these breaches of a known duty, and in these presumptuous contrivances to deceive, who, Belford, shall blame us?

I have a strange notion, that the matronly lady will be certainly at the grocer's shop at the hour of nine to-morrow morning: for Dorcas heard me tell Mrs. Sinclair, that I should go out at eight precisely; and then she is to try for a coach: and if the dowager's chariot should happen to be there, how lucky will it be for my charmer! How strangely will my dream be made out!

I HAVE just received a letter from Captain Tomlinson. Is it not wonderful? For that was part of my dream.

I shall always have a prodigious regard to dreams henceforward. I know not but I may write a book upon that subject; for my own experience will furnish out a great part of it. *Glanville of witches, Baxter's History of Spirits and Apparitions*, and the Royal Pedant's *Demonology*, will be nothing at all to *Lovelace's Reveries*.

The letter is just what I dreamed it to be. I am only concerned that uncle John's anniversary did not happen three or four days sooner; for should any new misfortune befal my charmer, she may not be able to support her spirits so long as till Thursday in the next week. Yet it will give me the more time for new expedients, should my present contrivance fail; which I cannot however suppose.

### 'TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

'MONDAY, JUNE 19.

'DEAR SIR,

'I CAN now return you joy, for the 'joy you have given me, as well as my 'dear friend Mr. Harlowe, in the news 'of his beloved niece's happy recovery; 'for he is determined to comply with '*her* wishes and *yours*, and to give her to 'you with his own hand.

'As the ceremony has been necessarily delayed by reason of her illness, and 'as Mr. Harlowe's birth-day is on 'Thursday the 29th of this instant June, 'when he enters into the seventy-fourth 'year of his age; and as time may be 'wanted to complete the dear lady's 'recovery; he is very desirous that the 'marriage shall be solemnized upon it; 'that he may afterwards have double 'joy on that day to the end of his life.

'For this purpose he intends to set 'out privately, so as to be at Kentish 'Town

'Town on Wednesday se'nnight in the 'evening.

'All the family used, he says, to meet 'to celebrate it with him; but as they 'are at present in too unhappy a situa-'tion for that, he will give out, that, 'not being able to bear the day at home, 'he has resolved to be absent for two or 'three days.

'He will set out on horseback, at-'tended only with one trusty servant, for 'the greater privacy. He will be at the 'most creditable-looking publick house 'there, expecting you both next morn-'ing, if he hear nothing from me to 'prevent him. And he will go to town 'with you after the ceremony is per-'formed, in the coach he supposes you 'will come in.

'He is very desirous, that I should be 'present on the occasion. But *this* I 'have promised him, at his request, that 'I will be up before the day in order to 'see the settlements executed, and every-'thing properly prepared.

'He is very glad you have the licence ready.

'He speaks very kindly of you, Mr. 'Lovelace; and says, that, if any of 'the family stand out after he has seen 'the ceremony performed, he will se-'parate from them, and unite himself 'to his dear niece and her interests.

'I owned to you, when in town last, 'that I took slight notice to my dear 'friend of the misunderstanding between 'you and his niece; and that I did this, 'for fear the lady should have shewn any 'little discontent in his presence, had I 'been able to prevail upon him to go 'up in person, as then was doubtful. 'But I hope nothing of that discontent 'remains now.

'My absence, when your messenger 'came, must excuse me for not writing 'by him.

'Be pleased to make my most respect-'ful compliments acceptable to the ad-'mirable lady, and believe me to be '*your most faithful and obedient servant*,

'ANTONY TOMLINSON.'

This letter I sealed, and broke open. It was brought, thou mayest suppose, by a particular messenger; the seal such a one as the writer need not be ashamed of. I took care to enquire after the captain's health, in my beloved's hearing; and it is now ready to be produced as a pacifier, according as she shall *take on*, or *resent*, if the two metamorphoses happen pursuant to my wonderful dream; as, having great faith in dreams, I dare say they will.—I think it will not be amiss, in changing my cloaths, to have this letter of the worthy captain lie in my beloved's way.

## LETTER V.

### MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

WEDN. NOON, JUNE 21.

WHAT shall I say now!—I, who but a few hours ago had such faith in dreams, and had proposed out of hand to begin my treatise of *Dreams sleeping* and *Dreams waking*, and was pleasing myself with the dialogues between the old matronly lady, and the young lady; and with the two metamorphoses, (absolutely assured that every-thing would happen as my dream chalked it out;) shall never more depend upon those flying follies, those illusions of a fancy depraved, and run mad.

Thus confoundedly have matters happened.

I went out at eight o'clock in high good humour with myself, in order to give the fought-for opportunity to the plotting-mistress and corrupted maid; only ordering Will to keep a good look-out for fear his lady should mistrust my plot, or mistake a hackney-coach for the dowager lady's chariot. But first I sent to know how she did; and received for answer, 'Very ill:—had a very 'bad night:' which latter was but too probable: since this *I* know, that people who have plots in their heads as seldom *have* as *deserve* good ones.

I desired a physician should be called in; but was refused.

I took a walk in St. James's Park, congratulating myself all the way on my rare inventions: then, impatient, I took a coach, with one of the windows *quite up*, the other *almost* up, playing at bo-peep at every chariot I saw pass in my way to Lincoln's Inn Fields: and when arrived there, I sent the coachman to desire any one of mother H.'s family to come to me to the coach-side, not doubting but I should have intelligence of my fair fugitive there; it being then half an hour after ten.

A servant came, who gave me to understand, that the matronly lady was just returned by herself in the chariot.

Frighted out of my wits, I alighted, and heard from the mother's own mouth, that Dorcas had engaged her to protect the lady; but came to tell her afterwards, that she had changed her mind, and would not quit the house.

Quite

Quite aſtoniſhed, not knowing what might have happened, I ordered the coachman to laſh away to our mother's.

Arriving here in an inſtant, the firſt word I aſked, was, If the lady were ſafe?

*Mr. Lovelace gives here a very circumſtantial relation of all that paſſed between the lady and Dorcas. But as he could only guess at her motives for refuſing to go off, when Dorcas told her, that ſhe had engaged for her the protection of the dowager lady, it is thought proper to omit his relation, and to ſupply it by ſome* memoranda *of the lady's. But it is firſt neceſſary to account for the occaſion on which thoſe* memoranda *were made.*

*The reader may remember, that in the letter written to Miſs Howe, on her eſcape to Hampſtead, ſhe promiſes to give her the particulars of her flight at leiſure.*

*She had indeed thoughts of continuing her account of every thing that had paſſed between her and Mr. Lovelace, ſince her laſt narrative letter. But the uncertainty ſhe was in from that time, with the execrable treatment ſhe met with on her being deluded back again; followed by a week's delirium; had hitherto hindered her from proſecuting her intention. But, nevertheleſs, having it ſtill in her view to perform her promiſe as ſoon as ſhe had opportunity, ſhe made minutes of every-thing as it paſſed, in order to help her memory:*— which, *as ſhe obſerves in one place,* ſhe could leſs truſt to ſince her late diſorders than before.

*In theſe minutes, or book of* memoranda, *ſhe obſerves,* That having apprehenhenſions, that Dorcas might be a traitreſs, ſhe would have got away while ſhe was gone out to ſee for a coach; and actually ſlid down-ſtairs with that intent. But that, ſeeing Mrs. Sinclair in the entry, [*whom Dorcas had planted there while ſhe went out*] ſhe ſpeeded up again, unſeen.

*She then went up to the dining-room, and ſaw the letter of Captain Tomlinſon: on which ſhe obſerves in her memorandum-book as follows:*

'How am I puzzled now!—He might 'leave this letter on purpoſe: none of 'the other papers left with it being of 'any conſequence. What is the alter'native?—To ſtay, and be the wife of 'the vileſt of men—How my heart re'ſiſts that!—To attempt to get off, and 'fail, ruin inevitable! Dorcas *may* be'tray me!—I doubt ſhe is *ſtill* his imple'ment!—At his going out, he whiſper'ed her, as I ſaw, unobſerved—In a 'very familiar manner too—"Never "fear, Sir," with a curtſey.

'In her agreeing to connive at my eſ'cape, ſhe provided not for her own 'ſafety, if I got away: yet had reaſon, 'in that caſe, to expect his vengeance, 'And wants not forethought.—To have 'taken her *with me*, was to be in the 'power of her intelligence, if a faithleſs 'creature.—Let me, however, though 'I part not with my caution, keep my 'charity!—Can there be any woman 'ſo vile to a woman?—O yes! Mrs. 'Sinclair: her aunt.—The Lord deli'ver me!—But, alas! I have put my'ſelf out of the courſe of his protection 'by the *natural* means—And am alrea'dy ruined! A father's curſe likewiſe 'againſt me! Having made vain all my 'friends cautions and ſolicitudes, I muſt 'not hope for miracles in my favour!

'If I do eſcape, what may become of 'me, a poor, helpleſs, deſerted creature! '—Helpleſs from ſex!—From circum'ſtances!—Expoſed to every danger!— 'Lord protect me!

'His vile man not gone with him!— 'Lurking hereabouts, no doubt, to 'watch my ſteps!—I *will* not go away 'by the chariot, however.

'That this chariot ſhould come ſo 'opportunely! So like his many *oppor'tunelies!*—That Dorcas ſhould have 'the ſudden thought!—Should have the '*courage* with the thought, to addreſs a 'lady in behalf of an abſolute ſtranger 'to that lady! That the lady ſhould ſo 'readily conſent!—Yet the tranſaction 'between them to take up ſo much time, 'their diſtance in degree conſidered: for, 'arduous as the caſe was, and precious 'as the time, Dorcas was gone above 'half an hour!—Yet the chariot was 'ſaid to be ready at a grocer's not many 'doors off!

'Indeed ſome elderly ladies are talka'tive: and there are, no doubt, *ſome* 'good people in the world.

'But that it ſhould chance to be a 'widow lady, who could do what ſhe 'pleaſed!—That Dorcas ſhould know 'her to be ſo by the Lozenge!—Per'ſons in her ſtation not uſually ſo know'ing, I believe, in heraldry.

'Yet ſome may! for ſervants are fond 'of deriving *collateral* honours and diſ'tinctions, as I may call them, from the 'quality, or people of rank, whom they 'ſerve. But this fly ſervant not gone 'with him!—Then this letter of Tom'linſon!—

'Although I am reſolved never to 'have

'have this wretch, yet, may I not *throw* 'myself into my uncle's protection at Kentish 'Town or Highgate, if I cannot escape be-'fore; and so get clear of him? May not 'the evil I know, be less than what I 'may fall into, if I can avoid further 'villainy? Further villainy he has not 'yet threatened; freely and justly as I 'have treated him!—I will not go, I 'think. At least, unless I can send this 'fellow out of the way.

'The fellow a villain! The wench, 'I doubt, a vile wench. At last con-'cerned for her own safety. Plays off 'and on about a coach.

'All my hopes of getting off, at pre-'sent, over!—Unhappy creature! to 'what further evils art thou reserved! 'O how my heart rises, at the necessity 'I must still be under to see and converse 'with so very vile a man!'

## LETTER VI.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON.

DISAPPOINTED in her meditated escape; obliged, against her will, to meet me in the dining-room; and perhaps apprehensive of being upbraided for her art in feigning herself ill; I *expected* that the dear perverse would *begin* with me with spirit and indignation. But I was in hopes, from the genteelness of her natural disposition—from the consideration which I expected from her on her situation—from the contents of the letter of Captain Tomlinson, which Dorcas told me she had seen—and from the time she had had to cool and reflect since she last admitted me to her presence, that she would not have carried it so strongly through as she did.

As I entered the dining-room, I congratulated her and myself upon her *sudden* recovery. And would have taken her hand, with an air of respectful tenderness: but she was resolved to begin where she left off.

She turned from me, drawing in her hand, with a repulsing and indignant aspect—'I meet you once more,' said she, 'because I cannot help it. What have 'you to say to me? Why am I to be 'thus detained against my will?'

With the utmost solemnity of speech and behaviour, I urged the ceremony. I saw I had nothing else for it. I had a letter in my pocket, I said, [feeling for it, although I had not taken it from the table where I left it in the same room] the contents of which, if attended to, would make us both happy. I had been loth to shew it to her before, because I hoped to prevail upon her to be mine *sooner* than the day mentioned in it.

I felt for it in all my pockets, watching her eye mean time, which I saw glance towards the table where it lay.

I was uneasy that I could not find it—At last, directed again by her sly eye, I spied it on the table at the further end of the room.

With joy I fetched it. 'Be pleased 'to read that letter, Madam;' with an air of satisfied-assurance.

She took it, and cast her eye over it, in such a careless way, as made it evident, that she had read it before: and then unthankfully tossed it into the window-seat before her.

I urged her to bless me to-morrow, or Friday morning: at least, that she would not render vain her uncle's journey, and kind endeavours to bring about a reconciliation among us all.

'*Among us all*,' repeated she, with an air equally disdainful and incredulous. 'O Lovelace, thou art surely nearly al-'lied to the grand Deceiver, in thy en-'deavour to suit temptations to incli-'nations!—But what honour, what 'faith, what veracity, were it possible 'that I could enter into parley with 'thee on this subject, (which it is not) 'may I expect from such a man as thou 'hast shewn thyself to be?'

I was touched to the quick. 'A lady 'of your perfect character, Madam, 'who has feigned herself sick, on pur-'pose to avoid seeing the man who ador-'ed her, should not—'

'I know what thou wouldst say,' interrupted she—'Twenty and twenty low 'things, that my soul would have been 'above being guilty of, and which I 'have despised myself for, have I been 'brought into by the infection of thy 'company, and by the necessity thou 'hast laid me under, of appearing mean. 'But I thank God, destitute as I am, 'that I am not, however, sunk so low, 'as to wish to be thine.'

'I, Madam, as the injurer, *ought* to 'have patience. It is for the injured to 'reproach. But your *uncle* is not in a 'plot against you, it is to be hoped. 'There are circumstances in the letter 'you have cast your eyes over—'

Again she interrupted me—'Why, 'once more I ask you, am I detained in 'this house?—Do not I see myself sur-'rounded by wretches, who, though they 'wear the habit of my sex, may yet, as

'far as I know, lie in wait for my per-
'dition?'

She would be very loth, I ſaid, that Mrs. Sinclair and her nieces ſhould be called up to vindicate themſelves, and their houſe.

'Would but they kill me, let them
'come, and welcome. I will bleſs the
'hand that will ſtrike the blow!—In-
'deed I will.'

''Tis idle, very idle, to talk of dying.
'Mere young-lady talk, when controul-
'ed by thoſe they hate. But let me be-
'ſeech you, deareſt creature—

'Beſeech me nothing. Let me not
'be detained thus againſt my will!—
'Unhappy creature, that I am!' ſaid ſhe, in a kind of phrenzy, wringing her hands at the ſame time, and turning from me, her eyes lifted up—'Thy curſe, O my
'cruel father, ſeems to he now in the
'height of its operation!—My weaken-
'ed mind is full of forebodings, that I
'am in the way of being a loſt creature
'as to both worlds!—Bleſſed, bleſſed
'God,' ſaid ſhe, falling on her knees,
'ſave me, O ſave me, from myſelf, and
'from this man!'

I ſunk down on my knees by her, exceſſively affected—'O that I could re-
'cal yeſterday!—Forgive me, my dear-
'eſt creature, forgive what is paſt, as
'it cannot now but by one way be re-
'trieved. Forgive me only on this con-
'dition—That my future faith and ho-
'nour—'

She interrupted me, riſing—'If you
'mean to beg of me never to ſeek to
'avenge myſelf by law, or by an appeal
'to my relations, to my couſin Mor-
'den in particular, when he comes to
'England—'

'D—n the law,' riſing alſo, [She ſtarted] 'and all thoſe to whom you talk
'of appealing!—I defy both the one
'and the other—All I beg is YOUR for-
'giveneſs; and that you will, on my
'unfeigned contrition, re-eſtabliſh me
'in your favour.'

'O no, no, no!' lifting up her claſped hands, 'I never, never *will*—never,
'never *can* forgive you!—And it is a
'puniſhment worſe than death to me,
'that I am obliged to meet you, or to
'ſee you!'

'This is the laſt time, my deareſt life,
'that you will ever ſee me in this poſ-
'ture, on this occaſion:' and again I kneeled to her. 'Let me hope, that
'you will be mine next Thurſday, your
'uncle's birth-day, if not before.—
'Would to Heaven I had never been a
'villain! Your indignation is not, can-
'not be greater than my remorſe.'—And I took hold of her gown, for ſhe was going from me.

'Be remorſe thy portion!—For thine
'own ſake, be remorſe thy portion!—
'I never, never will forgive thee!—I
'never, never will be thine!—Let me
'retire!—Why kneeleſt thou to the
'wretch whom thou haſt ſo vilely hum-
'bled?'

'Say but, deareſt creature, you will
'*conſider*—Say but you will take time
'to reflect upon what the honour of
'both our families requires of you. I
'will not riſe—I will not permit you
'to withdraw'—[ſtill holding her gown]—'till you tell me you will *conſider*.—
'Take this letter. Weigh well your
'ſituation, and mine. Say you will
'withdraw to *conſider*; and then I will
'not preſume to withold you.'

'Compulſion ſhall do nothing with
'me. Though a ſlave, a priſoner, in
'circumſtance, I am no ſlave in my
'will!—Nothing will I promiſe thee—
'Witheld, compelled—Nothing will I
'promiſe thee!'

'Noble creature! But not implacable,
'I hope!—Promiſe me but to return
'in an hour!'

'Nothing will I promiſe thee!'

'Say but you will ſee me again this
'evening!'

'O that I could ſay—that it were in
'my *power* to ſay—I never will ſee thee
'more!—Would to Heaven I never
'were to ſee thee more!'

'Paſſionate beauty!'—ſtill holding her.

'I ſpeak, though with vehemence,
'the deliberate wiſh of my heart.—O
'that I could avoid *looking down* upon
'thee, mean groveler, and abject as in-
'ſulting—Let me withdraw!—My ſoul
'is in tumults!—Let me withdraw!'

I quitted my hold to claſp my hands together—'Withdraw, O ſovereign of
'my fate!—Withdraw, if you *will* with-
'draw!—My deſtiny is in your power!
'—It depends upon your breath!—
'Your ſcorn but augments my love!—
'Your reſentment is but too well found-
'ed!—But, deareſt creature, return,
'return, with a reſolution to bleſs with
'pardon and peace your faithful adorer!

She flew from me. The angel, as ſoon as ſhe found her wings, flew from me. I, the reptile kneeler, the deſpicable ſlave, no more the proud victor, aroſe; and, retiring, tried to comfort myſelf, that circumſtanced as ſhe is, deſtitute of friends and fortune; her uncle, moreover,

moreover, who is to reconcile all ſo ſoon, (as, I thank my ſtars, ſhe ſtill believes) expected.

O that ſhe would forgive me!—Would ſhe but generouſly forgive me, and receive my vows at the altar, at the *inſtant* of her forgiving me, that I might not have time to relapſe into my old prejudices!—By my ſoul, Belford, this dear girl gives the lie to all our rakiſh maxims. There muſt be ſomething more than a *name* in virtue!—I now ſee that there is!—*Once ſubdued, always ſubdued*—'Tis an egregious falſhood!—But, oh, Jack! ſhe never *was* ſubdued. What have I obtained, but an increaſe of ſhame and confuſion!—While her glory has been eſtabliſhed by her ſufferings!

This one merit is, however, left me, that I have laid all her ſex under obligation to me, by putting this noble creature to trials, which, ſo glorioufly ſupported, have done honour to them all.

However—But no more will I add—What a force have evil habits—I will take an airing, and try to fly from myſelf—Do not thou upbraid me on my weak fits—On my contradictory purpoſes—On my irreſolution—And all will be well.

## LETTER VII.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

WEDNESDAY NIGHT.

A Man is juſt now arrived from M. Hall, who tells me, that my lord is in a very dangerous way. The gout in his ſtomach to an extreme degree, occaſioned by drinking a great quantity of lemonade.

A man of 8000l. a year to prefer his appetite to his health!—He deſerves to die!—But we have all of us our inordinate paſſions to gratify: and they generally bring their puniſhment along with them.—So witneſſes the nephew, as well as the uncle.

The fellow was ſent upon other buſineſs; but ſtretched his orders a little, to make his court to a ſucceſſor.

I am glad I was not at M. Hall at the time my lord took the grateful doſe. [It was certainly grateful to *him* at the time.] There are people in the world, who would have had the wickedneſs to ſay, that I had perſuaded him to drink it.

The man ſays, that his lordſhip was ſo bad when he came away, that the family began to talk of ſending for me, in poſt-haſte. As I know the old peer has a good deal of caſh by him, of which he ſeldom keeps account, it behoves me to go down as ſoon as I can. But what ſhall I do with this dear creature the while? To-morrow over, I ſhall, perhaps, be able to anſwer my own queſtion. I am afraid ſhe will make me deſperate.

For here have I ſent to implore her company, and am denied with ſcorn.

I HAVE been ſo happy as to receive, this moment, a third letter from my dear correſpondent Miſs Howe. A little ſevere devil!—It would have broken the heart of my beloved, had it fallen into her hands. I will incloſe a copy of it. Read it here.

'TUESDAY, JUNE 20.

'MY DEAREST MISS HARLOWE,

'AGAIN I venture to write to you, '(almoſt againſt inclination;) and that 'by your former conveyance, little as I 'like it.

'I know not how it is with you. It 'may be bad; and then it would be 'hard to upbraid you, for a ſilence you 'may not be able to help. But if not, 'what ſhall I ſay ſevere enough, that 'you have not anſwered either of my 'laſt letters? The firſt of which [and I 'think it imported you too much to be 'ſilent upon it] you owned the receipt 'of. The other, which was delivered 'into your own hands, was ſo preſſing 'for the favour of a line from you, that 'I am amazed I could not be obliged. '—And ſtill *more*, that I have not heard 'from you ſince.

'The fellow made ſo ſtrange a ſtory 'of the condition he ſaw you in, and of 'your ſpeech to him, that I know not 'what to conclude from it: only, that 'he is a ſimple, blundering, and yet conceited fellow, who, aiming at deſcription, and the ruſtick wonderful, gives 'an air of bumpkinly romance to all he 'tells. That this is his character, you 'will believe, when you are informed, 'that he deſcribed you in grief exceſſive, yet ſo improved in your perſon 'and features, and ſo *roſy*, that was his 'word, in your face, and ſo fluſh-coloured, and ſo plump in your arms, 'that one would conclude you were labouring under the operation of ſome 'malignant poiſon; and ſo much the 'rather, as he was introduced to you, 'when you were upon a couch, from 'which you offered not to riſe, or ſit up.

'Upon my word, Miſs Harlowe, I am

'greatly diſtreſſed upon your account; 'for I muſt be ſo free as to ſay, that, in 'your ready return with your deceiver, 'you have not at all anſwered my ex- 'pectations, nor acted up to your own 'character; for Mrs. Townſend tells 'me, from the women at Hampſtead, 'how cheerfully you put yourſelf into 'his hands again: yet, at the time, it 'was impoſſible you ſhould be married!

'Lord, my dear, what pity it is that 'you took ſo much pains to get from the 'man!—But you know beſt!—Some- 'times I think it could not be *you* to 'whom the ruſtick delivered my letter. 'But it muſt too: yet it is ſtrange I 'could not have one line by him—Not 'one!—And yet ſo ſoon well enough to 'go with the wretch back again!

'I am not ſure, that the letter I am 'now writing will come to your hands: 'ſo ſhall not ſay half that I have upon 'my mind to ſay. But if you think it '*worth your while* to write to me, pray 'let me know, what fine ladies, his re- 'lations, thoſe were, who viſited you at 'Hampſtead, and carried you back again 'ſo joyfully, to a place that I had ſo 'fully warned you—But I will ſay no 'more: at leaſt till I *know* more: for I 'can do nothing but wonder and ſtand 'amazed.

'Notwithſtanding all the man's baſe- 'neſs, 'tis plain there was more than 'a lurking love—Good Heaven!—But 'I have done!—Yet I know not how to 'have done, neither! Yet I muſt—I '*will*.

'Only account to me, my dear, for 'what I cannot at all account for: and 'inform me, whether you are really 'married, or not.—And then I ſhall 'know whether there *muſt* or muſt *not*, 'be a period ſhorter that that of one 'of our lives, to a friendſhip which has 'hitherto been the pride and boaſt of '*your* ANNA HOWE.'

Dorcas tells me, that ſhe has juſt now had a *ſearching* converſation, as ſhe calls it, with her lady. She is willing, ſhe tells the wench, ſtill to place her confi- dence in her. Dorcas hopes ſhe has re- aſſured her; but wiſhes me not to de- pend upon it. Yet Captain Tomlinſon's letter muſt aſſuredly weigh with her. I ſent it juſt now by Dorcas, deſiring her to re-peruſe it. And it was not re- turned me, as I feared it would be. And that's a good ſign, I think.

I ſay, I *think*, and I *think*, for this charming creature, entangled as I am in my own invention, puzzles *me* ten thou- ſand times more than I *her*.

## LETTER VIII.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

TUESDAY NOON, JUNE 20.

LET me periſh, if I know what to make either of myſelf or of this ſur- prizing creature—Now calm, now tem- peſtuous—But I know thou loveſt not anticipation any more than I.

At my repeated requeſts, ſhe met me at ſix this morning. She was ready dreſſed; for ſhe has not had her cloaths off ever ſince ſhe declared, that they never more ſhould be off in this houſe. And charmingly ſhe looked, with all the diſadvantages of a three hours vi- olent head-ache, (for Dorcas told me that ſhe had been really ill) no reſt, and eyes red, and ſwelled with weeping. Strange to me, that thoſe charming foun- tains have not been long ago exhauſted! But ſhe is a woman. And I believe anatomiſts allow, *that women have more watery heads than men.*

'Well, my deareſt creature, I hope 'you have now thoroughly conſidered 'of the contents of Captain Tomlin- 'ſon's letter. But as we are thus early 'met, let me beſeech you to make this 'my happy day.'

She looked not favourably upon me. A cloud hung upon her brow at her en- trance: but as ſhe was going to anſwer me, a ſtill greater ſolemnity took poſ- ſeſſion of her charming features.

Your air, and your countenance, my 'beloved creature, are not propitious to 'me. Let me beg of you, before you 'ſpeak, to forbear all further recrimi- 'nations: for already I have ſuch a 'ſenſe of my vileneſs to you, that I 'know not how to bear the reproaches 'of my own mind.'

'I have been endeavouring,' ſaid ſhe, '*ſince I am not permitted to avoid you*, to 'obtain a compoſure which I never more 'expected to ſee you in. How long I 'may enjoy it, I cannot tell. But I 'hope I ſhall be enabled to ſpeak to you 'without that vehemence which I ex- 'preſſed yeſterday, and could not help 'it.'

'After a pauſe, (for I was all-atten- 'tion) thus ſhe proceeded:

'It is eaſy for me, Mr. Lovelace, to 'ſee that further violences are intended 'me, if I comply not with your purpoſes, 'whatever they are. I will ſuppoſe 'them

'them to be what you so solemnly pro-
'fess they are. But I have told you as
'solemnly, my mind, that I never *will*,
'that I never *can*, be yours; nor if so,
'any man's upon earth. All venge-
'ance, nevertheless, for the wrongs you
'have done me, I disclaim. I want but
'to slide into some obscure corner, to
'hide myself from you, and from every-
'one, who once loved me. The desire
'lately so near my heart, of a recon-
'ciliation with my friends, is much abat-
'ed. They shall not receive me *now*,
'if they would. Sunk in my own eyes,
'I now think myself unworthy of their
'favour. In the anguish of my soul,
'therefore, I conjure you, Lovelace,'
[tears in her eyes] 'to leave me to my
'fate. In doing so, you will give me
'a pleasure, the highest I now can
'know.'

'Whither, my dearest life——'

'No matter whither. I will leave to
'Providence, when I am out of this
'house, the direction of my future steps.
'I am sensible enough of my destitute
'condition. I know that I have not
'now a friend in the world. Even Miss
'Howe has given me up—or you are—
'But I would fain keep my temper!—
'By your means I have lost them all—
'And you have been a barbarous ene-
'my to to me. You know you have.'

She paused.

I could not speak.

'The evils I have suffered,' proceed-
ed she, [turning from me] 'however
'irreparable, are but *temporary* evils.
'Leave me to my hopes of being enabled
'to obtain the Divine forgiveness, for
'the offence I have been drawn in to
'give to my parents, and to virtue; that
'so I may avoid the evils that are *more*
'*than temporary*. This is now all I have
'to wish for. And what is it that I de-
'mand, that I have not a right to, and
'from which it is an illegal violence to
'withold me?'

It was impossible for me, I told her plainly, to comply. I besought her to give me her hand as this very day. I could not live without her. I communicated to her my lord's illness, as a reason why I wished not to stay for her uncle's anniversary. I besought her to bless me with her consent; and after the ceremony was passed, to accompany me down to Berks. 'And thus, my dearest 'life,' said I, 'will you be freed from a 'house, to which you have conceived so 'great an antipathy.'

This, thou wilt own, was a princely offer. And I was resolved to be as good as my word. I thought I had killed my conscience, as I told thee, Belford, some time ago. But conscience, I find, though it may be temporarily stifled, cannot die; and when it dare not speak aloud, will whisper. And at this instant, I thought I felt the revived varletes (on but a slight retrograde motion) writhing round my pericardium like a serpent; and in the action of a dying one (collecting all it's force into it's head) fix it's plaguy fangs into my heart.

She hesitated, and looked down as if irresolute. And this set my heart up at my mouth. And believe me, I had instantly popt in upon me, in imagination, an old spectacled parson, with a white suplice thrown over a black habit, [A fit emblem of the halcyon office, which, under a benign appearance, often introduces a life of storms and tempests] whining and snuffling through his nose the irrevocable ceremony.

'I hope, now, my dear life,' said I, snatching her hand, and pressing it to my lips, 'that your silence bodes me 'good. Let me, my beloved creature, 'have but your *tacit* consent; and this 'moment I will step out and engage a 'minister.' And then I promised how much my whole future life should be devoted to her commands, and that I would make her the best and tendereft of husbands.

At last, turning to me, 'I have told 'you my mind, Mr. Lovelace, said she. 'Think you, that I could thus solemn-'ly—' There she stopt—'I am too much 'in your power,' proceeded she; 'your 'prisoner, rather than a person free to 'chuse for myself, or to say what I will '*do* or *be*—But, as a testimony that you 'mean me well, let me instantly quit 'this house; and I will then give you 'such an answer in writing, as best be-'fits my unhappy circumstances.'

'And imagineft thou, fairest,' thought I, 'that this will go down with a Love-'lace? Thou oughtest to have known 'that free-livers, like ministers of state, 'never part with a power put into their 'hands, without an equivalent of twice 'the value.'

I pleaded, that if we joined hands *this morning*, (if not, *to-morrow*; if not, on *Thursday*, her uncle's birth-day, and in his presence) and afterwards, as I had proposed, set out for Berks; we should, of course, quit this house; and, on our return to town, should have in readiness the house I was in treaty for.

She answered me not, but with tears and sighs; *fond of believing what I hoped*, I imputed

I imputed her silence to the modesty of her sex. 'The dear creature,' (thought I) 'solemnly as she began with me, is 'ruminating, in a sweet suspence, how 'to put into fit words the gentle pur-'poses of her condescending heart.' But, looking in her averted face with a soothing gentleness, I plainly perceived, that it was resentment, and not bashfulness, that was struggling in her bosom.

At last, she broke silence—'I have 'no patience,' said she, 'to find myself 'a slave, a prisoner, in a vile house—'Tell me, Sir, in so many words tell 'me, whether it be, or be not, your in-'tention to permit me to quit it?—To 'permit me the freedom which is my 'birthright as an English subject?'

'Will not the consequence of your 'departure hence be that I shall lose you 'for ever, Madam?—And can I bear 'the thoughts of that?'

She flung from me—'My soul dis-'dains to hold parley with thee,' were her violent words—But I threw myself at her feet, and took hold of her reluct-ant hand, and began to imprecate, to vow, to promise—But thus the passion-ate beauty, interrupting me, went on—

'I am sick of thee, MAN!—One con-'tinued string of vows, oaths, and pro-'testations, varied only by time and 'place, fills thy mouth!—Why detain-'est thou me? My heart rises against 'thee, O thou *cruel implement of my bro-'ther's causeless vengeance*—All I beg of 'thee, is, that thou wilt remit me the '*future* part of my father's dreadful 'curse! The *temporary* part, base and 'ungrateful as thou art! thou hast com-'pleated!'

I was speechless!—Well I might!—Her *brother's* implement!—*James Har-lowe's* implement!—Zounds, Jack! what words were these!

I let go her struggling hand. She took two or three turns cross the room, her whole haughty soul in her air. Then approaching me, but in silence, turning from me, and again to me, in a milder voice—'I see thy confusion, Lovelace. 'Or is it thy remorse?—I have but one 'request to make thee—The request so 'often repeated—That thou wilt this 'moment permit me to quit this house. 'Adieu, then, let me say, for *ever* adieu! 'And mayest thou enjoy that happiness 'in this world, which thou hast robbed 'me of; as thou hast of every friend I 'have in it!'

And saying this, away she flung, leav-ing me in a confusion so great, that I knew not what to think, say, or do.

But Dorcas soon roused me—'Do 'you know, Sir,' running in hastily, 'that my lady is gone down stairs?'

'No, sure!'—And down I flew, and found her once more at the street-door, contending with Polly Horton to get out.

She rushed by me into the fore-par-lour, and flew to the window, and at-tempted once more to throw up the 'sash—'Good people! Good people!' cried she.

I caught her in my arms, and lifted her from the window. But being afraid of hurting the charming creature, (charming in her very rage) she slid through my arms on the floor.—'Let 'me die here! Let me die here!' were her words; remaining jointless and im-moveable, till Sally and Mrs. Sinclair hurried in.

She was visibly terrified at the sight of the old wretch; while I (sincerely affected) appealed, 'Bear witness, Mrs. 'Sinclair!—Bear witness, Miss Mar-'tin!—Miss Horton!—Every-one bear 'witness—that I offer not violence to 'this beloved creature!'

She then found her feet—'O house,' [loking towards the windows, and all round her, 'O house] contrived on pur-'pose for my ruin!' said she—'But let 'not that woman come into my presence '—Nor that Miss Horton neither, who 'would not have dared to controul me, 'had she not been a base one!'

'Hoh, Sir!—Hoh, Madam!' voci-ferated the old dragon, her arms kem-boed, and flourishing with one foot to the extent of her petticoats—'What 'ado's here about nothing!—I never 'knew such work in my life, between a 'chicken of a gentleman, and a tyger of 'a lady!'

She was visibly affrighted: and up-stairs she hastened. A bad woman is certainly, Jack, more terrible to her own sex, than even a bad man.

I followed her up. She rushed by her own apartment into the dining-room: no terror can make her forget her punctilio.

To recite what passed there of invec-tive, exclamations, threatenings, even of her own life, on one side; of expos-tulations, supplications, and sometimes menaces, on the other; would be too affecting; and, after my particularity in like scenes, these things may as well be imagined as expressed.

I will therefore only mention, that, at length, I extorted a concession from her. She had reason to think it would have

have been worſe for her on the ſpot, if ſhe had not made it. It was, *That ſhe would endeavour to make herſelf eaſy, till ſhe ſaw what next Thurſday, her uncle's birth-day, would produce.* But O that it were not a ſin, ſhe paſſionately exclaimed on making this poor conceſſion, to put an end to her own life, rather than yield to give me but *that* aſſurance!

This, however, ſhews me, that ſhe is aware, that the reluctantly-given aſſurance may be fairly conſtrued into a matrimonial expectation on my ſide. And if ſhe will *now*, even *now*, look forward, I think, from my heart, that I will put on her livery, and wear it for life.

What a ſituation am I in, with all my curſed inventions! I am puzzled, confounded, and aſhamed of myſelf, upon the whole. To take ſuch pains to be a villain!—But (for the *fiftieth* time) let me aſk thee, who would have thought, that there had been ſuch a woman in the world?—Nevertheleſs, ſhe had beſt take care, that ſhe carries not her obſtinacy much farther. She knows not what revenge for ſlighted love will make me do.

The buſy ſcenes I have juſt paſſed through, have given emotions to my heart, which will not be quieted one while. My heart, I ſee (on re-peruſing what I have written) has communicated it's tremors to my fingers; and in ſome places the characters are ſo indiſtinct and unformed, that thou'lt hardly be able to make them out. But if one *half* of them only is intelligible, that will be enough to expoſe me to thy contempt, for the wretched hand I have made of my plots and contrivances—But ſurely, Jack, I have gained ſome ground by this promiſe.

And now, one word to the aſſurances thou ſendeſt me, that thou haſt not betrayed my ſecrets in relation to this charming creature. Thou mighteſt have ſpared them, Belford. My ſuſpicions held no longer than while I wrote about them. For well I knew, when I allowed myſelf time to think, that thou hadſt no *principles*, no *virtue*, to be miſled by. A great deal of ſtrong envy, and a little of weak pity, I knew to be thy motives. Thou couldſt not provoke my anger, and my compaſſion thou ever hadſt; and art now more eſpecially entitled to it; becauſe thou art a *pitiful* fellow.

All thy new expoſtulations in my beloved's behalf, I will anſwer when I ſee thee.

## LETTER IX.

### MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

THURSDAY NIGHT.

CONFOUNDEDLY out of humour with this perverſe woman! —Nor wilt thou blame me, if thou art my friend. She regards the conceſſion ſhe made, as a conceſſion extorted from her: and we are but juſt where we were before ſhe made it.

With great difficulty I prevailed upon her to favour me with her company for one half-hour this evening. The neceſſity I was under to go down to M. Hall, was the ſubject I wanted to talk upon.

I told her, that as ſhe had been ſo good as to promiſe, that ſhe would endeavour to make herſelf eaſy till ſhe ſaw the Thurſday in next week over, I hoped that ſhe would not ſcruple to oblige me with her word, that I ſhould find her here at my return from M. Hall.

Indeed ſhe would make me no ſuch promiſe. 'Nothing of *this houſe* was 'mentioned to me,' ſaid ſhe: 'you 'know it was not. And do you think 'that I would have given *my conſent to* 'my impriſonment in it?'

I was plaguily nettled, and diſappointed too. 'If I go not down to M. 'Hall, Madam, you'll have no ſcruple 'to ſtay here, I ſuppoſe, till Thurſday 'is over?'

'If I cannot help myſelf, I muſt—'But I inſiſt upon being permitted to go 'out of this houſe, whether *you* leave it 'or not.'

'Well, Madam, then I will comply 'with your commands. And I go out 'this very evening in queſt of lodgings 'that you ſhall have no objections to.'

'I will have no lodgings of *your* pro-'viding, Sir—I will go to Mrs. Moore's, 'at Hampſtead.'

'Mrs. Moore's, Madam?—I have no 'objection to Mrs. Moore's—But will 'you give me your promiſe, to admit 'me *there* to your preſence?'

'As I do *here*—When I cannot help 'it.'

'Very well, Madam—Will you be 'ſo good as to let me know, what you 'intend by your promiſe to *make your-'ſelf eaſy?*'

'To *endeavour*, Sir, to make myſelf 'eaſy—were the words——'

'*Till you ſaw what next Thurſday would* 'produce?'

'Aſk me no queſtions that may en-

'ſnare

'ſnare me. I am too ſincere for the 'company I am in.'

'Let me aſk you, Madam, what 'meant you, when you ſaid, that, were 'it not a ſin, you would die before you 'gave me that aſſurance?'

She was indignantly ſilent.

'You thought, Madam, you had 'given me room to hope your pardon 'by it?'

'When I think I ought to anſwer you 'with patience, I will ſpeak.'

'Do you think yourſelf in my power, 'Madam?'

'If I were not—' And there ſhe ſtopt.

'Deareſt creature, ſpeak out—I be-'ſeech you, deareſt creature, ſpeak 'out.'

She was ſilent; her charming face all in a glow.

'Have you, Madam, any reliance 'upon my honour?'

Still ſilent.

'You hate me, Madam! You deſpiſe 'me more than you do the moſt odious 'of God's creatures!'

'You ought to deſpiſe *me*, if I did 'not.'

'You ſay, Madam, you are in a *bad* 'houſe. You have *no reliance* upon my 'honour—You believe you *cannot avoid* '*me*——'

She aroſe. 'I beſeech you, let me 'withdraw.'

I ſnatched her hand, riſing, and preſſ-ed it firſt to my lips, and then to my heart, in wild diſorder. She might have felt the bounding miſchief ready to burſt it's bars—'You *ſhall* go—To your own 'apartment, if you pleaſe—But, by the 'great God of Heaven, I will accom-'pany you thither!'

She trembled—'Pray, pray, Mr. 'Lovelace, don't terrify me ſo!'

'Be ſeated, Madam! I beſeech you, 'be ſeated!'

'I will ſit down.'

'Do then.'—All my ſoul in my eyes, and my heart's blood throbbing at my fingers ends.

'I will—I will—You hurt me—Pray, 'Mr. Lovelace, don't—don't frighten 'me ſo.' And down ſhe ſat, trembling; my hand ſtill graſping her's.

I hung over her throbbing boſom, and putting my other arm round her waiſt—'And you ſay, you hate me, 'Madam—And you ſay you deſpiſe me '—And you ſay, you promiſe me noth-'ing——'

'Yes, yes, I *did* promiſe you—Let 'me not be held down thus—You ſee 'I ſat down when you bid me—Why' [ſtruggling] 'need you hold me down 'thus?—I did promiſe *to endeavour to be* '*eaſy till Thurſday was over!* But you 'won't let me!—How can I be eaſy?—'Pray, let me not be thus terrified.'

'And what, Madam, *meant* you by 'your promiſe? Did you mean any-'thing in my favour?—You deſigned 'that I ſhould, at that time, *think* you 'did. Did you mean any-thing in my 'favour, Madam?—Did you intend, 'that I ſhould *think* you did?'

'Let go my hand, Sir—Take away 'your arm from about me'—[ſtruggling, 'yet trembling] '*Why do you gaze upon* '*me ſo?*'

'Anſwer me, Madam—Did you mean 'any-thing in my favour by your pro-'miſe?'

'Let me not be thus conſtrained to 'anſwer.'

Then pauſing, and gaining more ſpi-rit, 'Let me go,' ſaid ſhe: 'I am but 'a woman—but a *weak* woman—But 'my life is in my own power, though my 'perſon is not—I will not be thus con-'ſtrained.'

'You ſhall not, Madam,' quitting her hand, bowing; but my heart at my mouth, and hoping farther provocation.

She aroſe, and was hurrying away.

'I purſue you not, Madam—I will 'try your generoſity.—Stop—Return '—This moment ſtop, return, if Ma-'dam, you would not make me deſpe-'rate.'

She ſtopt at the door; burſt into tears—'O Lovelace!—How, how, have I 'deſerved——'

'Be *pleaſed*, deareſt angel, to return.'

She came back—But with declared re-luctance; and imputing her compliance to terror.

Terror, Jack, as I have heretofore found out, though I have ſo little be-nefited by the diſcovery, muſt be my reſort, if ſhe make it neceſſary—No-thing elſe will do with the inflexible charmer.

She ſeated herſelf over-againſt me; extremely diſcompoſed—But indigna-tion had a viſible predominance in her features.

I was going towards her, with a coun-tenance intendedly changed to love and ſoftneſs: 'Sweeteſt, deareſt angel,' were my words, in the tendereſt accent:—but, riſing up, ſhe inſiſted upon my be-ing ſeated at a diſtance from her.

I obeyed—and begged her hand over the table, to my extended hand; to ſee,

as I ſaid, if in any-thing ſhe would oblige me—But nothing gentle, ſoft, or affectionate, would do. She refuſed me her hand!—Was ſhe wiſe, Jack, to confirm to me, that nothing but terror would do?

'Let me only know, Madam, if your 'promiſe to *endeavour* to wait with patience the event of next Thurſday, 'meant me favour?'

'Do you expect any voluntary favour 'from one to whom you give not a free 'choice?'

'Do you intend, Madam, to honour 'me with your hand, in your uncle's 'preſence, or do you not?'

'My heart and my hand ſhall never 'be ſeparated. Why, think you, did 'I ſtand in oppoſition to the will of my 'beſt, my natural friends?'

'I know what you mean, Madam—'Am I then as hateful to you as the vile 'Solmes?'

'Aſk me not ſuch a queſtion, Mr. 'Lovelace.'

'I *muſt* be anſwered. Am I as hateful 'to you as the vile Solmes?'

'Why do you call Mr. Solmes vile?'

'Don't *you* think him ſo, Madam?'

'Why ſhould I? Did Mr. Solmes 'ever do vilely by me?'

'Deareſt creature! don't diſtract me 'by hateful compariſons! And perhaps 'by a more hateful preference.'

'Don't *you*, Sir, put queſtions to me, 'that you know I will anſwer truly, 'though my anſwer were ever ſo much 'to enrage you.'

'My heart, Madam, my ſoul is all 'yours at preſent. But you *muſt* give 'me hope, that your promiſe, in your 'own conſtruction, binds you, no *new* 'cauſe to the contrary, to be mine on 'Thurſday. How elſe can I leave you?'

'Let me go to Hampſtead; and truſt 'to my favour.'

'*May* I truſt to it?—Say, only, *may* I truſt to it?'

'How will you truſt to it, if you ex-'tort an anſwer to this queſtion?'

'Say only, deareſt creature, ſay only, '*may* I truſt to your favour, if you go to 'Hampſtead?'

'How dare you, Sir, if I *muſt* ſpeak 'out, expect a promiſe of favour from 'me?—What a mean creature muſt you 'think me, after the ungrateful baſe-'neſs to me, were I to give you ſuch a 'promiſe?'

Then ſtanding up, 'Thou haſt made 'me, O vileſt of men!' [her hands claſped, and a face crimſoned over with indignation] 'an inmate of the vileſt of 'houſes—Nevertheleſs, while I am in it, 'I ſhall have a heart incapable of any-'thing but abhorrence of *that* and of '*thee*!'

And round her looked the angel, and upon me, with fear in her ſweet aſpect of the conſequence of her free declaration—But what a devil muſt I have been, I who love bravery in a man, had I not been more ſtruck with admiration of her fortitude at the inſtant, than ſtimulated by revenge?

'Nobleſt of creatures!—And do you 'think I can leave you, and my intereſt 'in ſuch an excellence, precarious? 'No promiſe!—No hope!—If you make 'me not deſperate, may lightning blaſt 'me, if I do you not all the juſtice 'tis 'in my power to do you!'

'If you have any intention to oblige 'me, leave me at my own liberty, and 'let me not be detained in this abomi-'nable houſe. To be conſtrained as I 'have been conſtrained! To be ſtopt 'by your vile agents! To be brought 'up by force, and be bruiſed in my 'own defence againſt ſuch illegal vio-'lence!—I dare to die, Lovelace—And 'ſhe who fears not death, is not to be 'intimidated into a meanneſs unworthy 'of her heart and principles!'

'Wonderful creature! But why, 'Madam, did you lead me to hope for 'ſomething favourable for next Thurſ-'day?—Once more, make me not deſ-'perate—With all your magnanimity, 'glorious creature!' [I was more than half frantick, Belford] 'You *may*, you '*may*—But do not, do not make me 'brutally threaten you—Do not, do not 'make me deſperate!'

My aſpect, I believe, threatened ſtill more than my words. I was riſing—She aroſe—'Mr. Lovelace, be pacified—'You are even more dreadful than the 'Lovelace I have long dreaded—Let 'me retire—I aſk your *leave* to retire—'You really frighten me—Yet I give 'you no hope—From my heart I 'ab——'

'Say not, Madam, you *abhor* me. 'You muſt, for your own ſake, conceal 'your hatred—At leaſt not avow it.' I ſeized her hand.

'Let me retire—Let me retire,' ſaid ſhe—in a manner out of breath.'

'I will only ſay, Madam, that I re-'fer myſelf to your generoſity. My heart 'is not to be truſted at this inſtant. As 'a mark of my ſubmiſſion to your will, 'you ſhall, *if you pleaſe*, withdraw—But 'I will not go to M. Hall—Live or die 'my Lord M. I will not go to M. Hall '—But

'—But will attend the effect of your 'promiſe. Remember, Madam, you 'have promiſed *to endeavour to make 'yourſelf eaſy, till you ſee the event of next 'Thurſday*—Next Thurſday, remember, 'your uncle comes up, to ſee us married '—*That's the event*—You think ill of 'your Lovelace—Do not, Madam, ſuf-'fer your own morals to be degraded 'by the *infection*, as you called it, of his 'example.'

Away flew the charmer with this half-permiſſion—And no doubt thought that ſhe had an eſcape—nor without reaſon.

I knew not for half an hour what to do with myſelf. Vexed at the heart, nevertheleſs, (now ſhe was from me, and when I reflected upon her hatred of me, and her defiances) that I ſuffered myſelf to be ſo over-awed, checked, reſtrained——

And now I have written thus far, (and of courſe recollected the whole of our converſation) I am more and more incenſed againſt myſelf.

But I will go down to theſe women—perhaps ſuffer myſelf to be laughed at by them.

Devil fetch them, they pretend to know their own ſex. Sally was a woman well educated—Polly alſo—Both have read—Both have ſenſe—Of parentage not mean—Once modeſt both—Still they ſay had been modeſt, but for me—Not entirely indelicate *now*; though too little nice for my *perſonal* intimacy, loth as they both are to have me to think ſo—The old one, too, a woman of family, though thus (from bad inclination as well as at firſt from low circumſtances) miſerably ſunk:—and hence they all pretend to remember what *once* they were; and vouch for the inclinations and hypocriſy of the whole ſex, and wiſh for nothing ſo ardently, as that I will leave the perverſe lady to their management, while I am gone to Berkſhire: undertaking abſolutely for her humility and paſſiveneſs on my return; and continually boaſting of the many perverſe creatures whom they have obliged to draw in their traces.

I AM juſt come from theſe forcereſſes.

I was forced to take the mother down; for ſhe began with her 'Hoh, Sir!' with me; and to catechize and upbraid me, with as much inſolence as if I owed her money.

I made her fly the pit at laſt. Strange wiſhes wiſhed we againſt each other, at her quitting it——'What were they?'—I'll tell thee——She wiſhed me married, and to be jealous of my wife; and my heir-apparent the child of another man. I was even with her with a vengeance. And yet thou wilt think that could not well be.—'*As how?*'—As how, Jack!—Why, I wiſhed her conſcience come to life!—And I know by the gripes *mine* gives me every half-hour, that ſhe would then have a curſed time of it.

Sally and Polly gave themſelves high airs too. Their firſt favours were thrown at me: [Women to boaſt of thoſe favours which they were as willing to impart, firſt forms all the difficulty with them! as I to receive!] I was upbraided with ingratitude, *daſtardice* and all my difficulties with my angel charged upon myſelf, for want of following my blows; and for leaving the proud lady miſtreſs of her own will, and nothing to *reproach herſelf with*. And all agreed, that the arts uſed againſt her on a certain occaſion, had too high an operation for them or me to judge what her will *would have been* in the arduous trial. And then they blamed one another: as I curſed them all.

They concluded, that I ſhould certainly marry, and be a *loſt man*. And Sally on this occaſion, with an affected and malicious laugh, ſnapt her fingers at me, and pointing two of each hand forkedly at me, bid me remember the lines I once ſhewed her, of my favourite *Jack* Dryden, as ſhe always familiarly calls that celebrated poet—

'We women to new joys unſeen may move:
'There are no prints left in the paths of love.
'All goods beſides by publick marks are
'known:
'But thoſe men moſt deſire to keep, have
'none.'

This infernal implement had the confidence further to hint, that when a wife, ſome other man would not find half the difficulty with my angel, that I had found. Confidence indeed!—But yet, I muſt ſay, that this dear creature is the only woman in the world of whom I ſhould not be jealous. And yet, if a man gives himſelf up to the company of theſe devils, they never let him reſt, till he either ſuſpects or hate his wife.

But a word or two of other matters, if poſſible.

Methinks I long to know how cauſes go at M. Hall. I have another private intimation, that the old peer is in the greateſt danger.

I muſt go down. Yet what to do with

this

this lady the mean while!—Theſe curſed women are full of cruelty and enterprize. She will never be eaſy with them in my abſence. They will have provocation and pretence therefore. But woe be to them, if——

Yet what will vengeance do, after an inſult committed? The two nymphs will have jealous rage to goad them on—And what will withold a jealous and already-ruined woman?

To let her go elſewhere; that cannot be done. I am ſtill reſolved to be honeſt, if ſhe'll give me hope: if yet ſhe'll *let me* be honeſt.—But I'll ſee how ſhe'll be, after the contention ſhe will certainly have between her reſentment, and the terror ſhe had reaſon for from our laſt converſation—So let this ſubject reſt till the morning. And to the old peer once more.

I ſhall have a good deal of trouble, I reckon, though no ſordid man, to be decent on the expected occaſion. Then how to act (I who am no hypocrite) in the days of condolement! What farces have I to go through; and to be a principal actor in them! I'll try to think of my own latter end; a grey beard, and a graceleſs heir; in order to make me ſerious.

Thou, Belford, knoweſt a good deal of this ſort of grimace; and canſt help a gay heart to a little of the diſmal. But then every feature of thy face is cut out for it. My heart may be touched, perhaps, ſooner than thine; for, believe me or not, I have a very tender one. But then, no man looking in my face, be the occaſion for grief ever ſo great, will believe *that* heart to be deeply diſtreſſed.

All is placid, eaſy, ſerene, in my countenance. Sorrow cannot ſit half an hour together upon it. Nay, I believe, that Lord M.'s recovery, ſhould it happen, would not affect me above a quarter of an hour. Only the new ſcenery, (and the pleaſure of aping an Heraclitus to the family, while I am a Democritus among my private friends) or I want nothing that the old peer can leave me. Wherefore then ſhould grief ſadden and diſtort ſuch blythe, ſuch jocund, features as mine?

But as for thine, were there murder committed in the ſtreet, and thou wert but paſſing by, the murderer even in ſight, the purſuers would quit *him*, and lay hold of *thee:* and thy very looks would hang, as well as apprehend thee.

But one word to buſineſs, Jack. Whom dealeſt thou with for thy blacks?—Wert thou well uſed?—I ſhall want a plaguy parcel of them. For I intend to make every ſoul of the family mourn—*Outſide*, if not *in*.

## LETTER X.

### MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

JUNE 23, FRIDAY MORNING.

I Went out early this morning, on a deſign that I know not yet whether I ſhall or ſhall not purſue; and on my return found Simon Parſons, my lord's Berkſhire bailiff, (juſt before arrived) waiting for me with a meſſage in form, ſent by all the family, to preſs me to go down, and that at my lord's particular deſire; who wants to ſee me before he dies.

Simon has brought my lord's chariot-and-ſix [Perhaps *my own* by this time] to carry me down. I have ordered it to be in readineſs by four to-morrow morning. The cattle ſhall ſmoke for the delay; and by the reſt they'll have in the interim, will be better able to bear it.

I am ſtill reſolved upon matrimony, if my fair perverſe will accept of me. But, if ſhe will not—why then I muſt give an uninterrupted hearing, not to my conſcience, but to theſe women below.

Dorcas had acquainted her lady with Simon's arrival and errand. My beloved had deſired to ſee him. But my coming in prevented his attendance on her, juſt as Dorcas was inſtructing him what queſtions he ſhould *not* anſwer to, that might be aſked of him.

I am to be admitted to her preſence immediately, at my repeated requeſt. Surely the acquiſition in view will help me to make up all with her. She is juſt gone up to the dining-room.

NOTHING will do, Jack!—I can procure no favour from her, though ſhe has obtained from me the point which ſhe had ſet her heart upon.

I will give thee a brief account of what paſſed between us.

I firſt propoſed inſtant marriage; and this in the moſt fervent manner: but was denied as fervently.

Would ſhe be pleaſed to aſſure me, that ſhe would ſtay here only till Thurſday morning? I would but juſt go down and ſee how my lord was—To know whether he had any thing particular to ſay, or enjoin me, while yet he was ſenſible, as he was very earneſt to ſee me—

Perhaps I might be up on Sunday—'Concede in ſomething!—I beſeech 'you, Madam, ſhew me ſome little con-'ſideration.'

'Why, Mr. Lovelace, muſt I be de-'termined by your motions?—Think 'you, that I will voluntarily give a 'ſanction to the impriſonment of my 'perſon? Of what importance to me 'ought to be your ſtay or your return?'

'*Give a ſanction to the impriſonment of 'your perſon!* Do you think, Madam, 'that I fear the law?'

I might have ſpared this fooliſh queſtion of defiance: but my pride would not let me. I thought ſhe threatened me, Jack.

'I *don't* think you fear the law, Sir. 'You are too *brave* to have any regard 'either to moral or divine ſanctions.'

''Tis well, Madam. But aſk me 'any-thing I can do to oblige *you*; and 'I *will* oblige you, though in nothing 'will you oblige *me*.'

'Then I aſk you, then I requeſt of 'you, to let me go to Hampſtead.'

I paused—and at laſt—'By my ſoul 'you ſhall—This very moment I will 'wait upon you, and ſee you fixed 'there, if you'll promiſe me your hand 'on Thurſday in the preſence of your 'uncle.'

'I want not *you* to ſee me fixed. I 'will promiſe nothing.'

'Take care, Madam, that you don't 'let me ſee, that I can have no reliance 'upon your future favour.'

'I have been uſed to be threatened by 'you, Sir—But I will accept of your 'company to Hampſtead—I will be ready 'to go in a quarter of an hour—My 'cloaths may be ſent after me.'

'You know the condition, Madam—'Next Thurſday.'

'You dare not truſt——'

'My infinite demerits tell me, that I '*ought* not—Nevertheleſs I *will* confide 'in your generoſity—To-morrow morn-'ing, (no *new cauſe* ariſing to give rea-'ſon to the contrary) as early as you 'pleaſe you may go to Hampſtead.'

This ſeemed to oblige her. But yet ſhe looked with a face of doubt.

I will go down to the women, Belford. And having no better judges at hand, will hear what they ſay upon my critical ſituation with this proud beauty, who has ſo inſolently rejected a Lovelace kneeling at her feet, though making an earneſt tender of himſelf for a huſband, in ſpite of all his prejudices to the ſtate of ſhackles.

## LETTER XI.

### MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

JUST come from the women.

Have I gone ſo far, and am I afraid to go farther?—Have I not already, as it is evident by her behaviour, ſinned beyond forgiveneſs?—A woman's tears uſed to be to me but as water ſprinkled on a glowing fire, which gives it a fiercer and brighter blaze: what defence has this lady, but her tears and her eloquence? She was before taken at *no weak* advantage. She was *inſenſible* in her moments of trial. *Had* ſhe been ſenſible, ſhe *muſt* have been ſenſible. So they ſay. The methods taken with her have augmented her glory and her pride. She has now a tale to tell, that ſhe *may* tell with honour to herſelf. No accomplice-inclination. She can look me into confuſion, without being conſcious of ſo much as a *thought*, which ſhe need to be aſhamed of.

This, Jack, is the ſubſtance of the women's reaſoning with me.

To which let me add, that the dear creature now ſees the neceſſity I am in to leave her. Detecting me is in her head. My contrivances are of ſuch a nature, that I muſt appear to be the moſt odious of men, if I am detected on this ſide matrimony. And yet I have promiſed, as thou ſeeſt, that ſhe ſhall ſet out to Hampſtead as ſoon as ſhe pleaſes in the morning, and that without condition on her ſide.

Doſt thou aſk, What I meant by this promiſe?

No *new cauſe* ariſing, was the proviſo on my ſide, thou'lt remember. But there *will be* a new cauſe.

Suppoſe Dorcas ſhould drop the promiſſory-note given her by her lady? Servants, eſpecially thoſe who cannot read or write, are the moſt careleſs people in the world of written papers. Suppoſe I take it up?—at a time, too, that I was determined that the dear creature ſhould be her own miſtreſs?—Will not this detection be a *new cauſe*?—A cauſe that will carry with it againſt her the appearance of ingratitude!

That ſhe deſigned it a *ſecret to me*, argues a *fear of detection*, and indirectly a *ſenſe of guilt*. I wanted a pretence. Can I have a better?—If I am in a violent paſſion upon the detection, is not paſſion an univerſally allowed extenuator of violence? Is not every man and woman obliged to excuſe that fault in another, which at times they find attended with ſuch

ſuch ungovernable effects in themſelves?

The mother and ſiſterhood, ſuppoſe, brought to ſit in judgment upon the vile corrupted—The leaſt benefit that muſt accrue from the accidental diſcovery, if not a pretence for *perpetration*, [which, however, may be the caſe] an excuſe for renewing my orders for her detention till my return from M. Hall; [the fault her own] and for keeping a ſtricter watch over her than before; with direction to ſend me any letters that may be written *by* her or *to* her.—And when I return, the devil's in it if I find not a way to make her chuſe lodgings for herſelf (ſince theſe are ſo hateful to her) that ſhall anſwer all my purpoſes; and yet I no more appear to direct her choice, than I did before in theſe.

Thou wilt curſe me, when thou comeſt to this place. I know thou wilt. But thinkeſt thou, that, after ſuch a ſeries of contrivance, I will loſe this inimitable woman for want of a little more? A rake's a rake, Jack!—And what rake is witheld by *principle* from the perpetration of any evil his heart is ſet upon, and in which he thinks he can ſucceed?—Beſides, am I not in earneſt as to marriage?—Will not the generality of the world acquit me, if I *do* marry? And what is that injury which a *church-rite* will not at any time repair? Is not *the cataſtrophe of every ſtory that ends in wedlock, accounted happy*, be the difficulties in the progreſs to it ever ſo great?

But here, how am I engroſſed by this lady, while poor Lord M. as Simon tells me, lies groaning in the moſt dreadful agonies!—What muſt he ſuffer!—Heaven relieve him!—I have a too compaſſionate heart. And ſo would the dear creature have found, could I have thought that the worſt of *her* ſufferings is equal to the lighteſt of *his*. I mean as to fact; for as to that part of hers, which ariſes from extreme ſenſibility, I know nothing of that; and cannot therefore be anſwerable for it.

## LETTER XII.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

JUST come from my charmer. She will not ſuffer me to ſay half the obliging, the tender things, which my honeſt heart is ready to overflow with. A confounded ſituation that, when a man finds himſelf in humour to be eloquent, and pathetick at the ſame time, yet cannot engage the miſtreſs of his fate to lend an ear to his fine ſpeeches.

I can account now, how it comes about, that lovers, when their miſtreſſes are cruel, run into ſolitude, and diſburden their minds to *ſtocks* and *ſtones*: for am I not forced to make my complaints to *thee*?

She claimed the performance of my promiſe, the moment ſhe ſaw me, of *permitting* her [haughtily ſhe ſpoke the word] to go to Hampſtead, as ſoon as I was gone to Berks.

Moſt cheerfully I renewed it.

She deſired me to give orders in her hearing.

I ſent for Dorcas and Will. They came.—'Do you both take notice—'[But, perhaps, Sir, I may take *you* 'with me]—that your lady is to be obey-'ed in all her commands. She purpoſes 'to return to Hampſtead as ſoon as I am 'gone—My dear, will you not have a 'ſervant to attend you?'

'I ſhall want no ſervant there.'

'Will you take Dorcas?'

'If I ſhould want Dorcas, I can ſend 'for her.'

Dorcas could not but ſay, She ſhould be very proud—

'Well, well, that may be at my re-'turn, if your lady permit—Shall I, my 'dear, call up Mrs. Sinclair, and give 'her orders, to the ſame effect, in your 'hearing?'

'I deſire not to ſee Mrs. Sinclair; nor 'any that belong to her.'

'As you pleaſe, Madam.'

And then (the ſervants being withdrawn) I urged her again for the aſſurance, that ſhe would meet me at the altar on Thurſday next. But to no purpoſe—May ſhe not thank herſelf for all that may follow?

One favour, however, I would not be denied—to be admitted to paſs the evening with her.

All ſweetneſs and obſequiouſneſs will I be on this occaſion. My whole ſoul ſhall be poured out to move her to forgive me. If ſhe will not, and if the promiſſory-note ſhould fall in my way, my revenge will doubtleſs take total poſſeſſion of me.

All the houſe in my intereſt, and every-one in it not only engaging to intimidate and aſſiſt, as occaſion ſhall offer, but ſtaking all their experience upon my ſucceſs, if it be not my own fault, what muſt be the conſequence?

This, Jack, however, ſhall be her laſt trial; and if ſhe behave as nobly *in* and *after* this *ſecond* attempt, [*All her ſenſes about her*] as ſhe has done after the *firſt*, ſhe will come out an angel upon full proof, in ſpite of man, woman, and devil:

vil; then ſhall there be an end of all her ſufferings. I will then renounce that vanquiſhed devil, and reform. And if any vile machination ſtart up, preſuming to miſlead me, I will ſooner ſtab it in my heart, as it riſes, than give way to it.

A few hours will now decide all. But whatever be the event, I ſhall be too buſy to write again, till I get to M. Hall.

Mean time I am in ſtrange agitations. I muſt ſuppreſs them, if poſſible, before I venture into her preſence—My heart bounces my boſom from the table. I will lay down my pen, and wholly reſign to it's impulſes.

## LETTER XIII.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

FRIDAY NIGHT, OR RATHER SAT. MORN. 1 O'CLOCK.

I Thought I ſhould not have had either time or inclination to write another line before I got to M. Hall. But have the firſt—muſt find the laſt—ſince I can neither ſleep, nor do any-thing but write, if I can do that. I am moſt *confoundedly* out of humour. The reaſon let it follow—if it will follow—No preparation for it, from me.

I tried by gentleneſs and love to ſoften—What?—Marble. A heart incapable either of love or gentleneſs. Her paſt injuries for ever in her head. Ready to receive a favour; the permiſſion to go to Hampſtead; but neither to deſerve it, nor return any. So my ſcheme of the gentle kind was ſoon given over.

I then wanted to provoke her: like a coward boy, who waits for the firſt blow before he can perſuade himſelf to fight, I half-challenged her to challenge or defy me: ſhe ſeemed aware of her danger; and would not directly brave my reſentment: but kept ſuch a middle courſe, that I neither could find a pretence to offend, nor reaſon to hope: yet ſhe believed my tale that her uncle would come to Kentiſh Town, and ſeemed not to apprehend, that Tomlinſon was an impoſtor.

She was very uneaſy, upon the whole, in my company: wanted often to break from me: yet ſo held me to my promiſe of permitting her to go to Hampſtead, that I knew not how to get off it; although it was impoſſible, in my precarious ſituation with her, to think of performing it.

In this ſituation; the women ready to aſſiſt; and, if I proceeded not, as ready to ridicule me; what had I left me, but to purſue the concerted ſcheme, and to ſeek a pretence to quarrel with her, in order to revoke my promiſed permiſſion, and to convince her that I would not be upbraided as the moſt brutal of raviſhers for nothing?

I had agreed with the women, that if I could not find a pretence in her preſence to begin my operations, the note ſhould lie in my way, and I was to pick it up, ſoon after her retiring from me. But I began to doubt at near ten o'clock, (ſo earneſt was ſhe to leave me, ſuſpecting my over-warm behaviour to her, and eager graſping of her hand two or three times, with eye-ſtrings, as I felt, on the ſtrain, while her eyes ſhewed uneaſineſs and apprehenſion) that if ſhe actually retired for the night, it might be a chance, whether it would be eaſy to come at her again. Loth, therefore, to run ſuch a riſque, I ſtept out a little after ten, with intent to alter the preconcerted diſpoſition a little; ſaying I would attend her again inſtantly. But as I returned I met her at the door, intending to withdraw for the night. I could not perſuade her to go back: nor had I preſence of mind (ſo full of complaiſance as I was to her juſt before) to ſtay her by force: ſo ſhe ſlid through my hands into her own apartment. I had nothing to do, therefore, but to let my former concert take place.

I ſhould have premiſed (but care not for order of time, connexion, or any-thing elſe) that, between eight and nine in the evening, another ſervant of Lord M. on horſeback came, to deſire me to carry down with me Dr. S. the old peer having been once (*in extremis*, as they judge he is now) relieved and reprieved by him. I ſent and engaged the doctor to accompany me down; and am to call upon him by four this morning: or the devil ſhould have both my lord and the doctor, if I'd ſtir till I got all made up.

Poke thy damned noſe forward into the event, if thou wilt—Curſe me if thou ſhalt have it till it's proper time and place. And too ſoon then.

She had hardly got into her chamber, but I found a little paper, as I was going into mine, which I took up; and opening it, (for it was carefully pinned in another paper) what ſhould it be, but a promiſſory-note, given as a bribe, with a further promiſe of a diamond-ring, to induce Dorcas to favour her miſtreſs's eſcape?

How my temper changed in a moment!—Ring, ring, ring, ring, I my bell,

bell, with a violence enough to break the ſtring, and as if the houſe were on fire.

Every devil frighted into active life: the whole houſe in an uproar: up runs Will.—'Sir—Sir—Sir!'—Eyes goggling, mouth diſtended—'Bid the damn'd 'toad Dorcas come hither,' (as I ſtood at the ſtair-head) in a horrible rage, and out of breath, cried I.

In ſight came the trembling devil—but ſtanding aloof, from the report made her by Will of the paſſion I was in, as well as from what ſhe heard.

Flaſh came out my ſword immediately; for I had it ready on—'Curſed, con-'founded, villainous, bribery and cor-'ruption!'

Up runs ſhe to her lady's door, ſcreaming out for ſafety and protection.

'Good your honour,' interpoſed Will, 'for God's ſake!—O Lord! O Lord!'—receiving a good cuff.

'Take that, varlet, for ſaving the 'ungrateful *wretch* from my vengeance!'

'*Wretch!*' I *intended* to ſay; but if it were ſome other word of like ending, paſſion muſt be my excuſe.

Up ran two or three of the ſiſterhood—'What's the matter!—What's the 'matter!'

'*The matter!*' (for ſtill my beloved opened not the door; on the contrary, drew another bolt) 'This *abominable* 'Dorcas!—Call her aunt up!—Let her 'ſee what a traitreſs ſhe has placed about 'me!—And let her bring the toad to 'anſwer for herſelf—has taken a bribe, 'a proviſion for life, to betray her truſt; 'by that means to perpetuate a quarrel 'between a man and his wife, and fruſ-'trate for ever all hopes of reconciliati-'on between us!'

Let me periſh, Belford, if I have patience to proceed with the farce!

If I muſt reſume, I muſt.

Up came the aunt puffing and blowing—As ſhe hoped for mercy, *ſhe* was not privy to it! She never knew ſuch a plotting perverſe lady in her life!—Well might ſervants be at the paſs they were, when ſuch ladies as Mrs. Lovelace made no conſcience of corrupting them. For *her* part, ſhe deſired no mercy for the wretch: no niece of hers, if ſhe were not faithful to the truſt!—But what was the proof?

She was ſhewn the paper.

'But too evident!—Curſed, curſed 'toad, devil, jade!' paſſed from each mouth:—And the vileneſs of the corrupted, and the unworthineſs of the *corruptreſs*, were inveighed againſt.

Up we all went, paſſing the lady's door into the dining-room, to proceed to trial.

Stamp, ſtamp, ſtamp up, each on her heels; rave, rave, rave, every tongue.

'Bring up the creature before us all 'this inſtant!'

'And would ſhe have got out of the 'houſe, ſay you?'

Theſe the noiſes, and the ſpeeches, as we clattered by the door of the fair briberеſs.

Up was brought Dorcas (whimpering) between two, both bawling out—'You muſt go—You ſhall go—'Tis fit 'you ſhould anſwer for yourſelf—You 'are a diſcredit to all worthy ſervants,'—as they pulled and puſhed her up-ſtairs.—She whining—'I cannot ſee his 'honour—I cannot look ſo good and 'ſo generous a gentleman in the face—'O how ſhall I bear my aunt's rav-'ings?'

'Come up, and be d—n'd—Bring 'her forward,' her imperial judge.—'What a plague, it is the *detection*, not 'the *crime*, that confounds you. You 'could be quiet enough for days toge-'ther, as I ſee by the date, under the 'villainy. Tell me, ungrateful devil, 'tell me, who made the firſt advances?'

'Aye, diſgrace to my family and 'blood,' cried the old one—'Tell his 'honour—Tell the truth!—Who made 'the firſt advances?'

'Aye, curſed creature,' cried Sally, 'who made the firſt advances?'

'I have betrayed one truſt already! '—O let me not betray another!—My 'lady is a good lady!—O let not *her* 'ſuffer!'

'Tell all you know—Tell the whole 'truth, Dorcas,' cried Polly Horton—'His honour loves his lady too well, to 'make her ſuffer *much*; little as ſhe re-'quites his love!'

'Every-body ſees that,' cried Sally—'Too well, indeed, *for* his honour, I 'was going to ſay.'

'Till now, I thought ſhe deſerved 'my love—But to bribe a ſervant thus, 'who ſhe ſuppoſed had orders to watch 'her ſteps, for fear of another elope-'ment! and to impute that precaution 'to me as a crime!—Yet I muſt love her '—Ladies, forgive my weakneſs!'

Curſe upon my grimaces!—If I have patience to repeat them!—But thou ſhalt have it all—Thou canſt not deſpiſe me more than I deſpiſe myſelf!

'But ſuppoſe, Sir,' ſaid Sally, 'you 'have my lady and the wench face to 'face!

'face! You see she cares not to confess.'

'O my *careleſſneſs!*' cried Dorcas—'Don't let my poor lady ſuffer!—Indeed, if you all knew what I know, 'you would ſay her ladyſhip has been 'cruelly treated.'

'See, ſee, ſee, ſee!'—repeatedly, every one at once—'Only ſorry for the *de-'tection*, as your honour ſaid—Not for 'the *fault*.'

'Curſed creature!' and 'Deviliſh 'creature!' from every mouth.

'Your lady *won't*—She *dare* not—'come out to ſave you,' cried Sally; 'though it is more his honour's mercy, 'than your deſert, if he does not cut 'your vile throat this inſtant.'

'Say,' repeated Polly, 'was it your 'lady, that made the firſt advances, or 'was it you, you creature?'

'If the lady had ſo much honour,' bawled the mother, 'excuſe me, *So*—'Excuſe me, Sir,'—[Confound the old wretch! ſhe had like to have ſaid *Son!*]—'If the lady had ſo much honour, as 'we have ſuppoſed, ſhe will appear to 'vindicate a poor ſervant, miſled, as 'ſhe has been, by ſuch large promiſes! '—But I hope, Sir, you will do them '*both* juſtice: I *hope* you will!—Good 'lack!—Good lack!'—clapping her hands together—'To grant her every-'thing ſhe could aſk—To indulge her 'in her unworthy hatred to my poor 'innocent houſe!—To let her go to 'Hampſtead, though your honour told 'us, you could get no condeſcenſion 'from her; no, not the leaſt—O Sir—'O Sir—I hope—I hope—If your lady 'will not come out—I hope you will 'find a way to hear this cauſe in her pre-'ſence. I value not my doors on ſuch 'an occaſion as this. Juſtice I ever 'loved. I deſire you will come at the 'bottom of it in *clearance* to me. I'll 'be ſworn I had no privity in this black 'corruption.'

Juſt then, we heard the lady's door unbar, unlock, unbolt:

'Now, Sir!'

'Now, Mr. Lovelace!'

'Now, Sir!' from every encouraging mouth.

But, O Jack! Jack! Jack! I can write no more!

If you muſt have it all, you muſt!

Now, Belford, ſee us all ſitting in judgment, reſolved to puniſh the fair bribereſs—I, and the mother, the hitherto *dreaded* mother, the nieces Sally, Polly, the traitreſs Dorcas and Mabell, a guard, as it were, over Dorcas, that ſhe might not run away, and hide herſelf—All pre-determined, and of *neceſſity* pre-determined, from the journey I was going to take, and my precarious ſituation with her—And hear her *unbolt, unlock, unbar*, the door; then as it proved afterwards, put the key into the lock on the outſide, lock the door, and put it in her pocket—Will I knew, below, who would give me notice, if, while we were all above, ſhe ſhould miſtake her way, and go down-ſtairs, inſtead of coming into the dining-room: the ſtreet-doors alſo doubly ſecured, and every ſhutter to the windows round the houſe faſtened, that no noiſe or ſcreeming ſhould be heard—[Such was the brutal preparation]—And then *hear* her ſtep towards us, and inſtantly *ſee* her enter among us, confiding in her own innocence; and with a majeſty in her perſon and manner, that is *natural* to her; but which then ſhone out in all it's glory!—Every tongue ſilent—every eye awed—every heart quaking—mine, in a particular manner ſunk, throbleſs, and twice below its uſual region, to once at my throat.—A ſhameful recreant!—She ſilent too, looking round her, firſt on me; then on the mother, as no longer fearing her; then on Sally, Polly, and the culprit Dorcas!—Such the glorious power of innocence exerted at that awful moment!

She would have ſpoken, but could not, looking down my guilt into confuſion. A mouſe might have been heard paſſing over the floor: her own light feet and ruſtling ſilks could not have prevented it; for ſhe ſeemed to tread air, and to be all ſoul. She paſſed backwards and forwards, now towards me, now towards the door ſeveral times, before ſpeech could get the better of indignation; and at laſt, after twice or thrice hemming to recover her articulate voice—'O thou contemptible and abandoned 'Lovelace, thinkeſt thou that I ſee not 'through this poor villainous plot of 'thine, and of theſe thy wicked accom-'plices?'

'Thou woman,' [looking at the mother] 'once my terror!—always my diſ-'like!—but now my deteſtation!—'ſhouldſt once more (for thine perhaps 'was the preparation) have provided 'for me intoxicating potions, to rob 'me of my ſenſes.

'And then, thou, wretch,' [*turning to me*] 'mighteſt more ſecurely have de-'pended upon ſuch a low contrivance as 'this!

'And ye, vile women, who perhaps 'have

'have been the ruin, body and ſoul, of 'hundreds of innocents, (you ſhew me 'how, in full aſſembly) know, that I am 'not married—Ruined, as I am by your 'help, I bleſs God I am not married 'to this miſcreant—And I have friends 'that will demand my honour at your 'hands!—And to whoſe authority I 'will apply; for none has this man 'over me. Look to it then, what fur-'ther inſults you offer me, or incite him 'to offer me. I am a perſon, though 'thus vilely betrayed, of rank and for-'tune. I never will be his; and, to 'your utter ruin, will find friends to 'purſue you: and now I have this full 'proof of your deteſtable wickedneſs, 'and have heard your baſe incitements, 'will have no mercy upon you!'

They could not laugh at the poor figure I made.—Lord! how every devil, conſcience-ſhaken, trembled!

What a dejection muſt ever fall to the lot of guilt, were it given to innocence always thus to exert itſelf!

'And as for thee, thou vile Dorcas! '—Thou *double* deceiver!—whining 'out thy pretended love for me!—Be 'gone, wretch!—Nobody will hurt thee! '—Be gone, I ſay!—Thou haſt too well 'acted thy part to be blamed by *any* here 'but myſelf—Thou are ſafe: thy guilt 'is thy ſecurity in ſuch a houſe as this! '—Thy ſhameful, thy poor part, thou 'haſt as well acted, as the low farce 'could give thee to act!—As well as 'they each of them, (thy ſuperiors, 'though not thy betters) thou ſeeſt, 'can act theirs.—Steal away into dark-'neſs!—No enquiry after this will be 'made, whoſe the firſt advances, thine 'or mine.'

And, as I hope to live, the wench, confoundedly frightened, ſlunk away; ſo did her ſentinel Mabell; though I, endeavouring to rally, cried out for Dorcas to ſtay—But I believe the devil could not have ſtopt her, when an angel bid her be gone.

'Madam,' ſaid I, 'let me tell you—;' and was advancing towards her, with a fierce aſpect, moſt curſedly vexed and aſhamed too.

But ſhe turned to me—'Stop where 'thou art, O vileſt and moſt abandoned 'of men!—Stop where thou art!—Nor, 'with that determined face offer to 'touch me, if thou wouldſt not that I 'ſhould be a corpſe at thy feet!'

To my aſtoniſhment, ſhe held forth a penknife in her hand, the point to her own boſom, graſping reſolutely the whole handle, ſo that there was no offering to take it from her.

'I offer not miſchief to any-body but 'myſelf. You, Sir—and ye women—'are ſafe from every violence of mine. 'The LAW ſhall be all my reſource: the 'LAW!'—and ſhe ſpoke the word with emphaſis, 'The LAW!' that to ſuch people carries natural terror with it, and now ſtruck a panick into them.

No wonder, ſince thoſe who will damn themſelves to procure eaſe and plenty in this world, will tremble at every-thing that ſeems to threaten their methods of obtaining that eaſe and plenty.

'The LAW only ſhall be my refuge!'

The infamous mother whiſpered me, that it were better to *make terms* with this *ſtrange* lady, and let her go.

Sally, notwithſtanding all her impudent bravery at other times, ſaid, *If* Mr. Lovelace had told *them* what was *not true* of her being his wife—

And Polly Horton, That ſhe muſt *needs* ſay, the lady, if ſhe were *not* my wife, had been very much injured; that was all.

'That is not now a matter to be diſ-'puted,' cried I:—'you and I know, 'Madam—'

'We do,' ſaid ſhe; 'and I thank 'God, I am *not* thine—*Once more*, I 'thank God for it—I have no doubt of 'the further baſeneſs that thou haſt in-'tended me, by this vile and low trick: 'but I have my SENSES, Lovelace: and 'from my heart I deſpiſe thee, thou 'very poor Lovelace!—How canſt 'thou ſtand in my preſence!—Thou, 'that—'

'Madam, Madam, Madam—Theſe 'are inſults not to be borne!'—And was approaching her.

She withdrew to the door, and ſet her back againſt it, holding the pointed knife to her heaving boſom; while the women held me, beſeeching me not to provoke the violent lady—For their *houſe* ſake, and be curſed to them, they beſought me—and all three hung upon me—While the truly heroick lady braved me at that diſtance:

'Approach me, Lovelace, with re-'ſentment, if thou wilt. I dare die. 'It is in defence of my honour. God 'will be merciful to my poor ſoul! I 'expect no mercy from thee! I have 'gained this diſtance, and two ſteps 'nearer me, and thou ſhalt ſee what I 'dare do!'

'Leave me, women, to myſelf, and 'to my angel!'—They retired at a diſ-'tance

'tance—'O my beloved creature, how 'you terrify me!'—holding out my arms and kneeling on one knee—'Not a ſtep, 'not a ſtep farther except to receive 'my death at that injured hand which 'is thus held up againſt a life far dearer 'to me than my own!—I am a villain! '—the blackeſt of villains!—Say you 'will ſheath your knife in the injurer's, 'not the injured's heart, and then will 'I indeed approach you, but not elſe.'

The mother twanged her damned noſe; and Sally and Polly pulled out their handkerchiefs, and turned from us. They never in their lives, they told me afterwards, beheld ſuch a ſcene.

Innocence ſo triumphant!—Villainy ſo debaſed!—they muſt mean.

Unawares to myſelf, I had moved onward to my angel—'And doſt thou, 'doſt thou, *ſtill* diſclaiming, *ſtill* ad-'vancing—Doſt thou, doſt thou, *ſtill* in-'ſidiouſly move towards me?' [And her hand was extended] 'I dare—I dare—'Not raſhly neither—My heart from 'principle abhors the act, which *thou* 'makeſt *neceſſary*?—God, in thy mercy!' [Lifting up her eyes and hands] 'God, 'in thy mercy——!'

I threw myſelf to the further end of the room. An ejaculation, a ſilent ejaculation, employing her thoughts that moment; Polly ſays the whites of her lovely eyes were only viſible: and, in the inſtant that ſhe extended her hand, *aſſuredly* to ſtrike the fatal blow, [How the very recital terrifies me!] ſhe caſt her eye towards me, and ſaw me at the utmoſt diſtance the room would allow, and heard my broken voice—My voice was utterly broken; nor knew I what I ſaid, or whether to the purpoſe or not—And her charming cheeks, that were all in a glow before, turned pale, as if terrified at her own purpoſe; and lifting up her eyes—'Thank God!—Thank God!' ſaid the angel—'Delivered *for the pre-'ſent*; for the *preſent* delivered—from 'myſelf!—Keep, Sir, keep that diſ-'tance;' [Looking down towards me, who was proſtrate on the floor, my heart pierced, as with an hundred daggers;] 'that diſtance has ſaved a life; 'to what reſerved, the Almighty only 'knows.'

'To *be* happy, Madam; and to *make* 'happy!—And O let me but hope for 'your favour for to-morrow—I will 'put off my journey till then—And may 'God—'

'Swear not, Sir!'—With an awful and piercing aſpect—'You have too—'too often ſworn!—God's eye is upon 'us!—His more *immediate* eye;' and looked wildly.—But the women looked up to the *cieling*, as if *afraid* of God's eye, and trembled. And well they might; and *I* too, who ſo very lately had each of us the devil in our hearts.

'If not to-morrow, Madam, ſay but 'next Thurſday, your uncle's birth-'day; ſay but next Thurſday!'

'This I ſay, of this you may aſſure 'yourſelf, I never, never *will* be yours. '—And let me hope that I may be en-'titled to the performance of your pro-'miſe, to be permittted to leave this '*innocent* houſe, as one called it, (but 'long have my ears been accuſtomed 'to ſuch inverſions of words) as ſoon as 'the day breaks.'

'Did my perdition depend upon it, 'that you cannot, Madam, but upon 'terms. And I hope you will not ter-'rify me—' ſtill dreading the accurſed knife.

'Nothing leſs than an attempt upon 'my honour ſhall make me deſperate. 'I have no view but to defend my ho-'nour: with ſuch a view only I en-'tered into treaty with your infamous 'agent below. The reſolution you 'have ſeen, I truſt, God will give me 'again, upon the ſame occaſion. But 'for a *leſs*, I wiſh not for it.—Only 'take notice, women, that I am no wife 'of *this man*: baſely as he has uſed me, 'I am not his wife. He has no autho-'rity over me. If he go away by-and-'by, and you act by his authority to 'detain me, look to it.'

Then, taking one of the lights, ſhe turned from us; and away ſhe went, unmoleſted.—Not a ſoul was *able* to moleſt her.

Mabell ſaw her, tremblingly, and in a hurry, take the key of her chamber-door out of her pocket, and unlock it; and as ſoon as ſhe entered, heard her double-lock, bar, and bolt it.

By her taking out her key, when ſhe came out of her chamber to us, ſhe no doubt ſuſpected my deſign: which was, to have carried her in my arms thither, if ſhe made ſuch force neceſſary, after I had intimidated her; and to have been her companion for that night.

She was to have had ſeveral bed-chamber-women to aſſiſt to undreſs her upon occaſion: but from the moment ſhe entered the dining-room with ſo much intrepidity, it was abſolutely impoſſible to think of proſecuting my villainous deſigns againſt her.

THIS, this, Belford, was the hand I made

made of a contrivance from which I expected ſo much!—And now I am ten times worſe off than before.

Thou never ſaweſt people in thy life look ſo like fools upon one another, as the mother, her partners, and I, did, for a few minutes. And at laſt, the two deviliſh nymphs broke out into inſulting ridicule upon me; while the old wretch was concerned for her houſe, the reputation of her houſe. I curſed them all together: and retiring to my chamber, locked myſelf in.

And now it is time to ſet out: all I have gained, detection, diſgrace, freſh guilt by repeated perjuries, and to be deſpiſed by her I *doat upon*; and what is ſtill worſe to a proud heart, by *myſelf*.

Succeſs, ſucceſs in projects, is every-thing. What an admirable contriver did I think myſelf till now! Even for *this* ſcheme among the reſt! But how pitifully fooliſh does it now appear to me!—Scratch out, eraſe, never to be read, every part of my preceding letters, where I have boaſtingly mentioned it. And never preſume to rally me upon the curſed ſubject: for I cannot bear it.

But for the lady, by my ſoul, I love her. I admire her more than ever! I *muſt* have her. I *will* have her ſtill—*With* honour or *without*, as I have often vowed. My curſed fright at her accidental bloody noſe, ſo lately, put her upon improving upon me thus. Had ſhe threatened ME, I ſhould ſoon have been maſter of *one* arm, and *in both!* But for ſo ſincere a virtue to threaten *herſelf*, and not to offer to intimidate *any other*, and with ſo much preſence of mind, as to diſtinguiſh, in the very paſſionate intention, the neceſſity of the act, in defence of her *honour*, and ſo *ſtrictly* to diſavow *leſſer* occaſions: ſhewed ſuch a deliberation, ſuch a choice, ſuch a principle; and then keeping me ſo watchfully at a diſtance, that I could not ſeize her hand, ſo ſoon as ſhe could have given the fatal blow; how impoſſible not to be ſubdued by ſo *true* and *ſo diſcreet* a magnanimity!

But ſhe is not *gone*. She ſhall not go. I will preſs her with letters for the Thurſday. She ſhall yet be mine, legally mine. For as to cohabitation, there is now no ſuch thing to be thought of.

The captain ſhall give her away, as proxy for her uncle. My lord will die. My fortune will help my *will*, and ſet me above every-thing and every-body.

But here is the curſe—She deſpiſes me, Jack!—What man, as I have heretofore ſaid, can bear to be deſpiſed—eſpecially by his wife!—O Lord! O Lord! What a hand, what a curſed hand have I made of this plot!—And here ends

The hiſtory of the Lady and the Penknife!—The devil take the penknife!—It goes againſt me to ſay,

'God bleſs the lady!'

NEAR 5. SAT. MORN.

## LETTER XIV.

MR. LOVELACE, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

SUPERSCRIBED TO MRS. LOVELACE.

M. HALL, SAT. NIGHT, JUNE 24.

MY DEAREST LIFE.

IF you do not impute to love, and to terror raiſed by love, the poor figure I made before you laſt night, you will not do me juſtice. I thought I would try to the very laſt moment, if, by complying with you in *every-thing*, I could prevail upon you to promiſe to be mine on Thurſday next, ſince you refuſed me an earlier day. Could I have been ſo happy, you had not been hindered going to Hampſtead, or wherever elſe you pleaſed. But when I could not prevail upon you to give me this aſſurance, what room had I (my demerit ſo great) to ſuppoſe that your going thither would not be to loſe you for ever?

I will own to you, Madam, that yeſterday afternoon I picked up the paper dropt by Dorcas; who has confeſſed that ſhe would have aſſiſted you in getting away, if ſhe had had an opportunity ſo to do; and undoubtedly dropt it by *accident*. And could I have prevailed upon you as to Thurſday next I would have made no uſe of it; ſecure as I ſhould then have been in your word given, to be mine. But when I found you inflexible, I was reſolved to try, if by reſenting Dorcas's treachery, I could not make *your* pardon of *me* the condition of *mine* to *her*: and if not, to make a handle of it to revoke my conſent to your going away from Mrs. Sinclair's; ſince the conſequence of that muſt have been ſo fatal to me.

So far, indeed, was my proceeding *low* and *artful*: and when I was challenged with it, as ſuch, in ſo high and noble a manner, I could not avoid taking ſhame to myſelf upon it.

But you muſt permit me, Madam, to hope, that you will not puniſh me too heavily for ſo poor a contrivance, ſince no diſhonour was meant you; and ſince, in the moment of it's execution you had

as great an inſtance of my incapacity to defend a wrong, a low meaſure, and, at the ſame time, in your power over me, as mortal man could give—In a word, ſince you muſt have ſeen, that I was abſolutely under the controul both of Conſcience and of Love.

I will not offer to defend myſelf, for *wiſhing you to remain where you are*, till either you give me your word to meet me at the altar on Thurſday; or till I have the honour of attending you, preparative to the ſolemnity which will make that day the happieſt of my life.

I am but too ſenſible, that this kind of treatment may appear to you with the face of an arbitrary and illegal impoſition: but as the conſequences, not only to *ourſelves*, but to *both our families*, may be fatal, if you cannot be moved in my favour; let me beſeech you to forgive this act of compulſion, on the ſcore of the neceſſity you your dear ſelf have laid me under to be guilty of it; and to permit the ſolemnity of next Thurſday to include an act of oblivion of all paſt offences.

The orders I have given to the people of the houſe are: That you ſhall be obeyed in every particular that is conſiſtent with my expectations of finding you there on my return to town on Wedneſday next: that Mrs. Sinclair and her nieces, having incurred your juſt diſpleaſure, ſhall not, without your orders, come into your preſence: that neither ſhall Dorcas, till ſhe has fully cleared her conduct to your ſatisfaction, be permitted to attend you: but Mabell, in her place; of whom you ſeemed ſome time ago to expreſs ſome liking. Will I have left behind me to attend your commands. If he be either negligent or impertinent, *your* diſmiſſion ſhall be a diſmiſſion of him from my ſervice for ever. But, as to letters which may be ſent you, or any which you may have to ſend, I muſt humbly intreat, that none ſuch paſs *from* or *to* you, for the few days that I ſhall be abſent. But I do aſſure you, Madam, that the ſeals of both ſorts ſhall be ſacred: and the letters, if ſuch be ſent, ſhall be given into your hands the moment the ceremony is performed, or before, if you require it.

Mean time I will enquire, and ſend you word, how Miſs Howe does; and to what, if I can be informed, her long ſilence is owing.

Dr. Perkins I found here, attending my lord, when I arrived with Dr. S. He acquaints me that your father, mother, uncles, and the ſtill *leſs* worthy perſons of your family, are well; and intend to be all at your uncle Harlowe's next week; I preſume, with intent to keep his anniverſary. This can make no alteration, but a happy one, as to *perſons*, on Thurſday; becauſe Mr. Tomlinſon aſſured me, that if any-thing fell out to hinder your uncle's coming up in perſon, (which however, he did not expect) he would be ſatisfied if his friend the captain were proxy for him. I ſhall ſend a man and horſe to-morrow to the captain, to be at a greater certainty.

I ſend this by a ſpecial meſſenger, who will wait your pleaſure in relation to the impatiently-wiſhed-for Thurſday; which I humbly hope will be ſignified by a line.

My lord, though hardly ſenſible, and unmindful of every-thing but of your felicity, deſires his moſt affectionate compliments to you. He has in readineſs to preſent to you a very valuable ſet of jewels, which he hopes will be acceptable, whether he lives to ſee you adorn them or not.

Lady Sarah and Lady Betty have alſo their tokens of reſpect ready to court your acceptance: but may Heaven incline you to give the opportunity of receiving their perſonal compliments, and thoſe of my couſins Montague, before the next week be out!

His lordſhip is exceeding ill. Dr. S. has no hopes of him. The only conſolation I can have for the death of a relation who loves me ſo well, if he *do* die, muſt ariſe from the additional power it will put into my hands of ſhewing how much I am, *my deareſt life, your affectionate and faithful* LOVELACE.

## LETTER XV.

MR. LOVELACE, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

SUPERSCRIBED, TO MRS. LOVELACE, M. HALL, SUNDAY NIGHT, JUNE 25.

MY DEAREST LOVE,

I Cannot find words to expreſs how much I am mortified at the return of my meſſenger without a line from you.

Thurſday is ſo near, that I will ſend meſſenger after meſſenger every four hours, till I have a favourable anſwer; the one to meet the other, till it's eve arrives, to know if I may venture to appear in your preſence with the hope of having my wiſhes anſwered on that day.

Your love, Madam, I neither expect, nor aſk for; nor will, till my future

ture behaviour gives you cauſe to think I deſerve it. All I at preſent preſume to wiſh, is, to have it in my power to do you all the juſtice I can now do you: and to your generoſity will I leave it, to reward me, as I ſhall merit, with your affection.

At preſent, revolving my poor behaviour of Friday night before you, I think I ſhould ſooner chuſe to go to my laſt audit, unprepared for it as I am, than to appear in your preſence, unleſs you give me ſome hope, that I ſhall be received as your elected huſband, rather than (however deſerved) as a deteſted criminal.

Let me therefore propoſe an expedient, in order to ſpare my own confuſion; and to ſpare you the neceſſity for that ſoul-harrowing recrimination, which I cannot ſtand, and which muſt be diſagreeable to yourſelf—To name the church, and I will have every-thing in readineſs; ſo that our next interview will be, in a manner, at the very altar; and then you will have the kind huſband to forgive for the faults of the ungrateful lover. If your reſentment be ſtill too high to write more, let it only be in your own dear hand, theſe words, '*St. Martin's church, Thurſday,*' — or theſe, '*St. Giles's church, Thurſday;*' nor will I inſiſt upon any inſcription or ſubſcription, or ſo much as the initials of your name. This ſhall be all the favour I will expect, till the dear hand itſelf is given to mine, in preſence of that Being whom I invoke as a witneſs of the inviolable faith and honour of *your adoring*

LOVELACE.

## LETTER XVI.

MR. LOVELACE, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

SUPERSCRIBED, TO MRS. LOVELACE.

M. HALL, MONDAY, JUNE 26.

ONCE more, my deareſt love, do I conjure you to ſend me the four requeſted words. There is no time to be loſt. And I would not have next Thurſday go over, without being entitled to call you mine, for the world; and that as well for your ſake as my own. Hitherto all that has paſſed is between you and me only; but, after Thurſday, if my wiſhes are unanſwered, the whole will be before the world.

My lord is extremely ill, and endures not to have me out of his ſight for one half-hour. But this ſhall not have the leaſt weight with me, if you be pleaſed to hold out the olive-branch to me in the four requeſted words.

I have the following intelligence from Captain Tomlinſon.

All your family are at your uncle Harlowe's. Your uncle finds he cannot go up; and names Captain Tomlinſon for his proxy. He propoſes to keep all your family with him, till the captain aſſures him, that the ceremony is over.

Already he has begun, with hope of ſucceſs, to try to reconcile your mother to you.

My Lord M. but juſt now has told me, how happy he ſhould think himſelf to have an opportunity before he dies, to ſalute you as his niece. I have put him in hopes, that he ſhall ſee you; and have told him, that I will go to town on Wedneſday, in order to prevail upon you to accompany me down on Thurſday or Friday. I have ordered a ſett to be in readineſs to carry me up; and, were not my lord ſo very ill, my couſin Montague tells me, ſhe would offer *her* attendance on you. If you pleaſe, therefore, we can ſet out for this place the moment the ſolemnity is performed.

Do not, deareſt creature, diſſipate all theſe promiſing appearances, and, by refuſing to ſave your own and your family's reputation in the eye of the world, uſe yourſelf worſe than the ungrateful-eſt wretch on earth has uſed you. For if we are married, all the diſgrace you imagine you have ſuffered while a ſingle lady, will be my own; and only known to ourſelves.

Once more then, conſider well the ſituation we are both in; and remember, my deareſt life, that Thurſday will be ſoon here; and that you have no time to loſe.

In a letter ſent by the meſſenger whom I diſpatch with this, I have deſired, that my friend, Mr. Belford, who is your very great admirer, and who knows all the ſecrets of my heart, will wait upon you, to know what I am to depend upon, as to the choſen day.

Surely, my dear, you never could, at any time, ſuffer half ſo much from cruel ſuſpence, as I do.

If I have not an anſwer to this, either from your own goodneſs, or through Mr. Belford's interceſſion, it will be too late for me to ſet out: and Captain Tomlinſon will be diſappointed, who goes to town on purpoſe to attend your pleaſure.

One motive for the gentle reſtraint I have preſumed to lay you under, is, to prevent the miſchiefs that might enſue

(as probably to the *more* innocent, as to the *leſs*) were you to write to any-body while your paſſions were ſo much raiſed and inflamed againſt me. Having apprized you of my direction to the women in town on this head, I wonder you ſhould have endeavoured to ſend a letter to Miſs Howe, although in a cover directed to that young lady's ſervant; as you muſt think it would be likely to fall into my hands.

The juſt ſenſe of what I have deſerved the contents *ſhould be*, leaves me no room to doubt what they *are*. Nevertheleſs, I return it you incloſed, with the ſeal, as you will ſee, unbroken.

Relieve, I beſeech you, deareſt Madam, by the four requeſted words, or by Mr. Belford, the anxiety of *your ever-affectionate and obliged* LOVELACE.

Remember, there will not, there *cannot* be time for further writing, and for coming up by Thurſday, *your uncle's birth-day*.

## LETTER XVII.

### MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

MONDAY, JUNE 26.

THOU wilt ſee the ſituation I am in with Miſs Harlowe by the incloſed copies of three letters; to two of which I am ſo much ſcorned as not to have one word given me in anſwer; and of the third (now ſent by the meſſenger who brings thee this) I am afraid as little notice will be taken—And if ſo, her day of grace is abſolutely over.

One would imagine (ſo long uſed to conſtraint too as ſhe has been) that ſhe might have been ſatisfied with the triumph ſhe had over us all on Friday night: a triumph that to this hour has ſunk my pride and my vanity ſo much, that I almoſt hate the words, *plot*, *contrivance*, *ſcheme*; and ſhall miſtruſt myſelf in future, for every one that riſes to my inventive head.

But ſeeſt thou not, that I am under a neceſſity to continue her at Sinclair's, and to prohibit all her correſpondences?

Now, Belford, as I really, in my preſent mood, think of nothing leſs than marrying her, if ſhe let not Thurſday ſlip; I would have thee attend her, in purſuance of the intimation I have given her in my letter of this date; and vow for me, ſwear for me, bind thy ſoul to her for my honour, and uſe what arguments thy friendly heart can ſuggeſt, in order to procure me an anſwer from her; which, as thou wilt ſee, ſhe may give in four words only. And then I purpoſe to leave Lord M. (dangerouſly ill as he is) and meet her at her appointed church, in order to ſolemnize: if ſhe will ſign but *Cl. H.* to *thy* writing the four words, that ſhall do; for I would not come up to be made a fool of in the face of all my family and friends.

If ſhe ſhould let the day go off;—I ſhall be deſperate. I am entangled in my own devices, and cannot bear that ſhe ſhould detect me.

O that I had been honeſt!—What a devil are all my plots come to! What do they end in but one grand plot upon myſelf, and a title to eternal infamy and diſgrace! But, depending on thy friendly offices, I will ſay no more of this.—Let her ſend me but one line!—But *one* line!—To treat me as *unworthy* of her notice; yet be altogether in my power—I cannot—I will not bear that.

My lord, as I ſaid, is extremely ill. The doctors give him over. He gives himſelf over. Thoſe who would not have him die, are afraid he will die. But as to myſelf, I am doubtful: for theſe long and violent ſtruggles between the conſtitution and the diſeaſe (though the latter has three phyſicians and an apothecary to help it forward, and all three, as to their preſcriptions, of different opinions too) indicate a plaguy tough habit, and favour more of recovery than death: and the more ſo, as he has no ſharp or acute mental organs to whet out his bodily ones, and to raiſe his fever above the ſymptomatick helpful one.

Thou wilt ſee in the incloſed what pains I am at to diſpatch meſſengers; who are conſtantly on the road to meet each other, and one of them to link in the chain with a fourth, whoſe ſtation is in London, and five miles onward, or till met. But, in truth, I have ſome other matters for them to perform at the ſame time, with my lord's banker and his lawyer; which will enable me, if his lordſhip is ſo good as to die this bout, to be an overmatch for ſome of my other relations. I don't mean Charlotte and Patty; for they are noble girls; but others, who have been ſcratching and clawing under-ground like ſo many moles in my abſence; and whoſe workings I have diſcovered ſince I have been down, by the little heaps of dirt they have thrown up.

A ſpeedy account of thy commiſſion, dear Jack! The letter travels all night.

LET-

## LETTER XVIII.

MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

LONDON, JUNE 27. TUESDAY.

YOU muſt excuſe me, Lovelace, from engaging in the office you would have me undertake, till I can be better aſſured you really intend honourably at laſt to this much-injured lady.

I believe you know your friend Belford too well, to think he would be eaſy with you, or with any man alive, who ſhould ſeek to make him promiſe for him what he never intended to perform. And let me tell thee, that I have not much confidence in the honour of a man, who by *imitation of hands* (I will only call it) has ſhewn ſo little regard to the honour of his own relations.

Only that thou haſt ſuch jeſuitical qualifyings, or I ſhould think thee at leaſt touched with remorſe, and brought within view of being aſhamed of thy curſed inventions by the ill ſucceſs of thy laſt: which I heartily congratulate thee upon.

O the divine lady!—But I will not aggravate!

Nevertheleſs, when thou writeſt, that, in thy *preſent mood*, thou thinkeſt of marrying; and yet canſt ſo *eaſily* change thy *mood*: when I know thy heart is againſt the ſtate:—that the four words thou counteſt from the lady are as much to thy purpoſe, as if ſhe wrote forty; ſince it will ſhew ſhe can forgive the higheſt injury that can be offered to woman: and when I recollect how eaſily thou canſt find excuſes to poſtpone, thou muſt be more explicit a good deal, as to thy real intentions, and future honour than thou art: for I cannot truſt to a temporary remorſe; which is brought on by diſappointment too, and not by principle; and the like of which thou haſt ſo often got over.

If thou canſt convince me time enough for the day, that thou meaneſt to do honourably by her, in *her own* ſenſe of the word; or, if not time enough, wilt fix ſome other day, (which thou oughteſt to leave to her option, and not bind her down for the Thurſday; and the rather, as thy pretence for ſo doing is founded on an abſolute fiction) I will then moſt cheerfully undertake thy cauſe; by *perſon*, if ſhe will admit me to her preſence; if ſhe will not, by *pen*. But, in this caſe, thou muſt allow me to be guarantee for thy faith. And, if ſo, as much as I value thee, and reſpect thy ſkill in all the qualifications of a gentleman, thou mayeſt depend upon it, that I will act up to the character of a guarantee, with more honour than the princes of our day uſually do——to their ſhame be it ſpoken.

Mean time, let me tell thee, that my heart bleeds for the wrongs this angelick lady has received: and if thou doſt *not* marry her, if ſhe will *have* thee; and, when married, make her the beſt and tendereſt of huſbands, I would rather be a dog, a monkey, a bear, a viper, or a toad, than thee.

Command me with honour, and thou ſhalt find none readier to oblige thee, than *thy ſincere friend*,

JOHN BELFORD.

## LETTER XIX.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

M. HALL, JUNE 27. TUESDAY NIGHT, NEAR 12.

YOURS reached me this moment, by an extraordinary puſh in the meſſengers.

What a man of honour, thou, of a ſudden!

And ſo, in the imaginary ſhape of a guarantee, thou threateneſt me!

Had I *not* been in earneſt as to the lady, I ſhould not have offered to employ thee in the affair. But, let me ſay, that *hadſt* thou undertaken the taſk, and I had afterwards thought fit to change my mind, I ſhould have contented myſelf to tell thee, that that *was* my mind when thou engagedſt for me, and to have given thee the reaſons for the change, and then left thee to thy own direction: for never knew I what fear of man was—nor fear of woman neither, till I became acquainted with Miſs Clariſſa Harlowe; nay, what is *moſt* ſurprizing, till I came to have her in my power.

And ſo thou wilt not wait upon the charmer of my heart, but upon terms and conditions!—Let it alone, and be curs'd; I care not.—But ſo much credit did I give to the value thou expreſſedſt for *her*, that I thought the office would have been acceptable to *thee*, as ſerviceable to me: for what was it, but to endeavour to perſuade her to conſent to the reparation of her own honour? For what have I done but diſgraced myſelf, and been a thief to my own joys?—And if there be an union of hearts, and an intention to ſolemnize, what is there wanting but the fooliſh ceremony?—And that I ſtill offer. But if ſhe will keep back her hand; if ſhe will make me

me hold out mine in vain—How can I help it?

I write her one more letter, and if, after ſhe has received that, ſhe keeps ſullen ſilence, ſhe muſt thank herſelf for what is to follow.

But, after all, my heart is wholly hers. I love her beyond expreſſion; and cannot help it. I hope therefore ſhe will receive this laſt tender as I wiſh. I hope ſhe intends not, like a true woman, to plague, and vex, and teaze me, now ſhe has found her power. If ſhe will take me to mercy now theſe remorſes are upon me, (though I ſcorn to condition with *thee* for my ſincerity) all her trials, as I have heretofore declared, ſhall be over; and ſhe ſhall be as happy as I can make her: for, ruminating upon all that has paſſed between us, from the firſt hour of our acquaintance till the preſent, I muſt pronounce, that ſhe is virtue itſelf, and, once more I ſay, has no equal.

As to what you hint, of leaving to her choice another day, do you conſider, that it will be impoſſible, that my contrivances and ſtratagems ſhould be much longer concealed? This makes me preſs *that* day, though ſo near; and the more, as I have made ſo much ado about her uncle's anniverſary. If ſhe ſend me the *four words*, I will ſpare no fatigue to be in time, if not for the canonical hour at church, for ſome other hour of the day in her own apartment, or any other: for money will do every thing: and that I have never ſpared in this affair.

To ſhew thee, that I am not at enmity with thee, I incloſe the copies of two letters—One to her: it is the *fourth*, and muſt be the *laſt* on the ſubject—— The other to Captain Tomlinſon; calculated, as thou wilt ſee, for him to ſhew her.

And now, Jack, interfere in this caſe or not, thou knoweſt the mind of

R. LOVELACE.

## LETTER XX.

MR. LOVELACE, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

SUPERSCRIBED, TO MRS. LOVELACE.

M. HALL, WEDN. MORN. ONE O'CLOCK, JUNE 28.

NOT one line, my deareſt life, not one word, in anſwer to three letters I have written! The time is now ſo ſhort, that this *muſt* be the laſt letter that can reach you on this ſide of the important hour that might make us legally one.

My friend Mr. Belford is apprehenſive, that he cannot wait upon you in time, by reaſon of ſome urgent affairs of his own.

I the leſs regret the diſappointment, becauſe I have procured a *more* acceptable perſon, as I hope, to attend you; Captain Tomlinſon I mean: to whom I had applied for this purpoſe, before I had Mr. Belford's anſwer.

I was the more ſolicitous to obtain this favour from him, becauſe of the office he is to take upon him, as I humbly preſume to hope, to-morrow. That office obliged him to be in town as this day: and I acquainted him with my unhappy ſituation with you; and deſired, that he would ſhew me, on this occaſion, that I had as much of his favour and friendſhip, as your uncle had; ſince the whole treaty muſt be broken off, if he could not prevail upon you in my behalf.

He will diſpatch the meſſenger directly; whom I propoſe to meet in perſon at Slough; either to proceed onward to London with a joyful heart, or to return back to M. Hall, with a broken one.

I ought not (but cannot help it) to anticipate the pleaſure Mr. Tomlinſon propoſes to himſelf, in acquainting you with the likelihood there is of your mother's ſeconding your uncle's views. For, it ſeems, he has privately communicated to her his laudable intentions: and *her* reſolution depends, as well as *his*, upon what to-morrow will produce.

Diſappoint not then, I beſeech you, for an hundred perſons ſakes, as well as for mine, *that* uncle, and *that* mother, whoſe diſpleaſure I have heard you ſo often deplore.

You may think it impoſſible for me to reach London by the canonical hour. If it ſhould, the ceremony may be performed in your own apartment, at any time in the day, or at night: ſo that Captain Tomlinſon may have it to aver to your uncle, that it was performed on his anniverſary.

Tell but the captain, that you *forbid me not* to attend you: and that ſhall be ſufficient for bringing to you, on the wings of love, *your ever-grateful and affectionate*

LOVELACE.

LET-

## LETTER XXI.

TO MR. PATRICK M'DONALD, AT HIS LODGINGS, AT MR. BROWN'S, PERUKE-MAKER, IN ST. MARTIN'S LANE, WESTMINSTER.

M. HALL, WEDN. MORN. 20'CLOCK.

DEAR M'DONALD,

THE bearer of this has a letter to carry to the lady. I have been at the trouble of writing a copy of it; which I incloſe, that you may not miſtake your cue.

You will judge of my reaſons for ante-dating the incloſed ſealed one, directed to you by the name of Tomlinſon; which you are to ſhew the lady, as in confidence. You will open it of courſe.

I doubt not your dexterity and management, dear M'Donald; nor your zeal; eſpecially as the hope of cohabitation muſt now be given up. Impoſſible to be carried is that ſcheme. I might break her heart, but not incline her will. —Am in earneſt, therefore, to marry her, if ſhe let not the day ſlip.

Improve upon the hint of her mother. That muſt touch her. But John Harlowe, *remember*, has *privately* engaged that lady—*Privately*, I ſay; elſe (not to mention the reaſon for her uncle Harlowe's former expedient) you know, ſhe might find means to get a letter away to the one or the other, to know the truth; or to Miſs Howe, to engage *her* to enquire into it: and if ſhe ſhould, the word *privately* will account for the uncle's and mother's denying it.

However, fail not, as from me, to charge our mother and her nymphs to redouble their vigilance both as to her perſon and letters. All's upon a criſis now. But ſhe muſt not be treated ill neither.

Thurſday over, I ſhall know what to reſolve upon.

If neceſſary, you muſt aſſume authority. The devil's in't, if ſuch a girl as this ſhall awe a man of your years and experience. You are not in love with her as I am. Fly out, if ſhe doubt your honour. Spirits *naturally* ſoft may be beat out of their play, and borne down (though ever ſo much raiſed) by higher anger. All women are cowards at bottom! only violent where they *may*. I have often ſtormed a girl out of her miſtruſt, and made her yield (before ſhe knew where ſhe was) to the point indignantly *miſtruſted*; and that to make up with me, though I was the aggreſſor.

If this matter ſucceed as I'd have it, (or if *not*, and do not fail by your fault) I will take you off the neceſſity of purſuing your curſed ſmuggling; which otherwiſe may one day end fatally for you.

We are none of us perfect, M'Donald. This ſweet lady makes me ſerious ſometimes in ſpite of my heart. But as private vices are leſs blameable than publick; and as I think *ſmuggling* (as it is called) a national evil; I have no doubt to pronounce you a much worſe man than myſelf, and as ſuch ſhall take pleaſure in reforming you.

I ſend you incloſed ten guineas, as a ſmall earneſt of further favours. Hitherto you have been a very clever fellow.

As to cloaths for Thurſday, Monmouth Street will afford a ready ſupply. Cloaths quite new would make your condition ſuſpected. But you may defer that care, till you ſee if ſhe can be prevailed upon. Your riding-dreſs will do for the firſt viſit. Nor let your boots be over-clean. I have always told you the conſequence of attending to the *minutiæ*, where art (or *impoſture*, as the ill-mannered would call it) is deſigned —Your linen rumpled and ſoily, when you wait upon her—Eaſy terms theſe—Juſt come to town—Remember (as formerly) to loll, to throw out your legs, to ſtroke and graſp down your ruffles, as if of ſignificance enough to be careleſs. What though the preſence of a fine lady would require a different behaviour, are you not of years to diſpenſe with politeneſs? You can have no deſign upon her, you know. You are a father yourſelf of daughters as old as ſhe. Evermore is *parade* and *obſequiouſneſs* ſuſpectable: it muſt ſhew either a fooliſh head, or a knaviſh heart. Aſſume airs of *conſequence* therefore; and you will be treated as a *man* of conſequence. I have often more than half-ruined myſelf by my complaiſance; and, being afraid of controul, have brought controul upon myſelf.

I think I have no more to ſay at preſent. I intend to be at Slough, or on the way to it, as by mine to the lady. Adieu, honeſt M'Donald. R. L.

## LETTER XXII.

TO CAPTAIN ANTONY TOMLINSON.

[INCLOSED IN THE PRECEDING; TO BE SHEWN TO THE LADY AS IN CONFIDENCE.]

M. HALL, TUESDAY MORN. JUNE 27.

DEAR CAPTAIN TOMLINSON,

AN unhappy miſunderſtanding having ariſen between the deareſt lady

in the world and me, (the particulars of which she perhaps may give you, but I will not, because I might be thought partial to myself;) and she refusing to answer my most pressing and respectful letters; I am at a most perplexing uncertainty whether she will meet us or not next Thursday, to solemnize.

My lord is so extremely ill, that if I thought she would not oblige me, I would defer going up to town for two or three days. He cares not to have me out of his sight: yet is impatient to salute my beloved as his niece before he dies. This I have promised to give him an opportunity to do; intending, if the dear creature will make me happy, to set out with her for this place directly from church.

With regret I speak it of the charmer of my soul; that irreconcileableness is her family-fault—The less excusable indeed in *her*, as she herself suffers by it in so high a degree from her own relations.

Now, Sir, as you *intended* to be in town some time before Thursday, if it be not too great an inconvenience to you, I could be glad you would go up as soon as possible, for my sake: and this I the more boldly request, as I presume that a man who has so many great affairs of his own in hand as you have, would be glad to be at a certainty himself as to the day.

You, Sir, can so pathetically and justly set before her the unhappy consequences that will follow if the day be postponed, as well with regard to her uncle's disappointment, as to the part *you have assured me* her mother is willing to take in the wished-for reconciliation, that I have great hopes she will suffer herself to be prevailed upon. And a man and horse shall be in waiting to take your dispatches, and bring them to me.

But if you cannot prevail in my favour, you will be pleased to satisfy your friend Mr. John Harlowe, that it is not my fault that he is not obliged. I am, dear Sir, *your extremely obliged and faithful servant*, R. Lovelace.

## LETTER XXIII.

TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

WEDN. JUNE 28, NEAR 12 O'CLOCK.

HONOURED SIR,

I Received yours, as your servant desired me to acquaint you, *by ten this morning*. Horse and man were in a foam. I instantly equipped myself, as if come off from a journey, and posted away to the lady, intending to plead great affairs, that I came not before, in order to favour your *ante-date*; and likewise to be in a *hurry*, to have a pretence to *hurry her ladyship*, and to take no denial for her giving a *satisfactory* return to your messenger: but, upon my entering Mrs. Sinclair's house, I found all in the greatest consternation.

You must not, Sir, be surprized. It is a trouble to me to be the relater of the bad news: but so it is—The lady is gone off. She was missed but half an hour before I came.

Her waiting-maid is run away, or hitherto is not to be found; so that they conclude it is by her connivance.

They had sent, before I came, to my honoured masters Mr. Belton, Mr. Mowbray, and Mr. Belford. Mr. Tourville is out of town.

High words are passing between Madam Sinclair, and Madam Horton, and Madam Martin; as also with Dorcas. And your servant William threatens to hang or drown himself.

They have sent to know if they can hear of Mabell, the waiting-maid, at her mother's, who it seems lives in Chick Lane, West Smithfield; and to an uncle of hers also, who keeps an ale-house at Cow-Cross, hard by, and with whom she lived last.

Your messenger, having just changed his horse, is come back: so I will not detain him longer than to add, that I am, with great concern for this misfortune, and thanks for your seasonable favour and kind intentions towards me, [I am sure this was not my fault] *honoured Sir, your most obliged humble servant*,

Patrick M'Donald.

## LETTER XXIV.

MR. MOWBRAY, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

WEDNESDAY, 12 O'CLOCK.

DEAR LOVELACE,

I Have plaguy news to acquaint thee with. Miss Harlowe is gone off!—Quite gone, by my soul!—I have not time for particulars, your servant being gone off. But iff I had, we are not yet come to the bottom of the matter. The ladies here are all blubbering like devils, accusing one another most confoundedly: whilst Belton and I damn them all together in thy name.

If thou shouldest hear that thy fellow Will is taken dead out of some horse-pond, and Dorcas cut down from her bed's

bed's teaſter from dangling in her own garters, be not ſurprized. Here's the devill to pay. Nobody ſerene but Jack Belford, who is taking minutes of examinations, accuſations, and confeſſions, with the ſignificant air of a Middleſex juſtice; and intends to write at large all particulars, I ſuppoſe.

I heartily condole with thee: ſo does Belton. But it may turn out for the beſt: for ſhe is gone away with thy marks, I underſtand. A fooliſh little devill! Where will ſhe mend herſelf? For nobody will look upon her. And they tell me that thou wouldſt certainly have married her, had ſhe ſtaid. But I know thee better.

Dear Bobby, adieu. If Lord M. will die now, to comfort thee for this loſs, what a *ſeaſonable* exit would he make!—Let's have a letter from thee. Pr'ythee do. Thou canſt write devill-like to Belford, who ſhews us nothing at all. *Thine heartily*,

RD. MOWBRAY.

## LETTER XXV.

MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

THURSDAY, JUNE 29.

THOU haſt heard from M'Donald and Mowbray the news. Bad or good, I know not which thou'lt deem it. I only wiſh I could have given thee joy upon the ſame account, before the unhappy lady was ſeduced from Hampſtead: for then of what an ungrateful villainy hadſt thou been ſpared the perpetration, which now thou haſt to anſwer for!

I came to town purely to ſerve thee with her, expecting that thy next would ſatisfy me that I might endeavour it without diſhonour. And at firſt when I found her gone, I half pitied thee; for now wilt thou be inevitably blown up: and in what an execrable light wilt thou appear to all the world!—Poor Lovelace! Caught in thy own ſnares! Thy puniſhment is but beginning!

But to my narrative; for I ſuppoſe thou expecteſt all particulars from me, ſince Mowbray his informed thee that I have been collecting them.

The noble exertion of ſpirit ſhe had made on Friday night, had, it ſeems, greatly diſordered her; inſomuch that ſhe was not viſible till Saturday evening; when Mabell ſaw her; and ſhe ſeemed to be very ill: but on Sunday morning, having dreſſed herſelf, as if deſigning to go to church, ſhe ordered Mabell to get her a coach to the door.

The wench told her, She was to obey her in every-thing but the calling of a coach or chair, or in relation to letters.

She ſent for Will, and gave him the ſame command.

He pleaded his maſter's orders to the contrary, and deſired to be excuſed.

Upon this, down ſhe went herſelf, and would have gone out without obſervation: but finding the ſtreet-door double-locked, and the key not in the lock, ſhe ſtept into the ſtreet-parlour, and would have thrown up the ſaſh to call out to the people paſſing by, as they doubted not: but that, ſince her laſt attempt of the ſame nature, had been faſtened down.

Hereupon ſhe reſolutely ſtept into Mrs. Sinclair's parlour in the back-houſe; where were the old devil and her two partners; and demanded the key of the ſtreet-door, or to have it opened for her.

They were all ſurprized; but deſired to be excuſed, and pleaded your orders.

She aſſerted, that you had no authority over her; and never ſhould have any: that their preſent refuſal was their own act and deed: ſhe ſaw the intent of their back-houſe, and the reaſon of putting her there. ſhe pleaded her condition and fortune; and ſaid, they had no way to avoid utter ruin, but by opening their doors to her, or by murdering her, and burying her in their garden or cellar, too deep for detection: that already what had been done to her was puniſhable by death: and bid them at their peril detain her.

What a noble, what a right ſpirit has this charming creature, in caſes that will juſtify an exertion of ſpirit!

They anſwered that Mr. Lovelace could prove his marriage, and would indemnify them. And they all would have vindicated their behaviour on Friday night, and the reputation of their houſe: but refuſing to hear them on that topick, ſhe flung from them, threatening.

She then went up half a dozen ſtairs in her way to her own apartment: but, as if ſhe had bethought herſelf, down ſhe ſtept again, and proceeded towards the ſtreet-parlour; ſaying, as ſhe paſſed by the infamous Dorcas, 'I'll make 'myſelf protectors, though the windows 'ſuffer:' but that wench, of her own head, on the lady's going out of that parlour to Mrs. Sinclair's, had locked the door, and taken out the key: ſo that finding

finding herſelf diſappointed, ſhe burſt into tears, and went ſobbing and menacing up-ſtairs again.

She made no other attempt till the effectual one. Your letters and meſſages, they ſuppoſe, coming ſo faſt upon one another, (though ſhe would not anſwer one of them) gave *her* ſome amuſement, and an aſſurance to *them*, that ſhe would at laſt forgive you; and that then all would end as you wiſhed.

The women, in purſuance of your orders, offered not to obtrude themſelves upon her; and Dorcas alſo kept out of her ſight all the reſt of Sunday; alſo on Monday and Tueſday. But by the lady's condeſcenſion (even to familiarity) to Mabell, they imagined, that ſhe muſt be working in her mind all that time to get away: they therefore redoubled their cautions to the wench; who told them ſo faithfully all that paſſed between her lady and her, that they had no doubt of her fidelity to her wicked truſt.

'Tis probable ſhe might have been contriving ſomething all the time; but ſaw no room for perfecting any ſcheme: the contrivance by which ſhe effected her eſcape ſeems to me not to have been fallen upon till the very day; ſince it depended partly upon the *weather*, as it proved. But it is evident ſhe hoped ſomething from Mabell's ſimplicity, or gratitude, or compaſſion, by cultivating all the time her civility to her.

Polly waited on her early on Wedneſday morning; and met with a better reception than ſhe had *reaſon* to expect. She complained, however, with warmth, of her confinement. Polly ſaid, There would be an happy end to it (if it *were* a confinement) next day, ſhe preſumed. She abſolutely declared to the contrary, in the way Polly meant it; and ſaid, That Mr. Lovelace, on his *return*, [*Which looked as if ſhe intended to wait for it*] ſhould have reaſon to repent the orders he had given, as *they all ſhould* their obſervance of them: let him ſend twenty letters, ſhe would not anſwer one, be the conſequence what it would; nor give him hope of the leaſt favour, while ſhe was in that houſe. She had given Mrs. Sinclair and themſelves fair warning, ſhe ſaid; no orders of another ought to make them detain a free perſon: but having made an open attempt to *go*, and been detained by them, ſhe was the calmer, ſhe told Polly; let *them* look to the conſequence.

But yet ſhe ſpoke this with temper; and Polly gave it as her opinion, (with apprehenſion for their own ſafety) that having ſo good a handle to puniſh them all, ſhe would not go away if ſhe might. 'And what,' inferred Polly, 'is the impunity of a man who has committed 'the vileſt of rapes on a perſon of condition; and muſt himſelf, if proſecuted 'for it, either fly, or be hanged?'

Sinclair, [ſo I will ſtill call her] upon this repreſentation of Polly, foreſaw, ſhe ſaid, *the ruin of her poor houſe* in the iſſue of this *ſtrange* buſineſs; and the infamous Sally and Dorcas bore their parts in the apprehenſion: and this put them upon thinking it adviſeable for the future, that the ſtreet-door ſhould generally in the day-time be only left upon a bolt-latch, as they called it, which any-body might open on the inſide; and that the key ſhould be kept in the door; that their numerours *comers* and *goers*, as they called their gueſts, ſhould be able to give evidence, *that ſhe might have gone out if ſhe would*: not forgetting, however, to renew their orders to Will, to Dorcas, to Mabell, and the reſt, to redouble their vigilance on this occaſion, to prevent her eſcape:—none of them doubting, at the ſame time, that her love of a man ſo conſiderable in *their* eyes, and the proſpect of what was to happen as ſhe had reaſon to believe on Thurſday, her uncle's birth-day, would (though perhaps not till the *laſt hour*, for her *pride ſake*, was their word) engage her to change her temper.

They believe, that ſhe diſcovered the key to be left in the door; for ſhe was down more than once to walk in the little garden, and ſeemed to caſt her eye each time to the ſtreet-door.

About eight yeſterday morning, an hour after Polly had left her, ſhe told Mabell, She was ſure ſhe ſhould not live long; and having a good many ſuits of apparel, which after her death would be of no uſe to any-body ſhe valued, ſhe would give her a brown luſtring gown, which, with ſome alterations, to make it more ſuitable to her degree, would a great while ſerve her for a Sunday wear; for that ſhe (Mabell) was the only perſon in that houſe of whom ſhe could think without terror or antipathy.

Mabell expreſſing her gratitude upon the occaſion, the lady ſaid, She had nothing to employ herſelf about; and if ſhe could get a workwoman directly, ſhe would look over her things then, and give her what ſhe intended for her.

Her miſtreſs's mantua-maker, the maid replied, lived but a little way off; and ſhe

ſhe doubted not that ſhe could procure *her*, or one of her journey-women, to alter the gown out of hand.

'I will give you alſo,' ſaid ſhe, 'a 'quilted-coat, which will require but 'little alteration, if any; for you are 'much about my ſtature: but the gown 'I will give directions about, becauſe 'the ſleeves and the robings and facings 'muſt be altered for your wear, being, 'I believe, above your ſtation: and try,' ſaid ſhe, 'if you can get the work-'woman, and we'll adviſe about it. If 'ſhe cannot come now, let her come in 'the afternoon; but I had rather now, 'becauſe it will amuſe me to give you a 'lift.'

Then ſtepping to the window, 'It 'rains,' ſaid ſhe: [And ſo it had done all the morning] 'ſlip on the hood and 'ſhort cloak I have ſeen you wear, and 'come to me when you are ready to go 'out, becauſe you ſhall bring me in 'ſomething that I want.'

Mabell equipped herſelf accordingly, and received her commands to buy her ſome trifles, and then left her; but, in her way out, ſlept into the back-parlour, where Dorcas was with Mrs. Sinclair, telling her where ſhe was going, and on what account, bidding Dorcas look out till ſhe came back. So faithful was the wench to the truſt repoſed in her, and ſo little had the lady's generoſity wrought upon her.

Mrs. Sinclair commended her; Dorcas envied her, and took her cue: and Mabell ſoon returned with the mantua-maker's journeywoman; (ſhe was reſolved, ſhe ſaid, ſhe would not come without her) and then Dorcas went off guard.

The lady looked out the gown and petticoat, and before the workwoman cauſed Mabell to try it on; and, that it might ſit the better, made the willing wench pull off her upper-petticoat, and put on that ſhe gave her. Then ſhe bid them go into Mr. Lovelace's apartment, and contrive about it before the pier-glaſs there, and ſtay till ſhe came to them, to give them her opinion.

Mabell would have taken her own cloaths, and hood, and ſhort cloak with her; but her lady ſaid, 'No matter; 'you may put them on again here, 'when we have conſidered about the al-'terations: there's no occaſion to litter 'the other room.'

They went; and inſtantly, as it is ſuppoſed, ſhe ſlipt on Mabell's gown and petticoat over her own, which was white damaſk, and put on the wench's hood, ſhort cloak, and ordinary apron, and down ſhe went.

Hearing ſomebody tripping along the paſſage, both Will and Dorcas whipt to the inner-hall door, and ſaw her; but, taking her for Mabell, 'Are you going 'far, Mabell?' cried Will.

Without turning her face, or anſwering, ſhe held out her hand, pointing to the ſtairs; which they conſtrued as a caution for them to look out in her abſence; and ſuppoſing ſhe would not be long gone, as ſhe had not in form repeated her caution to them, up went Will, tarrying at the ſtairs-head in expectation of the ſuppoſed Mabell's return.

Mabell and the workwoman waited a good while, amuſing themſelves not diſagreeably, the one with contriving in the way of her buſineſs, the other delighting herſelf with her fine gown and coat: but at laſt, wondering the lady did not come in to them, Mabell tiptoed it to her door, and tapping, and not being anſwered, ſtept into the chamber.

Will, at that inſtant, from his ſtation at the ſtairs-head, ſeeing Mabell in her *lady's* cloaths; for he had been told of the preſent, [Gifts to ſervants fly from ſervant to ſervant in a minute] was very much ſurprized, having, as he thought, juſt ſeen her go out in *her own*; and ſtepping up, met her at the door. 'How the devil can this be?' ſaid he: 'juſt now you went out in your own 'dreſs! How came you here in this? 'And how could you paſs me unſeen?' But nevertheleſs, kiſſing her, ſaid, he would now brag he had kiſſed his lady, or one in her cloaths.

'I am glad, Mr. William,' cried Mabell, 'to ſee you here ſo diligently. But 'know you where my lady is?'

'In my maſter's apartment,' anſwered Will. 'Is ſhe not? Was ſhe not talk-'ing with you this moment?'

'No, that's Mrs. Dolins's journey-'woman.'

They both ſtood aghaſt, as they ſaid; Will again recollecting he had ſeen Mabell, as he thought, go out in her own cloaths. And while they were debating and wondering, up comes Dorcas with your fourth letter, juſt then brought for her lady; and ſeeing Mabell dreſſed out, (whom ſhe had likewiſe beheld a little before, as ſhe ſuppoſed, in her common cloaths) ſhe joined in the wonder; till Mabell, re-entering the lady's apartment, miſſed her own cloaths; and then ſuſpecting what had happened, and letting the others into the ground of the ſuſpicion,

ſuſpicion, they all agreed, that ſhe had certainly eſcaped. And then followed ſuch an uproar of mutual accuſation, and '*You ſhould have done this*,' and, '*You ſhould have done that*,' as alarmed the whole houſe; every apartment in both houſes giving up it's devil, to the number of fourteen or fifteen, including the mother and her partners.

Will told them *his* ſtory; and then ran out, as on the like occaſion formerly, to make enquiry whether the lady was ſeen by any of the coachmen, chairmen, or porters, plying in that neighbourhood: while Dorcas cleared herſelf immediately, and that at the poor Mabell's expence, who made a figure as guilty as aukward, having on the ſuſpected price of her treachery; which Dorcas, out of envy, was ready to tear from her back.

Hereupon all the pack opened at the poor wench, while the mother foamed at the mouth, bellowed out her orders for ſeizing the ſuſpected offender; who could neither be heard in her own defence, nor, *had* ſhe been heard, would have been believed.

That ſuch a perfidious wretch ſhould ever diſgrace *her* houſe; was the mother's cry; *good* people *might* be corrupted; but it was a fine thing if ſuch a houſe as *hers* could not be faithfully ſerved by curſed creatures, who were hired knowing the buſineſs they were to be employed in, and who had no pretence to *principle!*—'Damn her!' the wretch proceeded—She had no patience with her! 'Call the cook, and call the ſcullion!'

They were at hand.

'See, that guilty *eyeball* devil,' was her word, ('her lady's gown upon her 'back) but I'll puniſh her for a warning to all betrayers of their truſt. Put 'on the great gridiron this moment:' [An oath or a curſe at every word] 'make up a roaring fire—The cleaver 'bring me this inſtant—I'll cut her into 'quarters with my own hands; and carbonade and broil the traitreſs for a 'feaſt to all the dogs and cats in the 'neighbourhood, and eat the firſt ſlice 'of the toad myſelf, without ſalt or 'pepper.'

The poor Mabell, frighted out of her wits, expected every moment to be torn in pieces, having half a ſcore open-clawed paws upon her all at once. She promiſed to confeſs all. But that all, when ſhe had obtained a hearing, was nothing; for *nothing* had ſhe to confeſs.

Sally hereupon, with a *curſe of mercy*, ordered her to retire; undertaking that ſhe and Polly would examine her themſelves, that they might be able to write all particulars to his *honour*; and then, if ſhe could not clear herſelf, or, if guilty, give ſome account of the lady, (who had been ſo *wicked* as to give them all this trouble) ſo as they might get her again, then the cleaver and gridiron might go to work with all their heart.

The wench, glad of this reprieve, went up ſtairs; and while Sally was laying out the law, and prating away in her uſual dictatorial manner, whipt on another gown, and ſliding down ſtairs, eſcaped to her relations. And this flight, which was certainly more owing to *terror* than *guilt*, was, in the true Old Bailey conſtruction, made a confirmation of the latter.

Theſe are the particulars of Miſs Harlowe's flight. Thou'lt hardily think me too minute.—How I long to triumph over thy impatience and fury on the occaſion!

Let me beſeech thee, my dear Lovelace, in thy next letter, to rave moſt glorioufly!—I ſhall be grievouſly diſappointed, if thou doſt not.

Where, Lovelace, can the poor lady be gone? And who can deſcribe the diſtreſs ſhe muſt be in?

By thy former letters, it may be ſuppoſed, that ſhe can have very little money: nor, by the ſuddeneſs of her flight, more cloaths than thoſe ſhe has on. And thou knoweſt who once ſaid, 'Her parents will not receive her: her uncles 'will not entertain her: her Norton is 'in their direction, and cannot: Miſs 'Howe dare not: ſhe has not one friend 'or intimate in town; entirely a ſtranger to it.' And, let me add, has been deſpoiled of her honour by the man for whom ſhe made all theſe ſacrifices: and who ſtood bound to her by a thouſand oaths and vows, to be her huſband, her protector, and friend!

How ſtrong muſt be her reſentment of the barbarous treatment ſhe has received! How worthy of herſelf, that it has made her *hate* the man ſhe once *loved!* And rather than marry him, chuſe to expoſe her diſgrace to the whole world; to forego the reconciliation with her friends which her heart was ſo ſet upon; and to hazard a thouſand evils to which her youth and her ſex may too probably expoſe an indigent and friendleſs beauty!

Remembereſt thou not that home-puſh upon thee, in one of the papers written in her delirium; of which however it favours not?

I will

I will assure thee, that I have very often since most seriously reflected upon it; and as thy intended second outrage convinces me, that it made no impression upon thee then, and perhaps thou hast never thought of it since, I will transcribe the sentence.

'If, as religion teaches us, God will 'judge us, in a great measure, by our 'benevolent or evil actions to one ano-'ther—O wretch, bethink thee, in time 'bethink thee, how great must be thy 'condemnation!'

And is this amiable doctrine the sum of religion? Upon my faith, I believe it is. For, to indulge a serious thought, since we are not atheists, except in *practice*, Does God, the BEING of beings, want any-thing of us for HIMSELF! And does he not enjoin us works of mercy to one another, as the means to obtain *His* mercy? A sublime principle, and worthy of the SUPREME SUPERINTENDANT and FATHER of all things!—But if we *are* to be judged by this noble principle what, *indeed*, must be *thy* condemnation on the score of this lady only! And what *mine*, and what all our *confraternity's*, on the score of other women: though we are none of us half so bad as thou art, as well for want of inclination, I hope, as of opportunity!

I must add, that, as well for thy *own* sake, as for the *lady's*, I wish ye were yet to be married to each other. It is the only medium that can be hit upon, to save the honour of both. All that's past may yet be concealed from the world, and from her relations; and thou mayest make amends for all her sufferings, if thou resolvest to be a tender and kind husband to her.

And if this really be thy intention, I will accept, with pleasure, of a commission from thee, that shall tend to promote so good an end, whenever she can be found; that is to say, if she will admit to her presence a man who professes friendship to thee. Nor can I give a greater demonstration, that I am *thy sincere friend*, J. BELFORD.

*P. S.* Mabell's cloaths were thrown into the passage this morning: nobody knows by whom.

## LETTER XXVI.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

FRIDAY, JUNE 30.

I Am ruined, undone, blown up, destroyed, and worse than annihilated, that's certain!—But was not the news shocking enough, dost thou think, without thy throwing into the too weighty scale reproaches, which thou couldst have had no opportunity to make but for my own voluntary communications? at a time too, when, as it falls out, I have another very sensible disappointment to struggle with?

I imagine, if there be a such a thing as future punishment, it must be none of the smallest mortifications, that a *new* devil shall be punished by a worse *old one*. And, '*Take that!*' And *Take that!*' to the screaming sufferer, laying on with a cat-o'-nine tails, with a star of burning brass at the end of each: And, '*For* '*what! For what!*'—'Why, if the truth 'might be fairly told, for not being so 'bad a devil as myself!'

Thou art, surely, casuist good enough to know (what I have insisted upon heretofore) that the sin of seducing a credulous and easy girl, is as great as that of bringing to your lure an incredulous and watchful one.

However ungenerous an appearance what I am going to say may have from *my* pen, let me tell thee, that if such a woman as Miss Harlowe chose to enter into the matrimonial state [*I am resolved to disappoint thee in thy meditated triumph over my rage and despair!*] and, according to the old patriarchal system, to go on contributing to get sons and daughters, with no other view, than to bring them up piously, and to be good and useful members of the commonwealth, what a devil had she to do, to let her fancy run a gadding after a rake? One whom she *knew* to be a rake?

Oh but truly she hoped to have the merit of reclaiming him. She had formed pretty notions how charming it would look to have a penitent of her own making dangling at her side to church, through an applauding neighbourhood: and, as their family increased, marching with her thither, at the head of their boys and girls, processionally as it were, boasting of the fruits of their *honest desires*, as my good lord bishop has it in his licence. And then what a comely sight, all kneeling down together in one pew, according to eldership, as we have seen in effigie, a whole family upon some old monument, where the honest chevalier in armour is represented kneeling, with uplift hands, and half a dozen jolter-headed crop-eared boys behind him, ranged *gradatim*, or step-fashion, according to age or size, all in the same posture—facing his pious dame,

dame, with a ruff about her neck, and as many whey-faced girls all kneeling behind *her*; an altar between them, and an open book upon it: over their heads semi-lunary rays darting from gilded clouds, surrounding an atchievement-motto, IN COELO SALUS—or QUIES—perhaps, if they have happened to live the usual married life of brawl and contradiction.

It is certainly as much my misfortune to have fallen in with Miss Clarissa Harlowe, were I to have valued my reputation or ease, as it is that of Miss Harlowe to have been acquainted with me. And, after all, what have I done more than prosecute the maxims, by which thou and I, and every rake, are governed, and which, before I knew this lady, we have pursued from pretty girl to pretty girl, as fast as we had set one down, taking another up;—just as the fellows do with their flying-coaches and flying-horses at a country fair—— With a '*Who rides next! Who rides next!*'

But here, in the present case, to carry on the volant metaphor, (for I must either be merry or mad) here is a pretty little Miss just come out of her hanging sleeve-coat, brought to buy a pretty little fairing; for the world, Jack, is but a great fair, thou knowest; and, to give thee serious reflection for serious, all it's joys but tinselled hobby-horses, gilt gingerbread, squeaking trumpets, painted drums, and so-forth.

Now behold this pretty little Miss skimming from booth to booth, in a very pretty manner. One pretty little fellow called Wyerley, perhaps; another jiggeting rascal called Biron, a third simpering varlet of the name of Symmes, and a more hideous villain than any of the rest, with a long bag under his arm, and parchment settlements tagged to his heels, ycleped Solmes; pursue her from raree-show to raree-show, shouldering upon one another at every turning, stopping when she stops, and set a spinning again when she moves. And thus dangled after, but still in the eye of her watchful guardians, traverses the pretty little Miss through the whole fair, equally delighted and delighting: till at last, taken with the invitation of the *laced-hat orator*, and seeing several pretty little bib-wearers stuck together in the flying-coaches, cutting safely the yielding air, in the one go-up the other go-down-picture-of-the-world vehicle, and all with as little fear as wit, is tempted to ride next.

In then suppose, she slily pops, when *none of her friends are near her:* and if, after two or three ups and downs, her pretty little head turns giddy, and she throws herself out of the coach when at it's elevation, and so dashes out her pretty little brains, who can help it?—And would you hang the poor fellow, whose *professed trade* it was, to set the pretty little creatures a flying?

'Tis true, this pretty little Miss, being a *very* pretty little Miss, being a *very much-admired* little Miss, being a very *good* little Miss, who always minded her book, and had passed through her sampler-doctrine with high applause; had even stitched out, in gaudy propriety of colours, an Abraham offering up Isaac, a Samson and the Philistines, and flowers, and knots, and trees, and the sun, and the moon, and the seven stars, all hung up in frames with glasses before them, for the admiration of her future grand children: who likewise was entitled to a very pretty little estate; who was descended from a pretty little family upwards of one hundred years gentility; which lived in a very pretty manner, respected a very little on their own accounts, a great deal on hers:—

For such a pretty little Miss as this to come to so great a misfortune, must be a very sad thing: but, tell me, would not the losing of any ordinary child, of any other less considerable family, of less shining or amiable qualities, have been as great and heavy a loss to that family, as the losing this pretty little Miss could be to hers?

To descend to a very low instance, and that only as to *personality*; hast thou any doubt, that thy strong-muscled bony face was as much admired by thy mother, as if it had been the face of a Lovelace, or any other handsome fellow? And had thy picture been drawn, would she have forgiven the painter, had he not expressed so exactly thy lineaments, as that every-one should have discerned the likeness? The *handsome* likeness is all that is wished for. Ugliness made familiar to us, with the partiality natural to fond parents, will be beauty all the world over.—Do thou apply.

BUT, alas! Jack, all this is but a copy of my countenance, drawn to evade thy malice!—Though it answer thy unfriendly purpose to own it, I cannot forbear to own it, that I am stung to the very soul with this unhappy—*Accident*, must I call it!—Have I nobody, whose throat,

throat, either for careleſſneſs or treachery, I ought to cut, in order to pacify my vengeance?

When I reflect upon my *laſt* iniquitous intention, the *firſt* outrage ſo nobly reſented, as well as, ſo far as ſhe was able, ſo nobly *reſiſted*, I cannot but conclude that I was under the power of faſcination from theſe accurſed Circes; who pretending to know their own ſex, would have it, that there is in every woman a yielding, or a weak-reſiſting moment to be met with: and that *yet*, and *yet*, and *yet*, I had not tried enough: but that, if neither love nor terror ſhould enable me to hit that lucky moment, when, by help of their curſed arts, ſhe was *once overcome*, ſhe would be for *ever overcome*:—appealing to all my experience, to all my knowledge of the ſex, for a juſtification of their aſſertion.

My appeal to experience, I own was but too favourable to their argument: for doſt thou think, I could have held my purpoſe againſt ſuch an angel as this, had I ever before met with a woman ſo much in earneſt to defend her honour againſt the unwearied artifices and perſeverance of the man ſhe loved: Why then were there not *more* examples of a virtue ſo immoveable? Or, why was this ſingular one to fall to my lot? Except indeed to *double my guilt*; and at the ſame time to convince all that ſhould hear her ſtory, *that there are angels as well as devils in the fleſh?*

So much for confeſſion; and for the ſake of humouring my conſcience; with a view likewiſe to diſarm thy malice by acknowledgment: ſince no one ſhall ſay worſe of me, than I will of myſelf on this occaſion.

One thing I will nevertheleſs add, to ſhew the ſincerity of my contrition—'Tis this, that if thou canſt by any means find her out within theſe three days, or any time before ſhe has diſcovered the ſtories relating to Captain Tomlinſon and her uncle to be what they are; and if thou canſt prevail upon her to conſent, I will actually, in thy preſence and his (he to repreſent her uncle) marry her.

I am ſtill in hopes it may be ſo—She cannot be long concealed—I have already ſet all engines to work to find her out! and if I do, what *indifferent* perſons [and no one of her *friends*, as thou obſerveſt, will look upon her] will care to embroil themſelves with a man of my figure, fortune, and reſolution?—Shew her this part, then, or any other part, of this letter, at thy own diſcretion, if thou *canſt* find her; for after all, methinks that I would be glad that this affair, which is bad enough in itſelf, ſhould go off without worſe perſonal conſequences to any-body elſe; and yet it runs in my mind, I know not why, that ſooner or later, it will draw a few drops of blood after it; except ſhe and I can make it up between ourſelves. And this may be another reaſon why ſhe ſhould not carry her reſentment too far—Not that ſuch an affair would give me much concern neither, were I to chuſe any man or men; for I heartily hate all her family but herſelf; and ever ſhall.

Let me add, that the lady's plot to eſcape appears to me no extraordinary one. There was much more luck than probability that it ſhould do: ſince, to make it ſucceed, it was neceſſary that Dorcas and Will, and Sinclair and her nymphs ſhould be all deceived, or off their guard. It belongs to me, when I ſee them, to give them my hearty thanks that they were; and that their ſelfiſh care to provide for their own future ſecurity, ſhould induce them, to leave their outward door upon their bolt-latch, and be curs'd to them.

Mabell deſerves a pitch-ſuit and a bonfire, rather than the luſtring; and as her cloaths are returned, let the lady's be put to her others, to be ſent to her when it can be told whither—But not till I give the word neither; for we muſt get the dear fugitive back again, if poſſible.

I ſuppoſe that my ſtupid villain, who knew not ſuch a goddeſs-ſhaped lady with a mien ſo noble, from the awkward and bent ſhouldered Mabell, has been at Hampſtead to ſee after her. And yet I hardly think ſhe would go thither. He ought to go through every ſtreet where bills for lodgings are up, to enquire after a new-comer. The houſes of ſuch as deal in womens matters, and tea, coffee, and ſuch like, are thoſe to be enquired at for her. If ſome tidings be not quickly heard of her, I would not have either Dorcas, Will, or Mabell, appear in my ſight, whatever their ſuperiors think fit to do.

This, though written in character, is a very long letter, conſidering it is not a narrative one, or a journal of proceedings, like moſt of my former; for ſuch will unavoidably and naturally, as I may ſay, run into length. But I have ſo uſed myſelf to write a great deal of late, that I know not how to help it.

Yet I muſt add to it's length, in order to explain myſelf on a hint I gave at the beginning of it; which was, that I have another diſappointment, beſides this of Miſs Harlowe's eſcape, to bemoan.

And what doſt think it is? Why, the old peer, *pox* of his tough conſtitution, (for that malady would have helped him on) has made ſhift by fire and brimſtone, and the devil knows what, to force the gout to quit the counter-ſcarp of his ſtomach, juſt as it had collected all it's ſtrength, in order to ſtorm the citadel of his heart. In ſhort, they have, by the mere force of ſtink-pots, hand-granades, and pop-guns, driven the ſlow-working pioneer quite out of the trunk into the extremities; and there it lies nibbling and gnawing upon his great toe; when I had hoped a fair end both of the diſtemper and the diſtempered.

But I, who could write to *thee* of laudanum, and the wet cloth, formerly, yet let 8000*l.* a year ſlip through my fingers, when I had entered upon it more than in imagination, [for I had begun to aſk the ſtewards queſtions, and to hear them talk of fines and renewals and ſuch ſort of ſtuff] *deſerve* to be mortified.

Thou canſt not imagine, how differently the ſervants, and even my couſins, look upon me, ſince yeſterday, to what they did before. Neither the one nor the other bow or curtſey half ſo low.—Nor am I a quarter ſo often *his honour*, and *your honour*, as I was within theſe few hours, with the former: and as to the latter—It is '*Couſin Bobby*,' again, with the uſual familiarity, inſtead of '*Sir*,' and '*Sir*,' and, '*If you pleaſe*, '*Mr. Lovelace*.' And now they have the inſolence to congratulate me on the recovery of the *beſt of uncles*; while I am forced to ſeem as much delighted as they, when, would it do me good, I could ſit down and cry my eyes out.

I had beſpoke my mourning in imagination, after the example of a certain foreign miniſter, who, before the death, or even laſt illneſs of Charles II. as honeſt White Kennet tells us, had half exhauſted Blackwell Hall of it's ſables —An indication, as the hiſtorian would inſinuate, that the monarch was to be poiſoned, and the ambaſſador in the ſecret—And yet, fool that I was, I could not take the hint—What the devil does a man read hiſtory for, if he cannot profit by the examples he finds in it?

But thus, Jack, is an obſervation of the old peer's verified, *That one misfortune ſeldom comes alone:* and ſo concludes *thy doubly mortified*

LOVELACE.

## LETTER XXVII.

### MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE TO MISS HOWE.

WEDN. NIGHT, JUNE 28.

O MY DEAREST MISS HOWE!

ONCE more have I eſcaped—But, alas! I, my *beſt ſelf*, have *not* eſcaped!—Oh! your poor Clariſſa Harlowe! *You* alſo will hate me, I fear!—Yet you won't, when you know all!

But no more of myſelf!—My *laſt* ſelf. You that can riſe in a morning to be bleſt, and to bleſs; and go to reſt delighted with your own reflections, and in your unbroken, unſtarting ſlumbers, converſing with ſaints and angels, the former only more pure than yourſelf, as they have ſhaken off the incumbrance of body; you ſhall be my ſubject, as you have long, long, been my only pleaſure. And let me, at awful diſtance, revere my beloved Anna Howe, and in her reflect upon what her Clariſſa Harlowe once was!

FORGIVE, O forgive, my rambling. My peace is deſtroyed. My intellects are touched. And what flighty nonſenſe muſt you read, if you now will vouchſafe to correſpond with me as formerly!

O my beſt, my deareſt, my *only* friend! What a tale have I to unfold!—But fall upon *ſelf*, this vile, this hated *ſelf*!—I will ſhake it off, if poſſible; and why ſhould I not, ſince I think, except one wretch, I hate nothing ſo much? Self, then, be baniſhed from *ſelf* one moment, (for I doubt it *will* for no longer) to enquire after a *dearer* object, my beloved Anna Howe!—Whoſe mind, all robed in ſpotleſs white, charms and irradiates—But what would I ſay?—

AND now, my deareſt friend, after this rhapſody, which, on re-peruſal, I would not let go, but to ſhew you what a diſtracted mind dictates to my trembling pen! *How do you!* You have been very ill, it ſeems. That you are *recovered*, my dear, let me hear. That your mother is well, pray let me hear, and hear quickly. This comfort ſurely is owing to me; for if life is no *worſe* than chequer-work, I muſt now have a little white to come, having ſeen nothing but black, all unchequered diſmal black, for a great, great while.

AND

And what is all this wild incoherence for? It is only to beg to know how you have been, and how you now do, by a line directed for Mrs. Rachel Clark, at Mr. Smith's, a glove-ſhop, in King Street, Covent Garden; which (although my abode is ſecret to every-body elſe) will reach the hands of—*your unhappy*—but that's not enough—*your miſerable*

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

## LETTER XXVIII.

MRS. HOWE, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

(SUPERSCRIBED, AS DIRECTED IN THE PRECEDING.)

FRIDAY, JUNE 30.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE,

YOU will wonder to receive a letter from me. I am ſorry for the great diſtreſs you ſeem to be in—Such a hopeful young lady as you were!—But ſee what comes of diſobedience to parents!

For my part, although I pity you, yet I much more pity your poor father and mother. Such education as they gave you!—ſuch improvements as you made!—and ſuch delight as they took in you!—And all come to this!

But pray, Miſs, don't make my Nancy guilty of your fault; which is that of diſobedience. I have charged her over and over not to correſpond with one who has made ſuch a giddy ſtep. It is not to her reputation, I am ſure. You *know* that I ſo charged her; yet you go on correſponding together, to my very great vexation! for ſhe has been very perverſe upon it, more than once. *Evil communication*, Miſs—You know the reſt.

Here, people cannot be unhappy by themſelves, but they muſt involve their friends and acquaintance, whoſe diſcretion has kept them clear of their errors, into near as much unhappineſs as if they had run into the like of their own heads! Thus my poor daughter is always in tears and grief. And ſhe has poſtponed her own felicity, truly, becauſe *you* are unhappy.

If people, who ſeek their own ruin, could be the only ſufferers by their headſtrong doings, it were ſomething: but, O Miſs, Miſs! what have *you* to anſwer for, who have made as many grieved hearts as have known you!—The whole ſex is indeed wounded by you: for, who but Miſs Clariſſa Harlowe was propoſed by every father and mother for a pattern for their daughters?

I write a long letter, where I propoſed to ſay but a few words; and thoſe to forbid you writing to my Nancy: and this as well becauſe of the falſe ſtep you have made, as becauſe it will grieve her poor heart, and do you no good. If you love her, therefore, write not to her. Your ſad letter came into my hands, Nancy being abroad: and I ſhall not ſhew it her: for there would be no comfort for her, if ſhe ſaw it, nor for me, whoſe delight ſhe is—As you once was to your parents.

But you ſeem to be ſenſible enough of your errors now.—So are all giddy girls, when it is too late: and what a creſt-fallen figure then do the conſequences of their ſelf-willed obſtinacy and headſtrongedneſs compel them to make!

I may ſay too much: only as I think it proper to bear that teſtimony againſt your raſhneſs which it behoves every careful parent to bear: and none more than *your compaſſionating well-wiſhing*,

ANNABELLA HOWE.

I ſend this by a ſpecial meſſenger, who has buſineſs only ſo far as Barnet, becauſe you ſhall have no need to write again; knowing how you love writing: and knowing likewiſe, *that misfortune makes people plaintive*.

## LETTER XXIX.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MRS. HOWE.

SATURDAY, JULY 1.

PERMIT me, Madam, to trouble you with a few lines, were it only to thank you for your reproofs; which have, nevertheleſs, drawn freſh ſtreams of blood from a bleeding heart.

My ſtory is a diſmal ſtory. It has circumſtances in it that would engage pity, and poſſibly a judgment not altogether unfavourable, were thoſe circumſtances known. But it is my buſineſs, and ſhall be *all* my buſineſs, to repent of my failings, and not endeavour to extenuate them.

Nor will I ſeek to diſtreſs your worthy mind. If *I cannot ſuffer alone*, I will make as few parties as I can in my ſufferings. And, indeed, I took up my pen with this reſolution when I wrote the letter which has fallen into your hands. It was only to know, and that for a very particular reaſon, as well as for affection unbounded, if my dear Miſs Howe from whom I had not heard of a long time, were ill; as I had been told ſhe was; and if ſo, how ſhe now

does. But my injuries being recent, and my diſtreſſes having been exceeding great, *ſelf* would croud into my letter. When diſtreſſed, the human mind is apt to turn itſelf to every-one in whom it imagined or wiſhed an intereſt, for pity and conſolation—Or, to expreſs myſelf better, and more conciſely, in your own words, '*Misfortune makes people plaintive:*' and to whom, if not to a friend, can the afflicted complain?

Miſs Howe being abroad when my letter came, I flatter myſelf that ſhe is recovered. But it would be ſome ſatisfaction to me to be informed if ſhe *has been ill*. Another line from *your* hand would be too great a favour: but, if you will be pleaſed to direct any ſervant to anſwer *yes*, or *no*, to that queſtion, I will not be further troubleſome.

Nevertheleſs, I muſt declare, that my Miſs Howe's friendſhip was all the comfort I had, or expected to have in this world; and a line from her would have been a cordial to my fainting heart. Judge then, deareſt Madam, how reluctantly I muſt obey your prohibition—But yet I will endeavour to obey it; although I ſhould have hoped, as well from the tenor of all that has paſſed between Miſs Howe and me, as from *her* eſtabliſhed virtue, that ſhe could not be tainted by *evil communication*, had one or two letters been permitted. This, however, I aſk not for, ſince I think I have nothing to do, but to beg of God (who, I hope, has not yet withdrawn his grace from me, although he is pleaſed to let looſe his juſtice upon my faults) to give me a truly broken ſpirit, if it be not already broken enough, and then to take to his mercy *the unhappy*

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

Two favours, good Madam, I have to beg of you—The firſt—that you will not let any of my relations know that you have heard from me. The other—that no living creature be apprized where I am to be heard of, or directed to. This is a point that concerns me, more than I can expreſs.—In ſhort, my preſervation from further evils may depend upon it.

## LETTER XXX.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO HANNAH BURTON.

THURSDAY, JUNE 29.

MY GOOD HANNAH,

STRANGE things have happened to me, ſince you were diſmiſſed my ſervice, (ſo ſorely againſt my will) and your pert fellow-ſervant ſet over me.—But that muſt be all forgotten now.

How do you, my Hannah? Are you recovered of your illneſs? If you are, do you chuſe to come and be with me? Or *can* you conveniently?

I am a very unhappy creature, and, being among all ſtrangers, ſhould be glad to have *you* with me, of whoſe fidelity and love I have had ſo many acceptable inſtances.

Living or dying, I will endeavour to make it worth your while, my Hannah.

If you are recovered, as I hope, and if you have a good place, it may be they would bear with your abſence, and ſuffer ſomebody in your room *for a month or ſo:* and, by that time, I hope to be provided for, and you may then return to your place.

Don't let any of my friends know of this my deſire; whether you can come or not.

I am at Mr. Smith's, a hoſier's and glove ſhop, in King Street, Covent Garden.

You muſt direct to me by the name of Rachel Clark.

Do, my good Hannah, come if you can to your poor young miſtreſs, who always valued you, and always will, whether you come or not.

I ſend this to your mother at St. Alban's, not knowing where to direct to you. Return me a line, that I may know what to depend upon: and I ſhall ſee you have not forgotten the pretty hand you were taught, in happy days, by your *true friend*,

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

## LETTER XXXI.

HANNAH BURTON, IN ANSWER.

MONDAY, JULY 3.

HONORED MADDAM,

I Have not forgot to write, and never will forget any-thing you, my dear young lady, was ſo good as to larn me. I am very ſorrowful for your misfortens, my deareſt young lady; ſo ſorrowfull, I do not know what to do. Gladd at harte would I be to be able to come to you. But indeed I have not been able to ſtir out of my rome here at my mother's, ever ſince I was forſed to leave my plaſe with a roomatiſe, which has made me quite and clene helpleſs. I will pray for you night and day, my deareſt, my kindeſt, my goodeſt young lady, who have been ſo badly uſed; and I am very ſorry I cannot come to do you love and

ſarvice;

ſarvice; which will ever be in the harte of mee to do, if it was in my power: who am *your moſt dutifull ſarvant to command,* HANNAH BURTON.

## LETTER XXXII.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MRS. JUDITH NORTON.

THURSDAY, JUNE 29.

MY DEAR MRS. NORTON,

I Addreſs myſelf to you after a very long ſilence, (which, however, was not owing either to want of love or duty) principally to deſire you to ſatisfy me in two or three points, which it behoves me to know.

My father, and all the family, I am informed, are to be at my uncle Harlowe's this day, as uſual. Pray acquaint me, if they *have* been there? And if they were cheerful on the anniverſary occaſion? And alſo, if you have heard of any journey, or intended journey, of my brother, in company with Captain Singleton and Mr. Solmes?

Strange things have happened to me, my dear, worthy, and maternal friend—Very ſtrange things!—Mr. Lovelace has proved a very barbarous and ungrateful man to me. But, God be praiſed, I have eſcaped from him. Being among abſolute ſtrangers, (though I think worthy folks) I have written to Hannah Burton to come and be with me. If the good creature fall in your way, pray encourage her to come to me. I always intended to have her, ſhe knows: but hoped to be in happier circumſtances.

Say nothing to any of my friends that you have heard from me.

Pray—Do you think my father would be prevailed upon, if I were to ſupplicate him by letter, to take off the heavy curſe he laid upon me at my going from Harlowe Place? I can expect no other favour from him: but that being literally fulfilled as to my proſpects in this life, I hope it will be thought to have operated far enough; and my heart is ſo weak!—It is very weak!—But for my father's own ſake—What *ſhould* I ſay!—Indeed I hardly know how I ought to expreſs myſelf on this ſad ſubject!—But it will give eaſe to my mind to be releaſed from it.

I am afraid *my poor*, as I uſed to call the good creatures to whoſe neceſſities I was wont to adminiſter by your faithful hands, have miſſed me of late. But now, alas! I am poor myſelf. It is not the leaſt aggravation of my fault, nor of my regrets, that with ſuch inclinations as God had given me, I have put it out of my power to do the good I once pleaſed myſelf to think I was born to do. It is a ſad thing, my deareſt Mrs. Norton, to render uſeleſs to ourſelves and the world, by our own raſhneſs, the talents which Providence has entruſted to us, for the ſervice of both.

But theſe reflections are now too late; and perhaps I ought to have kept them to myſelf. Let me, however, hope, that you love me ſtill. Pray let me hope that you do. And then, notwithſtanding my misfortunes, which have made me ſeem ungrateful to the kind and truly-maternal pains you have taken with me from my cradle, I ſhall have the happineſs to think that there is *one* worthy perſon, who hates not *the unfortunate*

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

Pray remember me to my foſter-brother. I hope he continues dutiful and good to you.

Be pleaſed to direct, 'For Rachel Clark, at Mr. Smith's, in King Street, Covent Garden.' But keep the direction an abſolute ſecret.

## LETTER XXXIII.

MRS. NORTON. IN ANSWER.

SATURDAY, JULY 1.

YOUR letter, my deareſt young lady, cuts me to the heart! Why will you not let me know all your diſtreſſes?—Yet you have ſaid enough!

My ſon is very good to me. A few hours ago he was taken with a feveriſh diſorder. But I hope it will go off happily, if his ardour for buſineſs will give him the receſs from it which his good maſter is willing to allow him. He preſents his duty to you, and ſhed tears at hearing your ſad letter read.

You have been miſinformed as to your family's being at your uncle Harlowe's. They did not intend to be there. Nor was the day kept at all. Indeed, they have not ſtirred out, but to church, (and that but three times) ever ſince the day you went away.—Unhappy day for them, and for all who know you!—To me, I am ſure, moſt particularly ſo!—My heart now bleeds more and more for you.

I have not heard a ſyllable of ſuch a journey as you mentioned of your brother, Captain Singleton, and Mr. Solmes. There has been ſome talk indeed of your brother's ſetting out for his northern eſtates: but I have not heard of it lately.

I am

I am afraid no letter will be received from you. It grieves me to tell you ſo, my deareſt young lady. No evil can have happened to you, which they do not *expect* to hear of; ſo great is their antipathy to the wicked man, and ſo bad is his character.

I cannot but think hardly of their unforgiveneſs: but there is no judging for others by one's ſelf. Nevertheleſs I will add, that, if you had had as gentle ſpirits to deal with as your own, or, I will be bold to ſay, as mine, theſe evils had never happened either to them, or to you. I knew your virtue, and your love of virtue, from your very cradle; and I doubted not but *that*, with God's grace, would always be your guard. But you could never be driven; nor was there occaſion to drive you—So generous, ſo noble, ſo diſcreet—But how does my love of your amiable qualities encreaſe my affliction; as theſe recollections muſt do yours!

You are eſcaped, my deareſt Miſs—Happily, I hope—That is to ſay, with your honour—Elſe, how great muſt be your diſtreſs!—Yet from your letter I dread the worſt.

I am very ſeldom at Harlowe Place. The houſe is not the houſe it uſed to be, ſince you went from it. Then they are *ſo* relentleſs! And, as I cannot ſay harſh things of the beloved child of my *heart*, as well as *boſom*, they do not take it *amiſs* that I ſtay away.

Your Hannah left her place ill ſome time ago; and, as ſhe is ſtill at her mother's at St. Alban's, I am afraid ſhe continues ill. If ſo, as you are among ſtrangers, and I cannot encourage you at preſent to come into *theſe* parts, I ſhall think it my duty to attend you (let it be taken as it will) as ſoon as my Tommy's indiſpoſition will permit; which I hope will be ſoon.

I have a little money by me. You ſay *you are poor yourſelf*.—How grievous are thoſe words from one entitled and accuſtomed to affluence!—Will you be ſo good to command it, my beloved young lady?—It is moſt of it your own bounty to me. And I ſhould take a pride to reſtore it to it's original owner.

Your poor bleſs you, and pray for you continually. I have ſo managed your laſt benevolence, and they have been ſo healthy, and have had ſuch conſtant employ, that it has held out; and will hold out, till the happier times return which I continually pray for.

Let me beg of you, my deareſt young lady, to take to yourſelf all thoſe aids, which good perſons, like you, draw from RELIGION, in ſupport of their calamities. Let your ſufferings be what they will, I am ſure you have been innocent in your intention. So do not deſpond. None are made to ſuffer above what they *can*, and therefore *ought* to bear.

We know not the methods of Providence, nor what wiſe ends it may have to ſerve in it's ſeemingly ſevere diſpenſations to it's poor creatures.

Few perſons have greater reaſon to ſay this than myſelf. And ſince we are apt in calamities to draw more comfort from example than precept, you will permit me to remind you of my own lot: for who has had greater ſhare of afflictions than myſelf?

To ſay nothing of the loſs of an excellent mother, at a time of life when motherly care is moſt wanted; the death of a dear father, who was an ornament to his cloth, (and who had qualified me to be his ſcribe and amanuenſis) juſt as he came within view of a preferment which would have made his family eaſy, threw me friendleſs into the wide world, threw me upon a very careleſs, and, which was much worſe, a very unkind huſband. Poor man!—But he was ſpared long enough, thank God, in a tedious illneſs, to repent of his neglected opportunities, and his light principles; which I have always thought of with pleaſure, although I was left the more deſtitute for his chargeable illneſs, and ready to be brought to bed, when he died, of my Tommy.

But this very circumſtance, which I thought the unhappieſt that I could have been left in, (ſo ſhort-ſighted is human prudence!) became the happy means of recommending me to your mother, who, in regard to my character, and in compaſſion to my very deſtitute circumſtances, permitted me, as I made a conſcience of not parting with my poor boy, to nurſe both you and him, born within a few days of each other. And I have never ſince wanted any of the humble bleſſings which God has made me contented with.

Nor have I known what a very great grief was, from the day of my poor huſband's death, till the day that your parents told me how much they were determined that you ſhould have Mr. Solmes; when I was apprized not only of your averſion to him, but how unworthy he was of you: for then I began to dread the conſequences of forcing ſo generous a ſpirit; and, till then, I never feared Mr. Lovelace, attract-

ing

ing as was his perſon, and ſpecious his manners and addreſs. For I was ſure you would never have him, if he gave you not good reaſon to be convinced of his reformation: nor till your friends were as well ſatisfied in it as yourſelf. But that unhappy miſunderſtanding between your brother and Mr. Lovelace, and their joining ſo violently to force you upon Mr. Solmes, did all that miſchief, which has coſt you and them ſo dear, and poor me all my peace! O what has not this ungrateful, this double-guilty man to anſwer for!

Nevertheleſs, you know not what God has in ſtore for you yet!—But if you are to be puniſhed all your days here, for example ſake, in a caſe of ſuch importance, for your one falſe ſtep, be pleaſed to conſider, that this life is but a ſtate of probation; and if you have your purification in it, you will be the more happy. Nor doubt I, that you will have the higher reward *hereafter* for ſubmitting to the will of Providence *here* with patience and reſignation.

You ſee, my deareſt Miſs Clary, that I make no ſcruple to call the ſtep you took a falſe one. In *you* it was leſs excuſable than it would have been in any other young lady; not only becauſe of your ſuperior talents, but becauſe of the oppoſition between *your* character and *his*: ſo that if you had been provoked to quit your father's houſe, it needed not to have been with him. Nor needed I, indeed, but as an inſtance of my *impartial* love, to have written this to you.

After this, it will have an unkind, and perhaps at this time an unſeaſonable appearance, to expreſs my concern, that you have not before favoured me with a line. Yet if you can account to yourſelf for your ſilence, I dare ſay, I ought to be ſatisfied; for I am ſure you love me: as I both love and honour you, and ever will, and the more for your misfortunes.

One conſolation, methinks, I have, even when I am ſorrowing for your calamities; and that is, that I know not any young perſon ſo qualified to ſhine the brighter for the trials ſhe may be exerciſed with: and yet it is a conſolation that ends in adding to my regrets for your afflictions, becauſe you are bleſſed with a mind ſo well able to bear proſperity, and to make every-body round you the better for it!—*Woe unto him!*—O this wretched, wretched man!—But I will forbear till I know more.

Ruminating on every-thing your melancholy letter ſuggeſts, and apprehending from the gentleneſs of your mind, the amiableneſs of your perſon, and your youth, the further misfortunes and inconveniences to which you may poſſibly be ſubjected, I cannot conclude without aſking for your leave to attend you, and that in a very earneſt manner—And I beg of you not to deny me, on any conſideration relating to *myſelf*, or even to the indiſpoſition of my *other* beloved child; if I can be either of uſe or comfort to you. Were it, my deareſt young lady, but for two or three days, permit me to attend you, although my ſon's illneſs ſhould encreaſe, and compel me to come down again at the end of thoſe two or three days.—I repeat my requeſt likewiſe, that you will command from me the little ſum remaining in my hands of your bounty to your poor, as well as that diſpenſed to *your ever-affectionate and faithful ſervant*,

JUDITH NORTON.

## LETTER XXXIV.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO LADY BETTY LAWRANCE.

THURSDAY, JUNE 29.

MADAM,

I Hope you'll excuſe the freedom of this addreſs, from one who has not the honour to be perſonally known to you, although you muſt have heard much of Clariſſa Harlowe. It is only to beg the favour of a line from your ladyſhip's hand, (by the next poſt, if convenient) in anſwer to the following queſtions.

1. Whether you wrote a letter, dated, as I have a memorandum, Wedn. June 7, congratulating your nephew Lovelace on his ſuppoſed nuptials, as reported to you by Mr. Spurrier, your ladyſhip's ſteward, as from one Captain Tomlinſon:—and in it reproaching Mr. Lovelace, as guilty of ſlight, &c. in not having acquainted your ladyſhip and the family with his marriage?
2. Whether your ladyſhip wrote to Miſs Montague to meet you at Reading, in order to attend you to your couſin Leeſon's in Albemarle Street; on your being obliged to be in town on your *old Chancery-affair*, I remember are the words? and whether you beſpoke your nephew's attendance there on Sunday night the 11th?
3. Whether your ladyſhip and Miſs Montague *did* come to town at that time; and whether you went to Hamp-

ſtead,

ſtead, on Monday, in a hired coach-and-four, your own being repairing; and took from thence to town the young creature whom you viſited there?

Your ladyſhip will probably gueſs, that the queſtions are not aſked for reaſons favourable to your nephew Lovelace. But be the anſwer what it will, it can do *him* no hurt, nor *me* any good: only that I think I owe it to my former hopes, (however deceived in them) and even to charity, that a perſon, of whom I was once willing to think better, ſhould not prove ſo egregiouſly abandoned, as to be wanting, in *every* inſtance, to that veracity which is indiſpenſable in the character of a gentleman.

Be pleaſed, Madam, to direct to me, (keeping the direction a ſecret for the preſent) 'To be left at the Bell Savage 'on Ludgate Hill, till called for.' I am *your ladyſhip's moſt humble ſervant*,

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

## LETTER XXXV.

LADY BETTY LAWRANCE, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

SATURDAY, JULY 1.

DEAR MADAM,

I Find that all is not as it ſhould be between you and my nephew Lovelace. It will very much afflict me, and all his friends, if he has been guilty of any deſigned baſeneſs to a lady of your character and merit.

We have been long in expectation of an opportunity to congratulate you and ourſelves upon an event moſt earneſtly wiſhed for by us all; ſince all our hopes of *him* are built upon the power *you* have over him: for if ever man adored a woman, he is that man, and you, Madam, are that woman.

Miſs Montague, in her laſt letter to me, in anſwer to one of mine, enquiring if ſhe knew from him whether he could call you his, or was likely ſoon to have that honour, has theſe words: 'I know not what to make of my couſin 'Lovelace, as to the point your lady-'ſhip is ſo earneſt about. He ſometimes 'ſays, He is actually married to Miſs 'Clariſſa Harlowe: at other times, that 'it is her own fault if he be not.—He 'ſpeaks of her, not only with love, but 'with reverence: yet owns, that there 'is a miſunderſtanding between them; 'but confeſſes that ſhe is wholly fault-'leſs. An angel, and not a woman, he 'ſays ſhe is: and that no man living 'can be worthy of her.'

This is what my niece Montague writes.

God grant, my deareſt young lady, that he may not have ſo heinouſly offended you, that you *cannot* forgive him! If you are not already married, and refuſe to be his, I ſhall loſe all hopes that he ever will marry, or be the man I wiſh him to be. So will Lord M. So will Lady Sarah Sadleir.

I will now anſwer your queſtions: but indeed I hardly know what to write, for fear of widening ſtill more the unhappy difference between you. But yet ſuch a young lady muſt command every thing from me. This then is my anſwer.

I wrote not any letter to him on or about the 7th of June.

Neither I nor my ſteward know ſuch a man as Captain Tomlinſon.

I wrote not to my niece to meet me at Reading, nor to accompany me to my couſin Leeſon's in town.

My Chancery-affair, though, like moſt Chancery-affairs, it be of long ſtanding, is nevertheleſs now in ſo good a way, that it cannot give me occaſion to go to town.

Nor have I been in town theſe ſix months: nor at Hampſtead for ſeveral years.

Neither ſhall I have any temptation to go to town, except to pay my congratulatory compliments to Mrs. Lovelace. On which occaſion I ſhould go with the greateſt pleaſure; and ſhould hope for the favour of your accompanying me to Glenham Hall, for a month at leaſt.

Be what will the reaſon of your enquiry, let me entreat you, my dear young lady, for Lord M.'s ſake; for my ſake; for this giddy man's ſake, ſoul as well as body; and for all our family's ſakes; not to ſuffer this anſwer to widen differences ſo far as to make you refuſe him, if he already has not the honour of calling you his; as I am apprehenſive he has not, by your ſigning by your family-name.

And here let me offer to you my mediation to compoſe the difference between you, be it what it will. Your cauſe, my dear young lady, cannot be put into the hands of any-body living more devoted to your ſervice, than into thoſe of *your ſincere admirer, and humble ſervant*,

ELIZ. LAWRANCE.

## LETTER XXXVI.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MRS. HODGES.

ENDFIELD, JUNE 29.

MRS. HODGES,

I Am under a kind of neceſſity to write to you, having no one among my relations to whom I dare write, or hope a line from if I did. It is but to anſwer a queſtion. It is this:

Whether you know ſuch a man as Captain Tomlinſon? And if you do, whether he be very intimate with my uncle Harlowe?

I will deſcribe his perſon, leſt, poſſibly, he ſhould go by another name among you; although I know not why he ſhould.

He is a thin, talliſh man, a little pock-fretten; of a ſallowiſh complexion. Fifty years of age or more. Of a good aſpect when he looks up. He ſeems to be a ſerious man, and one who knows the world. He ſtoops a little in the ſhoulders. Is of Berkſhire. His wife of Oxfordſhire; and has ſeveral children. He removed lately into your parts from Northamptonſhire.

I muſt deſire you, Mrs. Hodges, that you will not let my uncle, nor any of my relations, know that I write to you.

You uſed to ſay, that you would be glad to have it in your power to ſerve me. That, indeed, was in my proſperity. But I dare ſay, you will not refuſe me in a particular that will oblige me, without hurting yourſelf.

I underſtand, that my father, mother, and ſiſter, and, I preſume, my brother, and my uncle Antony, are to be at my uncle Harlowe's this day. God preſerve them all, and may they rejoice in many happy birth-days! You will write ſix words to me concerning their healths.

Direct, for a particular reaſon, 'To 'Mrs. Dorothy Salcomb, to be left, till 'called for, at the Four Swans Inn, 'Biſhopſgate Street.'

You know my hand-writing well enough, were not the contents of the letter ſufficient to excuſe my name, or any other ſubſcription, than that of

*Your Friend.*

## LETTER XXXVII.

MRS. HODGES. IN ANSWER.

SAT. JULY 2.

MADDAM,

I Return you an anſer, as you wiſh me to doe. Maſter is acquented with no ſitch man. I am ſhure no ſitch ever came to our houſe. And maſter ſturs very little out. He has no harte to ſtur out. For why? Your obſtinacy makes um not care to ſee one another. Maſter's birth day never was kept ſoe before; for not a ſole heere; and nothing but ſikeing and ſorrowin from maſter to think how it yuſed to bee.

I axed maſter, if ſoe bee he knowed ſitch a man as one Captain Tomlinſon? But ſayed not whirfor I axed. He ſed, No, not he.

Shure this is no trix nor forgary bruing againſt maſter by won Tomlinſon—Won knows not what cumpany you may have been forſed to keep, ſen you went away, you knoe Maddam. Excuſe me, Maddam; but London is a peſtilent plaſe; and that Squire Luveleſs is a devil, (for all he is ſitch a like gentleman to look to) as I hev herd every boddy ſay; and think as how you have found by thiſs.

I truſte, Maddam, you wulde not let maſter cum to harme, if you knowed it, by any body who may pretend to be acquented with him: but for fere, I querid with myſelf if I ſhulde not tell him. But I was willin to ſhow you, that I wulde pleſſure you in advarſity, if advarſity bee youre lott, as well as proſprity: for I am none of thoſe that woulde doe otherwiſs. Soe no more from *your humble ſarvant, to wiſh you well,*

SARAH HODGES.

## LETTER XXXVIII.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO LADY BETTY LAWRANCE.

MONDAY, JULY 3.

MADAM,

I Cannot excuſe myſelf from giving your ladyſhip this one trouble more; to thank you, as I moſt heartily do, for your kind letter.

I muſt own to you, Madam, that the honour of being related to ladies as eminent for their virtues as for their deſcent, was at firſt no ſmall inducement with me to lend an ear to Mr. Lovelace's addreſs. And the rather, as I was determined, had it come to effect, to do every-thing in my power to deſerve your favourable opinion.

I had another motive, which I knew would of itſelf give me merit with your whole family; a preſumptuous one (a puniſhably preſumptuous one, as it has proved) in the hope that I might be an humble means in the hand of Providence to reclaim a man, who had, as I thought,

good ſenſe enough at bottom to be reclaimed; or at leaſt gratitude enough to acknowledge the intended obligation, whether the generous hope were to ſucceed or not.

But I have been moſt egregiouſly miſtaken in Mr. Lovelace; the only man, I perſuade myſelf, pretending to be a gentleman, in whom I could have been ſo *much* miſtaken: for while I was endeavouring to ſave a drowning wretch, I have been, not accidentally, but premeditatedly, and of ſet purpoſe, drawn in after him. And he has had the glory to add to the liſt of thoſe he has ruined, a name, that, I will be bold to ſay, would not have diſparaged his own. And this, Madam, by means that would ſhock humanity to be made acquainted with.

My whole end is ſerved by your ladyſhip's anſwer to the queſtions I took the liberty to put to you in writing. Nor have I a wiſh to make the unhappy man more odious to you, than is neceſſary to excuſe myſelf for abſolutely declining your offered mediation.

When your ladyſhip ſhall be informed of the following particulars;

That after he had compulſatorily, as I may ſay, tricked me into the act of going off with him, he could carry me to one of the vileſt houſes, as it has proved, in London:

That he could be guilty of a wicked attempt, in reſentment of which I found means to eſcape from him to Hampſtead:

That, after he had found me out there, (I know not how) he could procure two women, dreſſed out richly, to perſonate your ladyſhip and Miſs Montague; who under pretence of engaging me to make a viſit in town to your couſin Leeſon, (promiſing to return with me that evening to Hampſtead) betrayed me back again to the vile houſe: where, again made a priſoner, I was firſt robbed of my ſenſes; and then of my honour. Why ſhould I ſeek to conceal that diſgrace from others, which I cannot hide from myſelf?

When your ladyſhip ſhall know, That, in the ſhocking progreſs to this ruin, wilful falſhoods, repeated forgeries, (particularly of one letter from your ladyſhip, another from Miſs Montague, and a third from Lord M.) and numberleſs perjuries, were not the leaſt of his crimes: you will judge, that I can have no principles that will make me worthy of an alliance with ladies of yours and your noble ſiſter's character, if I could not from my ſoul declare, that ſuch an alliance can never *now* take place.

I will not offer to clear myſelf entirely of blame: but, as to *him*, I have no fault to accuſe myſelf of: my crime was, the correſponding with him at firſt, when prohibited ſo to do by thoſe who had a right to my obedience; made ſtill more inexcuſable, by giving him a clandeſtine meeting, which put me into the power of his arts. And for this, I am content to be puniſhed: thankful, that at laſt I have eſcaped from him; and have it in my power to reject ſo wicked a man for my huſband: and glad, if I may be a warning, ſince I cannot be an example: which once (very vain, and very conceited as I was) I propoſed to myſelf to be.

All the ill I wiſh him is, that he may reform; and that I may be the laſt victim to his baſeneſs. Perhaps this deſirable wiſh may be obtained, when he ſhall ſee how his wickedneſs, his unmerited wickedneſs! to a poor creature, made friendleſs by his cruel arts, will end.

I conclude with my humble thanks to your ladyſhip, for your favourable opinion of me; and with the aſſurance, that I will be, while life is lent me, *your ladyſhip's grateful and obliged ſervant,*

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

## LETTER XXIX.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MRS. NORTON.

SUNDAY EVENING, JULY 2.

HOW kindly, my beloved Mrs. Norton, do you ſoothe the anguiſh of a bleeding heart! Surely you are mine own mother; and by ſome unaccountable miſtake, I muſt have been laid to a family, that having newly found out, or at leaſt ſuſpected, the impoſture, caſt me from their hearts, with the indignation that ſuch a diſcovery will warrant.

O that I had been indeed your own child, born to partake of your humble fortunes, an heireſs only to that content in which you are ſo happy! Then ſhould I have had a *truly* gentle ſpirit to have guided my ductile heart, which force and ungenerous uſage ſit ſo ill upon: and nothing of what has happened would have been.

But let me take heed, that I enlarge not, by impatience, the breach already made in my duty by my raſhneſs! ſince, had I not erred, my mother, at leaſt, could

could never have been thought hard-hearted and unforgiving. Am I not then anſwerable, not only for my own faults, but for the conſequences of them; which tend to depreciate and bring diſgrace upon a maternal character never before called in queſtion?

It is kind however in you, to endeavour to extenuate the fault of one ſo greatly ſenſible of it: and could it be wiped off entirely, it would render me more worthy, of the pains you have taken in my education: for it muſt add to your grief, as it does to my confuſion, that after ſuch promiſing beginnings, I ſhould have ſo behaved, as to be a diſgrace inſtead of a credit to you and my other friends.

But that I may not make you think me more guilty than I am, give me leave briefly to aſſure you, that when my ſtory is known, I ſhall be entitled to more compaſſion than blame, even on the ſcore of going away with Mr. Lovelace.

As to all that happened afterwards, let me only ſay, that although I muſt call myſelf a loſt creature as to this world, yet I have this conſolation left me, that I have not ſuffered either for want of circumſpection, or through credulity or weakneſs. Not one moment was I off my guard, or unmindful of your early precepts. But (having been enabled to baffle many baſe contrivances) I was at laſt ruined by arts the moſt inhuman. But had I not been rejected by every friend, this low-hearted man had not dared, nor would have had opportunity, to treat me as he has treated me.

More I cannot, at this time, nor need I, ſay: and this I deſire you to keep to yourſelf, leſt reſentments ſhould be taken up when I am gone, that may ſpread the evil which I hope will end with me.

I have been miſinformed, you ſay, as to my principal relations being at my uncle Harlowe's. The day, you ſay, was not kept. Nor have my brother and Mr. Solmes—Aſtoniſhing!—What complicated wickedneſs has this wretched man to anſwer for!—Were I to tell you, you would hardly believe there could have been ſuch a heart in man.

But one day you may know the whole ſtory!—At preſent I have neither inclination nor words—O my burſting heart!—Yet a happy, a wiſhed relief!—Were you preſent my tears would ſupply the reſt!

I RESUME my pen!

And ſo you fear no letter will be received from me. But DON'T *grieve to tell me ſo!* I expect every thing bad—And ſuch is my diſtreſs, that had you not bid me hope for mercy from the Throne of Mercy, I ſhould have been afraid that my father's dreadful curſe would be compleated with regard to both worlds.

For here, an additional misfortune! In a fit of phrenſical heedleſſneſs, I ſent a letter to my beloved Miſs Howe, without recollecting her private addreſs; and it has fallen into her angry mother's hands: and ſo that dear friend perhaps has a-new incurred diſpleaſure on my account. And here too, your worthy ſon is ill; and my poor Hannah, you think, cannot come to me—O my dear Mrs. Norton, *will* you, *can* you cenſure *thoſe* whoſe reſentments againſt me Heaven ſeems to approve of? And will you acquit *her* whom *that* condemns?

Yet you bid me not deſpond.—I will not, if I can help it. And, indeed, moſt ſeaſonable conſolation has your kind letter afforded me.—Yet to God Almighty do I appeal, to avenge my wrongs, and vindicate my inno——

But huſhed be my ſtormy paſſions!—Have I not but this moment ſaid, that your letter gave me conſolation?—May *thoſe* be forgiven, who hinder my father from forgiving *me!*—And this, as to *them*, ſhall be the harſheſt that ſhall drop from my pen.

But although your ſon ſhould recover, I charge you, my dear Mrs. Norton, that you do not think of coming to me. I don't know ſtill, but your mediation with my mother (although at preſent your interpoſition would be ſo little attended to) may be of uſe to procure me the revocation of that moſt dreadful part of my father's curſe, which only remains to be fulfilled. The voice of nature muſt at laſt be heard in my favour, ſurely. It will only plead at firſt to my friends in the ſtill, conſcious plaintiveneſs of a young and unhardened beggar. But it will grow more clamorous when I have the courage to be ſo, and ſhall demand, perhaps the paternal protection from *further* ruin; and that forgiveneſs, which thoſe will be little entitled to expect, for their own faults, who ſhall interpoſe to have it refuſed to me, for an *accidental*, not a *premeditated* error: and which, but for them, I had never fallen into.

But again, impatiency, founded perhaps

haps on ſelf-partiality, that ſtrange miſleader! prevails.

Let me briefly ſay, that it is neceſſary to my preſent and my future hopes, that you keep well with my family. And moreover, ſhould you come, I may be traced out by that means by the moſt abandoned of men. Say not then, that you think you ought to come up to me, *let it be taken as it will*:—for *my ſake* let me repeat (were my foſter-brother recovered, as I hope he is) you muſt *not* come. Nor can I want your advice, while *I* can write, and *you* can anſwer me. And write I will, as often as I ſtand in need of your counſel.

Then the people I am now with ſeem to be both honeſt and humane: and there is in the ſame houſe a widow-lodger, of low fortunes, but of great merit:—almoſt ſuch another ſerious and good woman, as the dear one, to whom I am now writing; who has, as ſhe ſays, given over all other thoughts of the world but ſuch as ſhould aſſiſt her to leave it happily.—How ſuitable to my own views!—There ſeems to be a comfortable providence in *this* at leaſt—So that at preſent there is nothing of exigence; nothing that can *require*, or even *excuſe* your coming, when ſo many better ends may be anſwered by your ſtaying where you are. A time *may* come, when I ſhall want your laſt and beſt aſſiſtance: and *then*, my dear Mrs. Norton—And *then*, I will ſpeak it, and embrace it with all my whole heart—And *then*, will it not be denied me by any-body.

You are very obliging in your offer of money. But although I was forced to leave my cloaths behind me, yet I took ſeveral things of value with me, which will keep me from preſent want. You'll ſay, I have made a miſerable hand of it—So indeed I have—and, to look backwards, in a very little while too.

But what ſhall I do, if my father cannot be prevailed upon to recal his malediction? O my dear Mrs. Norton, what a weight muſt a father's curſe have upon a heart ſo apprehenſive as mine!—Did I think I ſhould ever have a *father's curſe* to deprecate? And yet, only that the temporary part of it is ſo terribly fulfilled, or I ſhould be as earneſt for it's recal, for my *father's* ſake, as for my own!

You muſt not be angry with me, that I wrote not to you before. You are very right and very kind, to ſay, you are ſure I love you. Indeed I do. And what a generoſity [ſo like yourſelf!] is there in your praiſe, to attribute to me more than I merit, in order to raiſe an emulation in me to *deſerve* your praiſes!—You tell me what you expect from me in the calamities I am called upon to bear. May I behave anſwerably!

I *can* a little account to *myſelf* for my ſilence to you, my kind, my dear maternal friend! How equally ſweetly and politely do you expreſs yourſelf on this occaſion! I was very deſirous, for your ſake, as well as for my own, that you ſhould have it to ſay, that we did not correſpond: had they thought we did, every word you could have dropt in my favour, would have been rejected; and my mother would have been forbid to ſee you, or pay any regard to what you ſhould ſay.

Then I had ſometimes better and ſometimes worſe proſpects before me. My worſt would only have troubled you to know: my better made me frequently hope, that, by the next poſt, or the next, and ſo on for weeks, I ſhould have the beſt news to impart to you, that *then* could happen: cold as the wretch had made my heart to *that beſt*.—For how could I think to write to you, with a confeſſion, that I was not married, yet lived in the houſe (or could I help it) with ſuch a man?—Who likewiſe had given it out to ſeveral, that we were actually married, although with reſtrictions that depended on the reconciliation with my friends? And to diſguiſe the truth, or be guilty of a falſhood either direct or equivocal, *that* was what you had never taught me.

But I might have written to you for advice, in my precarious ſituation, perhaps you will think. But, indeed, my dear Mrs. Norton, I was not loſt for want of advice. And this will appear clear to you from what I have already hinted, were I to explain myſelf no further:—For what need had the cruel ſpoiler to have recourſe to unprecedented arts—I will ſpeak out plainer ſtill (but you muſt not at preſent report it)—to ſtupefying potions, and to the moſt brutal and outrageous force—had I been wanting in my duty?

A few words more upon this grievous ſubject.

When I reflect upon all that has happened to me, it is apparent, that this generally-ſuppoſed *thoughtleſs* ſeducer has acted by me upon a regular and preconcerted plan of villainy.

In order to ſet all his vile plots in motion,

motion, nothing was wanting, from the firſt, but to prevail upon me, either by force or fraud, to throw myſelf into his power: and when this was effected, nothing leſs than the intervention of the paternal authority (which I had not deſerved to be exerted in my behalf) could have ſaved me from the effect of his deep machinations. Oppoſition from any other quarter would but too probably have precipitated his barbarous and ungrateful violence: and had *you yourſelf* been with me, I have reaſon *now* to think, that ſome how or other you would have ſuffered in endeavouring to ſave me: for never was there, as now I ſee, a plan of wickedneſs more ſteadily and uniformly purſued than *his* has been, againſt an unhappy creature who merited better of *him*: but the Almighty has thought fit, according to the general courſe of his Providence, to make the fault bring on it's own puniſhment: but ſurely not in conſequence of my father's dreadful imprecation, That I might be puniſhed *here*, [O my mamma Norton, pray with me, if ſo, that *here* it ſtop!] by the very wretch in whom I had placed my wicked confidence!

I am ſorry, for your ſake, to leave off ſo heavily. Yet the reſt muſt be brief.

Let me deſire you to be ſecret in what I have communicated to you; at leaſt till you have my conſent to divulge it.

God preſerve to you your more faultleſs child!

I will hope for His mercy, although I ſhould not obtain that of an earthly perſon.

And I repeat my prohibition:—You muſt not think of coming up to *your ever-dutiful* CL. HARLOWE.

The obliging perſon, who left yours for me this day, promiſed to call to-morrow, to ſee if I ſhould have any-thing to return. I would not loſe ſo good an opportunity.

## LETTER XL.

MRS. NORTON, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

MONDAY NIGHT, JULY 3.

O The barbarous villainy of this deteſtable man!

And is there a man in the world, who could offer violence to ſo ſweet a creature?

And are you ſure you are now out of his reach?

You command me to keep ſecret the particulars of the vile treatment you have met with; or elſe, upon an unexpected viſit which Miſs Harlowe favoured me with, ſoon after I had received your melancholy letter, I ſhould have been tempted to own I had heard from you, and to have communicated to her ſuch parts of your two letters as would have demonſtrated your penitence, and your earneſtneſs to obtain the revocation of your father's malediction; as well as his protection from outrages that may ſtill be offered to you. But then your ſiſter would probably have expected a ſight of the letters, and even to have been permitted to take them with her to the family.

Yet they *muſt* one day be acquainted with the ſad ſtory—And it is impoſſible but they muſt pity you, and forgive you, when they know your early penitence, and your unprecedented ſufferings: and that you have fallen by the brutal force of a barbarous raviſher, and not by the vile arts of a ſeducing lover.

The wicked man gives it out at Lord M.'s, as Miſs Harlowe tells me, that he is actually married to you—Yet ſhe believes it not; nor had I the heart to let her know the truth.

She put it cloſe to me, Whether I had not correſponded with you from the time of your going away? I could ſafely tell her (as I did) that I had not: but I ſaid, that I was well informed, that you took extremely to heart your father's imprecation; and that if ſhe would excuſe me, I would ſay, it would be a kind and ſiſterly part, if ſhe would uſe her intereſt to get you diſcharged from it.

Among other ſevere things, ſhe told me, that my partial fondneſs for you made me very little conſider the honour of the reſt of the family: but, if I had not heard this from you, ſhe ſuppoſed I was ſet on by Miſs Howe.

She expreſſed herſelf with a good deal of bitterneſs againſt that young lady: who, it ſeems, every-where, and to every-body, (for you muſt think, that your ſtory is the ſubject of all converſations) rails againſt your family; treating them, as your ſiſter ſays, with contempt, and even with ridicule.

I am ſorry ſuch angry freedoms are taken, for two reaſons; firſt, becauſe ſuch liberties never do any good. I have heard you own, that Miſs Howe has a ſatirical vein; but I ſhould hope, that a young lady of her ſenſe, and right caſt of mind, muſt know that the end of ſatire is not to exaſperate, but amend; and ſhould never be *perſonal*.

If

If it *be*, as my good father uſed to ſay, it may make an impartial perſon ſuſpect that the ſatiriſt has a natural ſpleen to gratify; which may be as great a fault in *him*, as any of thoſe which he pretends to cenſure and expoſe in *others*.

Perhaps a hint of this from you will not be thrown away.

My ſecond reaſon is, That theſe freedoms, from ſo warm a friend to you as Miſs Howe is known to be, are moſt likely to be charged to your account.

My reſentments are ſo ſtrong againſt this vileſt of men, that I dare not touch upon the ſhocking particulars which you mention of his baſeneſs. What defence, indeed, could there be againſt ſo determined a wretch, after you was in his power? I will only repeat my earneſt ſupplication to you, that, black as appearances are, you will not deſpair. Your calamities are exceeding great; but then you have talents proportioned to your trials. This every-body allows.

Suppoſe the worſt, and that your family will not be moved in your favour, your couſin Morden will ſoon arrive, as Miſs Harlowe told me. If he ſhould even be got over to their ſide, he will, however, ſee juſtice done you; and then may you live an exemplary life, making hundreds happy, and teaching young ladies to ſhun the ſnares in which you have been ſo dreadfully entangled.

As to the man you have loſt, is an union with ſuch a perjured heart as his with ſuch an admirable one as yours, to be wiſhed for? A baſe, *low-hearted* wretch, as you juſtly call him, with all his pride of anceſtry; and more an enemy to himſelf with regard to his preſent and future happineſs, than to you, in the barbarous and ungrateful wrongs he has done you: I need not, I am ſure, exhort you to deſpiſe ſuch a man as this; ſince not to be able to do ſo, would be a reflection upon a ſex to which you have always been an honour.

Your moral character is untainted: the very nature of your ſufferings, as you well obſerve, demonſtrates *that*. Cheer up, therefore, your dear heart, and do not deſpair; for is it not GOD who governs the world, and permits ſome things, and directs others, as He pleaſes? And will He not reward *temporary ſufferings*, innocently incurred, and piouſly ſupported, with *eternal felicity*?—And what, my dear, is this poor needle's-point of NOW to a *boundleſs* ETERNITY?

My heart, however, labours under a *double* affliction: for my poor boy is very, *very* bad—A violent fever—Nor can it be brought to intermit—Pray for *him*, my deareſt Miſs—For his recovery, if God ſee fit.—I hope God *will* ſee fit.—If not—(how can I bear to ſuppoſe that!)—pray for *me*, that He will give me that patience and reſignation which I have been wiſhing to you. I am, my deareſt young lady, *your ever-affectionate* JUDITH NORTON.

## LETTER XLI.

### MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MRS. JUDITH NORTON.

THURSDAY, JULY 6.

I Ought not, eſpecially at this time, to add to your afflictions—But yet I canot help communicating to you (who now are my *only* ſoothing friend) a new trouble that has befallen me.

I had but one friend in the world, beſides you; and ſhe is utterly diſpleaſed with me: it is grievous, but for one moment, to lie under a beloved perſon's cenſure; and this through imputations that affect one's honour and prudence. There are points ſo delicate, you know, my dear Mrs. Norton, that it is a degree of diſhonour to have a vindication of one's ſelf from them appear to be *neceſſary*. In the preſent caſe, my misfortune is, that I know not how to account, but by gueſs, (ſo ſubtle have been the workings of the dark ſpirit I have been unhappily entangled by) for ſome of the facts that I am called upon to explain.

Miſs Howe, in ſhort, ſuppoſes ſhe has found a flaw in my character. I have juſt now received her ſevere letter—But I ſhall anſwer it, perhaps, in better temper, if I firſt conſider yours: for indeed my patience is almoſt at an end. And yet I ought to conſider, *That faithful are the wounds of a friend*. But ſo *many* things at once!—O my dear Mrs. Norton, how ſhall ſo young a ſcholar in the ſchool of affliction be able to bear ſuch heavy and ſuch various evils!

But to leave this ſubject for a while, and turn to your letter.

I am very ſorry Miſs Howe is ſo lively in her reſentments on my account. I have always blamed her very freely for her liberties of this ſort with my friends. I once had a good deal of influence over her kind heart, and ſhe made all I ſaid a law to her. But people in calamity have little weight in any thing, or with any-body. Proſperity and independence are charming things on this account, that they give force to the counſels of a friendly heart! while it is thought inſo-

lence in the miſerable to adviſe, or ſo much as to remonſtrate.

Yet is Miſs Howe an invaluable perſon: and is it to be expected that ſhe ſhould preſerve the ſame regard for my judgment that ſhe had before I forfeited all title to diſcretion? With what face can I take upon me to reproach a want of prudence in *her*? But if I can be ſo happy as to re-eſtabliſh myſelf in her ever-valued opinion, I ſhall endeavour to enforce upon her your juſt obſervations on this head.

You need not, you ſay, exhort me to deſpiſe ſuch a man as him, by whom I have ſuffered—Indeed you need not: for I would chuſe the cruelleſt death rather than to be his. And yet, my dear Mrs. Norton, I will own to you, *that once I could have loved him.—Ungrateful man!—had he permitted me to love him, I once could have loved him.* Yet he never deſerved my love. And was not this a fault?—But now, if I can but keep out of his hands, and obtain a laſt forgiveneſs, and that as well for the ſake of my dear friends future reflections, as for my own preſent comfort, it is all I wiſh for.

Reconciliation with my friends I do not expect; nor pardon from them; at leaſt, till in extremity, and as a *Viaticum*.

O my beloved Mrs. Norton, you cannot imagine what I have ſuffered!—But indeed my heart is broken!—I am ſure I ſhall not live to take poſſeſſion of that independence, which you think would enable me to atone in ſome meaſure for my paſt conduct.

While this is my opinion, you may believe, I ſhall not be eaſy, till I can obtain a laſt forgiveneſs.

I wiſh to be left to take my own courſe, in endeavouring to procure this grace. Yet know I not, at preſent, what that courſe ſhall be.

I will write. But to *whom* is my doubt. Calamity has not yet given me the aſſurance to addreſs myſelf to my FATHER. My UNCLES (well as they once loved me) are hard-hearted. They never had their maſculine paſſions humanized by the tender name of FATHER. Of my BROTHER I have no hope. I have then but my MOTHER, and my SISTER, to whom I can apply.—'And may I not, 'my deareſt mamma, be permitted to 'lift up my trembling eye to your all-'cheering, and your once *more* than in-'dulgent, your *fond* eye, in hopes of 'ſeaſonable mercy to the poor ſick heart 'that yet beats with life drawn from 'your own dearer heart?—Eſpecially 'when pardon only, and not reſtoration, 'is implored?'

Yet were I able to engage my mother's pity, would it not be a means to make *her* ſtill more unhappy, than I have already made her, by the oppoſition ſhe would meet with, were ſhe to try to give force to that pity?

To my SISTER then, I think, I will apply—Yet how hard-hearted has my ſiſter been!—But I will not aſk for protection; and yet I am in hourly dread, that I ſhall want protection.—All I will aſk for at preſent, (preparative to the laſt forgiveneſs I will implore) ſhall be only to be freed from the heavy curſe that ſeems to have operated as far as it *can* operate, as to *this* life—And ſurely, it was paſſion, and not intention, that carried it ſo very far as to the *other!*

But why do I thus add to your diſtreſſes?—Is it not, my dear Mrs. Norton, that I have ſo *much* feeling for my *own* calamity, that I have *none* for *yours:* ſince yours is indeed an addition to my own. But you have one conſolation, (a very great one) which I have not—That *your* afflictions, whether reſpecting your *more* or your *leſs* deſerving child, riſe not from any fault of your own.

But what can I do for you more than pray?—Aſſure yourſelf, that in every ſupplication I put up for myſelf, I will, with equal fervour, remember both you and your ſon. For I am, and ever will be *your truly ſympathizing and dutiful*

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

## LETTER XLII.

### MISS HOWE, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

SUPERSCRIBED, FOR MRS. RACHEL CLARK, &c.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 5.

MY DEAR CLARISSA,

I Have at laſt heard from you from a quarter I little expected.

From my mother.

She had for ſome time ſeen me uneaſy and grieving; and juſtly ſuppoſed it was about you: and this morning dropt a hint, which made me conjecture that ſhe muſt have heard ſomething of you more than I knew. And when ſhe found that this added to my uneaſineſs, ſhe owned ſhe had a letter in her hands of yours, dated the 29th of June, directed for me.

You may gueſs, that this occaſioned a little warmth, that could not be wiſhed for by either.

[It

[It is ſurprizing, my dear, *mighty* ſurprizing! that, knowing the prohibition I lay under of correſponding with you, you could ſend a letter for me to our own houſe: ſince it muſt be fifty to one that it would fall into my mother's hands, as you find it did.]

In ſhort, *ſhe* reſented that I ſhould diſobey her: I was as much concerned that ſhe ſhould open and withold from me *my* letters: and at laſt ſhe was pleaſed to compromiſe the matter with me, by giving up the letter, and permitting me to write to you *once* or *twice*; ſhe to ſee the contents of what I wrote. For, beſides the value ſhe has for you, ſhe could not but have a great curioſity to know the occaſion of ſo ſad a ſituation as your melancholy letter ſhews you to be in.

[But I ſhall get her to be ſatisfied with hearing me read what I write; putting in between hooks, thus, [ ] what I intend not to read to her.]

Need I to remind you, Miſs Clariſſa Harlowe, of *three* letters I wrote to you, to none of which I had any anſwer; except to the *firſt*, and that a few lines only, promiſing a letter at large, though you were well enough, the day after you received my *ſecond*, to go joyfully back again with him to the vile houſe?—But more of theſe by-and-by. I muſt haſten to take notice of your letter of Wedneſday laſt week; which you could *contrive* ſhould fall into my mother's hands.

Let me tell you, that that letter has almoſt broken my heart. Good God! what have you brought yourſelf to, Miſs Clariſſa Harlowe?—Could I have believed, that after you had eſcaped from the miſcreant, (with ſuch mighty pains and earneſtneſs eſcaped) and after ſuch an attempt as he had made, you would have been prevailed upon not only to forgive him, but (without being married too) to return with him to that horrid houſe!—A houſe I had given you ſuch an account of!—Surprizing!—What an intoxicating thing is *this love?*—I *always* feared, that you, even you, were not proof againſt it's *inconſiſtent* effects.

You your *beſt ſelf* have not eſcaped!—Indeed I ſee not how you could expect to eſcape.

*What a tale have you to unfold!*—You need not unfold it, my dear: I would not have engaged to prognoſticate all that has happened, had you but told me that you would once more have put yourſelf into his power, after you had taken ſuch pains to get out of it.

*Your peace is deſtroyed!*—I wonder not at it: ſince now you muſt reproach yourſelf for a credulity ſo ill placed.

*Your intellect is touched!*—I am ſure my heart bleeds for you: but, excuſe me, my dear, I doubt your intellect was touched before you left Hampſtead: or you would never have let him find you out there; or, when he did, ſuffer him to prevail upon you to return to the horrid brothel.

*I tell you*, I ſent you *three letters:* the *firſt* of which, dated the 7th and 8th of June, (for it was written at twice) came ſafe to your hands, as you ſent me word by a few lines dated the 9th: had it not, I ſhould have doubted my own ſafety; ſince in it I gave you ſuch an account of the abominable houſe, and threw ſuch cautions in your way in relation to that Tomlinſon, as the more ſurprized me that you could think of going back to it again, after you had eſcaped from it, and from Lovelace—O, my dear—But nothing now will I ever wonder at!

The *ſecond*, dated June 10, was given into your own hand at Hampſtead, on Sunday the 11th, as you was lying upon a couch, in a ſtrange way, according to my meſſenger's account of you, bloated, and flush-coloured; I don't know how.

The *third* was dated the 20th of June. Having not heard one word from you ſince the promiſing billet of the 9th, I own I did not ſpare you in it. I ventured it by the uſual conveyance, by that Wilſon's, having no other: ſo cannot be ſure you received it. Indeed I rather think you might not; becauſe in yours, which fell into my mother's hands, you make no mention of it: and if you had had it, I believe it would have touched you too much to have been paſſed by unnoticed.

You have heard, that I have been ill, you ſay. I had a cold indeed; but it was ſo ſlight a one, that it confined me not an hour. But I doubt not, that ſtrange things you have *heard*, and *been told*, to induce you to take the ſtep you took. And, till you did take that ſtep, (the going back with this villain, I mean) I knew not a more pitiable caſe than yours: ſince every-body muſt have excuſed you before, who knew how you were uſed at home, and was acquainted with your prudence and vigilance. But, alas! my dear, we ſee that the *wiſeſt people* are not to be depended upon, when *Love*, like an *ignis fatuus*, holds up it's miſleading lights before their eyes.

My mother tells me, ſhe ſent you an anſwer, deſiring you not to write to me, becauſe it would grieve me. To be ſure

I am

I *am* grieved; *exceedingly* grieved; and, *diſappointed* too, you muſt permit me to ſay. For I had always thought that there never was ſuch a woman, at your years, in the world.

But I remember once an argument you held, on occaſion of a cenſure paſſed in company upon an excellent preacher, who was not a very excellent liver: *preaching* and *practiſing*, you ſaid, required quite different talents: which, when united in the ſame perſon, made the man a ſaint; as *wit* and *judgment* going together conſtituted a genius.

You made it out, I remember, very prettily: but you never made it out, excuſe me, my dear, more convincingly, than by that part of your late conduct, which I complain of.

My love for you, and my concern for your honour, may poſſibly have made me a little of the ſevereſt: if you think ſo, place it to it's proper account; to *that* love, and to *that* concern: which will but do juſtice to *your affected and faithful* A. H.

*P. S.* My mother would not be ſatisfied without reading my letter herſelf; and that before I had fixed all my propoſed hooks. She knows, by this means, and has excuſed, our former correſpondence.

She indeed ſuſpected it before: and ſo ſhe very well might; knowing me, and knowing my love of you.

She has ſo much real concern for your misfortunes, that, thinking it will be a conſolation to *you*, and that it will oblige *me*, ſhe conſents that you ſhall write to me the *particulars at large of your ſad ſtory*: but it is on condition that I ſhew her all that has paſſed between us, relating to yourſelf and the vileſt of men. I have the more cheerfully complied, as the communication cannot be to your diſadvantage.

You may therefore write freely, and direct to our own houſe.

My mother promiſes to ſhew me the copy of her letter to you, and your reply to it; which letter ſhe has but juſt told me of. She already apologizes for the ſeverity of hers: and thinks the ſight of your reply will affect me too much. But having her promiſe, I will not diſpenſe with it.

I doubt hers is ſevere enough. So I fear you will think mine: but you have taught me never to ſpare the *fault* for the *friend's* ſake; and that a great error ought rather to be more inexcuſable in the perſon we value, than in one we are indifferent to; becauſe it is a reflection upon our choice of that perſon, and tends to a breach of the love of mind; and to expoſe us to the world for our partiality. To the *love of mind*, I repeat; ſince it is impoſſible but the errors of the deareſt friend muſt weaken our inward opinion of that friend; and thereby lay a foundation for future diſtance, and perhaps diſguſt.

God grant, that you may be able to clear your conduct *after* you had eſcaped from Hampſtead; as all *before* that time was noble, generous, and prudent: the man a devil and you a ſaint!——Yet I hope you can; and therefore expect it from you.

I ſend by a particular hand. He will call for your anſwer at your own appointment.

I am afraid this horrid wretch will trace out, by the poſt-offices, where you are, if not careful.

To have *money*, and *will*, and *head*, to be a villain, is too much for the reſt of the world, when they meet in one man.

## LETTER XLIII.

### MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE.

THURSDAY, JULY 6.

FEW young perſons have been able to give more convincing proofs than myſelf, how little true happineſs lies in the enjoyment of our own wiſhes.

To produce one inſtance only of the truth of this obſervation; what would I have given for weeks paſt, for the favour of a letter from my dear Miſs Howe, in whoſe friendſhip I placed all my remaining comfort! Little did I think, that the next letter ſhe would honour me with, ſhould be in ſuch a ſtyle, as ſhould make me look more than once at the ſubſcription, that I might be ſure (the name not being written at length) that it was not ſigned by another A. H. 'For ſurely,' thought I, 'this is 'my ſiſter Arabella's ſtyle: ſurely Miſs 'Howe (blame me as ſhe pleaſes in other 'points) could never repeat ſo *ſharply* 'upon her friend, words written in the 'bitterneſs of ſpirit, and in the diſorder 'of head; nor remind her, with aſperity, and with mingled ſtrokes of wit, 'of an argument held in the gaiety of an 'heart elated with proſperous fortunes, '(as mine then was) and very little ap-

'prehenſive of the ſevere turn that argument would one day take againſt herſelf.

'But what have *I*, ſunk in my fortunes; my character forfeited; my honour loſt; [While *I* know it, I care not *who* knows it] deſtitute of friends, and even of hope; what have *I* to do to ſhew a ſpirit of repining and expoſtulation to a dear friend, becauſe ſhe is not *more* kind than a ſiſter?'

You have till now, my dear, treated me with great indulgence. If it was with greater than I had *deſerved*, I may be to blame to have built upon it, on the conſciouſneſs that I *deſerve it* now *as much as ever*. But I find, by the riſing bitterneſs which will mingle with the gall in my ink, that I am not yet ſubdued enough to my condition—I lay down my pen for one moment.

PARDON me, my Miſs Howe, I have recollected myſelf: and will endeavour to give a particular anſwer to your letter; although it will take me up too much time to think of ſending it by your meſſenger to-morrow: he can put off his journey, he ſays, till Saturday. I will endeavour to have the whole narrative ready for you by Saturday.

But how to defend myſelf in everything that has happened, I cannot tell: ſince in ſome part of the time, in which my conduct appears to have been cenſurable, I was not myſelf; and to this hour know not all the methods taken to deceive and ruin me.

You tell me, that in your firſt letter you gave me ſuch an account of the vile houſe I was in, and ſuch cautions about that Tomlinſon, as made you wonder how I could think of going back.

Alas, my dear! I was tricked, moſt vilely tricked back, as you ſhall hear in it's place.

Without *knowing* the houſe was ſo very *vile* a houſe from your *intended* information, I diſliked the people too much, ever *voluntarily* to have returned to it. But had you really written ſuch cautions about Tomlinſon, and the houſe, as you ſeem to have *purpoſed* to do, they muſt, had they come in time, have been of infinite ſervice to me. But not one word of either, whatever was your *intention*, did you mention to me, in that *firſt* of the *three* letters you ſo warmly TELL ME you *did* ſend me. *I will incloſe it to convince you.*

But your account of your meſſenger's delivering to me your ſecond letter, and the deſcription he gives of me, as *lying upon a couch, in a ſtrange way, bloated, and flush-coloured; you don't know how*, abſolutely puzzles and confounds me.

Lord have mercy upon the poor Clariſſa Harlowe! What can this mean!—*Who* was the meſſenger you ſent? Was *he* one of Lovelace's creatures too!—Could nobody come near me but that man's confederates, either *ſetting out ſo*, or *made ſo*? I know not what to make of any one ſyllable of this! Indeed I don't.

Let me ſee. You ſay, this was *before* I went from Hampſtead? My intellects had not then been touched!—Nor had I ever been ſurprized by wine: [Strange if I had!] how then could I be found in ſuch a *ſtrange way, bloated, and flush-coloured; you don't know how!*—Yet what a vile, what a hateful figure has your meſſenger repreſented me to have made!

But indeed I know nothing of ANY meſſenger from you.

Believing myſelf ſecure at Hampſtead, I ſtaid longer there than I would have done, in hopes of the letter promiſed me in your ſhort one of the 9th, brought me by my own meſſenger, in which you undertake to ſend for and engage Mrs. Townſend in my favour.

I wondered I heard not from you: and was told you were ſick; and, at another time, that your mother and you had had words on my account, and that you had refuſed to admit Mr. Hickman's viſits upon it: ſo that I ſuppoſed at one time, that you were not *able* to write; at another, that your mother's prohibition had it's *due* force with you. But now I have no doubt, that the wicked man muſt have intercepted your letter; and I wiſh he found not means to *corrupt your meſſenger* to tell you ſo ſtrange a ſtory.

It was on Sunday June 11, you ſay, that the man gave it me. I was at church twice that day with Mrs. Moore. Mr. Lovelace was at her houſe the while, where he boarded, and wanted to have lodged; but I would not permit that, though I could not help the other. In one of theſe ſpaces *it muſt be* that he had time to work upon the man. You'll eaſily, my dear, find that out, by enquiring the time of his arrival at Mrs. Moore's, and other circumſtances of the *ſtrange way* he pretended to ſee me in, *on a couch*, and the reſt.

Had any-body ſeen me afterwards, when I was betrayed back to the vile houſe, ſtruggling under the operation of wicked potions, and robbed *indeed* of my intellects, (for this, as you ſhall hear,

hear, was my dreadful caſe) I might then, perhaps, have appeared *bloated*, and *fleſh-coloured*, and *I know not how myſelf*. But were you to ſee your poor Clariſſa *now*, (or even to have ſeen her at Hampſtead *before* ſhe ſuffered the vileſt of all outrages) you would not think her *bloated*, or *fluſh-coloured*: indeed you would not.

In a word, it could not be *me* your meſſenger ſaw; nor (if any-body) who it was can I divine.

I will now, as *briefly* as the ſubject will permit, enter into the darker part of my ſad ſtory: and yet I muſt be ſomewhat circumſtantial, that you may not think me capable of *reſerve* or *palliation*. The *latter* I am not conſcious that I need. I ſhould be utterly inexcuſable, were I guilty of the *former* to you. And yet, if you knew how my heart ſinks under the thoughts of a recollection ſo painful, you would pity me.

As I ſhall not be able, perhaps, to conclude what I have to write in even two or three letters, I will begin a new one with my ſtory; and ſend the whole of it together, although written at different periods, as I am able.

Allow me a little pauſe, my dear, at this place: and to ſubſcribe myſelf *your ever-affectionate, and obliged*,

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

## LETTER XLIV.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE.

[REFERRED TO IN VOL. V.]

THURSDAY NIGHT.

HE had found me out at Hampſtead: ſtrangely found me out; for I am ſtill at a loſs to know by what means.

I was loth, in my billet of the 9th, to tell you ſo, for fear of giving you apprehenſions for me; and beſides, I hoped then to have a ſhorter and happier iſſue to account to you for, through your aſſiſtance, than I met with.

*She then gives a narrative of all that paſſed at Hampſtead between herſelf, Mr. Lovelace, Captain Tomlinſon, and the women there, to the ſame effect with that ſo amply given by Mr. Lovelace.*

Mr. Lovelace, finding all he could ſay, and all Captain Tomlinſon could urge, ineffectual, to prevail upon me to forgive an outrage ſo flagrantly premeditated; reſted all his hopes on a viſit which was to be paid me by Lady Betty Lawrance and Miſs Montague.

In my uncertain ſituation, my proſpects all ſo dark, I knew not to whom I might be obliged to have recourſe in the laſt reſort: and as thoſe ladies had the beſt of characters, inſomuch that I had reaſon to regret that I had not from the firſt thrown myſelf upon their protection, (when I had forfeited that of my own friends) I thought I would not *ſhun* an interview with them, though I was too indifferent to their kinſman to *ſeek* it, as I doubted not, that one end of their viſit would be to reconcile me to him.

On Monday the 12th of June theſe pretended ladies came to Hampſtead; and I was preſented to them, and they to me, by their kinſman.

They were richly dreſſed, and ſtuck out with jewels; the pretended Lady Betty's were particularly very fine.

They came in a coach-and-four, hired, as was confeſſed, while their own was repairing in town: a pretence made, I now perceive, that I ſhould not gueſs at the impoſture by the want of the real lady's arms upon it. Lady Betty was attended by her woman, whom ſhe called Morriſon; a modeſt country-looking perſon.

I had heard, that Lady Betty was a fine woman, and that Miſs Montague was a beautiful young lady, genteel, and graceful, and full of vivacity—Such were theſe impoſtors; and having never ſeen either of them, I had not the leaſt ſuſpicion, that they were not the ladies they perſonated; and being put a little out of countenance by the richneſs of their dreſſes, I could not help (fool that I was!) to apologize for my own.

The pretended Lady Betty then told me, that her nephew had acquainted them with the ſituation of affairs between us. And although ſhe could not but ſay, that ſhe was very glad that he had not put ſuch a ſlight upon his lordſhip and them, as report had given them cauſe to apprehend; (the reaſons for which report, however, ſhe much approved of) yet it had been matter of great concern to her, and to her niece Montague, and would to the whole family, to find ſo great a miſunderſtanding ſubſiſting between us, as, if not made up, might diſtance all their hopes.

She could eaſily tell who was in fault, ſhe ſaid. And gave him a look both of anger and diſdain: aſking him, How it was poſſible for him to give an offence of *ſuch* a nature to ſo charming a lady, [ſo ſhe called me] as ſhould occaſion a reſentment ſo ſtrong?

He pretended to be awed into ſhame and ſilence.

'My deareſt niece,' ſaid ſhe, and took my hand, '(I *muſt* call you niece, as 'well from love, as to humour your uncle's laudable expedient) permit me to 'be, not an advocate, but a mediatrix 'for him; and not for his ſake, ſo much 'as for my own, my Charlotte's, and 'all our family's. The indignity he 'has offered to you, may be of too tender a nature to be enquired into. But 'as he declares, that it was not a premeditated offence; whether, my dear,' [for I was going to riſe upon it in my temper] 'it were or not; and as he 'declares his ſorrow for it; (and never 'did creature expreſs a deeper ſorrow 'for an offence than he) and as it is a 'repairable one; let *us*, for this one 'time, forgive him; and thereby lay 'an obligation upon this man of errors '—Let US, I ſay, my dear;—for Sir,' [turning to him] 'an offence againſt 'ſuch a peerleſs lady as this, muſt be an 'offence againſt *me*, againſt your *couſin* 'here, and againſt *all the virtuous* of 'our ſex.'

See, my dear, what a creature he had picked out! Could you have thought there was a woman in the world who could thus expreſs herſelf, and yet be vile? But ſhe had her principal inſtructions from him, and thoſe written down too, as I have reaſon to think: for I have recollected ſince, that I once ſaw this Lady Betty (who often roſe from her ſeat, and took a turn to the other end of the room with ſuch emotion as if the joy of her heart would not let her ſit ſtill) take out a paper from her ſtays, and look into it, and put it there again. She might oftener, and I not obſerve it; for I little thought that there could be ſuch impoſtors in the world.

I could not forbear paying great attention to what ſhe ſaid. I found my tears ready to ſtart; I drew out my handkerchief, and was ſilent. I had not been ſo indulgently treated a great while by a perſon of character and diſtinction; [ſuch I thought her] and durſt not truſt to the accent of my voice.

The pretended Miſs Montague joined in on this occaſion; and drawing her chair cloſe to me, took my other hand, and beſought me to forgive her couſin; and conſent to rank myſelf as one of the principals of a family, that had long, very long, coveted the honour of my alliance.

I am aſhamed to repeat to you, my dear, now I know what wretches they are, the tender, the obliging, and the reſpectful things I ſaid to them.

The wretch himſelf then came forward. He threw himſelf at my feet. How was I beſet!—The women graſping one my right-hand, the other my left: the pretended Miſs Montague preſſing to her lips more than once the hand ſhe held: the wicked man on his knees, imploring my forgiveneſs; and ſetting before me my happy and my unhappy proſpects, as I ſhould forgive or not forgive him. All that he thought would affect me in his former pleas, and thoſe of Captain Tomlinſon, he repeated. He vowed, he promiſed, he beſpoke the pretended ladies to anſwer for him; and they engaged their honours in his behalf.

Indeed, my dear, I was diſtreſſed, perfectly diſtreſſed. I was ſorry that I had given way to this viſit. For I knew not how, in tenderneſs to relations (as I thought them) ſo worthy, to treat ſo freely as he deſerved, a man nearly allied to them: ſo that my arguments, and my reſolutions, were deprived of their greateſt force.

I pleaded, however, my application to you. I expected every hour, I told them, an anſwer from you to a letter I had written, which would decide my future deſtiny.

They offered to apply to you themſelves in perſon, in *their own behalf*, as they politely termed it. They beſought me to write to you to haſten your anſwer.

I ſaid, I was ſure that you would write the moment that the event of an application to be made to a third perſon enabled you to write. But as to the ſucceſs of their requeſts in behalf of their kinſman, that depended not upon the expected anſwer; for *that*, I begged their pardon, was out of the queſtion. I wiſhed him well. I wiſhed him happy. But I was convinced, that I neither could make *him* ſo, nor he *me*.

Then! how the wretch promiſed!—How he vowed!—How he entreated!—And how the women pleaded!—And they engaged themſelves, and the honour of their whole family, for his juſt, his kind, his tender behaviour to me.

In ſhort, my dear, I was ſo hard ſet, that I was obliged to come to a more favourable compromiſe with them, than I had intended. I would wait for your anſwer to my letter, I ſaid: and if that made doubtful or difficult the change of mea-

meaſures I had reſolved upon, and the ſcheme of life I had formed, I would then conſider of the matter; and, if they would permit me, lay all before them, and take their advice upon it, in conjunction with yours, as if the one were my own aunt, and the other were my own couſin.

They ſhed tears upon this—Of joy they called them:—but ſince, I believe, to their credit, bad as they are, that they were tears of temporary remorſe; for the pretended Miſs Montague turned about, and, as I remember, ſaid, There was no ſtanding it.

But Mr. Lovelace was not ſo eaſily ſatisfied. He was fixed upon his villainous meaſures perhaps; and ſo might not be ſorry to have a pretence againſt me. He bit his lip—He had been but too much uſed, he ſaid, to ſuch indifference, ſuch coldneſs, in the very midſt of his happieſt proſpects—I had on twenty occaſions ſhewn him, to his infinite regret, that any favour I was to confer upon him was to be the reſult of—There he ſtopt—And not of my choice.

This had like to have ſet all back again. I was exceedingly offended. But the pretended ladies interpoſed. The elder ſeverely took him to taſk. He ought, ſhe told him, to be ſatisfied with what I had ſaid. She *deſired* no other condition. 'And what, Sir,' ſaid ſhe, with an air of authority, 'would you 'commit errors, and expect to be *re-* 'warded for them?'

They then engaged me in a more agreeable converſation—The pretended lady declared, that ſhe, Lord M. and Lady Sarah, would directly, and perſonally intereſt themſelves to bring about a general reconciliation between the two families, and this either in open or private concert with my uncle Harlowe, as ſhould be thought fit. Animoſities on one ſide had been carried a great way, ſhe ſaid; and too little care had been ſhewn on the other to mollify or heal. My father ſhould ſee that they could treat him as a brother and a friend; and my brother and ſiſter ſhould be convinced, that there was no room either for the jealouſy or envy they had conceived from motives too unworthy to be avowed.

Could I help, my dear, being pleaſed with them?

Permit me here to break off. The taſk grows too heavy, at preſent, for the heart of *your*

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

## LETTER XLV.

### MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

IN CONTINUATION.

I Was very ill, and obliged to lay down my pen. I thought I ſhould have fainted. But am better now—So will proceed.

The pretended ladies, the more we talked, the fonder they ſeemed to be of me. And *the* Lady Betty had Mrs. Moore called up; and aſked her, If ſhe had accommodations for her niece and ſelf, her woman, and two men-ſervants for three or four days?

Mr. Lovelace anſwered for her that ſhe had.

She would not aſk her dear niece Lovelace ['*Permit me, my dear,*' whiſpered ſhe, '*this charming ſtyle before* '*ſtrangers!—I will keep your uncle's ſe-* 'cret.'] whether ſhe ſhould be welcome or not to be ſo near her. But for the time ſhe ſhould ſtay in theſe parts, ſhe would come up every night—'What ſay '*you*, niece Charlotte?'

The pretended Charlotte anſwered, ſhe ſhould like to do ſo of all things.

*The* Lady Betty called her an obliging girl. She liked the place, ſhe ſaid. Her couſin Leeſon would excuſe her. The air, and my company, would do her good. She never choſe to lie in the ſmoaky town, if ſhe could help it. 'In 'ſhort, my dear,' ſaid ſhe to me, 'I 'will ſtay till I have your conſent to go 'with me to Glenham Hall. Not one 'moment will I be out of your company 'when I can have it. Stedman, my ſo-'licitor, as the diſtance from town is ſo 'ſmall, may attend me here for in-'ſtructions.—Niece Charlotte, one word 'with you, child.'

They retired to the further end of the room, and talked about their night-dreſſes.

*The* Miſs Charlotte ſaid, Morriſon might be diſpatched for them.

'True,' ſaid the other—'But I have 'ſome letters in my private box, which 'I muſt have up. And you know, 'Charlotte, that I truſt nobody with 'the keys of that.'

Could not Morriſon bring up that box?

No. She thought it ſafeſt where it was. She had heard of a robbery committed but two days ago at the foot of Hampſtead Hill; and ſhe ſhould be ruined if ſhe loſt her box.

Well then, it was but going to town

to

to undreſs, and ſhe would leave her jewels behind her, and return; and ſhould be eaſier a great deal on all accounts.

For my part, I wondered they came up with them. But that was to be taken as a reſpect paid to me. And then they hinted at another viſit of ceremony which they had thought to make, had they not found me ſo inexpreſſibly engaging.

They talked loud enough for me to hear them; on purpoſe, no doubt, though in affected whiſpers; and concluded with high praiſes of me.

I was not fool enough to believe, or to be puffed up with their encomiums; yet not ſuſpecting them, I was not diſpleaſed at ſo favourable a beginning of acquaintance with ladies (whether I were to be related to them or not) of whom I had always heard honourable mention. And yet at the time, I thought, highly as they exalted *me*, that in ſome reſpects (though I hardly knew in what) they fell ſhort of what I expected *them* to be.

The grand deluder was at the farther end of the room, another way; probably to give me an opportunity to hear theſe preconcerted praiſes—looking into a book, which, had there not been a preconcert, would not have taken his attention for one moment. It was *Taylor's Holy Living and Dying*.

When the pretended ladies joined me, he approached me with it in his hand—'A ſmart book, this, my dear!—This 'old divine affects, I ſee, a mighty 'flowery ſtile upon a very ſolemn ſub'ject. But it puts me in mind of an 'ordinary country funeral, where the 'young women, in honour of a defunct 'companion, eſpecially if ſhe were a 'virgin, or *paſſed for ſuch*, make a 'flower-bed of her coffin.'

And then, laying down the book, turning upon his heel, with one of his uſual airs of gaiety, 'And are you de'termined, ladies, to take up your 'lodgings with my charming creature?'

Indeed they were.

Never were there more cunning, more artful impoſtors, than theſe women. Practiſed creatures, to be ſure: yet genteel; and they muſt have been well educated—Once, perhaps, as much the delight of their parents, as I was of mine: and who knows by what arts ruined, body and mind!—O my dear! how pregnant is this reflection!

But the *man!*—Never was there a man ſo deep. Never ſo conſummate a deceiver; except that deteſted Tomlinſon; whoſe years, and ſerioufneſs, joined with a ſolidity of ſenſe and judgment that ſeemed uncommon, gave him, one would have thought, advantages in villainy, the other had not time for. Hard, very hard, that I ſhould fall into the knowledge of two ſuch wretches; when two more ſuch I hope are not to be met with in the world!—Both ſo determined to carry on the moſt barbarous and perfidious projects againſt a poor young creature, who never did or wiſhed harm to either.

Take the following ſlight account of theſe womens and of this man's behaviour to each other before me.

Mr. Lovelace carried himſelf to his pretended aunt with high reſpect, and paid a great deference to all ſhe ſaid. He permitted her to have all the advantage over him in the repartees and retorts that paſſed between them. I could, indeed, eaſily ſee, that it *was* permitted; and that he forbore that vivacity, that quickneſs, which he never ſpared ſhewing to the pretended Miſs Montague; and which a man of wit ſeldom knows how to ſpare ſhewing, when an opportunity offers to diſplay his wit.

The pretended Miſs Montague was ſtill more reſpectful in her behaviour to her pretended aunt. While the aunt kept up the dignity of the character ſhe had aſſumed, rallying both of them with the air of a perſon who depends upon the ſuperiority which years and fortune give over younger perſons, who might have a view to be obliged to her, either in her life, or at her death.

The ſeverity of her raillery, however, was turned upon Mr. Lovelace, on accaſion of the character of the people who kept the lodgings, which, ſhe ſaid, I had thought myſelf ſo well warranted to leave privately.

This ſtartled me. For having then no ſuſpicion of the vile Tomlinſon, I concluded, (and your letter of the 7th favoured my concluſion) that if the houſe were notorious, either he, or Mr. Mennell, would have given me or him ſome hints of it—Nor, although I liked not the people, did I obſerve any-thing in them very culpable, till the Wedneſday night before, that they offered not to come to my aſſiſtance, although within hearing of my diſtreſs, (as I am ſure they were) and having as much reaſon as I to be frighted at the fire, had it been real.

I looked with indignation upon Mr. Lovelace, at this hint.

He

He ſeemed abaſhed. I have not patience, but to recollect the ſpecious looks of this vile deceiver. But how was it poſſible, that even that florid countenance of his ſhould enable him to command a bluſh at his pleaſure? For bluſh he did, more than once: and the bluſh, on this occaſion, was a deep-dyed crimſon, unſtrained-for, and natural, as I thought—But he is ſo much of the actor, that he ſeems able to enter into any character; and his muſcles and features appear entirely under obedience to his wicked will.

The pretended lady went on, ſaying, She had taken upon herſelf to enquire after the people, on hearing that I had left the houſe in diſguſt; and though ſhe heard not any-thing *much* amiſs, yet ſhe heard enough to make her wonder that he could carry his ſpouſe, a perſon of ſo much delicacy, to a houſe, that, if it had not a *bad* fame, had not a *good* one.

You muſt think, my dear, that I liked the pretended Lady Betty the better for this. I ſuppoſe it was deſigned I ſhould.

He was ſurprized, he ſaid, that her ladyſhip ſhould hear a bad character of the people. It was what he had never before heard that they deſerved. It was eaſy, indeed, to ſee, that they had not very great delicacy, though they were not indelicate. The nature of their livelihood, letting of lodgings, and taking people to board, (and yet he had underſtood that they were nice in theſe particulars) led them to aim at being free and obliging; and it was difficult, he ſaid, for perſons of cheerful diſpoſitions, ſo to behave, as to avoid cenſure: openneſs of heart and countenance in the ſex, [more was the pity) too often ſubjected good people, whoſe fortunes did not ſet them above the world, to uncharitable cenſure.

He wiſhed, however, that her ladyſhip would tell *what* ſhe had heard: although now it ſignified but little, becauſe he would never aſk me to ſet foot within their doors again: and he begged ſhe would not mince the matter.

Nay, no great matter, ſhe ſaid. But ſhe had been informed, that there were more women-lodgers in the houſe than men: yet that their viſitors were more men than women. And this had been hinted to her (perhaps by ill-willers, ſhe could not anſwer for that) in ſuch a way, as if ſomewhat further were meant by it than was ſpoken.

This, he ſaid, was the true inuendo-way of characterizing, uſed by detractors. Every-body and every-thing had a black and a white ſide, of which well-willers and ill-willers may make their advantage. He had obſerved, that the front-houſe was well lett, and he believed, more to the one ſex than to the other; for he had ſeen, occaſionally paſſing to and fro, ſeveral genteel modeſt-looking women; and who, it was very probable, were not ſo ill-beloved, but they might have viſitors and relations of both ſexes: but they were none of them any-thing to us, or we to them: we were not once in any of their companies: but in the genteeleſt and moſt retired houſe of the two, which we had in a manner to ourſelves, with the uſe of a parlour to the ſtreet, to ſerve us for a ſervants-hall, or to receive common viſitors, or our traders only, whom we admitted not up-ſtairs.

He always loved to ſpeak as he found. No man in the world had ſuffered more from calumny than he himſelf had done.

Women, he owned, ought to be more ſcrupulous than men needed to be where they lodged. Nevertheleſs he wiſhed, that fact, rather than ſurmiſe, were to be the foundation of their judgments, eſpecially when they ſpoke of one another.

He meant no reflection upon her ladyſhip's informants, or rather *ſurmiſants*, (as he might call them) be they who they would: nor did he think himſelf obliged to defend characters impeached, or not thought well of, by women of virtue and honour. Neither were theſe people of importance enough to have ſo much ſaid about them.

The pretended Lady Betty ſaid, All who knew her, would clear her of cenſoriouſneſs: that it gave her ſome opinion, ſhe muſt needs ſay, of the people, that he had continued there ſo long with me; that I had rather *negative* than *poſitive* reaſons of diſlike to them; and that ſo ſhrewd a man as ſhe heard Captain Tomlinſon was, had not objected to them.

'I think, niece Charlotte,' proceeded ſhe, 'as my nephew has not parted with 'theſe lodgings, you and I—(for, as 'my dear Miſs Harlowe diſlikes the 'people, I would not aſk *her* for her 'company)—will take a diſh of tea with 'my nephew there, before we go out of 'town; and then we ſhall ſee what ſort 'of people they are. I have heard, that 'Mrs. Sinclair is a mighty forbidding 'creature.'

'With all my heart, Madam. In

'your

'*your ladyſhip's* company I ſhall make no 'ſcruple of going any-whither.'

It was *ladyſhip* at every word; and as ſhe ſeemed proud of her title, and of her dreſs too, I might have gueſſed that ſhe was not uſed to *either*.

'What ſay *you*, couſin Lovelace?—'Lady Sarah, though a melancholy wo-'man, is very inquiſitive about all your 'affairs. I muſt acquaint her with every 'particular circumſtance when I go 'down.'

With all his heart. He would attend her whenever ſhe pleaſed. She would ſee very handſome apartments, and very civil people.

'The deuce is in them,' ſaid *the* Miſs Montague, 'if they appear other to us.'

They then fell into family talk; family happineſs on my hoped-for acceſſion into it. They mentioned Lord M.'s and Lady Sarah's great deſire to ſee me: how many friends and admirers, with up-lift hands, I ſhould have!—[*O my dear, what a triumph muſt theſe creatures, and he, have over the poor devoted all the time!*]—What a happy man he would be!—They would not, *the* Lady Betty ſaid, give themſelves the mortification but to ſuppoſe, that I ſhould not be one of them!

Preſents were hinted at. She reſolved that I ſhould go with her to Glenham Hall. She would not be refuſed, although ſhe were to ſtay a week beyond her time for me.

She longed for the expected letter from you. I muſt write to haſten it, and to let Miſs Howe know how every-thing ſtood ſince I wrote laſt. That might diſpoſe me abſolutely in *her* favour and in her nephew's; and then ſhe hoped there would be no occaſion for me to think of entering upon any new meaſures.

Indeed, my dear, I did at the time intend, if I heard not from you by morning, to diſpatch a man and horſe to you, with the particulars of *all*, that you might, (if you thought proper) at leaſt, put off Mrs. Townſend's coming up to another day. But I was miſerably prevented.

She made me promiſe, that I would write to you upon this ſubject, whether I heard from you, or not. One of her ſervants ſhould ride poſt with my letter, and wait for Miſs Howe's anſwer.

She then launched out in deſerved praiſes of you, my dear. How fond ſhe ſhould be of the honour of your acquaintance.

The pretended Miſs Montague joined in with her, as well for herſelf as for her ſiſter.

Abominably well inſtructed were they both!

O my dear! What riſques may poor giddy girls run, when they throw themſelves out of the protection of their natural friends, and into the wide world!

They then talked again of reconciliation and intimacy with every-one of my friends; with my mother particularly; and gave the dear good lady the praiſes that every-one gives her, who has the happineſs to know her.

Ah, my dear Miſs Howe! I had almoſt forgot my reſentments againſt the pretended nephew!—So many agreeable things ſaid, made me think, that, if you ſhould adviſe it, and if I could bring my mind to forgive the wretch for an outrage ſo *premeditatedly* vile, and could forbear deſpiſing him for that and his other ungrateful and wicked ways, I might not be unhappy in an alliance with ſuch a family. 'Yet,' thought I at the time, 'with what in-'termixtures does every-thing come to 'me, that has the appearance of good!'—However, as my lucid hopes made me ſee fewer faults in the behaviour of theſe pretended ladies, than recollection and abhorrence have helped me ſince to ſee, I began to reproach myſelf, that I had not at firſt thrown myſelf into their protection.

'But amidſt all theſe delightful proſ-'pects, I muſt not,' ſaid *the* Lady Betty, 'forget that I am to go to town.'

She then ordered her coach to be got to the door—"We will all go to town 'together,' ſaid ſhe, 'and return to-'gether. Morriſon ſhall ſtay here, and 'ſee every thing as I am uſed to have 'it, in relation to my apartment, and 'my bed; for I am very particular in 'ſome reſpects. My couſin Leeſon's 'ſervants can do all I want to be done 'with regard to my night-dreſſes, and 'the like. And it will be a little airing 'for you, my dear, and a good oppor-'tunity for Mr. Lovelace to order what 'you want of your apparel to be ſent 'from your former lodgings to Mrs. 'Leeſon's; and we can bring it up with 'us from thence.'

I had no intention to comply. But as I did not imagine that ſhe would inſiſt upon my going to town with them, I made no anſwer to that part of her ſpeech.

I muſt here lay down my tired pen!

Recollection! Heart-affecting recollection! How it pains me!

LETTER

## LETTER XLVI.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE.

IN the midſt of theſe agreeableneſſes, the coach came to the door. The pretended Lady Betty beſought me to give them my company to their couſin Leeſon's. I deſired to be excuſed: yet ſuſpected nothing. She would not be denied. How happy would a viſit ſo condeſcending make her couſin Leeſon!—Her couſin Leeſon was not unworthy of my acquaintance: and would take it for the greateſt favour in the world.

I objected my dreſs. But the objection was not admitted. She beſpoke a ſupper of Mrs. Moore to be ready at nine.

Mr. Lovelace, vile hypocrite, and wicked deceiver! ſeeing, as he ſaid, my diſlike to go, deſired her ladyſhip not to inſiſt upon it,

Fondneſs for my company was pleaded. She begged me to oblige her: made a motion to help me to my fan herſelf: and, in ſhort, was ſo very urgent, that my feet complied againſt my ſpeech, and my mind: and being, in a manner, led to the coach by her, and made to ſtep in firſt, ſhe followed me: and her pretended niece, and the wretch, followed her: and away it drove.

Nothing but the height of affectionate complaiſance paſſed all the way: over and over, What a joy would this unexpected viſit give her couſin Leeſon! What a pleaſure muſt it be to ſuch a mind as mine, to be able to give ſo much joy to every-body I came near!

The cruel, the ſavage ſeducer, (as I have ſince recollected) was in rapture all the way; but yet ſuch a ſort of rapture, as he took viſible pains to check.

Hateful villain! How I abhor him!—What miſchief muſt be then in his plotting heart!—What a devoted victim muſt I be in all their eyes!

Though not pleaſed, I was nevertheleſs, juſt then thoughtleſs of danger; they endeavouring thus to lift me up above all apprehenſions of that, and above myſelf too.

But think, my dear, what a dreadful turn all had upon me, when, through ſeveral ſtreets and ways I knew nothing of, the coach ſlackening it's pace, came within ſight of the dreadful houſe of the dreadfulleſt woman in the world; as ſhe proved to me.

'Lord be good unto me!' cried the poor fool, looking out of the coach—'Mr. Lovelace!—Madam!' turning to the pretended Lady Betty.—'Madam!' turning to the niece, my hands and eyes lifted up—'Lord be good unto 'me!'

'What!—What!—What!—my 'dear——'

He pulled the ſtring—'What need to 'have come this way?' ſaid he.—'But 'ſince we are, I will but aſk a queſ-'tion—My deareſt life, *why* this ap-'prehenſion.'

The coachman ſtopped: *his* ſervant, who, with one of hers, was behind, alighted—'Aſk,' ſaid he, 'if I have 'any letters?—Who knows, my deareſt 'creature,' turning to me, 'but we 'may already have one from the cap-'tain?—We will not go out of the 'coach!—Fear nothing—Why ſo ap-'prehenſive?—Oh! theſe fine ſpirits!' cried the execrable inſulter.

Dreadfully did my heart then miſgive me: I was ready to faint. 'Why 'this terror, my life? You ſhall not 'ſtir out of the coach—But one queſ-'tion, now the fellow has drove us this 'way.'

'Your lady will faint,' cried the execrable Lady Betty, turning to him.—'My deareſt niece! (Niece I *will* call 'you,' taking my hand) 'we muſt a-'light, if you are ſo ill.—Let us alight '—Only for a glaſs of water and hartſ-'horn—Indeed we muſt alight.'

'No, no, no!—I am well—Quite 'well——Won't the man drive on?—I 'am well—quite well—Indeed I am. '—*Man*, drive on,' putting my head out of the coach—'*Man*, drive on!'—though my voice was too low to be heard.

The coach ſtopt at the door. How I trembled!

Dorcas came to the door on it's ſtopping.

'My deareſt creature,' ſaid the vile man, gaſping as it were for breath, you 'ſhall *not* alight—Any letters for me, 'Dorcas?'

'There are two, Sir. And here is a 'gentleman, Mr. Belton, Sir, waits for 'your honour; and has done ſo above 'an hour.'

'I'll juſt ſpeak to him. Open the door '—You ſha'n't ſtep out, my dear—A 'letter perhaps from the captain already! '—You ſha'n't ſtep out, my dear.'

I ſighed, as if my heart would burſt.

'But we *muſt* ſtep out, nephew:—'your lady will faint. Maid, a glaſs of 'hartſhorn and water!—My dear, you '*muſt* ſtep out—You will faint, child—

'We muſt cut your laces.'—[I believe my complexion was all manner of colours by turns]—'Indeed, you muſt 'ſtep out, my dear.'

He knew, he ſaid, I ſhould be well, the moment the coach drove from the door. I ſhould *not* alight. By his ſoul, I ſhould not.

'Lord, Lord, nephew!—Lord, Lord, 'couſin,'—both women in a breath—'what do you make about nothing!—'You *perſuade* your lady to be afraid of 'alighting.—See you not, that ſhe is 'juſt fainting?'

'Indeed, Madam,' ſaid the vile ſeducer, 'my deareſt love muſt not be 'moved in this point againſt her will. 'I beg it may not be inſiſted upon.'

'Fiddle-faddle, fooliſh man—What 'a pother is here!—I gueſs how it is: 'you are aſhamed to let us ſee what 'ſort of people you carried your lady 'among—But do you go out, and 'ſpeak to your friend, and take your 'letters.'

He ſtept out; but ſhut the coach-door after him, to oblige me.

'The coach may go on, Madam,' ſaid I.

'The coach *ſhall* go on, my dear 'life,' ſaid he—But he gave not, nor intended to give, orders that it ſhould.

'Let the coach go on!' ſaid I—'Mr. 'Lovelace may come after us.'

'Indeed, my dear, you are ill!—In-'deed you muſt alight—Alight but for 'one quarter of an hour—Alight but 'to give orders yourſelf about your 'things. Whom can you be afraid of 'in my company, and my niece's? Theſe 'people muſt have behaved ſhockingly 'to you! Pleaſe the Lord, I'll enquire 'into it!—I'll ſee what ſort of people 'they are!'

Immediately came the old creature to the door. 'A thouſand pardons, dear 'Madam,' ſtepping to the coach-ſide, 'if 'we have any way offended you—Be 'pleaſed, ladies,' [to the other two] 'to 'alight.'

'Well, my dear,' whiſpered *the* Lady Betty, 'I now find that an hideous de-'ſcription of a perſon we never ſaw, is 'an advantage to them. I thought the 'woman was a monſter—But, really, ſhe 'ſeems tolerable.'

I was afraid I ſhould have fallen into fits: but ſtill refuſed to go out—'Man! Man!—Man!—' cried I, gaſpingly, my head out of the coach and in, by turns, half a dozen times running, 'drive on! '—Let us go!'

My heart miſgave me beyond the power of my own accounting for it; for ſtill I did not ſuſpect theſe women. But the antipathy I had taken to the vile houſe, and to find myſelf ſo near it, when I expected no ſuch matter, with the ſight of the old creature, all together made me behave like a diſtracted perſon.

The hartſhorn and water was brought. The pretended Lady Betty made me drink it. Heaven knows if there were any thing elſe in it!'

'Beſides,' ſaid ſhe, whiſperingly, 'I 'muſt ſee what ſort of creatures the '*nieces* are. Want of delicacy cannot 'be hid from me. You could not, 'ſurely, my dear, have this averſion to 're-enter a houſe, for a few minutes, 'in our company, in which you lodged 'and boarded ſeveral weeks, unleſs 'theſe women could be ſo preſumptu-'ouſly vile, as my nephew ought not to 'know.'

Out ſtept the pretended lady; the ſervant, at her command, having opened the door.

'Deareſt Madam,' ſaid the other to me, 'let me follow you.' [For I was next the door] 'Fear nothing: I will 'not ſtir from your preſence.'

'Come, my dear,' ſaid the pretended lady: 'give me your hand;' holding out hers. 'Oblige me this 'once.'

'I will bleſs your footſteps,' ſaid the old creature, 'if once more you honour 'my houſe with your preſence.'

A crowd by this time was gathered about us; but I was too much affected to mind that.

Again the pretended Miſs Montague urged me, ſtanding up as ready to go out if I would give her room. 'Lord, 'my dear,' ſaid ſhe, 'who can bear 'this crowd?—What will people think?'

The pretended lady again preſſed me, with both her hands held out—'Only, 'my dear, to give orders about your 'things.'

And thus preſſed, and gazed at, (for then I looked about me) the women ſo richly dreſſed, people whiſpering; in an evil moment, out ſtepped I, trembling, forced to lean with both my hands (frighted too much for ceremony) on the pretended Lady Betty's arm—O that I had dropped down dead upon the guilty threſhold!

'We ſhall ſtay but a few minutes, 'my dear!—but a few minutes!' ſaid the ſame ſpecious jilt—out of breath with

with her joy, as I have ſince thought, that they had thus triumphed over the unhappy victim!

'Come, Mrs. Sinclair, I think your 'name is, ſhew us the way——' following her, and leading me. 'I am very 'thirſty. You have frighted me, my 'dear, with your ſtrange fears. I muſt 'have tea made, if it can be done in a 'moment.—We have farther to go, 'Mrs. Sinclair, and muſt return to 'Hampſtead this night.'

'It ſhall be ready in a moment,' cried the wretch. 'We have water 'boiling.'

'Haſten, then—Come my dear,' to me, as ſhe led me through the paſſage to the fatal inner-houſe—'Lean upon 'me—how you tremble!—how you fal-'ter in your ſteps!—Deareſt niece Love-'lace,' [The old wretch being in hearing] 'why theſe hurries upon your ſpi-'rits?—We'll be gone in a minute.'

And thus ſhe led the poor ſacrifice into the old wretch's too-well known parlour.

Never was any-body ſo gentle, ſo meek, ſo low-voiced, as the odious woman; drawling out, in a puling accent, all the obliging things ſhe could ſay: aſked, I then thought, by the conſcious dignity of a woman of quality, glittering with jewels.

The called-for tea was ready preſently.

There was no Mr. Belton, I believe: for the wretch went not to any-body, unleſs it were while we were parleying in the coach. No ſuch perſon, however, appeared at the tea-table.

I was made to drink two diſhes, with milk, complaiſantly urged by the pretended ladies helping me each to one. I was ſtupid to their hands; and, when I took the tea, almoſt choaked with vapours; and could hardly ſwallow.

I thought, *tranſiently* thought, that the tea, the laſt diſh particularly, had an odd taſte. They, on my palating it, obſerved, that the milk was *London-milk*; far ſhort in goodneſs of what they were accuſtomed to from their own dairies.

I have no doubt, that my two diſhes, and perhaps my hartſhorn, were prepared for me; in which caſe it was more proper for their purpoſe, that *they* ſhould help me, than that I ſhould help *myſelf*. Ill before, I found myſelf ſtill more and more diſordered in my head; a heavy torpid pain encreaſing faſt upon me. But I imputed it to my terror.

Nevertheleſs, at the pretended ladies motion, I went up ſtairs, attended by Dorcas; who affected to weep for joy, that ſhe once more ſaw my *bleſſed* face; that was the vile creature's word; and immediately I ſet about taking out ſome of my cloaths, ordering what ſhould be put up, and what ſent after me.

While I was thus employed, up came the pretended Lady Betty, in a hurrying way——'My dear, you won't be long 'before you are ready. My nephew is 'very buſy in writing anſwers to his let-'ters: ſo I'll juſt whip away, and change 'my dreſs, and call upon you in an in-'ſtant.'

'O, Madam!—I *am* ready! I am *now* 'ready!—You muſt not leave me here.' And down I ſunk, affrighted, into a chair.

'This inſtant, this inſtant, I will re-'turn—Before you can be ready—Be-'fore you can have packed up your 'things—We would not be late—The 'robbers we have heard of may be out—'Don't let us be late.'

And away ſhe hurried before I could ſay another word. Her pretended niece went with her, without taking notice to me of her going.

I had no ſuſpicion yet, that theſe women were not indeed the ladies they perſonated; and I blamed myſelf for my weak fears.—'It cannot *be*,' thought I, 'that *ſuch* ladies will abet treachery 'againſt a poor creature they are ſo fond 'of. They muſt undoubtedly *be* the 'perſons they *appear* to be—What folly 'to doubt it! The air, the dreſs, the 'dignity, of women of quality. How 'unworthy of them, and of my charity,' concluded I, 'is this ungenerous ſha-'dow of ſuſpicion!'

So, recovering my ſtupified ſpirits, as well as they could be recovered, (for I was heavier and heavier; and wondered to Dorcas, what ailed me: rubbing my eyes, and taking ſome of her ſnuff, pinch after pinch, to very little purpoſe) I purſued my employment: but when that was over, all packed up that I deſigned to be packed up; and I had nothing to do but to *think*; and found them tarry ſo long; I thought I ſhould have gone diſtracted. I ſhut myſelf into the chamber that had been mine; I kneeled, I prayed; yet knew not what I prayed for: then ran out again: it was almoſt dark night, I ſaid. Where, where was Mr. Lovelace?

He came to me, taking no notice at firſt of my conſternation and wildneſs; [What they had given me made me incoherent and wild] 'All goes well, ſaid he, 'my dear!—A line from Cap-'tain Tomlinſon!'

'All indeed did go well for the vil-'lainous project of the moſt cruel and 'moſt villainous of men!'

I *demanded* his aunt!—I *demanded* his couſin!—The evening, I ſaid, was cloſing!—My head was very, *very* bad. I remember, I ſaid—And it grew worſe and worſe.——

Terror, however, as yet kept up my ſpirits; and I inſiſted upon his going himſelf to haſten them.

He called his ſervant. He raved at the *ſex* for *their* delay: 'twas well that buſineſs of conſequence ſeldom depended upon ſuch parading, unpunctual triflers!

His ſervant came.

He ordered him to fly to his couſin Leeſon's, and to let Lady Betty and his couſin know how uneaſy we both were at their delay: adding, of his own accord, 'Deſire them, if they don't come 'inſtantly, to ſend their coach, and we 'will go without them. Tell them, I 'wonder they'll ſerve me ſo!'

I thought this was conſiderately and fairly put. But now indifferent as my head was, I had a little time to conſider the man and his behaviour. He terrified me with his looks, and with his violent emotions, as he gazed upon me. Evident *joy-ſuppreſſed* emotions, as I have ſince recollected. His ſentences ſhort and pronounced as if his breath were touched. Never ſaw I his abominable eyes look, as then they looked—Triumph in them!—Fierce and wild; and more diſagreeable than the women's at the vile houſe appeared to me when I firſt ſaw them; and at times, ſuch a leering, miſchief-boding caſt!—I would have given the world to have been an hundred miles from him. Yet his behaviour was decent—A decency, however, that I might have ſeen to be ſtruggled for—For he ſnatched my hand two or three times, with a vehemence in his graſp that hurt me; ſpeaking words of tenderneſs through his ſhut teeth, as it ſeemed; and let it go with a beggar-voiced humble accent, like the vile woman's juſt before; half-inward; yet his words and manner carrying the appearance of ſtrong, and almoſt convulſed paſſion! —O my dear! What miſchiefs was he not then meditating!

I complained once or twice of thirſt. My mouth ſeemed parched. At the time, I ſuppoſed, that it was my terror (gaſping often as I did for breath) that parched up the roof of my mouth. I called for water: ſome table-beer was brought me: beer, I ſuppoſe, was a better vehicle (if I were not dozed enough before) for their potions. I told the maid, That ſhe knew I ſeldom taſted malt liquor: yet, ſuſpecting nothing of this nature, being extremely thirſty, I drank it, as what came next: and inſtantly, as it were, found myſelf much worſe than before! as if inebriated, I ſhould fancy: I know not how.

His ſervant was gone twice as long as he needed: and juſt before his return, came one of the pretended Lady Betty's, with a letter for Mr. Lovelace.

He ſent it up to me. I read it: and then it was that I thought myſelf a loſt creature; it being to put off her going to Hampſtead that night, on account of violent fits which Miſs Montague was pretended to be ſeized with; for then immediately came into my head his vile attempt upon me in this houſe; the revenge that my flight might too probably inſpire him with on that occaſion, and becauſe of the difficulty I made to forgive him, and to be reconciled to him; his very locks wild and dreadful to me; and the women of the houſe ſuch as I had more reaſon than ever, even from the pretended Lady Betty's hint, to be afraid of. All theſe crouding together in my apprehenſive mind, I fell into a kind of phrenzy.

I have not remembrance how I was, for the time it laſted: but I know, that in my firſt agitations, I pulled off my head-dreſs, and tore my ruffles in twenty tatters, and ran to find him out.

When a little recovered, I inſiſted upon the hint he had given of their coach. But the meſſenger, he ſaid, had told him, that it was ſent to fetch a phyſician, leſt his chariot ſhould be put up, or not ready.

I then inſiſted upon going directly to Lady Betty's lodgings.

Mrs. Leeſon's was now a crouded houſe, he ſaid: and as my earneſtneſs could be owing to nothing but groundleſs apprehenſion, [And O what vows, what proteſtations of his honour, did he then make!] he hoped I would not add to their preſent concern. Charlotte, indeed, was uſed to fits, he ſaid, upon any great ſurprizes, whether of joy or grief; and they would hold her for a week together, if not got off in a few hours.

'You are an *obſerver of eyes*, my 'dear,' ſaid the villain; perhaps in ſe-'cret

cret inſult: 'ſaw you not in Miſs Mon-'tague's now-and-then at Hampſtead, 'ſomething wildiſh? I was afraid for 'her then. Silence and quiet only do 'her good: your concern for *her*, and 'her love for *you*, will but augment the 'poor girl's diſorder, if you ſhould go.'

All impatient with grief and apprehenſion, I ſtill declared myſelf reſolved not to ſtay in that houſe till morning. All I had in the world, my rings, my watch, my little money, for a coach; or, if one were not to be got, I would go on foot to Hampſtead that night, though I walked it by myſelf.

A coach was hereupon ſent for, or pretended to be ſent for. Any price, he ſaid, he would give to oblige me, late as it was; and he would attend me with all his ſoul. But no coach was to be got.

Let me cut ſhort the reſt. I grew worſe and worſe in my head; now ſtupid, now raving, now ſenſeleſs. The vileſt of vile women was brought to frighten me. Never was there ſo horrible a creature as ſhe appeared to me.

I remember, I pleaded for mercy. I remember that I ſaid *I would be his—Indeed I would be his*—to obtain his mercy. But no mercy found I! My ſtrength, my intellects, failed me—And then ſuch ſcenes followed—O my dear, ſuch dreadful ſcenes!—Fits upon fits (faintly indeed and imperfectly remembered) procuring me no compaſſion—But death was witheld from me. That would have been too great a mercy!

THUS was I tricked and deluded back by blacker hearts of my own ſex, than I thought there were in the world; who appeared to me to be perſons of honour: and, when in his power, thus barbarouſly was I treated by this villainous man!

I was ſo ſenſeleſs, that I dare not aver, that the horrid creatures of the houſe were perſonally aiding and abetting: but ſome viſionary remembrances I have of female figures, flitting, as I may ſay, before my ſight; the wretched woman's particularly. But as theſe confuſed ideas might be owing to the terror I had conceived of the worſe than maſculine violence ſhe had been permitted to aſſume to me, for expreſſing my abhorrence of her houſe; and as what I ſuffered from his barbarity wants not that aggravation; I will ſay no more on a ſubject ſo ſhocking as this muſt ever be to my remembrance.

I never ſaw the perſonating wretches afterwards. He perſiſted to the laſt (dreadfully invoking Heaven as a witneſs to the truth of his aſſertion) that they were really and truly the ladies they pretended to be; declaring, that they could not take leave of me, when they left the town, becauſe of the ſtate of ſenſeleſſneſs and phrenzy I was in. For their intoxicating, or rather ſtupefying, potions had almoſt deleterious effects upon my intellects, as I have hinted; inſomuch that, for ſeveral days together, I was under a ſtrange delirium; now moping, now dozing, now weeping, now raving, now ſcribbling, tearing what I ſcribbled, as faſt as I wrote it: *moſt* miſerable when now-and-then a ray of reaſon brought confuſedly to my remembrance what I had ſuffered.

## LETTER XLVII.

### MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

#### IN CONTINUATION.

*THE lady next gives an account,*

Of her recovery from her delirium and ſleepy diſorder:

Of her attempt to get away in his abſence:

Of the converſations that followed, at his return, between them:

Of the guilty figure he made:

Of her reſolution not to have him:

Of her ſeveral efforts to eſcape:

Of her treaty with Dorcas to aſſiſt her in it:

Of Dorcas's dropping the promiſſory note, undoubtedly, as ſhe ſays, on purpoſe to betray her:

Of her triumph over all the creatures of the houſe, aſſembled to terrify her; and perhaps to commit freſh outrages upon her:

Of his ſetting out for M. Hall:

Of his repeated letters to induce her to meet him at the altar, on her uncle's anniverſary:

Of her determined ſilence to them all:

Of her ſecond eſcape, effected, *as ſhe ſays*, contrary to her own expectation: that attempt being at firſt but the intended prelude to a more promiſing one, which ſhe had formed in her mind:

*And of other particulars; which being to be found in Mr. Lovelace's letters preceding, and the letter of his friend Belford, are omitted. She then proceeds:*

THE very hour that I found myſelf in

in a place of ſafety, I took pen to write to you. When I began, I deſigned only to write ſix or eight lines, to enquire after your health: for, having heard nothing from you, I feared *indeed*, that you *had been*, and *ſtill were*, too ill to write. But no ſooner did my pen begin to blot the paper, but my ſad heart hurried it into length. The apprehenſions I had lain under, that I ſhould not be able to get away; the fatigue I had in effecting my eſcape: the difficulty of procuring a lodging for myſelf; having diſliked the people of two houſes, and thoſe of a third diſliking me; for you muſt think I made a frighted appearance—Theſe, together with the recollection of what I had ſuffered from him, and my farther apprehenſions of my inſecurity, and my deſolate circumſtances had ſo diſordered me, that I remember I rambled ſtrangely in that letter.

In ſhort, I thought it, on re-peruſal, a half-diſtracted one: but I then deſpaired (were I to begin again) of writing better: ſo I let it go; and can have no excuſe for directing it as I did, if the cauſe of the incoherence in it will not furniſh me with a very pitiable one.

The letter I received from your mother was a dreadful blow to me. But nevertheleſs it had the good effect upon me (labouring, as I did juſt then, under a violent fit of vapouriſh deſpondency, and almoſt yielding to it) which profuſe bleeding and bliſterings have in paralytical or apoplectical ſtrokes; reviving my attention, and reſtoring me to ſpirits to combat the evils I was ſurrounded by—Sluicing off, and diverting into a new channel (if I may be allowed another metaphor) the overcharging woes which threatened once more to overwhelm my intellects.

But yet I moſt ſincerely lamented (and ſtill lament) in your mother's words, *That I cannot be unhappy by myſelf:* and was grieved, not only for the trouble I had given you before; but for the new one I had brought upon you by my inattention.

*She then gives the ſubſtance of the letters ſhe wrote to Mrs. Norton, to Lady Betty Lawrance, and to Mrs. Hodges; as alſo of their anſwers; whereby ſhe detected all Mr. Lovelace's impoſtures. She proceeds as follows:*

I cannot, however, forbear to wonder how the vile Tomlinſon could come at the knowledge of ſeveral of the things he told me of, and which contributed to give me confidence in him.

I doubt not, that the ſtories of Mrs. Fretchville, and her houſe, would be found as vile impoſtures as any of the reſt, were I to enquire; and had I not enough, and too much, already againſt the perjured man.

How have I been led on!—What will be the end of ſuch a falſe and perjured creature! Heaven not leſs profaned and defied by him, than myſelf deceived and abuſed! This, however, againſt myſelf I muſt ſay, that if what I have ſuffered be the natural conſequence of my firſt error, I never can forgive *myſelf*, although you are ſo partial in my favour, as to ſay, that I was not cenſurable for what paſſed before my firſt eſcape.

And now, honoured Madam, and my deareſt Miſs Howe, who are to ſit in judgment upon my caſe, permit me to lay down my pen with one requeſt, which, with the greateſt earneſtneſs, I make to you both: and that is, that you will neither of you open your lips in relation to the potions and the violences I have hinted at.—Not that I am ſolicitous, that my diſgrace ſhould be hidden from the world, or that it ſhould not be generally known, that the man has proved a villain to me: for this, it ſeems, every-body but myſelf expected from his character. But ſuppoſe, as his actions by me are really of a *capital nature*, it were inſiſted upon, that I ſhould appear to proſecute him and his accomplices in a court of juſtice, how do you think I could bear that?

But ſince my character, *before* the capital enormity, was loſt in the eye of the world; and that from the very hour I left my father's houſe; and ſince all my own hopes of worldly happineſs are entirely over; let me ſlide quietly into my grave; and let it not be remembered, except by one friendly tear, and no more, dropt from your gentle eye, mine own dear Anna Howe, on the happy day that ſhall ſhut up all my ſorrows, that there was ſuch a creature as

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

SATURDAY, JULY 8,

## LETTER XLVIII.

MISS HOWE, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

SUNDAY, JULY 9.

MAY Heaven ſignalize it's vengeance, in the face of all the world

world, upon the moſt abandoned and profligate of men!—And in it's own time, I doubt not but it will.—And we muſt look to a WORLD BEYOND THIS for the reward of your ſufferings!

Another ſhocking detection, my dear!—How have you been deluded!—Very watchful I have thought you; very ſagacious; but, alas! not watchful, not ſagacious enough, for the horrid villain you have had to deal with!

The letter you ſent me incloſed as mine, of the 7th of June, is a villainous forgery. The hand, indeed, is aſtoniſhingly like mine; and the cover, I ſee, is actually my cover: but yet the letter is not ſo exactly imitated, but that (had you had any ſuſpicions about his vileneſs at the time) you, who ſo well know my hand, might have detected it.

In ſhort, this vile forged letter, though a long one, contains but a few extracts from mine. Mine was a *very* long one. He has omitted every thing, I ſee, in it, that could have ſhewn you what a deteſtable houſe the houſe is; and given you ſuſpicions of the vile Tomlinſon.—You will ſee this, and how he has turned Miſs Lardner's information, and my advices to you, [execrable villain!] to his own horrid ends, by the rough draught of the genuine letter, which I ſhall incloſe.

Apprehenſive for *both* our ſafeties from the villainy of ſuch a daring and profligate contriver, I muſt call upon you, my dear, to reſolve upon taking legal vengeance of the infernal wretch. And this not only for our own ſakes, but for the ſake of innocents who otherwiſe may yet be deluded and outraged by him.

*She then gives the particulars of the report made by the young fellow whom ſhe ſent to Hampſtead with her letter; and who ſuppoſed he had delivered it into her own hand: and then proceeds:*

I am aſtoniſhed, that the vile wretch, who could know nothing of the time my meſſenger (whoſe honeſty I can vouch for) would come, could have a creature ready to perſonate you! Strange, that the man ſhould happen to arrive juſt as you were gone to church, (as I find was the fact, on comparing what he ſays with your hint that you were at church twice that day) when he might have gone to Mrs. Moore's two hours before!—But had you told me, my dear, that the villain had found you out, and was about you!—You ſhould have done that—Yet, I blame you upon a judgment founded upon the *event* only!

I never had any faith in the ſtories that go current among country girls, of ſpectres, familiars, and demons; yet I ſee not any other way to account for this wretch's ſucceſsful villainy, and for his means of working up his ſpecious deluſions, but by ſuppoſing (if he be not the devil himſelf) that he has a familiar conſtantly at his elbow. Sometimes it ſeems to me, that this familiar aſſumes the ſhape of that ſolemn villain Tomlinſon; ſometimes that of the execrable Sinclair, as he calls her: ſometimes it is permitted to take that of Lady Betty Lawrance—But, when it would aſſume the angelick ſhape and mien of my beloved friend, ſee what a bloated figure it made!

'Tis my opinion, my dear, that you will be no longer ſafe where you are, than while the V. is in the country. Words are poor!—or how could I execrate him! I have hardly any doubt, that he has ſold himſelf for a time. O may the time be ſhort!—Or may his infernal prompter no more keep covenant with him, than he does with others!

I incloſe not only the rough draught of my long letter mentioned above; but the heads of that which the young fellow thought he delivered into your own hands at Hampſtead. And when you have peruſed them, I will leave you to judge, how much reaſon I had to be ſurprized, that you wrote me not an anſwer to either of theſe letters; one of which you owned you had received; (though it proved to be his forged one) the other delivered into your own hands, as I was aſſured; and both of them of ſo much concern to your honour; and ſtill how much more ſurprized I muſt be, when I received a letter from Mrs. Townſend, dated June 15, from Hampſtead, importing, That Mr. Lovelace, who had been with you ſeveral days, had, on the Monday before, brought Lady Betty and his couſin, richly dreſſed, and in a coach and four to viſit you: who with your own conſent, had carried you to town with them—to your former lodgings; where you ſtill were: that the Hampſtead women believed you to be married, and reflected upon me as a fomenter of differences between man and wife: that he himſelf was at Hampſtead the day before, viz. Wedneſday the 14th; and boaſted of his happineſs with you; inviting Mrs. Moore, Mrs. Bevis, and Miſs Rawlins,

lins, to go to town to viſit his ſpouſe; which they promiſed to do: that he declared, that you were entirely reconciled to your former lodgings;—and that, finally, the women at Hampſtead told Mrs. Townſhend, that he had very handſomely diſcharged theirs.

I own to you, my dear, that I was ſo much ſurprized and diſguſted at theſe appearances againſt a conduct till then unexceptionable, that I was reſolved to make myſelf as eaſy as I could, and wait till you ſhould think fit to write to me. But I could rein-in my impatience but for a few days; and on the 20th of June I wrote a ſharp letter to you; which I find you did not receive.

What a fatality, my dear, has appeared in your caſe, from the very beginning till this hour! Had my mother permitted—

But can I blame *her*; when you have a *father* and *mother* living, who have ſo much to anſwer for?—So much!—as no father and mother, conſidering the child they have driven, perſecuted, expoſed, renounced—ever had to anſwer for!

But again I muſt execrate the abandoned villain—Yet, as I ſaid before, *all* words are poor, and beneath the occaſion.

But ſee we not, in the horrid perjuries and treachery of this man, what rakes and libertines will do, when they get a young creature into their power! It is probable, that he might have the intolerable preſumption to hope an eaſier conqueſt: but, when your unexampled vigilance and exalted virtue made potions, and rapes, and the utmoſt violences, neceſſary to the attainment of his deteſtable end, we ſee that he never boggled at them. I have no doubt, that the ſame or equal wickedneſs would be *often-er* committed by men of his villainous caſt, if the folly and credulity of the poor inconſiderates who throw themſelves into their hands, did not give them an eaſier triumph.

With what comfort muſt thoſe parents reflect upon theſe things, who have happily diſpoſed of their daughters in marriage to a virtuous man! And how happy the young women who find themſelves ſafe in a worthy protection! —If ſuch a perſon as Miſs Clariſſa Harlowe could not eſcape, who can be ſecure?—Since, though every rake is not a LOVELACE, neither is every woman a CLARISSA: and his attempts were but proportioned to your reſiſtance and vigilance.

My mother has commanded me to let you know her thoughts upon the whole of your ſad ſtory. I will do it in another letter; and ſend it to you with this by a ſpecial meſſenger.

But, for the future, if you approve of it, I will ſend my letters by the uſual hand, (Collins's) to be left at the Saracen's Head on Snow Hill: whither you may ſend yours, (as we both uſed to do, to Wilſon's) except ſuch as we ſhall think fit to tranſmit by the poſt: which I am afraid, after my next, muſt be directed to Mr. Hickman, as before: ſince my mother is for fixing a condition to our correſpondence, which, I doubt, you will not comply with, though I wiſh you would. This condition I ſhall acquaint you with by-and-by.

Mean time, begging excuſe for all the harſh things in my laſt, of which your ſweet meekneſs and ſuperior greatneſs of ſoul have now made me moſt heartily aſhamed, I beſeech you, my deareſt creature, to believe me to be, *your truly ſympathizing and unalterable friend*,

ANNA HOWE.

## LETTER XLIX.

### MISS HOWE, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

MONDAY, JULY 10.

I Now, my deareſt friend, reſume my pen, to obey my mother, in giving you her opinion upon your unhappy ſtory.

She ſtill harps upon the old ſtring, and will have it, that all your calamities are owing to your firſt fatal ſtep; for ſhe believes (what I cannot) that your relations had intended, after one general trial more, to comply with your averſion, if they had found it as rivetted a one, as, let me ſay, it was a folly to ſuppoſe it would not be found to be, after ſo many *ridiculouſly* repeated experiments.

As to your latter ſufferings from that vileſt of miſcreants, ſhe is unalterably of opinion, that if all be as you have related, (which ſhe doubts not) with regard to the potions, and to the violences you have ſuſtained, you ought, by all means, to ſet on foot a proſecution againſt him, and againſt his deviliſh accomplices.

She aſks, What murderers, what raviſhers, would be brought to juſtice, if *modeſty* were to be a general plea, and allowable, againſt appearing in a court to proſecute?

She

She ſays, that the good of ſociety requires, that ſuch a beaſt of prey ſhould be hunted out of it: and, if you do not proſecute him, ſhe thinks you will be anſwerable for all the miſchiefs he may do in the courſe of his future villainous life.

'Will it be thought, Nancy,' ſaid ſhe, 'that Miſs Clariſſa Harlowe can 'be in earneſt, when ſhe ſays, ſhe is not 'ſolicitous to have her diſgraces conceal-'ed from the world, if ſhe be afraid or 'aſhamed to appear in court, to do juſ-'tice to herſelf and her ſex againſt him? 'Will it not rather be ſurmized, that 'ſhe may be apprehenſive, that ſome 'weakneſs, or lurking love, will appear 'upon the trial of the ſtrange cauſe? If,' inferred ſhe, 'ſuch complicated villainy 'as this (where perjury, potions, for-'gery, ſubornation, are all combined 'to effect the ruin of an innocent crea-'ture, and to diſhonour a family of emi-'nence, and where thoſe very crimes, 'as may be ſuppoſed, are proofs of 'her innocence) is to go off with impu-'nity, what caſe will deſerve to be 'brought into judgment; or what ma-'lefactor ought to be hanged?'

Then ſhe thinks, and ſo do I, that the vile creatures, his accomplices, ought, by all means, to be brought to condign puniſhment, as they muſt and will be, upon bringing him to his trial: and this may be a means to blow up and root out a whole neſt of vipers, and ſave many innocent creatures.

She added, That, if Miſs Clariſſa Harlowe could be ſo indifferent about having this publick juſtice done upon ſuch a wretch for her *own* ſake, ſhe ought to overcome her ſcruples out of regard to her family, her acquaintance, and her ſex, which are all highly injured and ſcandalized by his villainy to her.

For her own part, ſhe declares, That, were *ſhe* your mother, ſhe would forgive you upon no other terms: and, upon your compliance with theſe, ſhe herſelf will undertake to reconcile all your family to you.

Theſe, my dear, are my mother's ſentiments upon your ſad ſtory.

I cannot ſay, but there are reaſon and juſtice in them: and it is my opinion, that it would be very right for the law to *oblige* an injured woman to proſecute, and to make ſeduction on the man's part capital, where *his* ſtudied baſeneſs, and no fault in *her will*, appeared.

To this purpoſe the cuſtom in the Iſle of Man is a very good one——

If a ſingle woman there proſecutes a ſingle man for a rape, the eccleſiaſtical judges impannel a jury; and, if this jury find him guilty, he is returned *guilty* to the temporal courts: where, if he be convicted, the deemſter, or judge, delivers to the woman a rope, a ſword, and a ring; and ſhe has it in her choice to have him hanged, beheaded, or to marry him.

One of the two former, I think, ſhould always be her option.

I long for the full particulars of your ſtory. You muſt have but too much time upon your hands, for a mind ſo active as yours, if tolerable health and ſpirits be afforded you.

The villainy of the worſt of men, and the virtue of the moſt excellent of women, I expect will be exemplified in it, were it to be written in the ſame connected and particular manner, in which you uſed to write to me.

Try for it, my deareſt friend; and ſince you cannot give the *example* without the *warning*, give *both*, for the ſakes of all thoſe who ſhall hear of your unhappy fate; beginning from yours of June 5, your proſpects then not diſagreeable. I pity you for the taſk; though I cannot willingly exempt you from it.

My mother will have me add, That ſhe muſt *inſiſt* upon your proſecuting the villain. She repeats, that ſhe makes that a condition on which ſhe permits our future correſpondence. Let me therefore know your thoughts upon it. I aſked her, if ſhe would be willing, that I ſhould appear to ſupport you in court, if you complied?— By all means, ſhe ſaid, if that would induce you to begin with him, and with the horrid women, I think I could attend you, I am *ſure* I could, were there but a probability of bringing the monſter to his deſerved end.

Once more your thoughts of it, ſuppoſing it were to meet with the approbation of your relations?

But whatever be your determination on this head, it ſhall be my conſtant prayer, That God will give you patience to bear your heavy afflictions, as a perſon ought to do who has not brought them upon herſelf by a faulty will; that He will ſpeak peace and comfort to your wounded mind; and give you many happy years. I am, and ever will be, *your affectionate and faithful*

ANNA HOWE.

*The two preceding letters were ſent by a ſpecial meſſenger: in the cover were written the following lines.*

MONDAY, JULY 10.

I CANNOT, my deareſt friend, ſuffer the incloſed to go unaccompanied by a few lines, to ſignify to you, that they are both leſs tender in ſome places, than I would have written, had they not been to paſs my mother's inſpection. The principal reaſon, however, of my writing thus ſeparately, is, to beg of you to permit me to ſend you money and neceſſaries; which you muſt needs want; and that you will let me know, if either I, or *any-body I can influence*, can be of ſervice to you. I am exceſſively apprehenſive, that you are not enough out of the villain's reach where you are. Yet London, I am perſuaded, is the place, of all others, to be private in.

I could tear my hair for vexation, that I have it not in my power to afford you *perſonal* protection!—I am, *your ever devoted* ANNA HOWE.

Once more forgive me, my deareſt creature, for my barbarous tauntings in mine of the 5th! yet I can hardly forgive myſelf. I to be ſo cruel, yet to know you ſo well!—Whence had I this vile impatiency of ſpirit!

## LETTER L.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE.

TUESDAY, JULY 11.

*FORGIVE you*, my dear!—Moſt cordially do I forgive you—Will you forgive me for ſome ſharp things I wrote in return to yours of the 5th? You could not have loved me, as you do, nor had the concern you have always ſhewn for my honour, if you had not been utterly diſpleaſed with me, on the appearance which my conduct wore to you when you wrote that letter. I moſt heartily thank you, my beſt and only love, for the opportunity you gave me of clearing it up; and for being generouſly ready to acquit me of intentional blame, the moment you had read my melancholy narrative.

As you are ſo earneſt to have all the particulars of my ſad ſtory before you, I will, if life and ſpirits be lent me, give you an ample account of all that has befallen me, from the time you mention. But this, it is very probable, you will not ſee, till after the cloſe of my laſt ſcene: and as I ſhall write with a view to that, I hope no other voucher will be wanted for the veracity of the writer, be who will the reader.

I am far from thinking myſelf out of the reach of this man's further violence. But what can I do? Whither can I fly?—Perhaps my bad ſtate of health (which muſt grow worſe, as recollection of the paſt evils, and reflections upon them, grow heavier and heavier upon me) may be my protection. Once, indeed, I thought of going abroad; and had I the proſpect of many years before me, I would go—But, my dear, the blow is given.—Nor have you reaſon, now, circumſtanced as I am, to be concerned that it is. What a heart muſt I have, if it be not broken—And indeed, my *dear* friend, I do ſo earneſtly wiſh for the laſt cloſing ſcene, and with ſo much comfort find myſelf in a declining way, that I even ſometimes ungratefully regret that naturally healthy conſtitution, which uſed to double upon me all my enjoyments.

As to the earneſtly recommended proſecution, I may poſſibly touch upon it more largely hereafter, if ever I ſhall have better ſpirits; for they are at preſent extremely ſunk and low. But, juſt now, I will only ſay, that I would ſooner ſuffer every evil (the repetition of the capital one excepted) than appear publickly in a court to do myſelf juſtice. And I am heartily grieved, that your mother preſcribes ſuch a meaſure as the condition of our future correſpondence: for the countenance of your friendſhip, my dear, and the deſire I had to correſpond with you to my life's end, were all my remaining hopes and conſolation. Nevertheleſs, as that friendſhip is in the power of the *heart*, not of the *hand* only, I hope I ſhall not forfeit that.

O, my dear! what would I give to obtain a revocation of my father's malediction! A reconciliation is not to be hoped for. You, who never loved my father, may think my ſolicitude on this head a weakneſs: but the *motive* for it, ſunk as my ſpirits *at times* are, is not *always* weak.

I APPROVE of the method you preſcribe for the conveyance of our letters; and have already cauſed the porter of the inn to be engaged to bring to me yours, the moment that Collins arrives with them. And the ſervant of the houſe where I am, will be permitted to carry mine to Collins for you.

I have written a letter to Miſs Rawlins of Hamſtead; the anſwer to which, juſt

juſt now received, has helped me to the knowledge of the vile contrivance, by which this wicked man got your letter of June the 10th. I will give you the contents of both.

In mine to her, I briefly acquainted her with what had befallen me, through the vileneſs of the women who had been paſſed upon me, as the aunt and couſin of the wickedeſt of men; and own, that I never was married to him. I deſire her to make particular enquiry, and to let me know, who it was, at Mrs. Moore's, that, on Sunday afternoon, June 11, while I was at church, received a letter from Miſs Howe, pretending to be me, and lying on a couch:—which letter, had it come to my hands, would have ſaved me from ruin. I excuſe myſelf, (on the ſcore of the delirium, which the horrid uſage I had received threw me into, and from a confinement as barbarous as illegal) that I had not before applied to Mrs. Moore, for an account of what I was indebted to her: which account I now deſired. And, for fear of being traced by Mr. Lovelace, I directed her to ſuperſcribe her anſwer, 'To Mrs. Mary Atkins; to be left till 'called for, at the Bell Savage Inn, on 'Ludgate Hill.'

In her anſwer, ſhe tells me, That the vile wretch prevailed upon Mrs. Bevis to perſonate me. [A ſudden motion of his, it ſeems, on the appearance of your meſſenger] and perſuaded her to lie along on a couch: a handkerchief over her neck and face; pretending to be ill; the credulous woman drawn in by falſe notions of your ill offices to keep up a variance between a man and his wife—and ſo taking the letter from your meſſenger as me.

Miſs Rawlins takes pains to excuſe Mrs. Bevis's intentions. She expreſſes their aſtoniſhment and concern at what I communicate: but is glad, however, and ſo they are all, that they know in time the vileneſs of the baſe man; the two widows and herſelf having, at his earneſt invitation, deſigned me a viſit at Mrs. Sinclair's; ſuppoſing all to be happy between him and me; as he aſſured them was the caſe. Mr. Lovelace, ſhe informs me, had handſomely ſatisfied Mrs. Moore. And Miſs Rawlins concludes with wiſhing to be favoured with the particulars of ſo extraordinary a ſtory, as theſe particulars may be of uſe, to let her ſee what wicked creatures (women as well as men) there are in the world.

I thank you, my dear, for the draughts of your two letters which were intercepted by this horrid man. I ſee the great advantage they were of to him in the proſecution of his villainous deſigns againſt the poor wretch whom he has ſo long made the ſport of his abhorred inventions.

Let me repeat, that I am quite ſick of life; and of an earth, in which *innocent* and *benevolent* ſpirits are ſure to be conſidered as *aliens*, and to be made ſufferers, by the *genuine ſons* and *daughters* of *that earth*.

How unhappy, that thoſe letters only which could have acquainted me with his horrid views, and armed me againſt them, and againſt the vileneſs of the baſe women, ſhould fall into his hands! —Unhappier ſtill, in that my very eſcape to Hampſtead gave him the opportunity of receiving them!

Nevertheleſs, I cannot but ſtill wonder, how it was poſſible for that Tomlinſon to know what paſſed between Mr. Hickman and my uncle Harlowe: a circumſtance, which gave the vile impoſtor moſt of his credit with me.

How the wicked wretch himſelf could find me out at Hampſtead, muſt alſo remain wholly a myſtery to me. He *may* glory in his contrivances—He, who has more wickedneſs than wit, *may* glory in his contrivances!—But, after all, I ſhall, I humbly preſume to hope, be happy, when he, poor wretch, will be—Alas! —who can ſay what!

Adieu, my deareſt friend!—May you be happy!—And then your Clariſſa cannot be wholly miſerable!

## LETTER LI.

### MISS HOWE, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

WEDN. NIGHT, JULY 12.

I Write, my deareſt creature, I cannot *but* write, to expreſs my concern on your dejection. Let me beſeech you, my charming excellence, let me beſeech you, not to give way to it.

Comfort yourſelf, on the contrary, in the triumphs of a virtue unſullied; a will wholly faultleſs. Who could have withſtood the trials that you have ſurmounted?—Your couſin Morden will ſoon come. He will ſee juſtice done you, I make no doubt, as well with regard to what concerns your perſon as your eſtate. And many happy days may you yet ſee; and much good may you ſtill do, if

you will not heighten unavoidable accidents into guilty deſpondency.

But why, my dear, this pining ſolicitude continued after a reconciliation with relations as unworthy as implacable; whoſe wills are governed by an all-graſping brother, who finds his account in keeping the breach open? On this over-ſolicitude, it is now plain to me, that the vileſt of men built all his ſchemes. He ſaw that you thirſted after it, beyond all reaſon for hope. The view, the hope, I own, extremely deſirable, had your family been Chriſtians; or even had they been Pagans who had had bowels.

I ſhall ſend this ſhort letter [I am obliged to make it a ſhort one] by *young* Rogers, as we call him; the fellow I ſent to you to Hampſtead; an innocent, though pragmatical ruſtick. Admit him, I pray you, into your preſence, that he may report to me how you look, and how you are.

Mr. Hickman ſhould attend you; but I apprehend, that all his motions, and mine own too, are watched by the execrable wretch: and indeed his are by an agent of mine; for I own, that I am ſo apprehenſive of his plots and revenge, now I know that he has intercepted my vehement letters againſt him, that he is the ſubject of my dreams, as well as of my waking fears.

My mother, at my earneſt importunity, has juſt given me leave to write, and to receive your letters—But faſtened this condition upon the conceſſion, that yours muſt be under cover to Mr. Hickman, [This with a view, I ſuppoſe, to give him conſideration with me;] and upon this further condition, that ſhe is to ſee all we write.—'When girls 'are ſet upon a point,' ſhe told one, who told me again, 'it is better for a 'mother, if poſſible, to make herſelf of 'their party, than to oppoſe them; 'ſince there will be then hopes that ſhe 'will ſtill hold the reins in her own 'hands.'

Pray let me know what the people are with whom you lodge?—Shall I ſend Mrs. Townſend to direct you to lodgings either more ſafe or more convenient for you!

Be pleaſed to write to me by Rogers; who will wait on you for your anſwer, at your own time.

Adieu, my deareſt creature. Comfort *yourſelf*, as you would in the like unhappy circumſtances comfort *your own*

ANNA HOWE.

## LETTER LII.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE.

THURSDAY, JULY 13.

I Am extremely concerned, my dear Miſs Howe, for being primarily the occaſion of the apprehenſions you have of this wicked man's vindictive attempts. What a wide-ſpreading error is mine!

If I find that he ſets on foot any machination againſt you, or againſt Mr. Hickman, I do aſſure you I will conſent to proſecute him, although I were ſure I ſhould not ſurvive my firſt appearance at the bar he ſhould be arraigned at.

I own the juſtice of your mother's arguments on that ſubject: but muſt ſay, that I think there are circumſtances in my particular caſe, which will excuſe me, although on a ſlighter occaſion than that you are apprehenſive of I ſhould decline to appear againſt him. I have ſaid, that I may one day enter more particularly into this argument.

Your meſſenger has now *indeed* ſeen me. I talked with him on the cheat put upon him at Hampſtead: and am ſorry to have reaſon to ſay, that had not the poor young man been very *ſimple*, and very *ſelf-ſufficient*, he had not been ſo groſsly deluded. Mrs. Bevis has the ſame plea to make for herſelf. A good-natured, thoughtleſs woman; not uſed to converſe with ſo vile and ſo ſpecious a deceiver as him, who made his advantage of both theſe ſhallow creatures.

I think I cannot be more private, than where I am. I hope I am ſafe. All the riſque I run, is in going out, and returning from morning prayers; which I have two or three times ventured to do; once at Lincoln's Inn Chapel, at eleven; once at St. Dunſtan's, Fleet Street, at ſeven in the morning, in a chair both times; and twice at ſix in the morning, at the neighbouring church in Covent Garden. The wicked wretches I have eſcaped from, will not, I hope, come to church to look for me; eſpecially at ſo early prayers; and I have fixed upon the privateſt pew in the latter *church* to hide myſelf in; and perhaps I may lay out a little matter in an ordinary gown, by way of diſguiſe; my face half-hid by my mob.—I am very careleſs, my dear, of my appearance now. Neat and clean, takes up the whole of my attention.

The man's name at whoſe houſe I lodge, is Smith—A glove-*maker*, as well as *ſeller*. His wife is the ſhop-keeper. A dealer alſo in ſtockings, ribbands, ſnuff, and perfumes. A matron-like

tron-like woman, plain-hearted, and prudent. The husband an honeſt, induſtrious man. And they live in good underſtanding with each other: a proof with me, that their hearts are right; for where a married couple live together upon ill terms, it is a ſign, I think, that each knows ſomething amiſs of the other, either with regard to temper or morals, which if the world knew as well as themſelves, it would perhaps as little like them, as ſuch people like each other. Happy the marriage, where neither man nor wife has any wilful or premeditated evil in their general conduct to reproach the other with!—For even perſons who have bad hearts will have a veneration for thoſe who have good ones.

Two neat rooms, with plain, but clean furniture, on the firſt floor, are mine; one they call the dining-room.

There is, up another pair of ſtairs, a very worthy widow-lodger, Mrs. Lovick by name; who, although of low fortunes, is much reſpected, as Mrs. Smith aſſures me, by people of condition of her acquaintance, for her piety, prudence, and underſtanding. With her I propoſe to be well acquainted.

I thank you, my dear, for your kind, your ſeaſonable advice and conſolation. I hope I ſhall have more grace given me, than to deſpond, in the *religious* ſenſe of the word: eſpecially, as I can apply to myſelf the comfort you give me, that neither my will, nor my inconſiderateneſs, has contributed to my calamity. But, nevertheleſs, the irreconcileableneſs of my relations, whom I love with an unabated reverence; my apprehenſions of freſh violences; [Th s wicked man, I doubt, will not yet let me reſt] my being deſtitute of protection; my youth, my ſex, my unacquaintedneſs with the world, ſubjecting me to inſults; my reflections on the ſcandal I have given, added to the ſenſe of the indignities I have received from a man, of whom I deſerved not ill; all together will undoubtedly bring on the effect, that cannot be undeſirable to me.—The flower, however, perhaps from my natural good conſtitution; and, as I preſume to imagine, from principles which I hope will, in due time, and by due reflection, ſet me *above the ſenſe of all worldly diſappointments.*

At preſent, my head is much diſordered. I have not indeed enjoyed it with any degree of clearneſs, ſince the violence done to that, and to my heart too, by the wicked arts of the abandoned creatures I was caſt among.

I muſt have more conflicts. At times I find myſelf not ſubdued enough to my condition. I will welcome thoſe conflicts as they come, as *probationary* ones —But yet my father's malediction—the temporary part ſo ſtrangely and ſo literally completed!—I cannot, however, think, when my mind is *ſtrongeſt*—But what is the ſtory of Iſaac and Jacob, and Eſau, and of Rebekah's cheating the latter of the bleſſing deſigned for him, (in favour of J cob) given us for in the 27th chapter of Geneſis? My father uſed, I remember, to enforce the doctrine deducible from it, on his children, by many arguments. At leaſt, therefore, *he* muſt believe there is great weight in the curſe he has annouced; and ſhall I not be ſolicitous to get it revoked, that he may not hereafter be grieved, for my ſake, that he did *not* revoke it?

All I will at preſent add, are my thanks to your mother for her indulgence to us. Due compliments to Mr. Hickman; and my requeſt, that you will believe me to be, to my laſt hour, and beyond it, if poſſible, my beloved friend, and my *dearer* ſelf, (for what is now my ſelf!) *your obliged and affectionate*

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

## LETTER LIII.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

FRIDAY, JULY 7.

I Have three of thy letters at once before me to anſwer; in each of which thou complaineſt of my ſilence; and in one of them telleſt me, that thou canſt not live without I ſcribble to thee every day, or every other day at leaſt.

Why, then, die, Jack, if thou wilt. What heart, thinkeſt thou, can I have to write, when I have loſt the only ſubject worth writing upon?

Help me again to my angel, to my CLARISSA; and thou ſhalt have a letter from me, or writing at leaſt, part of a letter, every hour. All that the charmer of my heart ſhall ſay, that will I put down: every motion, every air of her beloved perſon, every look, will I try to deſcribe; and when ſhe is ſilent, I will endeavour to tell thee her thoughts, either what they are, or what I would have them to be—So that, having *her*, I ſhall never want a ſubject. Having loſt her, my whole ſoul is a blank: the whole creation round me, the elements above, beneath, and every-thing I *behold*, (for nothing can I *enjoy*) are a blank without her.

'O re-

'O return, return, thou only charmer of my ſoul! Return to thy adoring Lovelace! What is the light, what the air, what the town, what the country, what's any-thing, without thee? Light, air, joy, harmony, in my notion, are but parts of thee; and could they be all expreſſed in one word, that word would be CLARISSA.

'O my beloved CLARISSA! Return thou then; once more return to bleſs thy LOVELACE, who now, by the loſs of thee, knows the value of the jewel he has ſlighted; and riſes every morning but to curſe the ſun, that ſhines upon every-body but him!'

WELL, but, Jack, 'tis a ſurprizing thing to me, that the dear fugitive cannot be met with; cannot be heard of. She is ſo poor a plotter, (for plotting is not her talent) that I am confident, had I been at liberty, I ſhould have found her out before now, although the different emiſſaries I have employed about town, round the adjacent villages, and in Miſs Howe's vicinage, have hitherto failed of ſucceſs. But my lord continues ſo weak and low-ſpirited, that there is no getting from him. I would not diſoblige a man whom I think in danger ſtill: for would his gout, now it has got him down, but give him, like a fair boxer, the riſing-blow, all would be over with him. And here [Pox of his fondneſs for me! it happens at a very bad time] he makes me ſit hours together entertaining him with my rogueries: [a pretty amuſement for a ſick man!] and yet, whenever he has the gout, he prays night and morning with his chaplain. But what muſt *his* notions of religion be, who, after he has noſed and mumbled over his reſponſes, can give a ſigh or groan of ſatisfaction, as if he thought he had made up with Heaven; and return with a new appetite to my ſtories?—Encouraging them, by ſhaking his ſides with laughing at them, and calling me a ſad fellow in ſuch an accent, as ſhews he takes no ſmall delight in his kinſman.

The old peer has been a ſinner in his day, and ſuffers for it now: a ſneaking ſinner, *ſliding*, rather than *ruſhing*, into vices, for fear of his reputation: or, rather, for fear of detection, and poſitive proof; for theſe ſort of fellows, Jack, have no real regard for reputation.—Paying for what he never had, and never daring to riſe to the joy of an enterprize at firſt hand, which could bring him within view of a tilting, or of the honour of being conſidered as the principal man in a court of juſtice.

To ſee ſuch an old Trojan as this, juſt dropping into the grave, which I hoped ere this would have been dug, and filled up with him; crying out with pain, and grunting with weakneſs; yet in the ſame moment crack his leathern face into an horrible laugh, and call a young ſinner 'Charming varlet,' encoreing him, as formerly he uſed to do the Italian eunuchs; what a prepoſterous, what an unnatural adherence to old habits!

My two couſins are generally preſent when I *entertain*, as the old peer calls it. Thoſe ſtories muſt drag horribly, that have not more hearers and applauders, than relaters.

'*Applauders!*'

Aye, Belford, *applauders*, repeat I; for although theſe girls pretend to blame me ſometimes for the *facts*, they praiſe my manner, my invention, my intrepidity.—Beſides, what other people call *blame*, that call I *praiſe*: I ever did; and ſo I very early diſcharged *ſhame*, that cold-water damper to an enterprizing ſpirit.

Theſe are ſmart girls; they have life and wit; and yeſterday, upon Charlotte's raving againſt me upon a related enterprize, I told her, that I had had in debate ſeveral times, whether ſhe were or were not too near of kin to me: and that it was once a moot point with me, whether I could not love her dearly for a month or ſo: and perhaps it was well for her, that another pretty little puſs ſtarted up, and diverted me, juſt as I was entering upon the courſe.

They all three held up their hands and eyes at once. But I obſerved, that though the girls exclaimed againſt me, they were not ſo angry at this plain ſpeaking, as I have found my beloved upon hints ſo dark, that I have wondered at her quick apprehenſion.

I told Charlotte, That, grave as ſhe pretended to be in her *ſmiling* reſentments on this declaration, I was ſure I ſhould not have been put to the expence of above two or three ſtratagems, (for nobody admired a good invention more than ſhe) could I but have diſentangled her conſcience from the embarraſſes of conſanguinity.

She pretended to be highly diſpleaſed: ſo did her ſiſter for her. I told her, that ſhe ſeemed as much in earneſt as if ſhe had thought *me* ſo; and *dared* the trial. Plain words, I ſaid, in theſe caſes, were more ſhocking to their ſex than gradatim actions. And I bid Patty not be diſpleaſed

diſpleaſed at my diſtinguiſhing her ſiſter: ſince I had a great reſpect for *her* likewiſe.

An Italian air, in my uſual careleſs way, a half-ſtruggled-for kiſs from me, and a ſhrug of the ſhoulder by way of admiration, from each pretty couſin, and 'Sad, ſad fellow,' from the old peer, attended with a ſide-ſhaking laugh, made us all friends.

There, Jack!—Wilt thou, or wilt thou not, take this for a letter? There's quantity, I am ſure.—How have I filled a ſheet, (not a ſhort-hand one indeed) without a ſubject! My fellow ſhall take this; for he is going to town. And if thou canſt think tolerably of ſuch execrable ſtuff, I will ſoon ſend thee another.

## LETTER LIV.

### MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

SIX, SAT. MORN. JULY 8.

HAVE I nothing new, nothing diverting, in my whimſical way, thou aſkeſt, in one of thy three letters before me, to entertain thee with?—And thou telleſt me, that, when I have leaſt to *narrate*, to ſpeak, in the Scottiſh phraſe, I am moſt diverting. A pretty compliment, either to thyſelf, or to me. To *both* indeed!—A ſign that thou haſt as frothy a heart as I a head. But canſt thou ſuppoſe, that this admirable woman is not all, is not every-thing with me? Yet I dread to think of her too; for detection of all my contrivances, I doubt, muſt come next.

The old peer is alſo full of Miſs Harlowe: and ſo are my couſins. He hopes I will not be ſuch a dog [There's a ſpecimen of his peer-like dialect] as to think of doing diſhonourably by a woman of ſo much merit, beauty, and fortune; and *he* ſays of ſo good a family. But I tell him, that this is a ſtring he muſt not touch: that it is a very tender point: in ſhort, is my ſore place; and that I am afraid he would handle it too roughly, were I to put myſelf in the power of ſo ungentle an operator.

He ſhakes his crazy head. He thinks all is not as it ſhould be between us; longs to have me preſent her to him as my wife: and often tells me what great things he will do, additional to his former propoſals; and what preſents he will make on the birth of the firſt child. But I hope the whole of his eſtate will be in my hands before ſuch an event takes place. No harm in *hoping*, Jack! Lord M. ſays, *Were it not for hope, the heart would break.*

EIGHT o'clock at Midſummer, and theſe lazy varleteſſes (in full health) not come down yet to breakfaſt!—What a confounded indecency in young ladies, to let a rake know that they love their beds ſo dearly, and, at the ſame time, *where to have them!*—But I'll puniſh them—They ſhall breakfaſt with their old uncle, and yawn at one another as if for a wager; while I drive my phaeton to Colonel Ambroſe's, who yeſterday gave me an invitation both to breakfaſt and dine, on account of two Yorkſhire nieces, celebrated toaſts, who have been with him this fortnight paſt; and who, he ſays, want to ſee *me*. So, Jack, all women do not run away from me, thank Heaven!—I wiſh I could have leave of my heart, ſince the dear fugitive is ſo ungrateful, to drive her out of it with another beauty. But who can ſupplant her? Who can be admitted to a place in it after Miſs Clariſſa Harlowe?

At my return, if I can find a ſubject, I will ſcribble on, to oblige thee.

My phaeton's ready. My couſins ſend me word they are juſt coming down: ſo in ſpite I'll be gone.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON.

I DID ſtay to dine with the colonel, and his lady, and nieces; but I could not paſs the afternoon with them, for the heart of me. There was enough in the perſon and faces of the two young ladies to ſet me upon compariſons. Particular features held my attention for a few moments: but theſe ſerved but to whet my impatience to find the charmer of my ſoul; who, for perſon, for air, for mind, never had any equal. My heart recoiled and ſickened upon comparing minds and converſation. Pert wit, a too ſtudied deſire to pleaſe; each in high good-humour with herſelf; an open-mouthed affectation in both, to ſhew white teeth, as if the principal excellence; and to invite amorous familiarity, by the promiſe of a ſweet breath; at the ſame time reflecting tacitly upon breaths arrogantly implied to be leſs pure.

Once I could have borne them.

They ſeemed to be diſappointed that I was ſo ſoon able to leave them. Yet have I not at preſent ſo much vanity [My Clariſſa has cured me of my vanity] as to attribute their diſappointment

ment ſo much to particular liking of me, as to their own ſelf-admiration. They looked upon me as a connoiſſeur in beauty. They would have been proud of engaging my attention, as ſuch: but ſo affected, ſo flimſy-witted, mere ſkin-deep beauties!—They had looked no farther into themſelves than what their glaſſes had enabled them to ſee: and their glaſſes were flattering glaſſes too; for I thought them paſſive-faced, and ſpiritleſs; with eyes, however, upon the hunt for conqueſts, and beſpeaking the attention of others, in order to countenance their own.—I believe I could, with a little pains, have given them life and ſoul, and ro every feature of their faces ſparkling information—But my Clariſſa!—O Belford, my Clariſſa has made me eyeleſs and ſenſeleſs to every other beauty!—Do thou find her for me, as a ſubject worthy of my pen, or this ſhall be the laſt from *thy* LOVELACE.

## LETTER LV.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

SUNDAY NIGHT, JULY 9.

NOW, Jack, have I a ſubject with a vengeance. I am in the very height of my trial for all my ſins to my beloved fugitive. For here to-day, at about five o'clock, arrived Lady Sarah Sadlier and Lady Betty Lawrance, each in her chariot-and-ſix. Dowagers love equipage: and theſe cannot travel ten miles without a ſet, and half a dozen horſemen.

My time had hung heavy upon my hands; and ſo I went to church after dinner. 'Why may not handſome fellows,' thought I, 'like to be looked 'at, as well as handſome wenches?' I fell in, when ſervice was over, with Major Warneton; and ſo came not home till after ſix; and was ſurprized, at entering the court-yard here, to find it littered with equipages and ſervants. I was ſure the owners of them came for no good to me.

Lady Sarah, I ſoon found, was raiſed to this viſit by Lady Betty; who has health enough to allow her to look out of herſelf, and out of her own affairs, for buſineſs. Yet congratulation to Lord M. on his amendment [Spiteful devils on both accounts!] was the avowed errand. But coming in my abſence, I was their principal ſubject; and they had opportunity to ſet each other's heart againſt me.

Simon Parſons hinted this to me, as I paſſed by the ſteward's office; for it ſeems they talked loud; and he was making up ſome accounts with old Pritchard.

However, I haſtened to pay my duty to them. Other people not performing theirs, is no excuſe for the neglect of our own, you know.

AND NOW I ENTER UPON MY TRIAL.

WITH horrible grave faces was I received. The two antiques only bowed their tabby heads; making longer faces than ordinary; and all the old lines appearing ſtrong in their furrowed foreheads and fallen cheeks: 'How do 'you, couſin?' and, 'How do you, 'Mr. Lovelace?' looking all round at one another, as who ſhould ſay, 'Do 'you ſpeak firſt:' and 'Do you:' for they ſeemed reſolved to loſe no time.

I had nothing for it, but an air as manly, as theirs was womanly. 'Your 'ſervant, Madam,' to Lady Betty—and, 'Your ſervant, Madam—I am 'glad to ſee you abroad,' to Lady Sarah.

I took my ſeat. Lord M. looked horribly glum; his fingers claſpt, and turning round and round, under and over, his but juſt diſgouted thumbs; his ſallow face, and goggling eyes, caſt upon the floor, on the fire-place, on his two ſiſters, on his two kinſwomen, by turns; but not once deigning to look upon me.

Then I began to think of the laudanum, and wet cloth, I told thee of long ago; and to call myſelf in queſtion for a tenderneſs of heart that will never do me good.

At laſt, 'Mr. Lovelace!——Couſin 'Lovelace!——Hem!—Hem!—I am 'ſorry, very ſorry,' heſitated Lady Sarah, 'that there is no hope of your ever 'taking up——'

'What's the matter now, Madam?'

'The matter now!——Why, Lady 'Betty has two letters from Miſs Har'lowe, which have told us what's the 'matter——Are all women alike with 'you?'

'Yes;' I could have anſwered, 'bating the difference which pride makes.

Then they all chorus'd upon me—'Such a character as Miſs Harlowe's!' cried one——'A lady of ſo much ge'neroſity and good ſenſe!' another—'How charmingly ſhe writes!' the two maiden monkeys, looking at her fine hand-writing: her perfections my crimes. 'What can you expect will 'be

'be the end of these things!' cried Lady Sarah—'Damn'd, damn'd doings!' vociferated the peer, shaking his loose flesh'd wabbling chaps, which hung on his shoulders like an old cow's dew lap.

For my part, I hardly knew whether to sing or say, what I had to reply to these all-at-once attacks upon me!—'Fair and softly, ladies,—one at a time, 'I beseech you. I am not to be hunted 'down without being heard, I hope. 'Pray let me see these letters. I beg 'you will let me see them.'

'There they are:—that's the first—'Read it out, if you can.'

I opened a letter from my charmer, dated *Thursday, June* 29, our wedding-day, that was to be, and written to Lady Betty Lawrance. By the contents, to my great joy, I find the dear creature is alive and well, and in charming spirits. But the direction where to send an answer was so scratched out, that I could not read it: which afflicted me much.

She puts three questions in it to Lady Betty.

1st, About a letter of hers, dated *June* 7, congratulating me on my nuptials, and which I was so good as to save Lady Betty the trouble of writing——A very civil thing of me, I think!

Again—Whether she and one of her nieces Montague were to go to town, on an old Chancery suit?—And, whether they actually did go to town accordingly, and to Hampstead afterwards? and, whether they brought to town from thence the young creature whom they visited; was the subject of the second and third questions.

A little inquisitive dear rogue! and what did she expect to be the better for these questions?—But curiosity, damn'd curiosity, is the itch of the sex—Yet when didst thou know it turned to their benefit?—For they seldom enquire, but when they fear—And the proverb, as my lord has it, says, *It comes with a fear.* That is, I suppose, what they fear generally happens, because there is generally occasion for the fear.

Curiosity indeed she avows to be her only motive for these interrogatories: for though she says, her ladyship may suppose the questions are not asked for good to *me*, yet the answer can do me no harm, nor her good, only to give her to understand, whether I have told her a parcel of damn'd lies; that's the plain English of her enquiry.

'Well, Madam,' said I, with as much philosophy as I could assume; 'and may I ask—Pray, what was your 'ladyship's answer?'

'There's a copy of it,' tossing it to me, very disrespectfully.

This answer was dated *July* 1. A very kind and complaisant one to the lady, but very so so to her poor kinsman—That people can give up their own flesh and blood with so much ease!—She tells her how proud all our family would be of an alliance with such an excellence. She does me justice in saying how much I adore her, as an angel of a woman; and begs of her for I know not how many sakes, besides my soul's sake, that she will be so good as to have me for an husband; and answers—thou wilt guess how—to the lady's questions.

'Well, Madam, and pray, may I 'be favoured with the lady's other 'letter? I presume it is in reply to 'yours.'

'It is,' said the peer: 'but, Sir, let 'me ask you a few questions, before 'you read it—Give *me* the letter, Lady 'Betty.'

'There it is, my lord.'

Then on went his spectacles, and his head moved to the lines—'A charming 'pretty hand!—I have often heard, that 'this lady is a *genus*.'

And so, Jack, repeating my lord's wise comments and questions will let thee into the contents of this mercileſs letter.

"*Monday July* 3," [reads my lord]—'Let me see!—That was last *Mon-'day*; no longer ago! "*Monday, July* "*the third*—Madam—I cannot excuse "myself——" um, um, um, um, um, "um,' [humming inarticulately, and skipping]—"I must own to you, Ma-"dam, that the honour of being re-"lated——"

Off went the spectacles—'Now, tell 'me, Sir-r, has not this lady lost all 'the friends she had in the world, for 'your sake?'

'She has very implacable friends, my 'lord: we all know that.'

'But has she not lost them all for your 'sake?—Tell me that.'

'I believe so, my lord.'

'Well then!—I am glad thou art not 'so graceless as to deny that."

On went the spectacles again—"I "must own to you, Madam, that the "honour of being related to ladies as "eminent for their virtue, as for their "descent—" *Very pretty, truly,*' saith my lord, repeating, "*as eminent for their*

" *virtue as for their deſcent*, was, at firſt, " no ſmall inducement with me to " lend an ear to Mr. Lovelace's ad- " dreſs."

'There is dignity, born dignity, in 'this lady,' cried my lord.

*Lady Sarah.* 'She would have been a 'grace to our family.'

*Lady Betty.* 'Indeed ſhe would.'

*Lovel.* 'To a *royal* family, I will ven- 'ture to ſay.'

*Lord M.* 'Then what a devil——'

*Lovel.* 'Pleaſe to read on, my lord. 'It cannot be *her* letter, if it does not 'make you admire her more and more 'as you read—Couſin Charlotte—cou- 'ſin Patty—pray attend—Read on, my 'lord.'

*Miſs Charlotte.* 'Amazing fortitude!'

Miſs Patty only lifted up her dove's eyes.

*Lord M.* [Reading] " And the ra- " ther, as I was determined, had it " come to effect, to do every-thing in " my power to deſerve your favourable " opinion."

Then again they chorus'd upon me.

A bleſſed time of it, poor I!—I had nothing for it but impudence!

*Lovel.* 'Pray read on, my lord—I told 'you how you would all admire her— 'Or, ſhall I read?'

*Lord M.* 'Damn'd aſſurance!' [then reading] " I had another motive, which " I knew would of itſelf give me merit " with your whole family!" [*They were all ear*] " a preſumptuous one; " a puniſhably preſumptuous one, as " it has proved: in the hope that I " might be an humble means in the " hand of Providence, to reclaim a man " who had, as I thought, good ſenſe " enough at bottom to be reclaimed; " or at leaſt gratitude enough to ac- " knowledge the intended obligation, " whether the generous hope were to " ſucceed or not."—Excellent young 'creature!'

'Excellent young creature!' echoed the ladies, with their handkerchiefs at their eyes, attended with noſe-muſick.

*Lovel.* 'By my ſoul, Miſs Patty, you 'weep in the wrong place: you ſhall 'never go with me to a tragedy.'

*Lady Betty.* 'Hardened wretch!'

His lordſhip had pulled off his ſpectacles to wipe them. His eyes were miſty; and he thought the fault in his ſpectacles.

I ſaw they were all cocked and primed —'To be ſure that is a very pretty ſen- 'tence,' ſaid I—'That is the excellency 'of this lady, that in every line, as ſhe 'writes on, ſhe improves upon herſelf. '—Pray, my lord, proceed—I know 'her ſtyle; the next ſentence will ſtill 'riſe upon us.'

*Lord M.* 'Damn'd fellow!' [again ſaddling, and reading] " But I have " been moſt egregiouſly miſtaken in Mr. " Lovelace!"—[Then they all cla- moured again] " The *only* man, I per- " ſuade myſelf——"

*Lovel.* 'Ladies may perſuade them- 'ſelves to any thing: but how can ſhe 'anſwer for what *other* men would or 'would not have done in the ſame cir- 'cumſtances?'

I was forced to ſay any thing to ſtifle their outcries. 'Pox take ye all toge- 'ther,' thought I; 'as if I had not 'vexation enough in loſing her!'

*Lord M.* [Reading] " The only man, " I perſuade myſelf, pretending to be a " gentleman, in whom I could have " been ſo much miſtaken."

They were all beginning again— 'Pray, my lord, proceed!—Hear, hear '—Pray, ladies, hear!—Now, my lord, 'be pleaſed to proceed. The ladies 'are ſilent.'

So they were; loſt in admiration of me, hands and eyes uplifted.

*Lord M.* 'I will, to thy confuſion;' for he had looked over the next ſen- tence.

What wretches, Belford, what ſpite- ful wretches, are poor mortals!—So re- joiced to ſting one another! to ſee each other ſtung!

*Lord M.* [Reading] " For while I was " endeavouring to ſave a drowning " wretch, I have been, not accidentally, " but premeditatedly, and of ſet pur- " poſe, drawn in after him."—'What 'ſay you to this, Sir-r?'

*Lady S.* } 'Aye, Sir, what ſay you
*Lady B.* } 'to this?'

*Lovel.* 'Say! Why I ſay it is a very 'pretty metaphor, if it would but hold. 'But if you pleaſe, my lord, read on. 'Let me hear what is further ſaid, and 'I will ſpeak to it all together.'

*Lord M.* 'I will. " And he has had " the glory to add to the liſt of thoſe " he has ruined, a name that I will be " bold to ſay, would not have diſpa- " raged his own."

They all looked at me, as expecting me to ſpeak.

*Lovel.* 'Be pleaſed to proceed, my 'lord: I will ſpeak to this by-and-by '—How came ſhe to know, I *kept a liſt?* '—I will ſpeak to this by-and-by.'

*Lord M.* [Reading on] " And this, " Madam, by means that would ſhock " humanity to be made acquainted " with."

Then

Then again, in a hurry, off went the ſpectacles.

This was a plaguy ſtroke upon me. I thought myſelf an oak in impudence; but, by my troth, this had almoſt felled me.

*Lord M.* 'What ſay you to this, 'SIR-R!'

Remember, Jack, to read all their *Sirs* in this dialogue with a double *rr*, *Sir-r!* denoting indignation rather than reſpect.

They all looked at me, as if to ſee if I could bluſh.

*Lovel.* 'Eyes off, my lord!—Eyes off, 'ladies!' [looking bathfully, I believe] —'What ſay I to this, my lord!— 'Why, I ſay, that this lady has a ſtrong 'manner of expreſſing herſelf!—That's 'all—There are many things that paſs 'among lovers, which a man cannot 'explain himſelf upon before grave 'people.'

*Lady Betty.* '*Among lovers*, Sir-r! 'But, Mr. Lovelace, can you ſay that 'this lady behaved either like a weak, 'or a credulous perſon?—Can you 'ſay——'

*Lovel.* 'I am ready to do the lady all 'manner of juſtice.—But, pray now, 'ladies, if I am to be thus interro- 'gated, let me know the contents of 'the reſt of the letter, that I may be 'prepared for my defence, as you are 'all for my arraignment. For, to be 'required to anſwer piecemeal thus, 'without knowing what is to follow, 'is a curſed enſnaring way of proceed- 'ing.'

They gave me the letter: I read it through to myſelf:—and by the repetition of what I ſaid, thou wilt gueſs at the remaining contents.

'You ſhall find, ladies—you ſhall find, 'my lord—that I will not ſpare myſelf.' Then holding the letter in my hand, and looking upon it, as a lawyer upon his brief;

'Miſs Harlowe ſays, that when your 'ladyſhip' [turning to Lady Betty] 'ſhall know, that in the progreſs to 'her ruin, wilful falſhoods, repeated 'forgeries, and numberleſs perjuries, 'were not the leaſt of my crimes, you 'will judge that ſhe can have no prin- 'ciples that will make her worthy of an 'alliance with ladies of yours, and your 'noble ſiſter's character, if ſhe could not, 'from her ſoul, declare that ſuch an al- 'liance can never now take place.

'Surely, ladies, this is paſſion! This 'is not reaſon. If our family would 'not think themſelves diſhonoured by 'my marrying a perſon whom I had ſo 'treated; but, on the contrary, would 'rejoice that I did her this juſtice; and 'if ſhe has come out pure gold from 'the aſſay; and has nothing to reproach 'herſelf with; why ſhould it be an im- 'peachment of her principles, to con- 'ſent that ſuch an alliance ſhould take 'place?

'She cannot think herſelf the worſe, '*juſtly* ſhe cannot, for what was done 'againſt her will.'

Their countenances menaced a general uproar—But I proceeded.

'Your lordſhip re'd to us, That ſhe 'had an *hope*, a *preſumptuous* one; nay, 'a *puniſhably preſumptuous* one, ſhe calls 'it; that ſhe might be a means in 'the hand of Providence, to reclaim 'me; and that this, ſhe knew, if ef- 'fected, would give her a merit with 'you all. But from *what* would ſhe 'reclaim me?—She had *heard*, you'll 'ſay, (but ſhe had *only* heard, at the 'time ſhe entertained *that hope*) that, 'to expreſs myſelf in the womens dia- 'lect, I was *a very wicked fellow!*— 'Well, and what then?—Why, truly, 'the very moment ſhe was *convinced*, 'by her own experience, that the 'charge againſt me was *more* than '*hearſay*; and that of conſequence, I 'was a fit object for *her generous endea- 'vours* to work upon: ſhe would needs 'give me up. Accordingly, ſhe flies 'out, and declares, that the ceremony 'which would repair all, ſhall never 'take place!—Can this be from any 'other motive than *female reſentment?*

This brought them all upon me, as I intended it ſhould: it was as a tub to a whale; and after I had let them play with it a while, I claimed their attention, and, knowing that they always loved to hear me prate, went on.

'The lady, it is plain, thought, that 'the reclaiming of a man from bad ha- 'bits was a much *eaſier taſk* than, in the '*nature of things*, it *can* be.'

'She writes, as your lordſhip has 're'd, That in endeavouring to ſave a 'drowning wretch, ſhe had been, not 'accidentally, but premeditatedly, and 'of ſet purpoſe, drawn in after him. '—But how is this, ladies?—You ſee 'by her own words, that I am ſtill far 'from being out of danger myſelf. Had 'ſhe found me, in a quagmire ſuppoſe, 'and I had got out of it by her means, 'and left her to periſh in it; that would 'have been a crime indeed.—But is not 'the fact quite otherwiſe? Has ſhe not, 'if her allegory prove what ſhe would

'have it prove, got out herſelf, and 'left me floundering ſtill deeper and 'deeper in?—What ſhe ſhould have 'done, had ſhe been in earneſt to ſave 'me, was, to join her hand with mine, 'that ſo we might by our united ſtrength 'help one another out.—I held out my 'hand to her, and beſought her to give 'me hers:—but, no truly! ſhe was determined to get out herſelf as faſt as 'ſhe could, let me *ſink* or *ſwim:* refuſing her aſſiſtance (againſt her own 'principles) becauſe ſhe ſaw I wanted 'it.—You ſee, ladies—you ſee, my lord —how pretty tinkling words run away 'with ears inclined to be muſical.'

They were all ready to exclaim again: but I went on, *proleptically*, as a rhetorician would ſay, before their voices could break out into words.

'But my fair accuſer ſays, That I 'have added to the liſt of thoſe I have 'ruined, a name, that would not have 'diſparaged my own. It is true, I 'have been gay and enterprizing. It 'is in my conſtitution to be ſo. I 'know not how I came by ſuch a conſtitution: but I was never accuſtomed 'to check or controul; that you all 'know. When a man finds himſelf 'hurried by paſſion into a ſlight offence, which however ſlight, will not 'be forgiven, he may be made deſperate: as a thief, who intends a robbery, is often by reſiſtance, and for 'ſelf-preſervation, drawn in to commit 'murder.'

I was a ſtrange, a horrid wretch with every-one. But he muſt be a ſilly fellow who has not ſomething to ſay for himſelf, when every cauſe has it's black and it's white ſide.—Weſtminſter Hall, Jack, affords every day as confident defences as mine.

'But what right,' proceeded I, 'has 'this lady to complain of me, when ſhe 'as good as ſays—"Here, Lovelace, "you have acted the part of a villain "by me——You would *repair your* "*fault:* but I won't let you, that I "may have the ſatisfaction of expoſing you; and the pride of refuſing "you."

But, was that the caſe? Was that the caſe? Would I pretend to ſay, I would *now* marry the lady, if ſhe would have me?

*Lovel.* 'You find ſhe renounces Lady 'Betty's mediation——'

*Lord M.* [Interrupting me] '*Words 'are wind; but deeds are mind:* what 'ſignifies your curſed quibbling, Bob? '—Say plainly, if ſhe will have you, 'will you have her? Anſwer me, Yes 'or No; and lead us not a *wild gooſe-'chace* after your meaning.'

*Lovel.* 'She knows I would. But 'here, my lord, if ſhe thus goes on to 'expoſe herſelf and me, ſhe will make 'it a diſhonour to us both to marry.'

*Charl.* 'But how muſt ſhe have been 'treated—'

*Lovel.* [Interrupting her] 'Why now 'couſin Charlotte,' chucking her under the chin, 'would you have me tell you 'all that has paſſed between the lady and 'me? Would *you* care, had you a bold 'and enterprizing lover, that proclamation ſhould be made of every little 'piece of amorous roguery, that he 'offered to you?'

Charlotte reddened. They all began to exclaim. But I proceeded.

'The lady ſays, She has been diſ'honoured (devil take me, if I ſpare 'myſelf!) by means that would ſhock 'humanity to be made acquainted with 'them. She is a very innocent lady, 'and may not be a *judge* of the means 'ſhe hints at. *Over-niceneſs may be 'under-niceneſs:* have you not ſuch a 'proverb, my lord?—tantamount to, '*One extreme produces another!*——Such 'a lady as this, may poſſibly think 'her caſe more extraordinary than it is. 'This I will take upon me to ſay, that 'if ſhe has met with the only man in 'the world who would have treated her, 'as ſhe ſays I have treated her, I have 'met in her with the *only woman in the 'world* who would have made ſuch a 'rout about a caſe that is uncommon 'only from the circumſtances that at'tend it.

This brought them all upon me; hands, eyes, voices, all lifted up at once. But my Lord M. who has in his *head* (the laſt ſeat of retreating lewdneſs) as much wickedneſs as I have in my *heart*, was forced (upon the air I ſpoke this with, and Charlotte's and all the reſt reddening) to make a mouth that was big enough to ſwallow up the other half of his face; crying out, to avoid laughing, 'Oh! Oh!' —as if under the power of a gouty twinge.

Hadſt thou ſeen how the two tabbies and the young grimalkins looked at one another, at my lord, and at me, by turns, thou wouldſt have been ready to ſplit thy ugly face juſt in the middle. Thy mouth has already done half the work. And, after all, I found not ſeldom in this converſation, that my humorous undaunted airs forced a

ſmile

ſmile into my ſervice from the prim mouths of the young ladies. They perhaps, had they met with ſuch another intrepid fellow as myſelf, who had firſt gained upon their affections, would not have made ſuch a rout as my beloved has done, about ſuch an affair as that we were aſſembled upon. Young ladies, as I have obſerved on an hundred occaſions, fear not half ſo much for *themſelves*, as their mothers do for them. But here the girls were forced to put on grave airs, and to ſeem angry, becauſe the antiques made the matter of ſuch high importance. Yet ſo lightly ſat anger and fellow-feeling at their hearts, that they were forced to purſe in their mouths, to ſuppreſs the ſmiles I now-and-then laid out for: while the elders having had roſes (that is to ſay, daughters) of their own, and knowing how fond men are of a trifle, would have been very loth to have had them nipt in the bud, without ſaying to the mother of them, 'By 'your leave, Mrs. Roſebuſh.'

The next article of my indictment was for forgery; and for perſonating of Lady Betty and my couſin Charlotte. Two ſhocking charges thou'lt ſay: and ſo they were!—The peer was outrageous upon the *forgery*-charge. The ladies vowed never to forgive the *perſonating* part. Not a peace-maker among them. So we all turned women, and ſcolded.

My lord told me, That he believed in his conſcience there was not a viler fellow upon *God's earth* than me.—'What ſignifies mincing the matter?' ſaid he—And that it was not the firſt time I had forged his hand.

To this I anſwered, that I ſuppoſed, when the ſtatute of *Scandalum Magnatum* was framed, there were a good many in the peerage, who knew they deſerved hard names, and that that law therefore was rather made to privilege their qualities, than to whiten their characters.

He called upon me to explain myſelf with a '*Sir r*,' ſo pronounced, as to ſhew, that one of the moſt ignominious words in our language was in his head.

People, I ſaid, that were fenced in by their quality, and by their years, ſhould not take freedoms that a man of ſpirit could not put up with, unleſs he were able heartily to deſpiſe the inſulter.

This ſet him in a violent paſſion. He would ſend for Pritchard inſtantly.

'Let Pritchard be called.' He would alter his will; and all he *could* leave from me, he *would*.

'Do, do, my lord,' ſaid I: 'I always 'valued my own pleaſure above your 'eſtate. But I'll let Pritchard know, 'that if he draws, he ſhall ſign and 'ſeal.'

Why, what would I do to Pritchard?—Shaking his crazy head at me.

'Only, what he, or any man elſe, 'writes with his pen, to deſpoil me of 'what I think my right, he ſhall ſeal 'with his ears; that's all, my lord.'

Then the two ladies interpoſed.

Lady Sarah told me, That I carried things a great way; and that neither Lord M. nor any of them, deſerved the treatment I gave them.

I ſaid, I could not bear to be uſed ill by my lord, for two reaſons; firſt, becauſe I reſpected his lordſhip above any man living; and next, becauſe it looked as if I were induced by ſelfiſh conſiderations to take that from him, which nobody elſe would offer to me.

'And what,' returned he, 'ſhall be 'my inducement to take what I do at 'your hands?—Hay, Sir?'

'Indeed, couſin Lovelace,' ſaid Lady Betty, with great gravity, 'we do 'not any of us, as Lady Sarah ſays, 'deſerve at your hands the treatment 'you give us: and let me tell you, that 'I don't think my character, and your 'couſin Charlotte's, ought to be pro-'ſtituted, in order to ruin an innocent 'lady. She muſt have known early 'the good opinion we all have of her, 'and how much we wiſhed her to be 'your wife. This good opinion of 'ours has been an inducement to her '(You ſee ſhe ſays ſo) to liſten to your 'addreſs. And this, with her friends 'folly, has helped to throw her into 'your power. How you have requited 'her, is too apparent. It becomes the 'character we all bear, to diſclaim your 'actions by her. And let me tell you, 'that to have her abuſed by wicked 'people raiſed up to perſonate us, or 'any of us, makes a double call upon 'us to diſclaim them.'

*Lovel.* 'Why this is talking ſome-'what like. I would have you all diſ-'claim my actions. I own I have done 'very vilely by this lady. One ſtep led 'to another. I am curſt with an enter-'prizing ſpirit. I hate to be foiled.'

'*Foiled!*' interrupted Lady Sarah: 'What a ſhame to talk at this rate!—'Did the lady ſet up a contention with 'you? All nobly ſincere, and plain-'hearted,

'hearted, have I heard Miſs Clariſſa 'Harlowe is: above art, above diſguiſe; 'neither the coquette, nor the prude! '—Poor lady! She deſerved a better 'fate from the man for whom ſhe took 'the ſtep which ſhe ſo freely blames.'

This above half affected me—Had this diſpute been ſo handled by every-one, I had been aſhamed to look up. I began to be baſhful.

Charlotte aſked, If I did not ſtill ſeem inclinable to do the lady juſtice, if ſhe would accept of *me*? It would be, ſhe dared to ſay, the greateſt felicity the family could know, (She would anſwer for one) that this fine lady were of it.

They all declared to the ſame effect; and Lady Sarah put the matter home to me.

But my Lord *Marplot* would have it, that I could not be ſerious for ſix minutes together.

I told his lordſhip, that he was miſtaken; light as he thought I made of this ſubject, I never knew any that went ſo near my heart.

Miſs Patty ſaid, She was glad to hear *that:* indeed ſhe was glad to hear *that:* and her ſoft eyes gliſtened with pleaſure.

Lord M. called her ſweet ſoul, and was ready to cry.

Not from humanity neither, Jack. This peer has no bowels; as thou may-eſt obſerve by his treatment of *me*. But when people's minds are weakened by a ſenſe of their own infirmities, and when they are drawing on to their latter ends, they will be moved on the ſlighteſt occaſions, whether thoſe offer from *within* or *without* them. And this, frequently, the unpenetrating world calls *humanity*; when all the time, in compaſſionating the miſeries of human nature, they are but pitying themſelves; and were they in ſtrong health and ſpirits, would care as little for any-body elſe as thou or I do.

Here broke they off my trial for this ſitting. Lady Sarah was much fatigued. It was agreed to purſue the ſubject in the morning. They all, however, retired together, and went into private conference.

## LETTER LVI.

MR. LOVELACE. IN CONTINUATION.

THE ladies, inſtead of taking up the ſubject where we had laid it down, muſt needs touch upon paſſages in my fair accuſer's letter, which I was in hopes they would have let reſt, as we were in a tolerable way. But, truly, they muſt hear all they could hear, of our ſtory, and what I had to ſay to thoſe paſſages, that they might be better enabled to mediate between us, if I were really and indeed inclined to do her the hoped for juſtice.

Theſe paſſages were, 1ſt, That after I had compulſatorily tricked her into the act of going off with me, I carried her to one of the worſt houſes in London.

2. That I had made a wicked attempt upon her; in reſentment of which, ſhe fled to Hampſtead, privately.

3dly, Came the forgery, and perſonating charges again; and we were upon the point of renewing our quarrel, before we could get to the next charge: which was ſtill worſe.

For that (4thly) was, That having betrayed her back to the vile houſe, I firſt robbed her of her ſenſes, and then her honour; detaining her afterwards a priſoner there.

Were I to tell thee the gloſſes I put upon theſe heavy charges, what would it be, but to repeat many of the extenuating arguments I have uſed in my letters to thee?—Suffice it, therefore, to ſay, that I inſiſted much, by way of palliation, on the lady's extreme niceneſs: on her diffidence in my honour: on Miſs Howe's contriving ſpirit; plots on their parts begetting plots on mine: on the high paſſions of the ſex. I aſſerted, that my whole view, in gently reſtraining her, was to oblige her to forgive me, and to marry me; and this, for the honour of both families. I boaſted of my own good qualities; ſome of which none that knew me, deny; and to which few libertines can lay claim.

They then fell into warm admirations and praiſes of the lady; all of them preparatory as I knew, to the grand queſtion: and thus it was introduced by Lady Sarah.

'We have ſaid as much as I think we 'can ſay, upon theſe letters of the poor 'lady. To dwell upon the miſchiefs that 'may enſue from the abuſe of a perſon 'of her rank, if all the reparation be not 'made that now can be made, would 'perhaps be to little purpoſe. But you 'ſeem, Sir, ſtill to have a juſt opinion 'of her, as well as affection for her. 'Her virtue is not in the leaſt queſtion-'able. She could not reſent as ſhe does, 'had ſhe any-thing to reproach herſelf 'with. She is, by every-body's ac-'count, a fine woman; has a good eſ-'tate in her own right; is of no con-'temptible family; though, I think,

'with

'with regard to her, they have acted as 'imprudently as unworthily. For the 'excellency of her mind, for good œco-'nomy, the common speech of her, as 'the worthy Dr. Lewen once told me, 'is, *That her prudence would enrich a poor 'man, and her piety reclaim a licentious 'one.* I, who have not been abroad 'twice this twelve-month, came hither 'purposely, so did Lady Betty, to see if 'justice may not be done her; and also 'whether we, and my Lord M. (your 'nearest relations, Sir) have, or have 'not, any influence over you. And, 'for my own part, as your determina-'tion shall be in this article such shall 'be mine, with regard to the disposition 'of all that is within my power.'

*Lady Betty.* 'And mine.'

'And mine,' said my lord: and va-liantly he swore to it.

*Lovel.* 'Far be it from me to think 'slightly of favours you may any of you 'be glad I would deserve! But as far 'be it from me to enter into conditions 'against my own liking, with sordid 'views!—As to future mischiefs, let 'them come. I have not done with the 'Harlowes yet. They were the aggres-'sors; and I should be glad they would 'let me hear from them, in the way 'they should hear from me, in the like 'case. Perhaps I should not be sorry to 'be *found*, rather than be obliged to '*seek*, on this occasion.'

*Miss Charlotte* [reddening.] 'Spoke 'like a man of violence, rather than a 'man of reason! I hope you'll allow 'that, cousin.'

*Lady Sarah.* 'Well, but since what 'is done *is* done, and cannot be undone, 'let us think of the next best.—Have 'you any objection against marrying 'Miss Harlowe, if she will have you?'

*Lovel.* 'There can possibly be but 'one: that she is to every-body, no 'doubt, as well as to Lady Betty, pur-'suing that maxim peculiar to herself, '*(and let me tell you, so it ought to be:)* 'that what she cannot conceal from her-'self, she will publish to all the world.'

*Miss Patty.* 'The lady, to be sure, 'writes this in the bitterness of her 'grief, and in despair.'

*Lovel.* 'And so when her grief is al-'layed; when her despairing fit is over '—And this from *you*, cousin Patty!—'*Sweet girl!*—And would *you*, my dear, 'in the like case,' [whispering her] 'have yielded to entreaty—Would you 'have meant no more by the like ex-'clamations?'

I had a rap with her fan, and a blush; and from Lord M. a reflection, That I turned into jest every-thing they said.

I asked, if they thought the Harlowes deserved any consideration from me? and whether that family would not exult over me, were I to marry their daughter, as if I *dared* not to do other-wise?

*Lady Sarah.* 'Once I was angry with 'that family, as we all were. But now 'I pity them; and think, that you have 'but too well justified the worse treat-'ment they gave you.'

*Lord M.* 'Their family is of standing. 'All gentlemen of it, and rich, and re-'putable. Let me tell you, that many 'of our coronets would be glad they 'could derive their descents from no 'worse a stem than theirs.'

*Lovel.* 'The Harlowes are a narrow-'souled and implacable family. I hate 'them: and though I revere the lady, 'scorn all relation to them.'

*Lady Betty.* 'I wish no worse could 'be said of *him*, who is such a scorner of 'common failings in *others*.'

*Lord M.* 'How would my sister Love-'lace have reproached herself for all her 'indulgent folly to this favourite boy of 'hers, had she lived till now, and been 'present on this occasion!'

*Lady Sarah.* 'Well, but, begging 'your lordship's pardon, let us see if 'any-thing can be done for this poor 'lady.'

*Miss Ch.* 'If Mr. Lovelace has no-'thing to object against the lady's cha-'racter, (and I presume to think he is 'not *ashamed* to do her justice, though 'it may make against himself) I cannot 'see but honour and generosity will 'compel from him all that we expect. 'If there be any levities, any weakness-'ses, to be charged upon the lady, I 'should not open my lips in her favour; 'though in private I would pity her, 'and deplore her hard hap.—And yet, 'even then, there might not want ar-'guments, from honour and gratitude, 'in so particular a case, to engage you, 'Sir, to make good the vows it is plain 'you have broken.'

*Lady Betty.* 'My niece Charlotte has 'called upon you so justly, and has put 'the question to you so properly, that I 'cannot but wish you would speak to it 'directly, and without evasion.'

All in a breath then bespoke my se-riousness, and my justice: and in this manner I delivered myself, assuming an air sincerely solemn.

'I am very sensible, that the perfor-'mance of the task you have put me 'upon,

'upon, will leave me without excuſe: 'but I will not have recourſe either to 'evaſion or palliation.

'As my couſin Charlotte has ſeverely 'obſerved, I am not *aſhamed* to do juſ- 'tice to Miſs Harlowe's merit.

'I own to you all, and, what is more, 'with high regret—(if not with *ſhame*, 'couſin Charlotte)—that I have a great 'deal to anſwer for in my uſage of this 'lady. The ſex has not a nobler mind, 'nor a lovelier perſon of it. And, for '*virtue*, I could not have believed (ex- 'cuſe me, ladies) that there ever was a 'woman who *gave*, or *could* have given, 'ſuch illuſtrious, ſuch uniform proofs 'of it: for, in her whole conduct, ſhe 'has ſhewn herſelf to be equally above 'temptation and art; and, I had almoſt 'ſaid, human frailty.

'The ſtep ſhe ſo freely blames her- 'ſelf for taking, was truly what ſhe 'calls *compulſatory*: for though ſhe was 'provoked to *think* of going off with 'me, ſhe intended it not, nor was pro- 'vided to do ſo: neither would ſhe ever 'have had the *thought* of it, had her re- 'lations left her free, upon her offered 'compoſition to renounce the man ſhe 'did *not* hate, in order to avoid the man 'ſhe *did*.

'It piqued my pride, I own, that I 'could ſo little depend upon the force 'of thoſe impreſſions which I had the 'vanity to hope I had made in a heart 'ſo delicate; and in my worſt devices 'againſt her, I encouraged myſelf, that 'I abuſed no confidence; for none had 'ſhe in my honour.

'The evils ſhe has ſuffered, it would 'have been more than a miracle had ſhe 'avoided. Her watchfulneſs rendered 'more plots abortive, than thoſe which 'contributed to her fall; and they were 'many and various. And all her greater 'trials and hardſhips were owing to her 'noble reſiſtance, and juſt reſentment.

'I know,' proceeded I, 'how much 'I condemn myſelf in the juſtice I am 'doing to this excellent creature. But 'yet I *will* do her juſtice, and cannot help 'it if I would. And I hope this ſhews, 'that I am not ſo totally abandoned, as 'I have been thought to be.

'Indeed, with me, ſhe has done more 'honour to her ſex in her fall, if it be 'to be called a fall, (in truth it ought 'not) than ever any other could do in 'her ſtanding.

'When, at length, I had given her 'watchful virtue cauſe of ſuſpicion, I 'was then indeed obliged to make uſe 'of power and art to prevent her eſcap- 'ing from me. She then formed con- 'trivances to elude mine; but all *hers* 'were ſuch as ſtrict truth and punctili- 'ous honour would juſtify. She could 'not ſtoop to deceit and falſehood—no, 'not to ſave herſelf. More than once 'juſtly did ſhe tell me, fired by confci- 'ous worthineſs, that her ſoul was my 'ſoul's ſuperior!—Forgive me, ladies, 'for ſaying, that till I knew *her*, I queſ- 'tioned a ſoul in a ſex, created, as I 'was willing to ſuppoſe, only for tem- 'porary purpoſes.—It is not to be ima- 'gined into what abſurdities men of free 'principles run, in order to juſtify to 'themſelves their free practices; and to 'make a religion to their minds: and 'yet, in this reſpect, I have not been 'ſo faulty as ſome others.

'No wonder that ſuch a noble crea- 'ture as this looked upon every ſtudied 'artifice, as a degree of baſeneſs not to 'be forgiven: no wonder that ſhe could 'ſo eaſily become averſe to the man, '(though once ſhe beheld him with an 'eye not wholly indifferent) whom ſhe 'thought capable of premeditated guilt. '—Nor, give me leave, on the other 'hand, to ſay, is it to be wondered at, 'that the man who found it ſo difficult 'to be forgiven for the *ſlighter* offences, 'and who had not the grace to recede 'or repent, (made deſperate) ſhould be 'hurried on to the commiſſion of the '*greater*.

'In ſhort, ladies—in a word, my lord '—Miſs Clariſſa Harlowe is an angel; 'if ever there was or could be one in 'human nature: and is, and ever was, 'as pure as an angel in her will: and 'this juſtice I muſt do her, although the 'queſtion, I ſee by every gliſtening eye, 'is ready to be aſked—"What, then, "Lovelace, are you?"

*Lord M.* 'A devil!—A damned de- 'vil!—I muſt anſwer. And may the 'curſe of God follow you in all you un- 'dertake, if you do not make her the 'beſt amends now in your power to 'make her!'

*Lovel.* 'From you, my lord, I could 'expect no other: but from the ladies, 'I hope for leſs violence from the in- 'genuouſneſs of my confeſſion.'

The ladies, elder and younger, had their handkerchiefs to their eyes, at the juſt teſtimony which I bore to the merits of this exalted creature; and which I would make no ſcruple to bear at the bar of a court of juſtice, were I to be called to it.

*Lady Betty.* 'Well, Sir, this is a 'noble character. If you think as you

'ſpeak

'ſpeak, ſurely you cannot refuſe to do 'the lady all the juſtice now in your 'power to do her.'

They all joined in this demand.

I pleaded, that I was ſure ſhe would not have me: that, when ſhe had taken a reſolution, ſhe was not to be moved: unperſuadableneſs was an Harlowe ſin: that, and her name, I told them, were all ſhe had of theirs.

All were of opinion, that ſhe might, in her preſent deſolate circumſtances, be brought to forgive me. Lady Sarah ſaid, that Lady Betty and ſhe would endeavour to find out the *noble ſufferer*, as they juſtly called her; and would take her into their protection, and be guarantees of the juſtice that I would do her; as well after marriage as before.

It was ſome pleaſure to me, to obſerve the placability of theſe ladies of my own family, had they, any or either of them, met with a LOVELACE. But 'twould be hard upon us honeſt fellows, Jack, if all women were CLARISSAS.

Here am I obliged to break off.

## LETTER LVII.

MR. LOVELACE. IN CONTINUATION.

IT is much better, Jack, to tell your own ſtory, when it *muſt* be known, than to have an adverſary tell it for you. Conſcious of this, I gave them a particular account how urgent I had been with her to fix upon the Thurſday after I left her, (it being her uncle Harlowe's anniverſary birth-day, and named to oblige her) for the private celebration; having ſome days before actually procured a licence, which ſtill remained with her.

That, not being able to prevail upon her to promiſe any-thing, while under a ſuppoſed reſtraint; I offered to leave her at full liberty, if ſhe would give me the leaſt hope for that day. But neither did this offer avail me.

That this inflexibleneſs making me deſperate; I reſolved to add to my former fault, by giving directions, that ſhe ſhould not either go or correſpond out of the houſe, till I returned from M. Hall; well knowing, that if ſhe were at full liberty, I muſt for ever loſe her.

That this conſtraint had ſo much incenſed her, that although I wrote no leſs than four different letters, I could not procure a ſingle word in anſwer; though I preſſed her but for four words to ſignify the day and the church.

I referred to my own couſins to vouch for me the extraordinary methods I took to ſend meſſengers to town, though they knew not the occaſion: which now I told them was *this*.

I acquainted them, that I even had wrote to you, Jack, and to another gentleman of whom I thought ſhe had a good opinion, to attend her, in order to preſs for her compliance; holding myſelf in readineſs the laſt day, at Salt Hill, to meet the meſſenger they ſhould ſend, and proceed to London, if his meſſage were favourable: but that, before they could attend her, ſhe had found means to fly away once more: 'And is now,' ſaid I, 'perched perhaps 'ſomewhere under Lady Betty's window 'at Glenham Hall; and there, like the 'ſweet Philomela, a thorn in her breaſt, 'warbles forth her melancholy com-'plaints againſt her barbarous Tereus.'

Lady Betty declared, That ſhe was not with *her*; nor did ſhe know where ſhe was. She ſhould be, ſhe added, the moſt welcome gueſt to her, that ſhe ever received.

In truth I had a ſuſpicion, that ſhe was already in their knowledge, and taken into their protection; for Lady Sarah I imagined incapable of being rouzed to this ſpirit by a letter only from Miſs Harlowe, and that not directed to herſelf; ſhe being a very indolent and melancholy woman. But her ſiſter, I find, had wrought her up to it: for Lady Betty is as officious and managing a woman as Mrs. Howe; but of a much more generous and noble diſpoſition—She is *my aunt*, Jack.

I ſuppoſed, I ſaid, that her ladyſhip might have a private direction where to ſend to her. I ſpoke as I wiſhed: I would have given the world to have heard that ſhe was inclined to cultivate the intereſt of any of my family.

Lady Betty anſwered, that ſhe had no direction but what was in the letter; which ſhe had ſcratched out, and which, it was probable, was only a temporary one, in order to avoid me: otherwiſe ſhe would hardly have directed an anſwer to be left at an inn. And ſhe was of opinion, that to apply to Miſs Howe would be the only certain way to ſucceed in any application for forgiveneſs, would I enable that young lady to intereſt herſelf in procuring it.

*Miſs Charlotte.* 'Permit me to make 'a propoſal.—Since we are all of one 'mind in relation to the juſtice due to 'Miſs Harlowe, if Mr. Lovelace will 'oblige himſelf to marry her, I will 'make Miſs Howe a viſit, little as I am

'acquainted with her; and endeavour to engage her intereſt to forward the de-'fired reconciliation. And if this can 'be done, I make no queſtion but all 'may be happily accommodated; for 'every-body knows the love there is 'between Miſs Harlowe and Miſs 'Howe.'

MARRIAGE, *with theſe women, thou ſeeſt, Jack, is an atonement for all we can do to them. A true dramatick recompence!*

This motion was highly approved of; and I gave my honour, as deſired, in the fulleſt manner they could wiſh.

*Lady Sarah.* 'Well then, couſin Char-'lotte, begin your treaty with Miſs 'Howe, out of hand.'

*Lady Betty.* 'Pray do. And let Miſs 'Harlowe be told, that I am ready to 'receive her as the moſt welcome of 'gueſts: and I will not have her out of 'my ſight till the knot is tied.'

*Lady Sarah.* 'Tell her from me, that 'ſhe ſhall be my daughter!—Inſtead of 'my poor Betſey.'——And ſhed a tear in remembrance of her loſt daughter.

*Lord M.* 'What ſay you, Sir, to 'this?'

*Lovel.* 'CONTENT, my lord. I ſpeak 'in the language of your houſe.'

*Lord M.* 'We are not to be fooled, 'nephew. No quibbling. We will have 'no ſhuffling put upon us.'

*Lovel.* 'You ſhall not. And yet, I 'did not intend to marry, if ſhe exceed-'ed the appointed Thurſday. But, I 'think, (according to her own notions) 'that I have injured her beyond repara-'tion, although I were to make her the 'beſt of huſbands; as I am reſolved 'to be, if ſhe will *condeſcend*, as I will 'call it, to have me.—And be this, 'couſin Charlotte, *my* part of your com-'miſſion to ſay.'

This pleaſed them all.

*Lord M.* 'Give me thy hand, Bob! '—Thou talkeſt like a man of honour 'at laſt. I hope we may depend upon 'what thou ſayeſt!'

The ladies eyes put the ſame queſtion to me.

*Lovel.* 'You may, my lord.—You 'may, ladies—Abſolutely you may.'

Then was the perſonal character of the lady, as well as her more extraordinary talents and endowments, again expatiated upon: and Miſs Patty, who had once ſeen her, launched out more than all the reſt in her praiſe. Theſe were followed by ſuch enquiries as are never forgotten to be made in marriage-treaties, and which generally are the *principal motives* with the *ſages* of a family, though the *leaſt to be mentioned* by the *parties* themſelves, and yet even by *them*, perhaps, the *firſt* thought of: that is to ſay, inquiſition into the lady's fortune; into the particulars of the grandfather's eſtate; and what her father, and her ſingle-ſouled uncles, will probably do for her, if a reconciliation be effected; as, by their means, they make no doubt but it will, between both families, if it be not my fault. The two venerables [No longer tabbies with me now] hinted at rich preſents on their own parts; and my lord declared, that he would make ſuch overtures in my behalf, as ſhould render my marriage with Miſs Harlowe the beſt day's work I ever made; and what, he doubted not, would be as agreeable to that family, as to myſelf.

Thus, at preſent, by a ſingle hair, hangs over my head the matrimonial ſword. And thus ended my trial. And thus are we all friends; and 'Couſin' and 'Couſin,' and 'Nephew' and 'Nephew,' at every word.

Did ever comedy end more happily, than this long trial?

## LETTER LVIII.

### MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

WEDN. JULY 22.

SO, Jack, they think they have gained a mighty point. But, *were* I to change my mind, *were* I to repent, I fancy I am ſafe.—And yet this very moment it riſes to my mind, that 'tis hard truſting too; for ſurely there muſt be ſome embers, where there was fire ſo lately, that may be ſtirred up to give a blaze to combuſtibles ſtrewed lightly upon them. Love, like ſome ſelf-propagating plants, or roots, which have taken ſtrong hold in the earth, when once got deep into the heart, is hardly ever *totally* extirpated, except by matrimony indeed, which is the grave of love, becauſe it allows of the end of love. Then theſe ladies, all advocates *for* herſelf, *with* herſelf, Miſs Howe at their head perhaps——Not in favour to me—I don't expect that from Miſs Howe—But perhaps in favour to *herſelf*: for Miſs Howe has reaſon to apprehend vengeance from me, I ween. Her Hickman will be ſafe too, as ſhe may think, if I marry her beloved friend: for he has been a buſy fellow, and I have long wiſhed to have a ſlap at him! —The lady's caſe deſperate with her friends too; and likely to be ſo, while ſingle, and her character expoſed to cenſure.

A huſband

A husband is a charming cloak, a fig-leafed apron for a wife: and for a lady to be protected in liberties, in diversions, which her heart pants after—and all her faults, even the most criminal, were she to be detected, to be thrown upon the husband, and the ridicule too; a charming privilege for a wife!

But I shall have one comfort, if I marry, which pleases me not a little. If a man's wife has a dear friend of her sex, a hundred liberties may be taken with that friend which could *not* be taken, if the *single lady* (knowing what a title to freedoms marriage has given him with her *friend*) was not less scrupulous with him than she ought to be, with *herself*. Then there are *broad* freedoms (shall I call them?) that may be taken by the husband with his wife, that may not be *quite* shocking, which, if the wife *bears before her friend*, will serve for a lesson to *that friend*; and if that friend *bears* to be present at them without check or bashfulness, will shew a sagacious fellow that she can bear as much herself, at *proper time* and *place*.

*Chastity*, Jack, like *piety*, is an uniform thing. If in *look*, if in *speech*, a girl give way to undue levity, depend upon it, the devil has got one of his cloven feet in her heart already—So, Hickman, take care of thyself, I advise thee, whether I marry or not.

Thus, Jack, have I at once reconciled myself to all my relations—And if the lady refuses me, thrown the fault upon her. This, I knew, would be in my power to do at any time: and I was the more arrogant to them, in order to heighten the merit of my compliance.

But after all, it would be very whimsical, would it not, if all my plots and contrivances should end in wedlock? What a punishment should this come out to be, upon myself too, that all this while I have been plundering my own treasury?

And then, can there be so much harm done, if it can be so easily repaired by a few magical words; as *I, Robert*, take thee, Clarissa; and I, Clarissa, take thee Robert, with the rest of the for-better and for-worse legerdemain, which will hocus pocus all the wrongs, the crying wrongs, that I have done to Miss Harlowe, into acts of kindness and benevolence to Mrs. Lovelace?

But, Jack, two things I must insist upon with thee, if this is to be the case—Having put secrets of so high a nature between me and my spouse into thy power, I must, for my own honour, and for the honour of my wife and my illustrious progeny, first oblige thee to give up the letters I have so profusely scribbled to thee; and, in the next place do by thee, as I have heard whispered in France was done by the *true* father of a certain monarque; that is to say, cut thy throat, to prevent thy telling of tales.

I have found means to heighten the kind opinion my friends here have begun to have of me, by communicating to them the contents of the four last letters which I wrote to press my elected spouse to solemnize. My lord has repeated one of his phrases in my favour, that he hopes it will come out, *That the devil is not quite so black as he is painted.*

Now pr'ythee, dear Jack, since so many good consequences are to flow from these our nuptials (one of which to *thyself*; for the sooner thou diest, the less thou wilt have to answer for) and that I now-and-then am apt to believe there may be something in the old fellow's notion, who once told us, That he who kills a man, has all that man's sins to answer for, as well as his own, because he gave him not the time to repent of them, that Heaven designed to allow him; [A fine thing for thee, if thou consentest to be knocked of the head; but a cursed one for the manslayer!] and since there may be room to fear, that Miss Howe will not give us her help; I pr'ythee now exert thyself to find out my Clarissa Harlowe, that I may make a LOVELACE of her. Set all the city bellmen, and the country criers, for ten miles round the metropolis, at work, with their 'O yes's! and if any 'man, woman, or child, can give tale 'or tidings—' Advertise her in all the newspapers; and let her know, That if she will repair to Lady Betty Lawrance, or to Miss Charlotte Montague, she may hear of something greatly to her advantage.

My two cousins Montague are actually to set out to-morrow, to Mrs. Howe's, to engage her vixen daughter's interest with her friend. They will flaunt it away in a chariot and six, for the greater state and significance.

Confounded mortification to be reduced thus low! — My pride hardly knows how to brook it.

Lord M. has engaged the two venerables to stay here, to attend the issue: and I, standing very high at present in their good graces, am to gallant them to Oxford, to Blenheim, and several other places.

## LETTER LIX.

### MISS HOWE, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

THURSDAY NIGHT, JULY 13.

COLLINS ſets not out to-morrow. Some domeſtick occaſion hinders him. Rogers is but now returned from you, and cannot well be ſpared. Mr. Hickman is gone upon an affair of my mother's, and has taken both his ſervants with him, to do credit to his employer: ſo I am forced to venture this by the poſt, directed by your aſſumed name.

I am to acquaint you, that I have been favoured with a viſit from Miſs Montague and her ſiſter, in Lord M.'s chariot-and-ſix. My lord's gentleman rode here yeſterday, with a requeſt that I would receive a viſit from the two young ladies, on a *very particular occaſion*; the greater favour if it might be the next day.

As I had ſo little perſonal knowledge of either, I doubted not but it muſt be in relation to the intereſts of my dear friend; and ſo conſulting with my mother, I ſent them an invitation to favour me (becauſe of the diſtance) with their company at dinner; which they kindly accepted.

I hope, my dear, ſince things have been ſo *very* bad, that their errand to me will be as agreeable to you, as any thing that can now happen. They came in the name of Lord M. and Lady Sarah and Lady Betty his two ſiſters, to deſire my intereſt to engage you to put yourſelf into the protection of Lady Betty; who will not part with you till ſhe ſees all the juſtice done you that now can be done.

Lady Sarah had not ſtirred out for a twelvemonth before; never ſince ſhe loſt her agreeable daughter whom you and I ſaw at Mrs. Benſon's; but was induced to take this journey by Lady Betty, purely to procure your reparation, if poſſible. And their joint ſtrength, united with Lord M.'s, has ſo far ſucceeded, that the wretch has bound himſelf to them, and to theſe young ladies, in the ſolemneſt manner, to wed you in their preſence, if they can prevail upon you to give him your hand.

This conſolation you may take to yourſelf, that all this honourable family have a *due* (that is, the *higheſt*) ſenſe of your merit, and greatly admire you. The horrid creature has not ſpared himſelf in doing juſtice to your virtue; and the young ladies give us ſuch an account of his confeſſions, and ſelf-condemnation, that my mother was quite charmed with you; and we all four ſhed tears of joy, that there is one of our ſex, [I, that that one is my deareſt friend] who has done ſo much honour to it, as to deſerve the exalted praiſes given you by a wretch ſo ſelf-conceited; though pity for the excellent creature mixed with our joy.

He promiſes by them to make the beſt of huſbands; and my lord, and Lady Sarah, and Lady Betty, are all three to be guarantees that he will be ſo. Noble ſettlements, noble preſents, they talked of: they ſay they left Lord M. and his two ſiſters talking of nothing elſe but of thoſe preſents and ſettlements, how moſt to do you honour, the greater in proportion for the indignities you have ſuffered; and of changing of names by act of parliament, preparative to the intereſt they will all join to make to get the titles to go where the bulk of the eſtate muſt go, at my lord's death, which they apprehend to be nearer than they wiſh. Nor doubt they of a thorough reformation in his morals, from your example and influence over him.

I made a great many objections for you—All, I believe, that you could have made yourſelf, had you been preſent. But I have no doubt to adviſe you, my dear, (and ſo does my mother) inſtantly to put yourſelf into Lady Betty's protection, with a reſolution to take the wretch for your huſband. All his future grandeur [He wants not pride] depends upon his ſincerity to you; and the young ladies vouch for the depth of his concern for the wrongs he has done you.

All his apprehenſion is, in your readineſs to communicate to every-one, as he fears, the evils you have ſuffered; which he thinks will expoſe you both. But had you not revealed them to Lady Betty, you had not had ſo warm a friend; ſince it is owing to two letters you wrote to her, that all this good, as I hope it will prove, was brought about. But I adviſe you to be more ſparing in expoſing what is paſt, whether you have thoughts of accepting him or not: for what, my dear, can that avail now, but to give a handle to vile wretches to triumph over your friends; ſince every-one will not know how much to your honour your very ſufferings have been?

Your melancholy letter brought by Rogers, with his account of your indifferen

different health, confirmed to him by the woman of the houſe, as well as by your looks, and by your faintneſs while you talked with him, would have given me inexpreſſible affliction, had I not been cheered by this agreeable viſit from the young ladies. I hope you will be equally ſo on my imparting the ſubject of it to you.

Indeed, my dear, you muſt not heſitate. You *muſt* oblige them. The alliance is ſplendid and honourable. Very few will know any-thing of his brutal baſeneſs to you. All muſt end, in a little while, in a general reconciliation, and you will be able to reſume your courſe of doing the good to every deſerving object, which procured you bleſſings where-ever you ſet your foot.

I am concerned to find, that your father's inhuman curſe affects you ſo much as it does. Yet you are a noble creature, to put it, as you put it—I hope you are indeed more ſolicitous to get it revoked for their ſakes than for your own. It is for *them* to be penitent, who hurried you into evils you could not well avoid. You are apt to judge by the unhappy event, rather than upon the true merits of your caſe. Upon my honour, I think you faultleſs in almoſt every ſtep you have taken. What has not that vilely inſolent and ambitious, yet ſtupid, brother of yours to anſwer for!—That ſpiteful thing your ſiſter too!

But come, ſince what is paſt cannot be helped, let us look forward. You have now happy proſpects opening to you: a family, *already noble*, prepared to receive and embrace you with open arms, and joyful heart; and who, by their love to you, will teach another family (who know not what an excellence they have confederated to perſecute) how to value you. Your prudence, your piety, will crown all. You will reclaim a wretch, that for an hundred ſakes more than for his own, one would wiſh to be reclaimed.

Like a traveller, who has been put out of his way, by the overflowing of ſome rapid ſtream, you have only had the fore-right path you were in overwhelmed. A few miles about, a day or two only loſt, as I may ſay, and you are in a way to recover it; and, by quickening your ſpeed, will get up the loſt time. The hurry upon your ſpirits, mean time, will be all your inconvenience; for it was not your fault you were ſtopped in your progreſs.

Think of this, my dear; and improve upon the allegory, as you know how. If you can, without impeding your progreſs, be the means of aſſwaging the inundation, of bounding the waters within their natural channel, and thereby of recovering the overwhelmed path for the ſake of future paſſengers who travel the ſame way, what a merit will yours be!

I ſhall impatiently expect your next letter. The young ladies propoſed, that you ſhould put yourſelf, if in town, or near it, into the Reading ſtage coach, which inns ſomewhere in Fleet Street: and if you give notice of the day, you will be met on the road, and that pretty early in your journey, by ſome of both ſexes; one of whom you won't be ſorry to ſee.

Mr. Hickman ſhall attend you at Slough; and Lady Betty herſelf, and one of the Miſs Montagues, with proper equipages, will be at Reading to receive you; and carry you directly to the ſeat of the former: for I have expreſsly ſtipulated, that the wretch himſelf ſhall not come into your preſence till your nuptials are to be ſolemnized, unleſs you give leave.

Adieu, my deareſt friend. Be happy: and hundreds will then be happy of conſequence. Inexpreſſibly ſo, I am ſure, will then be *your ever-affectionate*

ANNA HOWE.

## LETTER LX.

MISS HOWE, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

SUNDAY NIGHT, JULY 16.

MY DEAREST FRIEND,

WHY ſhould you permit a mind ſo much devoted to your ſervice, to labour under ſuch an impatience as you muſt know it *would* labour under, for want of an anſwer to a letter of ſuch conſequence to *you*, and therefore to *me*, as was mine of Thurſday night?—Rogers told me on Thurſday, you were *ſo* ill; your letter ſent by him was *ſo* melancholy!—Yet you muſt be ill indeed, if you could not write ſomething to ſuch a letter; were it but a line, to ſay you would write as ſoon as you could. Sure you have received it. The maſter of your neareſt poſt-office will pawn his reputation that it went ſafe: I gave him particular charge of it.

God ſend me good news of your health, of your ability to write; and then I will chide you—Indeed I will—as I never yet did chide you.

I ſuppoſe your excuſe will be, that the ſubject required conſideration—Lord! my dear, ſo it might; but you have ſo

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right a mind, and the matter in queſtion is ſo obvious, that you could not want half an hour to determine—Then you intended, probably, to wait Collins's call for your letter as on to-morrow!—Suppoſe—Miſs!—(indeed I am angry with you!—ſuppoſe) ſomething were to happen, as it did on Friday, that he ſhould not be able to go to town to-morrow?—How, child, could you ſerve me ſo!—I know not how to leave off ſcolding you!

'Dear, honeſt Collins, make haſte:' he will: he will. He ſets out, and travels all night: for I have told him, that the deareſt friend I have in the world has it in her own choice to be happy, and to make me ſo; and that the letter he will bring from her, will aſſure it to me.

I have ordered him to go directly (without ſtopping at the Saracen's Head Inn) to you at your lodgings. Matters are now in ſo good a way, that he ſafely may.

Your expected letter is ready written, I hope: if it be not, he will call for it at your hour.

You can't be ſo happy as you deſerve to be: but I doubt not that you will be as happy as you *can*; that is, that you will chuſe to put yourſelf inſtantly into Lady Betty's protection. If you would not have the wretch for *your own* ſake; have him you muſt, for *mine*, for your *family's*, for your *honour's* ſake!—Dear, honeſt Collins, make haſte! make haſte! and relieve the impatient heart of my beloved's *ever-faithful ever-affectionate*,

ANNA HOWE.

## LETTER LXI.

### MISS HOWE, TO MISS CHARLOTTE MONTAGUE.

TUESDAY MORN. JULY 18.

MADAM,

I Take the liberty to write to you, by this ſpecial meſſenger. In the phrenzy of my ſoul I write to you, to demand of you, and of any of your family who can tell, news of my beloved friend; who, I doubt, has been ſpirited away by the baſe arts of one of the blackeſt—O help me to a name bad enough to call him by! Her piety is proof againſt ſelf-attempts. It muſt, it muſt be he, the only wretch, who could injure ſuch an innocent; and now—who knows what he has done with her!

If I have patience, I will give you the occaſion of this diſtracted vehemence.

I wrote to her the very moment you and your ſiſter left me. But being unable to procure a ſpecial meſſenger, as I intended, was forced to ſend by the poſt. I urged her [You know I promiſed that I would: I urged her] with earneſtneſs, to comply with the deſires of all your family. Having no anſwer, I wrote again on Sunday night; and ſent it by a particular hand, who travelled all night; chiding her for keeping a heart ſo impatient as mine in ſuch cruel ſuſpence, upon a matter of ſo much importance to her; and therefore to me. And very angry I was with her in my mind.

But, judge my aſtoniſhment, my diſtraction, when laſt night, the meſſenger, returning poſt-haſte, brought me word, that ſhe had not been heard of ſince Friday morning! And that a letter lay for her at her lodgings, which came by the poſt; and muſt be mine!

She went out about ſix that morning; only intending, as they believe, to go to morning prayers at Covent-Garden church, juſt by her lodgings, as ſhe had done divers times before—Went on foot!—Left word ſhe ſhould be back in an hour—Very poorly in health!

Lord have mercy upon me! What ſhall I do!—I was a diſtracted creature all laſt night!

O Madam! You know not how I love her!—My own ſoul is not dearer to me than my Clariſſa Harlowe!—Nay, ſhe *is* my ſoul—For I now have none—Only a miſerable one, however—For ſhe was the joy, the ſtay, the prop of my life. Never woman loved woman as we love one another. It is impoſſible to tell you half her excellences. It was my glory and my pride, that I was capable of ſo fervent a love of ſo pure and matchleſs a creature—But now—Who knows, whether the dear injured has not all her woes, her undeſerved woes, completed in death; or is not reſerved for a worſe fate!—This I leave to your enquiry—For—your—[ſhall I call the man——your?] relation I underſtand is ſtill with you.

Surely, my good ladies, you were well authorized in the propoſals you made in preſence of my mother! Surely he dare not abuſe your confidence, and the confidence of your noble relations! I make no apology for giving you this trouble, nor for deſiring you to favour with a line by this meſſenger *your almoſt diſtracted*

ANNA HOWE.

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## LETTER LXII.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

M. HALL, SAT. NIGHT, JUNE 15.

ALL undone, undone by Jupiter!—Zounds, Jack, what ſhall I do now! A curſe upon all my plots and contrivances!—But I have it——In the very heart and ſoul of me, I have it!

Thou toldeſt me, that my puniſhments were but beginning—Canſt thou, O fatal prognoſticator! canſt thou tell me, where they will end?

Thy aſſiſtance I beſpeak. The moment thou receiveſt this, I beſpeak thy aſſiſtance. This meſſenger rides for life and death—And I hope he'll find you at your town-lodgings; if he meet not with you at Edgware; where, being Sunday, he will call firſt.

This curſed, curſed woman, on Friday diſpatched man and horſe with the joyful news, (as ſhe thought it would be to me) in an exulting letter from Sally Martin, that ſhe had found out my angel as on Wedneſday laſt; and on Friday morning, after ſhe had been at prayers at Covent Garden church—praying for my reformation perhaps—got her arreſted by two ſheriff's officers, as ſhe was returning to her lodgings, who (villains!) put her into a chair they had in readineſs, and carried her to one of the curſed fellow's houſes.

She has arreſted her for 150l. pretendedly due for board and lodging: a ſum (beſides the low villainy of the proceeding) which the dear ſoul could not poſſibly raiſe: all her cloaths and effects, except what ſhe had on and with her when ſhe went away, being at the old devil's.

And here, for an aggravation, has the dear creature lain already two days; for I muſt be gallanting my two aunts and my two couſins, and giving Lord M. an airing after his lying-in—Pox upon the whole family of us! And returned not till within this hour: and now returned to my diſtraction, on receiving the curſed tidings, and the exulting letter.

Haſten, haſten, dear Jack; for the love of God, haſten to the injured charmer! My heart bleeds for her—She deſerved not this!—I dare not ſtir. It will be thought done by my contrivance—And if I am abſent from this place, that will confirm the ſuſpicion.

Damnation ſeize quick this accurſed woman!—Yet ſhe thinks ſhe has made no ſmall merit with me. Unhappy, thrice unhappy circumſtance!—At a time too, when better proſpects were opening for the ſweet creature!

Haſten to her!—Clear me of this curſed job. Moſt ſincerely, by all that's ſacred, I ſwear you may!——Yet have I been ſuch a villainous plotter, that the charming ſufferer will hardly believe it: although the proceeding be ſo dirtily low.

Set her free the moment you ſee her: without conditioning, free!—On your knees, for me, beg her pardon: and aſſure her, that, wherever ſhe goes, I will not moleſt her: no, nor come near her without her leave: and be ſure allow not any of the damned crew to go near her—Only let her permit *you* to receive her commands from time to time. You have always been her friend and advocate. What would I now give, had I permitted you to have been a ſucceſsful one!

Let her have all her cloaths and effects ſent her inſtantly, as a ſmall proof of my ſincerity. And force upon the dear creature, who muſt be moneyleſs, what ſums you can get her to take. Let me know how ſhe has been treated. If roughly, woe be to the guilty!

Take thy watch in thy hand, after thou haſt freed her, and damn the whole brood, dragon and ſerpents, by the hour, till thou'rt tired; and tell them, I bid thee do ſo for their curſed officiouſneſs.

They had nothing to do when they had found her, but to wait my orders how to proceed.

The great devil fly away with them all, one by one, through the roof of their own curſed houſe, and daſh them to pieces againſt the tops of chimneys as he flies; and let the leſſer devils collect their ſcattered ſcraps, and bag them up, in order to put them together again in their allotted place, in the element of fire, with cements of molten lead.

*A line! a line! A kingdom for a line!* with tolerable news, the firſt moment thou canſt write!—This fellow waits to bring it.

## LETTER LXIII.

MISS CHARLOTTE MONTAGUE, TO MISS HOWE.

M. HALL, TUESDAY AFTERNOON.

DEAR MISS HOWE,

YOUR letter has infinitely diſturbed us all.

This wretched man has been half diſtracted ever ſince Saturday night.

We knew not what ailed him, till your letter was brought.

Vile wretch, as he is, he is however innocent of this new evil.

Indeed he is, he *muſt* be; as I ſhall more at large acquaint you.

But will not now detain your meſſenger.

Only to ſatisfy your juſt impatience, by telling you, that the dear young lady is ſafe, and, we hope, well.

A horrid miſtake of his general orders has ſubjected her to the terror and diſgrace of an arreſt.

Poor dear Miſs Harlowe!—Her ſufferings have endeared her to us, almoſt as much as her excellences can have endeared her to you.

But ſhe muſt now be quite at liberty.

He has been a diſtracted man, ever ſince the news was brought him; and we knew not what ailed him.

But that I ſaid before.

My Lord M. my Lady Sarah Sadleir, and my Lady Betty Lawrance, will all write to you this very afternoon.

And ſo will the wretch himſelf.

And ſend it by a ſervant of their own, not to detain yours.

I know not what I write.

But you ſhall have all the particulars, juſt, and true, and fair, from, *dear Madam, your moſt faithful and obedient ſervant,* CH. MONTAGUE.

## LETTER LXIV.

MISS MONTAGUE, TO MISS HOWE.

M. HALL, JULY 18.

DEAR MADAM,

IN purſuance of my promiſe, I will minutely inform you of every-thing we know, relating to this ſhocking tranſaction.

When we returned from you on Thurſday night, and made our report of the kind reception both we and our meſſage met with, in that you had been ſo good as to promiſe to uſe your intereſt with your dear friend; it put us all into ſuch good humour with one another, and with my couſin Lovelace, that we reſolved upon a little tour of two days, the Friday and Saturday, in order to give an airing to my lord, and Lady Sarah; both having been long confined, one by illneſs, the other by melancholy. My lord, Lady Sarah, Lady Betty, and myſelf, were in the coach; and all our talk was of dear Miſs Harlowe, and of our future happineſs with her. Mr. Lovelace and my ſiſter (who is his favourite, as he is hers) were in his phaeton: and whenever we joined company, that was ſtill the ſubject.

As to him, never man praiſed woman, as he did her: never man gave greater hopes, and made better reſolutions. He is none of thoſe that are governed by intereſt. He is too proud for that. But moſt ſincerely delighted was he in talking of her; and of his hopes of her returning favour. He ſaid, however, more than once, that he feared ſhe would not forgive him; for, from his heart, he muſt ſay, he deſerved not her forgiveneſs: and often and often, that there was not ſuch a woman in the world.

This I mention to ſhew you, Madam, that he could not at this time be privy to ſuch a barbarous and diſgraceful treatment of her.

We returned not till Saturday night, all in as good humour with one another as we went out. We never had ſuch pleaſure in his company before. If he would be good, and as he ought to be, no man would be better beloved by relations than he. But never was there a greater alteration in man when he came home, and received a letter from a meſſenger, who, it ſeems, had been flattering himſelf in hopes of a reward, and had been waiting for his return from the night before. In *ſuch* a fury!—The man fared but badly. He inſtantly ſhut himſelf up to write, and ordered man and horſe to be ready to ſet out before day-light the next morning, to carry the letter to a friend in London.

He would not ſee us all that night; neither breakfaſt nor dine with us next day. He ought, he ſaid, never to ſee light; and bid my ſiſter, whom he called an *innocent*, (and who was very deſirous to know the occaſion of all this) ſhun him: ſaying, He was a wretch, and made ſo by his own inventions, and the conſequences of them.

None of us could get out of him what ſo diſturbed him. We ſhould too ſoon hear, he ſaid, to the utter diſſipation of all *his* hopes, and of all *ours*.

We could eaſily ſuppoſe, that all was not right with regard to the worthy young lady and him.

He was out each day; and ſaid he wanted to run away from himſelf.

Late on Monday night he received a letter from Mr. Belford, his moſt favoured friend, by his own meſſenger; who came back in a foam, man and horſe. Whatever were the contents, he was not eaſier, but like a madman rather: but ſtill would not let us know the

the occaſion. But to my ſiſter he ſaid, 'Nobody, my dear Patſey, who can 'think but of half the plagues that pur-'ſue an intriguing ſpirit, would ever 'quit the fore-right path.'

He was out, when your meſſenger came: but ſoon came in; and bad enough was his reception from us all. And he ſaid, that his own torments were greater than ours, than Miſs Harlowe's, or yours, Madam, all put together. He would ſee your letter. He always carries every-thing before him: and ſaid, when he had read it, that he thanked God, he was not ſuch a villain, as you, with too great an appearance of reaſon, thought him.

Thus then he owned the matter to be.

He had left general directions to the people of the lodgings the dear lady went from, to find out where ſhe was gone to, if poſſible, that he might have an opportunity to importune her to be his, before their difference was publick. The wicked people (*officious* at leaſt, if not wicked) diſcovered where ſhe was on Wedneſday; and, for fear ſhe ſhould remove before they could have his orders, they put her under a *gentle reſtraint*, as they call it; and diſpatched away a meſſenger to acquaint him with it; and to take his orders.

This meſſenger arrived on Friday afternoon; and ſtaid here till we returned on Saturday night:—and when he read the letter he brought—I have told you, Madam, what a fury he was in.

The letter he retired to write, and which he diſpatched away ſo early on Sunday morning, was to conjure his friend Mr. Belford, on receipt of it, to fly to the lady, and ſet her free; and to order all her things to be ſent to her; and to clear him of ſo *black* and *villainous* a fact, as he juſtly called it.

And by this time he doubts not that all is happily over; and the beloved of his ſoul (as he calls her at every word) in an eaſier and happier way than ſhe was before the horrid fact. And now he owns, that the reaſon why Mr. Belford's letter ſet him into ſtronger ravings, was becauſe of his keeping him wilfully (and on purpoſe to torment him) in ſuſpence; and reflecting very heavily upon him; (for Mr. Belford, he ſays, was ever the lady's friend and advocate) and only mentioning, that he had waited upon her; referring to his next for further particulars; which Mr. Belford could have told him at the time.

He declares, and we can vouch for him, that he has been, ever ſince laſt Saturday night, the moſt miſerable of men.

He forbore going up himſelf, that it might not be imagined he was guilty of ſo black a contrivance; and that he went up to complete any baſe views in conſequence of it.

Believe us all, dear Miſs Howe, under the deepeſt concern at this unhappy accident; which will, we fear, exaſperate the charming ſufferer; not too much for the occaſion, but too much for our hopes.

O what wretches are theſe free-living men, who love to tread in intricate paths; and, when once they err, know not how far out of the way their headſtrong courſe may lead them!

My ſiſter joins her thanks with mine to your good mother and ſelf, for the favours you heaped upon us laſt Thurſday. We beſeech your continued intereſt as to the ſubject of our viſit. It ſhall be all our ſtudies to oblige and recompenſe the dear lady to the utmoſt of our power, for what ſhe has ſuffered from the unhappy man.

We are, dear Madam, *your obliged and faithful ſervants*,

CHARLOTTE }
MARTHA } MONTAGUE.

'DEAR MISS HOWE,

'WE join in the above requeſt of 'Miſs Charlotte and Miſs Patty Mon-'tague, for your favour and intereſt; 'being convinced, that the accident 'was an accident; and no plot or con-'trivance of a wretch too full of them. 'We are, Madam, *your moſt obedient* '*humble ſervants*,

'M.
'SARAH SADLEIR.
'ELIZ. LAWRANCE.'

'DEAR MISS HOWE,

'AFTER what is written above, by 'names and characters of ſuch unqueſ-'tionable honour, I might have been 'excuſed ſigning a name almoſt as hate-'ful to myſelf, as I KNOW it is to 'you. But the *above* will have it ſo. 'Since therefore I *muſt* write, it ſhall be 'the truth; which is, that, if I may 'be once more admitted to pay my duty 'to the moſt deſerving and moſt inju-'red of her ſex, I will be content to 'do it with a halter about my neck; 'and, attended by a parſon on my 'right-hand, and the hangman on my 'left,

'left, be doomed, at her will, either 'to the church or the gallows. *Your* '*moſt humble ſervant,*

'ROBERT LOVELACE.

'TUESDAY, JULY 18.'

## LETTER LXV.

MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

SUNDAY NIGHT, JULY 16.

WHAT a curſed piece of work haſt thou made of it, with the moſt excellent of women! Thou mayeſt be in earneſt, or in jeſt, as thou wilt; but the poor lady will not be long either thy ſport, or the ſport of fortune!

I will give thee an account of a ſcene that wants but her affecting pen to repreſent it juſtly; and it would wring all the black blood out of thy callous heart.

Thou, only, who art the author of her calamities, ſhouldſt have attended her in her priſon. I am unequal to ſuch a taſk: nor know I any other man but would.

This laſt act, however unintended by thee, yet a conſequence of thy general orders, and too likely to be thought agreeable to thee, by thoſe who know thy other villanies by her, has finiſhed thy barbarous work. And I adviſe thee to trumpet forth every-where, how much in earneſt thou art to marry her, whether true or not.

Thou mayeſt *ſafely* do it. She will not live to put thee to the trial; and it will a little palliate for thy enormous uſage of her, and be a means to make mankind, who know not what I know of the matter, herd a little longer with thee, and forbear to hunt thee to thy fellow-ſavages in the Lybian wilds and deſarts.

Your meſſenger found me at Edgware, expecting to dinner with me ſeveral friends, whom I had invited three days before. I ſent apologies to them, as in a caſe of life and death; and ſpeeded to town to the wicked woman's: for how knew I but ſhocking attempts might be made upon her by the curſed wretches: perhaps by your connivance, in order to mortify her into your meaſures?

*Little knows the publick what villanies are committed by vile wretches, in thoſe abominable houſes, upon innocent creatures drawn into their ſnares.*

Finding the lady not there, I poſted away to the officer's, although Sally told me, that ſhe had but juſt come from thence; and that ſhe had refuſed to ſee her, or (as ſhe ſent down word) any-body elſe; being reſolved to have the remainder of that Sunday to herſelf, as it might, perhaps, be the laſt ſhe ſhould ever ſee.

I had the ſame thing told me, when I got thither.

I ſent up to let her know, that I came with a commiſſion to ſet her at liberty. I was afraid of ſending up the name of a man known to be your friend. She abſolutely refuſed to ſee *any man*, however, for that day, or to anſwer further to any thing ſaid from me.

Having therefore informed myſelf of all that the officer, and his wife, and ſervant, could acquaint me with, as well in relation to the horrid arreſt, as to her behaviour and the women's to her; and her ill-ſtate of health; I went back to Sinclair's, as I will ſtill call her, and heard the three women's ſtory: from all which, I am enabled to give you the following ſhocking particulars: which may ſerve till I can ſee the unhappy lady herſelf to-morrow, if then I gain admittance to her. You will find, that I have been very minute in my enquiries.

Your villain it was that *ſet* the poor lady, and had the impudence to appear, and abet the ſheriff's officers in the curſed tranſaction. He thought, no doubt, that he was doing the moſt acceptable ſervice to his bleſſed maſter. They had got a chair; the head ready up, as ſoon as ſervice was over. And as ſhe came out of the church, at the door fronting Bedford Street, the officers, ſtepping to her, whiſpered, that they had an action againſt her.

She was terrified, trembled, and turned pale.

'*Action!*' ſaid ſhe, 'What is that? '—I have committed *no bad action!*— 'Lord bleſs me!—Men, what mean 'you?'

'That you are our priſoner, Ma- 'dam?'

'*Priſoner*, Sirs!—What—How—Why 'What have I done?'

'You muſt go with us. Be pleaſed, 'Madam, to ſtep into this chair.'

'With *you!*—With *men!*—Muſt go 'with *men!*—I am not uſed to go with '*ſtrange men!*—Indeed you muſt excuſe 'me!'

'We can't excuſe you: we are ſhe- 'riff's officers. We have a writ againſt 'you. You *muſt* go with us, and you 'ſhall know at whoſe ſuit.'

'*Suit!*' ſaid the charming innocent; 'I don't

'I don't know what you mean. Pray, 'men, don't lay hands upon me;'—(they offering to put her into the chair,)—'I am not uſed to be thus treated—I 'have done nothing to deſerve it.'

She then ſpied thy villain—'O thou 'wretch!'—ſaid ſhe, 'where is thy vile 'maſter?—Am I again to be *his pri-'ſoner?*—Help, good people!'

A crowd had before begun to gather.

'My maſter is in the country, Ma-'dam, many miles off. If you pleaſe 'to go with theſe men, they will treat 'you civilly.'

The people were moſt of them ſtruck with compaſſion. 'A fine young crea-'ture!'—'A thouſand pities!'—cried ſome. While ſome few threw out vile and ſhocking reflections! But a gentleman interpoſed, and demanded to ſee the fellows authority.

They ſhewed it.—'Is your name 'Clariſſa Harlowe, Madam?' ſaid he.

'Yes, yes, indeed!'—ready to ſink—'my name *was* Clariſſa Harlowe:—'But it is now *Wretchedneſs!*—Lord 'be merciful to me, what is to come 'next?'

'You *muſt* go with theſe men, Ma-'dam,' ſaid the gentleman: 'they have 'authority for what they do.'

He pitied her, and retired.

'Indeed you muſt,' ſaid one chairman.

'Indeed you muſt,' ſaid the other.

'Can nobody,' joined in another gentleman, 'be applied to, who will 'ſee that ſo fine a creature is not ill-'uſed?'

The villain anſwered, Orders were given particularly for that. She had rich relations. She need but aſk and have. She would only be carried to the officer's houſe, till matters could be made up. The people ſhe had lodged with, loved her: but ſhe had left her lodgings privately.

'O! had ſhe thoſe tricks already?' cried one or two.

She heard not this—But ſaid—'Well, 'if I muſt go, I muſt—I cannot reſiſt—'But I will not be carried to the wo-'man's!—I will rather die at your feet, 'than be carried to the woman's.'

'You won't be carried there, Ma-'dam,' cried thy fellow.

'Only to my houſe, Madam,' ſaid one of the officers.

'Where is that!'

'In High Holborn, Madam.'

'I know not where High Holborn 'is: but any-where, except to the 'woman's.—But am I to go with *men* 'only?'

Looking about her, and ſeeing the three paſſages, to wit, that leading to Henrietta Street, that to King Street, and the fore-right one, to Bedford Street, crouded, ſhe ſtarted—'Any-where—'Any-where,' ſaid ſhe, 'but to the 'woman's!'—And ſtepping into the chair, threw herſelf on the ſeat, in the utmoſt diſtreſs and confuſion—'Carry 'me—carry me out of ſight—Cover me '—Cover me up—for ever!'—were her words.

Thy villain drew the curtain: ſhe had not power: and they went away with her through a vaſt crowd of people.

Here I muſt reſt. I can write no more at preſent. Only, Lovelace, remember, *All this was to a Clariſſa!*

THE unhappy lady fainted away when ſhe was taken out of the chair at the officer's houſe.

Several people followed the chair to the very houſe, which is in a wretched court. Sally was there; and ſatisfied ſome of the enquirers, that the young gentlewoman would be exceedingly well uſed: and they ſoon diſperſed.

Dorcas was alſo there; but came not in her ſight. Sally, as a favour, offered to carry her to her former lodgings: but ſhe declared, that they ſhould carry her thither a corpſe, if they did.

Very gentle uſage the women boaſt of: ſo would a vulture, could it ſpeak, with the entrails of it's prey upon it's rapacious talons. Of this you'll judge from what I have to recite.

She aſked, What was meant by this uſage of her?—'People told me,' ſaid ſhe, 'that I *muſt* go with the men:—'that they had authority to take me: 'ſo I ſubmitted. But now, what is to 'be the end of this diſgraceful vio-'lence?'

'The end,' ſaid the vile Sally Martin, 'is, for honeſt people to come at their 'own.'

'Bleſs me! have I taken away any-'thing that belongs to thoſe who have 'obtained this power over me?—I have 'left very valuable things behind me; 'but have taken nothing away that is 'not my own.'

'And who do you think, *Miſs Har-'lowe*;—for I underſtand,' ſaid the curſed creature, 'you are not mar-'ried;—who do you think is to pay for 'your board and your lodgings!—ſuch 'handſome lodgings!—for ſo long a 'time as you were at Mrs. Sinclair's?'

'Lord have mercy upon me!—Miſs 'Martin!—(I think you are Miſs Mar-'tin.)

'tin.)—And is this the cauſe of ſuch a 'diſgraceful inſult upon me in the open 'ſtreets?'

'And cauſe enough, *Miſs Harlowe*,' (fond of gratifying her jealous revenge, by calling her *Miſs*) 'One hundred 'and fifty guineas, or pounds, is no 'ſmall ſum to loſe—And by a young 'creature who would have bilked her 'lodgings!'

'You amaze me, Miſs Martin!—'What language do you talk in?—*Bilk* '*my lodgings!*—What is that?'

She ſtood aſtoniſhed, and ſilent for a few moments.

But recovering herſelf, and turning from her to the window, ſhe wrung her hands, [The curſed Sally ſhewed me how!] and lifting them up—'*Now*, 'Lovelace—Now indeed do I think I '*ought* to forgive thee!—But who ſhall 'forgive Clariſſa Harlowe!—O my ſiſ-'ter!—O my brother!—Tender mercies 'were your cruelties to *this!*'

After a pauſe, her handkerchief drying up her falling tears, ſhe turned to Sally: '*Now* have I nothing to do but 'acquieſce—Only let me ſay, That if 'this aunt of yours, this Mrs. Sinclair, 'or this man, this Mr. Lovelace, come 'near me—or if I am carried to the 'horrid houſe—(for that I ſuppoſe, is 'the deſign of this new outrage)—God 'be merciful to the poor Clariſſa Har-'lowe!—Look to the conſequence!—'Look, I charge you, to the conſe-'quence!'

The vile wretch told her, It was not deſigned to carry her any-whither againſt her will: but, if it were, they ſhould take care not to be frighted again by a *penknife*.

She caſt up her eyes to Heaven, and was ſilent—And went to the fartheſt corner of the room, and, ſitting down, threw her handkerchief over her face.

Sally aſked her ſeveral queſtions; but not anſwering her, ſhe told her, ſhe would wait upon her by-and-by, when ſhe had found her ſpeech.

She ordered the people to preſs her to eat and drink. 'She muſt be faſting—'Nothing but her prayers and tears, 'poor thing!'—were the mercileſs devil's words, as ſhe owned to me.—Doſt think I did not curſe her?

She went away; and, after her own dinner, returned.

The unhappy lady, by this devil's account of her, then ſeemed either mortified into meekneſs, or to have made a reſolution not to be provoked by the inſults of this curſed creature.

Sally enquired, in her preſence, whether ſhe had eat or drank any-thing: and being told by the woman, that ſhe could not prevail upon her to taſte a morſel, or drink a drop, ſhe ſaid, 'This 'is wrong, *Miſs Harlowe!*—Very wrong! '—Your religion, I think, ſhould teach 'you, that ſtarving yourſelf is ſelf-'murder.'

She anſwered not.

The wretch owned, ſhe was reſolved to make her ſpeak.

She aſked, if Mabell ſhould attend her, till it were ſeen what her friends would do for her, in diſcharge of the debt?—'Mabell,' ſaid ſhe, 'has not *yet* 'earned the cloaths you were ſo good as 'to give her.

'Am I not worthy an anſwer, *Miſs* 'Harlowe?'

'I would anſwer you,' (ſaid the ſweet ſufferer, without any emotion) 'if I 'knew how.'

'I have ordered pen, ink, and paper, 'to be brought you, *Miſs Harlowe*. 'There they are. I know you love 'writing. You may write to whom you 'pleaſe. Your friend, Miſs Howe, will 'expect to hear from you.'

'I have no friend,' ſaid ſhe. 'I de-'ſerve none.'

Rowland, for that's the officer's name, told her, She had friends enow to pay the debt, if ſhe would write.

She would trouble nobody—ſhe had no friends—was all they could get from her, while Sally ſtaid: but yet ſpoken with a patience of ſpirit, as if ſhe enjoyed her griefs.

The inſolent creature went away, ordering them, in the lady's hearing, to be very civil to her, and to let her want for nothing. Now had ſhe, ſhe owned, the triumph of her heart over this haughty beauty, who kept them all at ſuch diſtance in their own houſe!

*What thinkeſt thou, Lovelace, of this!—This wretch's triumph was over a Clariſſa!*

About ſix in the evening, Rowland's wife preſſed her to drink tea. She ſaid, ſhe had rather have a glaſs of water; for her tongue was ready to cleave to the roof of her mouth.

The woman brought her a glaſs, and ſome bread and butter. She tried to taſte the latter; but could not ſwallow it: but eagerly drank the water; lifting up her eyes in thankfulneſs for that!!!

*The divine Clariſſa, Lovelace—reduced to rejoice for a cup of cold water!—By whom reduced!*

About

About nine o'clock she asked, if anybody were to be her bedfellow.

Their maid, if she pleased; or, as she was so weak and ill, the girl should sit up with her, if she chose she should.

She chose to be alone both night and day, she said. But might she not be trusted with the keys of the room where she was to lie down; for she should not put off her cloaths!

That, they told her, could not be.

She was afraid not, she said.—But indeed she would not get away if she could.

They told me, that they had but one bed, besides that they lay in themselves, (which they would fain have had her accept of) and besides *that* their maid lay in, in a garret, which they called a hole of a garret: and that *that* one bed was the prisoner's bed; which they made several apologies to me about. I suppose it is shocking enough.

But the lady would not lie in theirs. Was she not a prisoner? she said—Let her have the prisoners room.

Yet they owned that she started, when she was conducted thither. But recovering herself, 'Very well,' said she—'Why should not all be of a piece?—'Why should not my wretchedness be 'complete?'

She found fault that all the fastenings were on the outside, and none within; and said, She could not trust herself in a room, where others could come in at their pleasure, and she not go out. She had not *been used* to it!!!

*Dear, dear soul!—My tears flow as I write!—Indeed, Lovelace, she had not been used to such treatment.*

They assured her, that it was as much their duty to protect her from other persons insults, as from escaping herself.

Then they were people of more honour, she said, than she had been of late used to.

She asked, If they knew Mr. Lovelace?

'No,' was their answer.

'Have you heard of him?'

'No.'

'Well then, you may be good sort of 'folks in your way.'

*Pause here a moment, Lovelace!—and reflect—I must.*

AGAIN, they asked her, If they should send any word to her lodgings?

'These are my lodgings now—are 'they not?' was all her answer.

She sat up in a chair all night, the back against the door; having, it seems, thrust a broken piece of a poker through the staples where the bolt had been on in the inside.

NEXT morning Sally and Polly both went to visit her.

She had begged of Sally, the day before, that she might not see Mrs. Sinclair, nor Dorcas, nor the broken-toothed servant, called William.

Polly would have ingratiated herself with her; and pretended to be concerned for her misfortunes. But she took no more notice of her than of the other.

They asked, If she had any commands?—If she *had*, she only need to mention what they were, and she should be obeyed.

'None at all,' she said.

How did she like the people of the house? Were they civil to her?

Pretty well, considering she had no money to give them.

Would she accept of any money?—They could put it to her account.

She would contract no debts.

Had she any money about her?

She meekly put her hand in her pocket, and pulled out half a guinea, and a little silver. 'Yes, I have a lit-'tle.—But here should be fees paid, I 'believe.—Should there not?—I have 'heard of entrance-money to compound 'for not being stript. But these people 'are very civil people, I fancy; for 'they have not offered to take away my 'cloaths.'

'They have *orders* to be civil to you.'

'It is very kind.'

'But we two will bail you, *Miss*, if 'you will go back with us to Mrs. Sin-'clair's.'

'Not for the world!'

'Hers are very handsome apartments.'

'The fitter for those who own them!'

'These are very sad ones.'

'The fitter for *me!*'

'You may be very happy yet, *Miss*, 'if you will.'

'I hope I shall.'

'If you refuse to eat or drink, we will 'give bail, and take you with us.'

'Then I will *try* to eat and drink. 'Any-thing but go with you.'

'Will you not send to your new lodg-'ings?—The people will be frighted?'

'So they will, if I send. So they will, 'if they know where I am.'

'But have you no things to send for 'from thence?'

'There is what will pay for their 'lodgings and trouble; I shall not les-'sen their security.'

'But

'But perhaps letters or meſſages may 'be left for you there.'

'I have very few friends; and to 'thoſe I *have*, I will ſpare the mortifi- 'cation of knowing what has befallen 'me.'

'We are ſurprized at your indiffe- 'rence, *Miſs* Harlowe. Will you not 'write to any of your friends?'

'No.'

'Why, you don't think of tarrying '*here* always.'

'I ſhall not *live* always.'

'Do you think you are to ſtay here 'as long as you live?'

'That's as it ſhall pleaſe God, and 'thoſe who have brought me hither.'

'Should you like to be at liberty?'

'I am miſerable!—What is liberty 'to the miſerable, but to be *more* miſe- 'rable!'

'*How* miſerable, *Miſs*?—You may 'make yourſelf as happy as you pleaſe.'

'I hope *you* are both happy.'

'We are.'

'May you be more and more happy!'

'But we wiſh *you* to be ſo too.'

'I ſhall never be of your opinion, I 'believe, as to what happineſs is!'

'What do you take our opinion of 'happineſs to be?'

'To live at Mrs. Sinclair's.'

'Perhaps,' ſaid Sally, 'we were once 'as ſqueamiſh and narrow-minded as 'you.'

'How came it over with you?'

'Becauſe we ſee the ridiculouſneſs of 'prudery.'

'Do you come hither to perſuade me 'to hate prudery, as you call it, as much 'as you do?'

'We came to offer our ſervices to 'you.'

'It is out of your power to ſerve me.'

'Perhaps not.'

'It is not my inclination to trouble 'you.'

'You may be worſe offered.'

'Perhaps I may.'

'You are mighty ſhort, *Miſs*.'

'As I wiſh your viſit to be, ladies.'

They owned to me, that they cracked their fans, and laughed.

'Adieu, perverſe beauty.'

'Your ſervant, ladies.'

'Adieu, haughty airs!'

'You ſee me humbled—'

'As you deſerve, *Miſs* Harlowe. Pride 'will have a fall.'

'Better fall, with what *you* call pride, 'than ſtand with meanneſs.'

'Who does?'

'I had once a *better* opinion of you, 'Miſs Horton!—Indeed you ſhould not 'inſult the miſerable.'

'Neither ſhould the *miſerable*,' ſaid Sally, 'inſult people for their civility.'

'I ſhould be ſorry if I did.'

'Mrs. Sinclair ſhall attend you by- 'and-by, to know if you have any com- 'mands for her.'

'I have no wiſh for any liberty, but 'that of refuſing to ſee her, and *one* 'more perſon.'

'What we came for, was to know if 'you had any propoſals to make for your 'enlargement.'

Then, it ſeems, the officer put in. 'You have very good friends, Madam, 'I underſtand. Is it not better that 'you make it up? Charges will run 'high. A hundred and fifty guineas 'are eaſier paid than two hundred. Let 'theſe ladies bail you, and go along with 'them; or write to your friends to 'make it up.'

Sally ſaid, 'There is a gentleman 'who ſaw you taken, and was ſo much 'moved for you, *Miſs Harlowe*, that he 'would gladly advance the money for 'you, and leave you to pay it when you 'can.'

See, Lovelace, what curſed devils theſe are! This is the way, we know, that many an innocent heart is thrown upon keeping, and then upon the town. But for theſe wretches thus to go to work with ſuch an angel as this!—How glad would have been the deviliſh Sally, to have had the leaſt handle to report to thee a liſtening ear, or a patient ſpirit, upon this hint!

'Sir,' ſaid ſhe, with high indignation, to the officer, 'did you not ſay laſt 'night, that it was as much your buſi- 'neſs to protect me from the inſults of 'others, as from eſcaping?—Cannot I 'be permitted to ſee whom I pleaſe; 'and to refuſe admittance to thoſe I 'like not?'

'Your creditors, Madam, will ex- 'pect to ſee you.'

'Not, if I declare I will not treat 'with them.'

'Then, Madam, you will be ſent to 'priſon.'

'Priſon, friend!—What doſt thou 'call thy houſe!'

'Not a priſon, Madam.'

'Why theſe iron-barred windows, 'then? Why theſe double locks and 'bolts all on the outſide, none on the 'in?'

And down ſhe dropt into her chair, and they could not get another word from her. She threw her handkerchief over

over her face, as once before, which was ſoon wet with tears; and grievouſly, they own, ſhe ſobbed.

*Gentle treatment, Lovelace!—Perhaps thou, as well as theſe wretches, will think it ſo!*

Sally then ordered a dinner, and ſaid, they would be ſoon back again, and ſee that ſhe eat and drank, *as a good Chriſtian ſhould*, comporting herſelf to her condition, and making the beſt of it.

What has not this charming creature ſuffered, what has ſhe not gone through, in theſe laſt three months, that I know of!—Who would think ſuch a delicately-framed perſon could have ſuſtained what ſhe has ſuſtained! We ſometimes talk of bravery, of courage, of fortitude!—Here they are in perfection!—Such bravoes as thou and I ſhould never have been able to ſupport ourſelves under half the perſecutions, the diſappointments, and contumelies, that *ſhe* has met with; but, like cowards, ſhould have ſlid out of the world, baſely, by ſome back-door; that is to ſay, by a ſword, by a piſtol, by a halter, or knife;—but here is a fine-principled woman, who, by dint of this noble conſideration, as I imagine [What elſe can ſupport her?]—that ſhe has *not* deſerved *the evils ſhe contends with*; and that *this world is deſigned but as a tranſitory ſtate of probation*; and that ſhe is *travelling to another and better*; puts up with all the hardſhips of the *journey*; and is not to be driven from her courſe by the attacks of *thieves* and *robbers*, or any other terrors and difficulties; *being aſſured of an ample reward at the end of it.*

If thou thinkeſt this reflection uncharacteriſtick from a companion and friend of thine, imagineſt thou, that I profited nothing by my long attendance on my uncle in his dying ſtate; and from the pious reflections of the good clergyman, who, day by day, at the poor man's own requeſt, viſited and prayed by him?—And could I have another ſuch inſtance *as this*, to bring all theſe reflections home to me?

Then who can write of good perſons, and of good ſubjects, and be capable of *admiring them*, and not be made ſerious for the *time?* And hence may we gather what a benefit to the morals of men the keeping of *good* company muſt be; while thoſe who keep only *bad*, muſt neceſſarily more and more harden, and be hardened.

'Tis twelve of the clock, Sunday night—I can think of nothing but of this excellent creature. Her diſtreſſes fill my head and my heart. I was drowſy for a quarter of an hour; but the fit is gone off. And I will continue the melancholy ſubject from the information of theſe wretches. Enough, I dare ſay, will ariſe in the viſit I ſhall make, if admitted to-morrow, to ſend by thy ſervant, as to the way I am likely to find her in.

After the women had left her, ſhe complained of her head and her heart; and ſeemed terrified with apprehenſions of being carried once more to Sinclair's.

Refuſing any-thing for breakfaſt, Mrs. Rowland came up to her, and told her, (as theſe wretches owned they had ordered her, for fear ſhe ſhould ſtarve herſelf) that ſhe *muſt* and *ſhould* have tea, and bread and butter: and that, as ſhe had friends who could ſupport her, if ſhe wrote to them, it was a wrong thing, both for herſelf and *them*, to ſtarve herſelf thus.

'If it be for your *own ſakes*,' ſaid ſhe, 'that is another thing: let coffee, or 'chocolate, or what you will, be got: 'and put down a chicken to my ac'count every day, if you pleaſe, and eat 'it yourſelves. I will taſte it, if I 'can. I would do nothing to hinder you. 'I have friends will pay you liberally 'when they know I am gone.'

They wondered, they told her, at her ſtrange compoſure, in ſuch diſtreſſes.

They were *nothing*, ſhe ſaid, *to what ſhe had ſuffered already* from the vileſt of all men. The diſgrace of ſeizing her in the ſtreet; multitudes of people about her; ſhocking imputations wounding her ears; had indeed been very affecting to her. But that was over.—Every-thing ſoon would!—And ſhe ſhould be ſtill *more* compoſed, were it not for the apprehenſions of ſeeing one man, and one woman; and being tricked and forced back to the vileſt houſe in the world.

Then were it not better to give way to the two gentlewomen's offer to bail her?—They could tell her, it was a very kind proffer; and what was not to be met with every day.

She believed ſo.

The ladies might, poſſibly, diſpenſe with her going back to the houſe to which ſhe had ſuch an antipathy. Then the compaſſionate gentleman, who was inclined to make it up with her creditors on her own bond—It was ſtrange to them ſhe hearkened not to ſo generous a propoſal.

'Did

'Did the two ladies tell you who the 'gentleman was?—Or, did they ſay 'any more on that ſubject?'

'Yes, they did! and hinted to me,' ſaid the woman, 'that you had nothing 'to do, but to receive a viſit from the 'gentleman, and the money, they believed, would be laid down on your 'own bond or note.'

She was ſtartled.

'I charge you,' ſaid ſhe, 'as you 'will anſwer it one day to my friends, 'that you bring no gentleman into my 'company. I charge you don't. If you 'do, you know not what may be the 'conſequence.'

They apprehended no bad conſequence, they ſaid, in doing their duty; and if ſhe knew not her own good, her friends would thank them for taking any innocent ſteps to ſerve her, though againſt her will.

'Don't puſh me upon extremeties, 'man!—Don't make me deſperate, 'woman!—I have no ſmall difficulty, 'notwithſtanding the ſeeming compoſure you juſt now took notice of, to 'bear, as I ought to bear, the evils I 'ſuffer. But if you bring a man or 'men to me, be the pretence *what* it 'will——'

She ſtopt there, and looked ſo earneſtly, and ſo wildly, they ſaid, that they did not know but ſhe would do ſome harm to herſelf, if they diſobeyed her; and that would be a ſad thing in *their* houſe, and might be their ruin. They therefore promiſed, that no man ſhould be brought to her but by her conſent.

Mrs. Rowland prevailed on her to drink a diſh of tea, and taſte ſome bread and butter, about eleven on Saturday morning: which ſhe probably did, to have an excuſe not to dine with the women when they returned.

But ſhe would not quit her *priſon-room*, as ſhe called it, to go into their parlour.

Unbarred windows, and a lightſomer apartment, ſhe ſaid, had too cheerful an appearance for her mind.

A ſhower falling, as ſhe ſpoke, 'What,' ſaid ſhe, looking up, 'do the 'elements weep for me?'

At another time, the light of the ſun was irkſome to her. The ſun ſeemed to ſhine in to mock her woes.

'Methought,' added ſhe, 'the ſun 'darting in, and gilding theſe irons bars, 'plays upon me, like the two women, 'who came to inſult my haggard looks 'by the word *beauty*; and my dejected 'heart, by the word *haughty-airs!*'

Sally came again at dinner-time, *to ſee how ſhe fared*, as ſhe told her; and that ſhe did not ſtarve herſelf: and, as ſhe wanted to have ſome talk with her, if ſhe gave her leave, ſhe would dine with her.

'I cannot eat.'

'You muſt try, *Miſs Harlowe.*'

And, dinner being ready juſt then, ſhe offered her hand, and deſired her to walk down.

No; ſhe would not ſtir out of her *priſon-room.*

'Theſe ſullen airs won't do, *Miſs Har-* '*lowe:* indeed they won't.'

She was ſilent.

'You will have harder uſage than 'any you have ever yet known, I can 'tell you, if you come not into ſome 'humour to make matters up.'

She was ſtill ſilent.

'Come, *Miſs*, walk down to dinner. 'Let me entreat you, do. Miſs Hor- 'ton is below: ſhe was once your fa- 'vourite.'

She waited for an anſwer: but received none.

'We came to make ſome propoſals 'to you, for your good; though you 'affronted us ſo lately. And we would 'not let Mrs. Sinclair come in perſon, 'becauſe we thought to oblige you.'

'This is indeed obliging.'

'Come, give me your hand, *Miſs* '*Harlowe:* you *are* obliged to me, I can 'tell you that: and let us go down to 'Miſs Horton.'

'Excuſe me: I will not ſtir out of 'this room.'

'Would you have me and Miſs Hor- 'ton dine in this filthy bed-room?'

'It is not a bed-room to me. I have 'not been in bed; nor will, while I 'am here.'

'And yet you care not, as I ſee, to 'leave the houſe.—And ſo you won't 'go down, *Miſs Harlowe?*'

'I won't, except I am forced to it.'

'Well, well, let it alone. I ſha'n't 'aſk Miſs Horton to dine in this room, 'I aſſure you. I will ſend you up a 'plate.'

*And away the little ſaucy toad fluttered down.*

When they had dined, up they came together.

'Well, Miſs, you would not eat any- 'thing, it ſeems?—Very pretty ſullen 'airs, theſe!—No wonder *the honeſt gen-* '*tleman had ſuch a hand with you.*'

She only held up her hands and eyes; the tears trickling down her cheeks.

*Inſolent devils!—how much more cruel and*

*and inſulting are bad women, even than bad men!*

'Methinks, *Miſs*,' ſaid Sally, 'you 'are a little *ſoily*, to what we have ſeen 'you. Pity ſuch a nice lady ſhould not 'have changes of apparel! Why won't 'you ſend to your lodgings for linen, 'at leaſt?'

'I am not nice now.'

'Miſs looks well and clean in any-'thing,' ſaid Polly. 'But, dear Ma-'dam, why won't you ſend to your 'lodgings? Were it but in kindneſs to 'the *people*? They muſt have a concern 'about you. And your Miſs Howe 'will wonder what's become of you; 'for, no doubt, you correſpond.'

She turned from them, and, to herſelf, ſaid, '*Too much! Too much!*'—She toſſed her handkerchief, wet before with her tears, from her, and held her apron to her eyes.

'Don't weep, Miſs!' ſaid the vile Polly.

'Yet *do*,' cried the viler Sally, 'it 'will be a relief. Nothing, as Mr. 'Lovelace once told *me*, dries ſooner 'than tears. For once I too wept 'mightily.'

I could not bear the recital of this with patience. Yet I curſed them not ſo much as I ſhould have done, had I not had a mind to get from them all the particulars of their *gentle* treatment: and this for two reaſons; the one, that I might ſtab thee to the heart with the repetition; the other, that I might know upon what terms I am likely to ſee the unhappy lady to-morrow.

'Well, but, *Miſs Harlowe*,' cried Sally, 'do you think theſe *forlorn airs* 'pretty? You are a good chriſtian, 'child. Mrs. Rowland tells me, ſhe 'has got you a Bible-book—O there it 'lies!—I make no doubt, but you have 'doubled down the *uſeful places* as ho-'neſt Matt. Prior ſays.'

Then riſing, and taking it up—'Ay, 'ſo you have—The *Book of Job!* One 'opens naturally here, I ſee—*My* 'mamma made me a fine Bible-ſcholar. '—*Eccleſiaſticus* too!—That's Apocry-'pha, as they call it——You ſee, Miſs 'Horton, I know ſomething of the 'book.'

They propoſed once more to bail her, and to go home with them. A motion which ſhe received with the ſame indignation as before.

Sally told her, That ſhe had written in a very favourable manner, in her behalf, to you; and that ſhe every hour expected an anſwer; and made no doubt, that you would come up with the meſſenger, and generouſly pay the whole debt, and aſk her pardon for neglecting it.

This diſturbed her ſo much, that they feared ſhe would have fallen into fits. She could not bear your name, ſhe ſaid. She hoped ſhe ſhould never ſee you more: and were you to intrude yourſelf, dreadful conſequences might follow.

Surely, they ſaid, ſhe would be glad to be releaſed from her confinement.

Indeed ſhe *ſhould*, now they had begun to alarm her with *his* name, who was the author of all her woes: and who, ſhe now ſaw plainly, gave way to this new outrage, in order to bring her to his own infamous terms.

Why then, they aſked, would ſhe not write to her friends, to pay Mrs. Sinclair's demand?

Becauſe ſhe hoped ſhe ſhould not long trouble any-body; and becauſe ſhe knew, that the payment of the money, if ſhe ſhould be able to pay it, was not what was aimed at.

Sally owned, that ſhe told her, That, truly, ſhe had thought herſelf as well deſcended, and as well educated, as *herſelf*, though not entitled to ſuch conſiderable fortunes. And had the impudence to inſiſt upon it to me to be truth.

She had the inſolence to add, to the lady, That ſhe had as much reaſon as *ſhe*, to expect Mr. Lovelace would marry her; he having contracted to do ſo *before* he knew Miſs Clariſſa Harlowe: and that ſhe had it under his hand and ſeal too—or elſe he had not obtained his ends; therefore it was not likely ſhe ſhould be ſo officious as to do his work againſt herſelf, if ſhe thought Mr. Lovelace had deſigns upon her, like what ſhe *preſumed* to hint at: that, for her part, her only view was, to procure liberty to a young gentlewoman, who made thoſe things grievous to her which would not be made ſuch a rout about by any-body elſe—and to procure the payment of a juſt debt to her friend Mrs. Sinclair.

She beſought them to leave her. She wanted not theſe inſtances, ſhe ſaid, to convince her of the company ſhe was in: and told them, that, to get rid of ſuch viſitors, and of the ſtill worſe ſhe was apprehenſive of, ſhe would write to one friend to raiſe the money for her; though it would be death for her to do ſo; becauſe that friend could not do it without her mother, in whoſe eye it would give a ſelfiſh appearance to a friendſhip that was above all ſordid alloys.

They adviſed her to write out of hand.

'But how much muſt I write for? 'What is the ſum? Should I not have 'had a bill delivered me? God knows, 'I took not your lodgings. But he 'that could treat me as he has done, 'could do this!'

'Don't ſpeak againſt Mr. Lovelace, '*Miſs Harlowe*. He is a man I greatly 'eſteem.' [Curſed toad!] 'And, 'bating that he will take his advantage, 'where he can, of *us* ſilly credulous wo-'men, he is a man of honour.'

She lifted up her hands and eyes, inſtead of ſpeaking: and well ſhe might! For any words ſhe could have uſed, could not have expreſſed the anguiſh ſhe muſt feel, on being comprehended in the US.

She muſt write for one hundred and fifty guineas, at leaſt: two hundred, if ſhe were ſhort of money, might as well be written for.

Mrs. Sinclair, ſhe ſaid, had all her cloaths. Let them be ſold, *fairly* ſold, and the money go as far as it would go. She had alſo a few other valuables; but no money (none at all) but the poor half-guinea, and the little ſilver they had ſeen. She would give bond to pay all that her apparel, and the other matters ſhe had, would fall ſhort of. She had great effects belonging to her of right. Her bond would, and muſt, be paid, were it for a thouſand pounds. But her cloaths ſhe ſhould never want. She believed, if not too much undervalued, thoſe, and her few valuables, would anſwer every-thing. She wiſhed for no ſurplus but to diſcharge the laſt expences; and forty ſhillings would do as well for thoſe as forty pounds. 'Let 'my ruin,' ſaid ſhe, lifting up her eyes, 'be LARGE! Let it be COMPLETE, *in* '*this life!*—For a *compoſition*, let it be 'COMPLETE.' And there ſhe ſtopped.

The wretches could not help wiſhing to me for the opportunity of making ſuch a purchaſe for their own wear. How I curſed *them!* and, in my heart, *thee!*—'But too probable,' thought I, 'that this vile Sally Martin may hope,' [Though thou art incapable of it] 'that '*her* Lovelace,' as ſhe has the aſſurance, behind thy back, to call thee, 'may 'preſent her with ſome of the poor la-'dy's ſpoils!'

'Will not Mrs. Sinclair,' proceeded ſhe, 'think my cloaths a ſecurity, till 'they can be ſold? They are very good 'cloaths. A ſuit or two but juſt put on, 'as it were; never worn. They coſt 'much more than is demanded of me. '*My father loved to ſee me fine*—All ſhall 'go. But let me have the particulars 'of her demand. I ſuppoſe I muſt pay 'for my *deſtroyer*' [That was her well-adapted word] 'and his ſervants, as 'well as for myſelf.—I am content to 'do ſo—Indeed I am content to do ſo. '—I am above wiſhing, that any-body, 'who could *thus* act, ſhould be ſo much 'as expoſtulated with, as to the juſtice 'and equity of this payment. If I have 'but enough to pay the demand, I ſhall 'be ſatisfied; and will leave the baſe-'neſs of ſuch an action as this, as an ag-'gravation of a guilt which I thought 'could *not* be aggravated.'

I own, Lovelace, I have malice in this particularity, in order to ſting thee to the heart. And, let me aſk thee, What now thou canſt think of thy barbarity, thy unprecedented barbarity, in having reduced a perſon of her rank, fortune, talents, and virtue, ſo low?

The wretched women, it muſt be owned, act but in their profeſſion; a profeſſion thou haſt been the principal means of reducing theſe two to act in. And they know what thy deſigns have been, and how far proſecuted. It is, in their opinions uſing her *gently*, that they have forborne to bring to her the woman ſo juſtly odious to her; and that they have not threatened her with the introducing to her ſtrange men: nor yet brought into her company their *ſpirit-breakers*, and *humbling-drones*, (fellows not allowed to carry ſtings) to trace and force her back to their deteſted houſe; and, when there, into all their meaſures.

Till I came, they thought thou wouldſt not be diſpleaſed at any-thing ſhe ſuffered, that could help to mortify her into a ſtate of ſhame and diſgrace; and bring her to comply with thy views, when thou ſhouldſt come to releaſe her from theſe wretches, as from a greater evil than cohabiting with thee.

When thou conſidereſt theſe things, thou wilt make no difficulty of believing, that this their own account of their behaviour to this admirable woman has been far ſhort of their inſults: and the leſs, when I tell thee, that, all together, their uſage had ſuch effects upon her, that they left her in violent hyſtericks! ordering an apothecary to be ſent for, if ſhe ſhould continue in them, and be worſe; and particularly, (as they had done from the firſt) that they kept out of her way any edged or pointed inſtrument; eſpecially a penknife; which,

which, pretending to mend a pen, they ſaid, ſhe might aſk for.

At twelve, Saturday night, Rowland ſent to tell them, that ſhe was ſo ill, that he knew not what might be the iſſue; and wiſhed her out of his houſe.

And this made them as heartily wiſh to hear from you. For their meſſenger, to their great ſurprize, was not then returned from M. Hall. And they were ſure he muſt have reached that place by Friday night.

Early on Sunday morning, both devils went to ſee how ſhe did. They had ſuch an account of her weakneſs, lowneſs, and anguiſh, that they forbore (out of compaſſion, they ſaid, finding their viſits ſo diſagreeable to her) to ſee her. But their apprehenſion of what might be the iſſue was, no doubt, their principal conſideration: nothing elſe could have ſoftened ſuch flinty boſoms.

They ſent for the apothecary Rowland had had to her, and gave him, and Rowland, and his wife and maid, ſtrict orders, many times repeated, for the utmoſt care to be taken of her—No doubt, with an Old Bailey forecaſt. And they ſent up to let her know what orders they had given: but that, underſtanding ſhe had taken ſomething to compoſe herſelf, they would not diſturb her.

She had ſcrupled, it ſeems, to admit the apothecary's viſit over-night, becauſe he was a MAN. Nor could ſhe be prevailed upon to ſee him, till they pleaded *their own ſafety* to her.

They went again, from church: [Lord, Bob, theſe creatures go to church!] But ſhe ſent them down word, that ſhe muſt have all the remainder of the day to herſelf.

When I firſt came, and told them of thy execrations for what they had done, and joined my own to them, they were aſtoniſhed. The mother ſaid, ſhe had thought ſhe had known Mr. Lovelace better; and expected thanks, and not curſes.

While I was with them, came back halting and curſing, moſt horribly, their meſſenger; by reaſon of the ill-uſage he had received from you, inſtead of the reward he had been taught to expect from the ſuppoſed good news that he had carried down.—A pretty fellow, art thou not, to abuſe people for the conſequences of thy own faults?

Dorcas, whoſe acquaintance this fellow is, and who recommended him for the journey, had conditioned with him, it ſeems, for a ſhare in the expected bounty from you. Had ſhe been to have had *her* ſhare made good, I wiſh thou hadſt broken every bone in his ſkin.

Under what ſhocking diſadvantages, and with this addition to them, that I am thy friend and intimate, am I to make a viſit to this unhappy lady to-morrow morning! In thy *name*, too!—Enough to be refuſed, that I am of a *ſex*, to which, for *thy* ſake, ſhe has ſo juſtifiable an averſion: nor, having ſuch a tyrant of a father, and ſuch an implacable brother, has ſhe reaſon to make an exception in favour of *any* of it on *their* accounts.

It is three o'clock. I will cloſe here; and take a little reſt: what I have written will be a proper preparative for what ſhall offer by-and-by.

Thy ſervant is not to return without a letter, he tells me; and that thou expecteſt him back in the morning. Thou haſt fellows enough where thou art at thy command. If I find any difficulty in ſeeing the lady, thy meſſenger ſhall poſt away with this.—Let him look to broken bones, and other conſequences, if what he carries anſwer not thy expectation. But, if I am admitted, thou ſhalt have *this* and the reſult of my audience both together. In the former caſe, thou mayeſt ſend another ſervant to wait the next advices, from

J. BELFORD.

## LETTER LXVI.

### MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

MONDAY, JULY 17.

ABOUT ſix this morning I went to Rowland's. Mrs. Sinclair was to follow me, in order to diſmiſs the action; but not to come in ſight.

Rowland upon enquiry, told me that the lady was extremely ill; and that ſhe had deſired, that no one but his wife or maid ſhould come near her.

I ſaid, 'I *muſt* ſee her.' I had told him my buſineſs over-night, and I *muſt* ſee her.

His wife went up: but returned preſently, ſaying, She could not get her to ſpeak to her; yet that her eyelids moved; though ſhe either would not, or could not, open them, to look up at her.

'Oons, woman,' ſaid I, 'the lady 'may be in a fit: the lady may be dy-'ing—Let me go up. Shew me the way.'

A horrid hole of a houſe, in an alley they call a court; ſtairs wretchedly narrow, even to the firſt floor rooms: and into a den they led me, with broken

walls, which had been papered, as I ſaw by a multitude of tacks, and ſome torn bits held on by the ruſty heads.

The floor indeed was clean, but the cieling was ſmoked with variety of figures, and initials of names, that had been the woeful employment of wretches who had no other way to amuſe themſelves.

A bed at one corner, with coarſe curtains tacked up at the feet to the cieling; becauſe the curtain rings were broken off; but a coverlid upon it with a cleaniſh look, though plaguily in tatters, and the corners tied up in taſſels, that the rents in it might go no farther.

The windows dark and double-barred, the tops boarded up to ſave mending; and only a little four-paned eyelet hole of a caſement to let in air; more, however, coming in at broken panes, than could come in at that.

Four old turkey-worked chairs, burſten-bottomed, the ſtuffing ſtaring out.

An old, tottering, worm-eaten table, that had more nails beſtowed in mending it to make it ſtand, than the table coſt fifty years ago, when new.

On the mantle-piece was an iron ſhove-up candleſtick, with a lighted candle in it, twinkle, twinkle, twinkle, four of them, I ſuppoſe, for a penny.

Near that, on the ſame ſhelf, was an old looking-glaſs, cracked through the middle, breaking out into a thouſand points; the crack given it, perhaps, in a rage, by ſome poor creature, to whom it gave the repreſentation of his heart's woes in his face.

The chimney had two half-tiles in it on one ſide, and one whole one on the other; which ſhewed it had been in better plight; but now the very mortar had followed the reſt of the tiles in every other place, and left the bricks bare.

An old half-barred ſtove-grate was in the chimney; and in that a large ſtone-bottle without a neck, filled with baleful yew, as an ever-green, withered ſouthernwood, dead ſweet-briar, and ſprigs of rue in flower.

To finiſh the ſhocking deſcription, in a dark nook ſtood an old broken-bottomed cane couch, without a ſquab, or coverlid, ſunk at one corner, and unmortiſed by the failing of one of it's worm-eaten legs, which lay in two pieces under the wretched piece of furniture it could no longer ſupport.

*And this, thou horrid Lovelace, was the bed-chamber of the divine Clariſſa!!!*

I had leiſure to caſt my eye on theſe things: for, going up ſoftly, the poor lady turned not about at our entrance; nor, till I ſpoke, moved her head.

She was kneeling in a corner of the room, near the diſmal window, againſt the table, on an old bolſter (as it ſeemed to be) of the cane couch, half covered with her handkerchief; her back to the door; which was only ſhut to; [No need of faſtenings!] her arms croſſed upon the table, the fore-finger of her right-hand in her Bible. She had perhaps been reading in it, and could read no longer. Paper, pens, ink, lay by her book, on the table. Her dreſs was white damaſk, exceeding neat; but her ſtays ſeemed not tight-laced. I was told afterwards, that her laces had been cut, when ſhe fainted away at her entrance into this curſed place; and ſhe had not been ſolicitous enough about her dreſs, to ſend for others. Her head-dreſs was a little diſcompoſed; her charming hair, in natural ringlets, as you have heretofore deſcribed it, but a little tangled, as if not lately combed, irregularly ſhading one ſide of the loveliеſt neck in the world; as her diſordered rumpled handkerchief did the other. Her face [O how altered from what I had ſeen it! Yet lovely in ſpite of all her griefs and ſufferings!] was reclined, when we entered, upon her croſſed arms; but ſo, as not more than one ſide of it to be hid.

When I ſurveyed the room around, and the kneeling lady, ſunk with majeſty too in her white flowing robes (for ſhe had not on a hoop) ſpreading the dark, though not dirty, floor, and illuminating that horrid corner; her linen beyond imagination white, conſidering that ſhe had not been undreſſed ever ſince ſhe had been here; I thought my concern would have choaked me. Something roſe in my throat, I know not what, which made me for a moment, guggle, as it were, for ſpeech: which, at laſt, forcing it's way, 'Con—Con—'Confound you both,' ſaid I, to the man and woman, 'is this an apartment 'for ſuch a lady? And could the curſed 'devils of her own ſex, who viſited this 'ſuffering angel, ſee her, and leave 'her, in ſo damn'd a nook?'

'Sir, we would have had the lady 'to accept of our own bed-chamber; 'but ſhe refuſed it. We are poor peo-'ple—And we expect nobody will ſtay 'with us longer than they can help it.'

'You are people choſen purpoſely, I 'doubt not, by the damned woman who 'has employed you: and if your uſage 'of this lady has been but half as bad

as

'as your houſe, you had better never 'to have ſeen the light.'

Up then raiſed the charming ſufferer her lovely face; but with ſuch a ſignificance of woe overſpreading it, that I could not for the ſoul of me, help being viſibly affected.

She waved her hand two or three times towards the door, as if commanding me to withdraw; and diſpleaſed at my intruſion; but did not ſpeak.

'Permit me, Madam—I will not approach one ſtep farther without your 'leave—Permit me, for one moment, 'the favour of your ear!'

'No—No—Go—go, MAN,' with an emphaſis—And would have ſaid more; but, as if ſtruggling in vain for words, ſhe ſeemed to give up ſpeech for loſt, and dropped her head down once more, with a deep ſigh, upon her left-arm; her right, as if ſhe had not the uſe of it, (numbed, I ſuppoſe) ſelf-moved, dropping down on her ſide.

O that thou hadſt been there! and in my place!—But by what I then felt in myſelf, I am convinced, that a capacity of being moved by the diſtreſſes of our fellow creatures, is far from being diſgraceful to a manly heart. With what pleaſure, at that moment, could I have given up my own life, could I but firſt have avenged this charming creature, and cut the throat of her *deſtroyer*, as ſhe emphatically calls thee, though the friend that I beſt love: and yet, at the ſame time, my heart and my eyes gave way to a ſoftneſs of which (though not ſo hardened a wretch as thou) they were never before ſo ſuſceptible.

'I dare not approach you, deareſt 'lady, without your leave: but on my 'knees I beſeech you to permit me to 'releaſe you from this damned houſe, 'and out of the power of this accurſed 'woman, who was the occaſion of your 'being here!'

She lifted up her ſweet face once more, and beheld me on my knees. Never knew I before what it was to pray ſo heartily.

'Are you not—Are you not Mr. 'Belford, Sir? I think your name is 'Belford.'

'It is, Madam; and I was ever a wor'ſhipper of your virtues, and an advo'cate for you: and I come to releaſe 'you from the hands you are in.'

'And in whoſe to place me?—O 'leave me, leave me!—Let me never 'riſe from this ſpot!—Let me never, 'never more believe in man!'

'This moment, deareſt lady—this 'very moment, if you pleaſe, you may 'depart whitherſoever you think fit. 'You are abſolutely free, and your own 'miſtreſs.'

'I had now as lieve die here in this 'place, as any-where. I will owe no 'obligation to any friend of *him* in whoſe 'company you have ſeen me. So, pray, 'Sir, withdraw.'

Then turning to the officer—'Mr. 'Rowland I think your name is? I 'am better reconciled to your houſe 'than I was at firſt. If you can but 'engage that I ſhall have nobody come 'near me but your wife, (No *man!*) 'and neither of thoſe women who have 'ſported with my calamities; I will 'die with you, and in this very cor'ner. And you ſhall be well ſatisfied 'for the trouble you have had with me '—I have value enough for that—for, 'ſee, I have a diamond-ring;' taking it out of her boſom; 'and I have friends 'will redeem it at a high price, when I 'am gone.'

'But for *you*, Sir,' looking at me, 'I 'beg you to withdraw. If you mean 'me well, GOD, I hope, will reward 'you for your good meaning; but to 'the friend of my *deſtroyer* will I not 'owe an obligation.'

'You will owe no obligation to me, 'nor to any-body. You have been 'detained for a debt you do not owe. 'The action is diſmiſſed; and you will 'only be ſo good as to give me your 'hand into the coach, which ſtands as 'near to this houſe as it could draw up. 'And I will either leave you at the 'coach-door, or attend you whitherſo'ever you pleaſe, till I ſee you ſafe 'where you would wiſh to be.'

'Will you then, Sir, *compel* me to be 'beholden to you?'

'You will inexpreſſibly oblige me, 'Madam, to command me to do you 'either ſervice or pleaſure.'

'Why then, Sir,' [looking at me]—'But why do you mock me in that humble poſture?—Riſe, Sir! I cannot 'ſpeak to you elſe.'

I aroſe.

'Only, Sir, take this ring. I have 'a ſiſter, who will be glad to have it, 'at the price it ſhall be valued at, for 'the *former* owner's ſake!—Out of the 'money ſhe gives, let this man be paid—'handſomely paid: and I have a few 'valuables more at my lodging, (Dor'cas, or the MAN William, can tell 'where that is;) let them and my 'cloaths at the wicked woman's, where 'you have ſeen me, be ſold for the pay-

'ment

'ment of my lodging firſt, and next of 'your *friend's* debts, that I have been 'arreſted for, as far as they will go; 'only reſerving enough to put me into 'the ground, any-where, or any-how, 'no matter.—Tell your friend, I wiſh 'it may be enough to ſatisfy the whole 'demand; but if it be not, he muſt 'make it up himſelf; or, if he thinks fit 'to draw for it on Miſs Howe, ſhe will 'repay it, *and with intereſt*, if he in'ſiſt upon it.—And this, Sir, if you 'promiſe to perform, you will do me, 'as you offer, both pleaſure and ſer'vice: and ſay you *will*, and take the 'ring and withdraw. If I want to 'ſay any-thing more to you, (You 'ſeem to be an humane man) I will 'let you know—And ſo, Sir, God bleſs 'you.'

I approached her, and was going to ſpeak—

'Don't ſpeak, Sir: here's the ring.' I ſtood off.

'And won't you take it?—Won't 'you do this laſt office for me?—I have 'no other perſon to aſk it of: elſe, be'lieve me, I would not requeſt it of *you*. 'But take it, or not,'—laying it upon the table—'you muſt withdraw, Sir: I 'am very ill. I would fain get a little 'reſt, if I could. I find I am going to 'be bad again.'

And offering to riſe, ſhe ſunk down through exceſs of weakneſs and grief, in a fainting fit.

Why, Lovelace, waſt thou not preſent, thyſelf?—Why doſt thou commit ſuch villainies, as even thou art afraid to appear in; and yet putteſt a weaker heart and head upon encountering with them?

The maid coming in juſt then, the woman and ſhe lifted her up on the decrepit couch; and I withdrew with this Rowland; who wept like a child, and ſaid, he never in his life was ſo moved.

*Yet ſo hardened a wretch art thou, that I queſtion whether thou wilt ſhed a tear at my relation.*

They recovered her by hartſhorn and water. I went down mean while; for the deteſtable woman had been below ſome time. O how did I curſe her!—I never before was ſo fluent in curſes.

She tried to wheedle me; but I renounced her; and, after ſhe had diſmiſſed the action, ſent her away crying, or pretending to cry, becauſe of my behaviour to her.

You will obſerve, that I did not mention one word to the lady about *you*. I was afraid to do it. For 'twas plain, that ſhe could not bear your name: 'Your *friend*,' and 'The *company* you 'have ſeen me in,' were the words neareſt to naming you, ſhe could ſpeak: and yet I wanted to clear your intention of this brutal, this ſordid-looking villainy.

I ſent up again, by Rowland's wife, when I heard that the lady was recovered, beſeeching her to quit that deviliſh place; and the woman aſſured her, that ſhe was at full liberty to do ſo; for that the action was diſmiſſed.

But ſhe cared not to anſwer her: and was ſo weak and low, that it was almoſt as much out of her power as inclination, the woman told me, to ſpeak.

I would have haſtened away for my friend Doctor H. but the houſe is ſuch a den, and the room ſhe was in ſuch a hole, that I was aſhamed to be ſeen in it by a man of his reputation, eſpecially with a woman of ſuch an appearance, and in ſuch uncommon diſtreſs; and I found there was no prevailing on her to quit it for the peoples bed-room, which was neat and lightſome.

The ſtrong room ſhe was in, the wretches told me, ſhould have been in better order, but that it was but the very morning that ſhe was brought in, that an unhappy man had quitted it; for a more eligible priſon, no doubt; ſince there could hardly be a worſe.

Being told, that ſhe deſired not to be diſturbed, and ſeemed inclined to doze, I took this opportunity to go to her lodgings in Covent Garden; to which Dorcas (who firſt diſcovered her there, as Will was the ſetter from church) had before given me a direction.

The man's name is Smith, a dealer in gloves, ſnuff, and ſuch petty merchandize: his wife the ſhopkeeper: he a maker of the gloves they ſell. Honeſt people, it ſeems.

I thought to have got the woman with me to the lady; but ſhe was not within.

I talked with the man, and told him what had befallen the lady; owing, as I ſaid, to a miſtake of orders; and gave her the character ſhe deſerved; and deſired him to ſend his wife the moment ſhe came in, to the lady; directing him whither; not doubting, that her attendance would be very welcome to her; which he promiſed.

He told me, that a letter was left for her there on Saturday; and, about half an hour before I came, another, ſuperſcribed by the ſame hand; the firſt, by the poſt; the other, by a countryman; who,

who, having been informed of her abſence, and of all the circumſtances they could tell him of it, poſted away, full of concern, ſaying that the lady he was ſent from would be ready to break her heart at the tidings.

I thought it right to take the two letters back with me; and, diſmiſſing my coach, took a chair, as a more proper vehicle for the lady, if I (the friend of her *deſtroyer*) could prevail upon her to leave Rowland's.

And here, being obliged to give way to an indiſpenſable avocation, I will make thee taſte a little, in thy turn, of the plague of ſuſpence; and break off, without giving thee the leaſt hint of the iſſue of my further proceedings. I know, that thoſe leaſt bear diſappointment, who love moſt to give it. In twenty inſtances, haſt thou afforded me proof of the truth of this obſervation. And I matter not thy raving.

Another letter, however, ſhall be ready, ſend for it as ſoon as thou wilt. But, were it not, have I not written enough to convince thee, that I am *thy ready and obliging friend*, J. BELFORD?

## LETTER LXVII.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

FRIDAY, JULY 17, ELEVEN AT NIGHT.

CURSE upon thy hard heart, thou vile caitiff! How haſt thou tortured me by thy deſigned *abruption!* 'Tis impoſſible that Miſs Harlowe ſhould have ever ſuffered as thou haſt made me ſuffer, and as I now ſuffer!

That ſex is made to bear pain. It is a curſe, that the firſt of it entailed upon all her daughters, when ſhe brought the curſe upon us all. And they love thoſe beſt, whether man or child, who give them moſt—But to ſtretch upon thy damned tenter-hooks ſuch a ſpirit as mine—No rack, no torture, can equal my torture!

And muſt I ſtill wait the return of another meſſenger? Confound thee for a malicious devil! I wiſh thou wert a poſt-horſe, and I upon the back of thee! How would I whip and ſpur, and harrow up thy clumſy ſides, till I made thee a ready-roaſted, ready-flayed, meſs of dog's meat; all the hounds in the county howling after thee as I drove thee, to wait my diſmounting, in order to devour thee piece-meal: life ſtill throbbing in each churned mouthful!

Give this fellow the ſequel of thy tormenting ſcribble.

Diſpatch him away with it. Thou haſt promiſed it ſhall be ready. Every cuſhion or chair I ſhall ſit upon, the bed I ſhall lie down upon, (if I go to bed) till he return, will be ſtuffed with bolt-upright awls, bodkins, corking-pins, and packing-needles: already I can fancy, that to pink my body like my mind, I need only to be put into a hogſhead ſtuck full of ſteel-pointed ſpikes, and rolled down a hill three times as high as the Monument.

But I loſe time; yet know not how to employ it till this fellow returns with the ſequel of thy ſoul-harrowing intelligence!

## LETTER LXVIII.

MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

MONDAY-NIGHT, JULY 17.

ON my return to Rowland's, I found that the apothecary was juſt gone up. Mrs. Rowland being above with him, I made the leſs ſcruple to go up too, as it was probable, that to aſk for leave would be to aſk to be denied; hoping alſo, that the letters I had with me would be a good excuſe.

She was ſitting on the ſide of the broken couch, extremely weak and low: and, I obſerved, cared not to ſpeak to the man: and no wonder; for I never ſaw a more ſhocking fellow, of a profeſſion tolerably genteel, nor heard a more illiterate one prate—Phyſician in ordinary to this houſe, and others like it, I ſuppoſe! He put me in mind of Otway's Apothecary in his Caius Marius; as borrowed from the immortal Shakeſpeare.

'Meagre and very rueful were his looks:
'Sharp miſery had worn him to the bones.
'——— Famine in his cheeks:
'Need and oppreſſion ſtaring in his eyes:
'Contempt and beggary hanging on his back:
'The world no friend of his, nor the world's
'law.'

As I am in black, he took me, at my entrance, I believe, to be a doctor; and ſtunk behind me with his hat upon his two thumbs, and looked as if he expected the oracle to open, and give him orders.

The lady looked diſpleaſed, as well at me as at Rowland, who followed me, and at the apothecary. It was not, ſhe ſaid, the leaſt of her preſent misfortunes,

tunes, that she could not be left to her own sex; and to her option to see whom she pleased.

I besought her excuse; and winking for the apothecary to withdraw, [which he did] told her, that I had been at her new lodgings, to order every thing to be got ready for her reception, presuming she would chuse to go thither: that I had a chair at the door: that Mr. Smith and his wife [I named their names, that she should not have room for the least fear of Sinclair's] had been full of apprehensions for her safety; that I had brought two letters which were left there for her; the one by the post, the other that very morning.

This took her attention. She held out her charming hand for them; took them, and pressing them to her lips—'From the only friend I have in the 'world!' said she, kissing them again; and looking at the seals, as if to see whether they had been opened. 'I 'can't read them,' said she, 'my eyes 'are too dim; and put them into her 'bosom.'

I besought her to think of quitting that wretched hole.

Whither could she go, she asked, to be safe and uninterrupted for the short remainder of her life; and to avoid being again visited by the creatures who had insulted her before?

I gave her the solemnest assurances, that she should not be invaded in her new lodgings by any-body; and said, that I would particularly engage my honour, that *the person who had most offended her, should not come near her, without her own consent.*

'*Your* honour, Sir! Are you not 'that man's friend?'

'I am not a friend, Madam, to his 'vile actions to the *most excellent of wo-* 'men.'

'Do you flatter me, Sir? Then are 'you a MAN.—But, oh, Sir, your 'friend,' holding her face forward with great earnestness, 'your *barbarous* 'friend, what has he not to answer 'for!'

There she stopt: her heart full; and putting her hand over her eyes and forehead, the tears trickled through her fingers: resenting thy barbarity, it seemed, as Cæsar did the stab from his distinguished Brutus!

Though she was so very much disordered, I thought I would not lose this opportunity to assert your innocence of this villainous arrest.

'There is no defending the unhappy 'man in any of his vile actions by you, 'Madam; but of this last outrage, by 'all that's good and sacred, he is inno- 'cent!'

'O wretches! what a sex is yours! '—Have you all one dialect? *Good ex-* '*sacred!*—If, Sir, you can find an oath, 'or a vow, or an adjuration, that my 'ears have not been twenty times a day 'wounded with, then speak it, and I 'may again believe a MAN.'

I was excessively touched at these words, knowing thy baseness, and the reason she had for them.

'But say you, Sir; for I would not, 'methinks, have the wretch capable of 'this sordid baseness!—Say you that he 'is innocent of this *last* wickedness? Can 'you *truly* say that he is?'

'By the great God of Heaven——!'

'Nay, Sir, if you swear, I must 'doubt you!—If you yourself think 'your WORD insufficient, what reli- 'ance can I have on your OATH!—O 'that this my experience had not cost 'me so dear! But were I to live a '*thousand* years, I would always suspect 'the veracity of a swearer. Excuse me, 'Sir; but is it likely, that *he* who makes 'so free with his GOD, will scruple any- 'thing that may serve his turn with his '*fellow-creature?*'

This was a most affecting reprimand!

'Madam,' said I, 'I have a regard, a 'regard a gentleman *ought* to have, to 'my word: and whenever I forfeit it 'to you——'

'Nay, Sir, don't be angry with me. 'It is grievous to me to question a gen- 'tleman's veracity. But your friend calls 'himself a *gentleman*—You know not 'what I have suffered by a *gentleman!*'—And then again she wept.

'I would give you, Madam, demon- 'stration, if your grief and your weak- 'ness would permit it, that he has no 'hand in this barbarous baseness: and 'that he resents it as it ought to be re- 'sented.'

'Well, well, Sir,' [with quickness] 'he will have his account to make up 'somewhere else; not to me. I should 'not be sorry to find him able to acquit 'his intention on this occasion. Let 'him know, Sir, only one thing, that, 'when you heard me in the bitterness of 'my spirit, most vehemently exclaim 'against the undeserved usage I have 'met with from him, that even *then*, in '*that* passionate moment, I was able 'to say,' [And never did I see such an earnest and affecting exaltation of hands

and eyes] "Give him, good God! re-
"pentance and amendment; that I may
"be the laſt poor creature, who ſhall be
"ruined by him!—And, in thine own
"good time, receive to *thy* mercy the
"poor wretch who had *none* on me!"

By my ſoul, I could not ſpeak.—She had not her Bible before her for nothing.

I was forced to turn my head away, and to take out my handkerchief.

What an angel is this!—Even the gaoler, and his wife and maid, wept.

Again, I wiſh thou hadſt been there, that thou mighteſt have ſunk down at her feet, and begun that moment to reap the effect of her generous wiſhes for thee; undeſerving, as thou art, of any-thing but perdition!

I repreſented to her, that ſhe would be leſs free where ſhe was from viſits ſhe liked not, than at her own lodgings. I told her, that it would probably bring her, in particular, *one viſitor*, who, otherwiſe, I would engage [but I durſt not ſwear again, after the ſevere reprimand ſhe had juſt given me] ſhould not come near her, without her conſent. And I expreſſed my ſurprize that ſhe ſhould be unwilling to quit ſuch a place as this; when it was more than probable, that ſome of her friends, when it was known how bad ſhe was, would viſit her.

She ſaid, the place, when ſhe was firſt brought into it, was indeed very ſhocking to her: but that ſhe had found herſelf ſo weak and ill, and her griefs had ſo ſunk her, that ſhe did not expect to have lived till now: that therefore all places had been alike to her; for to die in a priſon, *was* to die; and equally eligible as to die in a palace: [Palaces, ſhe ſaid, could have no attractions for a dying perſon] but that, ſince ſhe feared ſhe was not ſo ſoon to be releaſed, as ſhe had hoped; ſince ſhe was ſuffered to be ſo little miſtreſs of herſelf *here*; and ſince ſhe might, by removal, be in the way of her dear friend's letters; ſhe would hope that ſhe might depend upon the aſſurances I gave her, of being at liberty to return to her laſt lodgings; (otherwiſe ſhe would provide herſelf with new ones, out of my knowledge as well as out of yours) and that I was too much of a gentleman, to be concerned in carrying her back to the houſe ſhe had ſo much reaſon to abhor; and to which ſhe had been once before moſt vilely betrayed, to her ruin.

I aſſured her, in the ſtrongeſt terms, [*but ſwore not*] that you were reſolved not to moleſt her: and, as a proof of the ſincerity of my profeſſions, beſought her to give me directions (in purſuance of my friend's expreſs deſire) about ſending all her apparel, and whatever belonged to her, to her new lodgings.

She ſeemed pleaſed; and gave me inſtantly out of her pocket her keys; aſking me, If Mrs. Smith, whom I had named, might not attend me; and ſhe would give *her* further directions? To which I cheerfully aſſented; and then ſhe told me, that ſhe would accept of the chair I had offered her.

I withdrew; and took the opportunity to be civil to Rowland and his maid; for ſhe found no fault with their behaviour, for what they *were*; and the fellow ſeems to be miſerably poor. I ſent alſo for the apothecary, who is as poor as the officer; (and ſtill poorer, I dare ſay, as to the ſkill required in his buſineſs) and ſatisfied him beyond his hopes.

The lady, after I had withdrawn, attempted to read the letters I had brought her. But ſhe could read but a little way in one of them, and had great emotions upon it.

She told the woman ſhe would take a ſpeedy opportunity to acknowledge her civilities and her huſband's, and to ſatisfy the apothecary; who might ſend her his bill to her lodgings.

She gave the maid ſomething; probably the only half-guinea ſhe had: and then with difficulty, her limbs trembling under her, and ſupported by Mrs. Rowland, got down ſtairs.

I offered my arm: ſhe was pleaſed to lean upon it. 'I doubt, Sir,' ſaid ſhe, as ſhe moved, 'I have behaved rudely 'to you: but, if you knew all, you 'would forgive me.'

'I know enough, Madam, to convince 'me, that there is not ſuch purity and 'honour in any woman upon earth; 'nor any one that has been ſo barba-'rouſly treated.'

She looked at me very earneſtly. What ſhe thought I cannot ſay; but, in general, I never ſaw ſo much ſoul in a woman's eyes, as in hers.

I ordered my ſervant (whoſe mourning made him leſs obſervable as ſuch, and who had not been in the lady's eye) to keep the chair in view; and to bring me word, how ſhe did, when ſet down. The fellow had the thought to ſtep into the ſhop, juſt before the chair entered it, under pretence of buying ſnuff; and

ſo enabled himſelf to give me an account, that ſhe was received with great joy by the good woman of the houſe; who told her, ſhe was but juſt come in; and was preparing to attend her in High Holborn.—'O, Mrs. Smith,' ſaid ſhe, as ſoon as ſhe ſaw her, 'did you not think 'I was run away?—You don't know 'what I have ſuffered ſince I ſaw you. I 'have been in a priſon!——Arreſted 'for debts I owe not!——But, thank 'God, I am here!—Will you permit 'your maid—I have forgot her name 'already——'

'Catharine, Madam.'

'Will you let Catharine aſſiſt me to 'bed?—I have not had my cloaths off 'ſince Thurſday night.'

What ſhe further ſaid the fellow heard not, ſhe leaning upon the maid, and going up-ſtairs.

But doſt thou not obſerve, what a ſtrange, what an uncommon openneſs of heart reigns in this lady? *She had been in a priſon*, ſhe ſaid, before a ſtranger in the ſhop, and before the maid-ſervant: and ſo, probably, ſhe would have ſaid, had there been twenty people in the ſhop.

The diſgrace ſhe cannot hide from *herſelf*, as ſhe ſays in her letter to Lady Betty, ſhe is not ſolicitous to conceal from the *world!*

But this makes it evident to me, that ſhe is reſolved to keep no terms with thee. And yet to be able to put up ſuch a prayer for thee, as ſhe did in her priſon; [I will often mention the *priſon-room*, to teaze thee!] Does not this ſhew, that revenge has very little ſway in her mind; though ſhe can retain ſo much proper reſentment?

And this is another excellence in this admirable woman's character: for whom, before her, have we met with in the whole ſex, or in ours either, that knew how, in *practice*, to diſtinguiſh between REVENGE and RESENTMENT, for baſe and ungrateful treatment?

'Tis a curſed thing, after all, that ſuch a woman as this ſhould be treated as ſhe has been treated. Hadſt thou been a king, and done as thou haſt done by ſuch a meritorious innocent, I believe in my heart, it would have been adjudged to be a national ſin, and the ſword, the peſtilence, or famine, muſt have atoned for it!—But as thou art a private man, thou wilt certainly meet with thy puniſhment, (beſides what thou mayeſt expect from the juſtice of thy country, and the vengeance of her friends) as ſhe will her reward, HEREAFTER.

*It muſt* be ſo, if there be really ſuch a thing as *future remuneration*; as now I am more and more convinced there muſt:—elſe, what a hard fate is hers, whoſe puniſhment, to all appearance, has ſo much exceeded her fault? And, as to thine, how can *temporary* burnings, wert thou by ſome accident to be conſumed in thy bed, expiate for thy abominable vileneſs to her, in breach of all obligations moral and divine?

I was reſolved to loſe no time in having every-thing which belonged to the lady, at the curſed woman's, ſent her. Accordingly, I took coach to Smith's, and procured the lady, (to whom I ſent up my compliments, and enquiries how ſhe bore her removal) ill as ſhe ſent me down word ſhe was, to give proper directions to Mrs. Smith: whom I took with me to Sinclair's: and who ſaw every-thing looked out, and put into the trunks and boxes they were firſt brought in, and carried away in two coaches.

Had I not been there, Sally and Polly would each of them have taken to herſelf ſomething of the poor lady's ſpoils. This they declared: and I had ſome difficulty to get from Sally a fine Bruſſels lace head, which ſhe had the confidence to ſay ſhe would wear for *Miſs Harlowe's* ſake. Nor ſhould either I or Mrs. Smith have known ſhe had got it, had ſhe not been in ſearch after the ruffles belonging to it.

My reſentment on this occaſion, and the converſation which Mrs. Smith and I had, (in which I not only expatiated on the merits of the lady, but expreſſed my concern for her ſufferings; though I left her room to ſuppoſe her married, yet without averring it) gave me high credit with the good woman: ſo that we are perfectly well acquainted already: by which means I ſhall be enabled to give you accounts from time to time of all that paſſes; and which I will be very induſtrious to do, provided I may depend upon the ſolemn promiſes I have given the lady, in your name, as well as in my own, that ſhe ſhall be free from all perſonal moleſtation from you. And thus ſhall I have it in my power to return *in kind* your writing favours; and preſerve my ſhort-hand beſides: which, till this correſpondence was opened, I had pretty much neglected.

I ordered the abandoned woman to make out your account. They anſwered,

*That* they would do it with a *vengeance*. Indeed they breathe nothing but revenge. For now they say, you will assuredly marry; and your example will be followed by all your friends and companions—As the old one says, to the utter ruin of her poor house.

## LETTER LXIX.

MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

TUESDAY MORN. (JULY 18) 6 O'CLOCK.

HAVING sat up late to finish and seal in readiness my letter to the above period, I am disturbed before I wished to have risen, by the arrival of thy second fellow, man and horse in a foam.

While he baits, I will write a few lines, most heartily to congratulate thee on thy *expected* rage and impatience, and on thy recovery of *mental* feeling.

How much does the idea thou giveſt me of thy deſerved torments, by thy upright awls, bodkins, pins, and packing-needles, by thy rolling hogſhead, with iron-ſpikes, and by thy macerated ſides, delight me!

I will, upon every occaſion that offers, drive more ſpikes into thy hogſhead and roll thee down-hill, and up, as thou recovereſt to ſenſe, or rather returneſt back to *inſenſibleſſneſs*. Thou knoweſt therefore the terms on which thou art to enjoy my correſpondence. Am not I, who have all along, and *in time*, proteſted againſt thy barbarous and ungrateful perfidies to a woman ſo noble, entitled to drive remorſe, if poſſible, into thy hitherto callous heart?

Only let me repeat one thing, which perhaps I mentioned too ſlightly before. That the lady was determined to remove to new lodgings; where neither you nor I ſhould be able to find her, had I not ſolemnly aſſured her, that ſhe might depend upon being free from your viſits.

Theſe aſſurances I thought I might give her, not only becauſe of your promiſe, but becauſe it is neceſſary for you to know where ſhe is, in order to addreſs yourſelf to her by your friends.

Enable me therefore to make good to her this my ſolemn engagement; or adieu to all friendſhip, at leaſt to all correſpondence with thee for ever.

J. BELFORD.

## LETTER LXX.

MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

TUESDAY, JULY 18, AFTERNOON.

I RENEWED my enquiries after the lady's health, in the morning, by my ſervant: and as ſoon as I had dined, I went myſelf.

I had but a poor account of it: yet ſent up my compliments. She returned me thanks for all my good offices; and her excuſes, that they could not be *perſonal* juſt then, being very low and faint: but if I gave myſelf the trouble of coming about ſix this evening, ſhe ſhould be able, ſhe hoped, to drink a diſh of tea with me, and would then thank me herſelf.

I am very proud of this condeſcenſion; and think it looks not amiſs for you, as I am your *avowed* friend. Methinks I want fully to remove from her mind all doubts of you in this laſt villainous action: and who knows then what your noble relations may be able to do for you with her, if you hold your mind? For your ſervant acquainted me with their having actually engaged Miſs Howe in their and your favour, before this curſed affair happened. And I deſire the particulars of all from yourſelf, that I may the better know how to ſerve you.

She has two handſome apartments, a bed-chamber and dining-room, with light cloſets in each. She has already a nurſe; (the people of the houſe having but one maid) a woman whoſe care, diligence, and honeſty, Mrs. Smith highly commends. She has likewiſe the benefit of the voluntary attendance, and *love*, as it ſeems, of a widow gentlewoman, Mrs. Lovick her name, who lodges over her apartment, and of whom ſhe ſeems very fond, having found ſomething in her, ſhe thinks, reſembling the qualities of her worthy Mrs. Norton.

About ſeven o'clock this morning, it ſeems, the lady was ſo ill, that ſhe yielded to their deſires to have an apothecary ſent for—Not the fellow, thou mayeſt believe, ſhe had had before at Rowland's; but one Mr. Goddard, a man of ſkill and eminence; and of conſcience too; demonſtrated as well by general character, as by his preſcriptions to this lady: for pronouncing her caſe to be grief, he ordered, for the preſent, only innocent juleps, by way of cordial; and as ſoon as her ſtomach ſhould be able to bear it, light kitchen-diet; telling Mrs.

Lovick, that that, with air, moderate exercise, and cheerful company, would do her more good than all the medicines in his shop.

This has given me, as it seems it has the lady, (who also praises his modest behaviour, paternal looks, and genteel address) a very good opinion of the man; and I design to make myself acquainted with him, and, if he advises to call in a doctor, to wish him, for the fair patient's sake, more than the physician's, (who wants not practice) my worthy friend Dr. H.—whose character is above all exception, as his humanity, I am sure, will distinguish him to the lady.

Mrs. Lovick gratified me with an account of a letter she had written from the lady's mouth to Miss Howe; she being unable to write herself with steadiness.

It was to this effect; in answer, it seems to her two letters, whatever were the contents of them:

That she had been involved in a dreadful calamity, which she was sure, when known, would exempt her from the effects of her friendly displeasure, for not answering her first; having been put under an arrest—Could she have believed it?—That she was released but the day before: and was now so weak and so low, that she was obliged to get a widow gentlewoman in the same house to account thus for her silence to her [Miss Howe's] two letters of the 13th and 16th: that she would, as soon as able, answer them—Begged of her, mean time, not to be uneasy for her; since (only that this was a calamity which came upon her, when she was far from being well; a load laid upon the shoulders of a poor wretch, ready before to sink under too heavy a burden) *it was nothing to the evil she had before suffered:* and one felicity seemed likely to issue from it; which was, that she would be at rest in an honest house, with considerate and kind-hearted people; having assurance given her, that she should not be molested by the wretch, whom it would be death for her to see: so that now she [Miss Howe] needed not to send to her by private and expensive conveyances: nor need Collins to take precautions for fear of being dogged to her lodgings; nor need she write by a fictitious name to her, but by her own.

You see I am in a way to oblige you: you see how much she depends upon my engaging for your forbearing to intrude yourself into her company: let not your flaming impatience destroy all; and make me look like a villain to a lady who has reason to suspect *every man she sees* to be so.—Upon this condition, you may expect all the services that can flow from *your sincere well-wisher,*

J. BELFORD.

## LETTER LXXI.

MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

TUESDAY NIGHT, JULY 18.

I Am just come from the lady. I was admitted into the dining-room, where she was sitting in an elbow-chair, in a very weak and low way. She made an effort to stand up, when I entered; but was forced to keep her seat. 'You'll 'excuse me, Mr. Belford: I ought to 'rise, to thank you for all your kind-'ness to me. I was to blame to be so 'loth to leave that sad place; for I am 'in Heaven here, to what I was there: 'and good people about me, too!—I 'have not had good people about me for 'a long, long time before; so that [with 'a half-smile] I had begun to wonder 'whither they were all gone.'

Her nurse and Mrs. Smith, who were present, took occasion to retire: and, when we were alone, 'You seem to be 'a person of humanity, Sir,' said she: 'you hinted, as I was leaving *my prison,* 'that you were not a stranger to my sad 'story. If you know it *truly,* you must 'know that I have been most barba-'rously treated; and have not deserved 'it at the man's hands by whom I have 'suffered.'

I told her, I knew enough to be convinced, that she had the merit of a saint, and the purity of an angel: and was proceeding, when she said, 'No flighty 'compliments! No undue attributes, 'Sir!'

I offered to plead for my sincerity; and mentioned the word *politeness*; and would have distinguished between that and *flattery*. 'Nothing can be polite,' said she, 'that is not just: whatever I '*may* have had; I have *now* no vanity to 'gratify.'

I declaimed all intention of compliment: all I *had* said, and what I *should* say, was, and should be, the effect of sincere veneration. My unhappy friend's account of her had entitled her to that.

I then mentioned your grief, your penitence, your resolutions of making her all the amends that were possible now to be made her: and in the most earnest manner,

manner, I aſſerted your innocence as to the laſt villainous outrage.

Her anſwer was to this effect—'It is 'painful to me to think of him. The 'amends you talk of, cannot be made. 'This laſt violence you ſpeak of, *is no-'thing to what preceded it.* That *cannot* be 'atoned for: nor palliated: this *may:* 'and I ſhall not be ſorry to be convinc-'ed, that he cannot be guilty of ſo very 'low a wickedneſs.——Yet, after his 'vile forgeries of hands—after his baſe-'neſs in impoſing upon me the moſt in-'famous perſons as ladies of honour of 'his own family—what are the iniqui-'ties he is not capable of?'

I would then have given her an account of the trial you ſtood with your friends: your own previous reſolutions of marriage, had ſhe honoured you with the requeſted *four words:* all your family's earneſtneſs to have the honour of her alliance: and the application of your two couſins to Miſs Howe, by general conſent, for that young lady's intereſt with her: but, having juſt touched upon theſe topicks, ſhe cut me ſhort, ſaying, That was a cauſe before another tribunal: Miſs Howe's letters to her were upon that ſubject; and ſhe would write her thoughts to *her* as ſoon as ſhe was able.

I then attempted more particularly to clear you of having any hand in the vile Sinclair's officious arreſt; a point ſhe had the generoſity to *wiſh* you cleared of: and having mentioned the outrageous letter you had written to me on this occaſion, ſhe aſked, if I had that letter about me?

I owned I had.

She wiſhed to ſee it.

This puzzled me horribly: for you muſt needs think, that moſt of the free things, which, among us rakes, paſs for wit and ſpirit, muſt be ſhocking ſtuff to the ears and eyes of perſons of delicacy of that ſex: and then ſuch an air of levity runs through thy moſt furious letters; ſuch a falſe bravery, endeavouring to carry off ludicrouſly the ſubjects that moſt affect thee; that thoſe letters are generally the leaſt fit to be ſeen, which ought to be moſt to thy credit.

Something like this I obſerved to her; and would fain have excuſed myſelf from ſhewing it: but ſhe was ſo earneſt, that I undertook to read ſome parts of it, reſolving to omit the moſt exceptionable.

I know thou'lt curſe me for that; but I thought it better to oblige her than to be ſuſpected myſelf; and ſo not have it in my power to ſerve thee with her, when ſo good a foundation was laid for it; and when ſhe knows as bad of thee as I can tell her.

Thou remembreſt the contents. I ſuppoſe, of thy furious letter. Her remarks upon the different parts of it, which I read to her, were to the following effect:

Upon the two firſt lines, '*All undone! 'undone, by Jupiter! Zounds, Jack, what 'ſhall I do now! A curſe upon all my plots 'and contrivances!*'—thus ſhe expreſſed herſelf:

'O how light, how unaffected with the 'ſenſe of it's own crimes, is the heart 'that could dictate to the pen this liber-'tine froth!'

The paragraph which mentions the vile arreſt, affected her a good deal.

In the next I omitted thy curſe upon thy relations, whom thou wert gallanting: and read on the ſeven ſubſequent paragraphs, down to thy execrable wiſh; which was too ſhocking to read to her. What I read produced the following reflections from her:

'The plots and contrivances which he 'curſes, and the exultings of the wicked 'wretches on finding me out, ſhew me, 'that all his guilt was premeditated: 'nor doubt I, that his dreadful perju-'ries, and inhuman arts, as he went 'along, were to paſs for fine ſtratagems; 'for witty ſport; and to demonſtrate a 'ſuperiority of inventive talents!—O 'my cruel, cruel brother! had it not 'been for thee, I had not been thrown 'upon ſo pernicious and ſo deſpicable a 'plotter!—But proceed, Sir; pray pro-'ceed.'

At that part—'*Canſt thou, O fatal prog-'noſticator! tell me where my puniſhment 'will end?*'—ſhe ſighed: and when I came to that ſentence—'*Praying for my 'reformation, perhaps!*'—Is that there? ſaid ſhe, ſighing again, 'Wretched 'man!'—And ſhed a tear for thee.—By my faith, Lovelace, I believe ſhe hates thee not! She has at leaſt a concern, a generous concern, for thy future happineſs!—What a noble creature haſt thou injured!

She made a very ſevere reflection upon me, on reading theſe words—'*On 'your knees, for me, beg her pardon.*'—'You had all your leſſons, Sir,' ſaid ſhe, 'when you came to redeem me—'You was ſo condeſcending as to 'kneel: I thought it was the effect of 'your own humanity, and good-na-'tured earneſtneſs to ſerve me—Ex-'cuſe me, Sir, I knew not, that it was

'in

'in conſequence of a preſcribed leſſon.'

This concerned me not a little; I could not bear to be thought ſuch a wretched puppet, ſuch a Joſeph Leman, ſuch a Tomlinſon—I endeavoured therefore, with ſome warmth, to clear myſelf of this reflection; and ſhe again aſked my excuſe: I was avowedly, ſhe ſaid, the friend of a man, whoſe friendſhip, ſhe had reaſon to be ſorry to ſay, was no credit to any-body.—And deſired me to proceed.

I did; but fared not much better afterwards: for on that paſſage where you ſay—*I had always been her friend and advocate*—this was her unanſwerable remark: 'I find, Sir, by this expreſſion, 'that he had always deſigns againſt me; 'and that you all along *knew* that he had: '—Would to Heaven, you had had 'the goodneſs to have contrived ſome 'way, that might not have endangered 'your own ſafety, to give me notice of 'his baſeneſs, ſince you approved not of 'it!—But you gentlemen, I ſuppoſe, 'had rather ſee an innocent fellow-creature ruined, than be thought capable 'of an action, which, however generous, might be likely to looſen the 'bands of a wicked friendſhip!'

After this ſevere, but juſt reflection, I would have avoided reading the following, although I had unawares begun the ſentence—(but ſhe held me to it)—'*What would I now give, had I permitted 'you to have been a ſucceſsful advocate!*'—And this was her remark upon it—'So, 'Sir, you ſee, if you had been the happy 'means of preventing the evils deſigned 'me, you would have had your friend's 'thanks for it, when he came to his conſideration. This ſatisfaction, I am perſuaded, every-one, in the long run, 'will enjoy, who has the virtue to withſtand, or prevent, a wicked purpoſe. 'I was obliged, *I ſee*, to your kind 'wiſhes—But it was a point of honour 'with you to keep his ſecret; the more 'indiſpenſable with you, perhaps, the 'viler the ſecret. Yet permit me to 'wiſh, Mr. Belford, that you were capable of reliſhing the pleaſures that ariſe to a benevolent mind from VIRTUOUS friendſhip!—None *other* is 'worthy of the ſacred name. You ſeem 'an humane man: I hope, for your own 'ſake, you will one day experience the 'difference: and, when you do, think 'of Miſs Howe and Clariſſa Harlowe, '(I find you know much of my ſad 'ſtory) who were the happieſt creatures 'on earth in each other's friendſhip till 'this friend of yours——' And there ſhe ſtopt, and turned from me.

Where thou calleſt thyſelf *a villainous plotter*; 'To take crime to himſelf,' ſaid ſhe, 'without ſhame, O what a hardened wretch is this man!'

On that paſſage, where thou ſayeſt—'*Let me know how ſhe has been treated: if 'roughly, woe be to the guilty!*'—this was her remark, with an air of indignation: 'What a man is your friend, Sir!—Is 'ſuch a one as *he* to ſet himſelf up to 'puniſh the guilty!

'All the *rough* uſage I could receive 'from them, was infinitely *leſs*——' And there ſhe ſtopt a moment or two: then proceeding—'And who ſhall puniſh 'him? What an aſſuming wretch!—No'body but *himſelf* is entitled to injure 'the innocent!—He is, I ſuppoſe, on 'earth, to act the part, which the ma'lignant fiend is ſuppoſed to act below '—Dealing out puniſhments, at his 'pleaſure, to every inferior inſtrument 'of miſchief!'

'What,' thought I, 'have I been 'doing! I ſhall have this ſavage fellow 'think I have been playing him booty, 'in reading part of his letter to this ſa'gacious lady!'—Yet, if thou art angry, it can only, in reaſon, be at thyſelf; for who would think I might not communicate to her ſome of the leaſt exceptionable parts of a letter (as a proof of thy ſincerity in exculpating thyſelf from a criminal charge) which thou wroteſt to thy friend, to convince *him* of thy innocence? But a bad heart, and a bad cauſe, are confounded things: and ſo let us put it to it's proper account.

I paſſed over thy charge to me, to curſe them by the hour; and thy names of *dragon* and *ſerpents*, though ſo applicable; ſince, had I read them, thou muſt have been ſuppoſed to know from the firſt, what creatures they were; vile fellow as thou wert, for bringing ſo much purity among them! And I cloſed with thy own concluding paragraph—'*A line!—A line!—A kingdom for a line!* '*&c.*' However, telling her (ſince ſhe ſaw that I omitted ſome ſentences) that there were further vehemences in it; but as they were better fitted to ſhew to me the ſincerity of the writer, than for ſo delicate an ear as hers to hear, I choſe to paſs them over.

'You have re'd enough,' ſaid ſhe—'He is a wicked, wicked man!—I ſee he 'intended to have me in his power at 'any rate; and I have no doubt of 'what his purpoſes were, by what his

'actions

'actions have been. You know his 'vile Tomlinſon, I ſuppoſe—You know '—But what ſignifies talking?—Never 'was there ſuch a premeditated falſe 'heart in man!'—['*Nothing can be truer!*' *thought I.*]—'What has he not vowed! '—What has he not invented!—And 'all for what?—Only, to ruin a poor 'young creature, whom he ought to 'have protected; and whom he had 'firſt deprived of all other protection?'

She aroſe and turned from me, her handkerchief at her eyes: and, after a pauſe, came towards me again—'I 'hope,' ſaid ſhe, 'I talk to a man who 'has a better heart: and I thank you, 'Sir, for all your kind, though ineffectual, pleas in my favour formerly, 'whether the motives for them were 'compaſſion, or principle, or both. 'That they were ineffectual, might 'very probably be owing to your want 'of earneſtneſs; and *that*, as *you* might 'think, to my want of merit. I might 'not, in your eye, *deſerve* to be ſaved! '—I might appear to you a giddy 'creature, who had run away from her 'true and natural friends; and who, 'therefore, ought to take the conſequence of the lot ſhe had drawn.'

I was afraid, for thy ſake, to let her know how *very* earneſt I had been: but aſſured her that I had been her zealous friend; and that my motives were founded upon a merit, that I believed, was never equalled: that, however indefenſible Mr. Lovelace was, he had always done juſtice to her virtue: that to a full conviction of her untainted honour it was owing, that he ſo earneſtly deſired to call ſo ineſtimable a jewel his—And was proceeding, when ſhe again cut me ſhort.

'Enough, and too much, of this ſubject, Sir!—If he will never more let 'me behold his face, that is all I have 'now to aſk of him.—Indeed, indeed,' claſping her hands, '*I never will*, if I 'can, by any means not criminally deſperate, avoid it.'

What could I ſay for thee?—There was no room, however, *at that time*, to touch this ſtring again, for fear of bringing upon myſelf a prohibition, not only of the ſubject, but of ever attending her again.

I gave ſome diſtant intimations of money-matters. I ſhould have told thee, that, when I read to her that paſſage, where thou biddeſt me force what ſums upon her I could get her to take—ſhe repeated, 'No, no, no, no!' ſeveral times with great quickneſs; and I durſt no more than juſt intimate it again—and that ſo darkly, as left her room to ſeem not to underſtand me.

Indeed I know not the perſon, man or woman, I ſhould be ſo much afraid of diſobliging, or incurring a cenſure from, as from her. She has ſo much true dignity in her manner, without pride or arrogance, (which, in thoſe who have either, one is tempted to mortify) ſuch a piercing eye, yet ſoftened ſo ſweetly with rays of benignity, that ſhe commands all one's reverence.

Methinks I have a kind of holy love for this angel of a woman; and it is matter of aſtoniſhment to me, that thou couldſt converſe with her a quarter of an hour together, and hold thy deviliſh purpoſes.

Guarded as ſhe was by piety, prudence, virtue, dignity, family, fortune, and a purity of heart, that never woman before her boaſted, what a real devil muſt he be, (yet I doubt I ſhall make thee proud!) who could reſolve to break through ſo many fences!

For my own part, I am more and more ſenſible, that I ought not to have contented myſelf with repreſenting *againſt*, and *expoſtulating with thee upon*, thy baſe intentions: and indeed I had it in my head more than once, to try to do ſomething for her. But, wretch that I was! I was witheld by notions of falſe honour, as ſhe juſtly reproached me, becauſe of thy own *voluntary* communications to me of thy purpoſes: and then, as ſhe was brought into ſuch a curſed houſe, and was ſo watched by thyſelf, as well as by thy infernal agents, I thought (knowing my man!) that I ſhould only accelerate the intended miſchiefs.—Moreover, finding thee ſo much over-awed by her virtue, that thou hadſt not, at thy *firſt* carrying her thither, the courage to attempt her; and that ſhe had, more thon once, without knowing thy baſe views, obliged thee to abandon them, and to reſolve to do her juſtice, and thyſelf honour; I hardly doubted, that her merit would be triumphant at laſt.

It is my opinion, (if thou holdeſt thy purpoſes to marry) that thou canſt not do better, than to procure thy *real* aunts, and thy *real* couſins, to pay her a viſit, and to be thy advocates: but, if they decline perſonal viſits, letters from them, and from my Lord M. ſupported by Miſs Howe's intereſt, may, perhaps, effect ſomething in thy favour.

But theſe are only my hopes, founded on

on what I *wiſh* for thy ſake. The lady, I really think, would chuſe death, rather than thee: and the two women are of opinion though they know not half of what ſhe has ſuffered, that her heart is actually broken.

At taking my leave, I tendered my beſt ſervices to her, and beſought her to permit me frequently to enquire after her health.

She made me no anſwer, but by bowing her head.

## LETTER LXXII.

MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 19.

THIS morning I took chair to Smith's; and, being told that the lady had a very bad night, but was up, I ſent for her worthy apothecary; who, on his coming to me, approving of my propoſal of calling in Dr. H. I bid the women acquaint her with the deſigned viſit.

It ſeems, ſhe was at firſt diſpleaſed; yet withdrew her objection: but, after a pauſe, aſked them, What ſhe ſhould do? She had effects of value, ſome of which ſhe intended, as ſoon as ſhe *could*, to turn into money; but, till then, had not a ſingle guinea to give the doctor for his fee.

Mrs. Lovick ſaid, She had five guineas by her: they were at her ſervice.

She would accept of three, ſhe ſaid, if ſhe would take *that* (pulling a diamond-ring from her finger) till ſhe repaid her; but on no other terms.

Having been told, I was below with Mr. Goddard, ſhe deſired to ſpeak one word with me, before ſhe ſaw the doctor.

She was ſitting in an elbow-chair, leaning her head on a pillow; Mrs. Smith and the widow on each ſide her chair; her nurſe, with a phial of hartſhorn, behind her; in her own hand, her ſalts.

Raiſing her head at my entrance, ſhe enquired, If the doctor knew Mr. Lovelace.

I told her, 'No;' and that I believed you never ſaw him in your life.

Was the doctor my friend?

He was; and a very worthy and ſkilful man. I named him for his eminence in his profeſſion: and Mr. Goddard, ſaid, he knew not a better phyſician.

'I have but one condition to make 'before I ſee the gentleman; that he 'refuſe not his fees from me. If I am 'poor, Sir, I am proud. I will not be 'under obligation. You may *believe*, 'Sir, I will not. I ſuffer this viſit, be'cauſe I would not appear ungrateful to 'the few friends I have left, nor obſti'nate to ſuch of my relations, as may 'ſome time hence, for their private ſa'tisfaction, enquire after my behaviour 'in my ſick hours. So, Sir, you know 'the condition. And don't let me be 'vexed. I am very ill! and cannot de'bate the matter.'

Seeing her ſo determined, I told her, If it muſt be ſo it ſhould.

'Then, Sir, the gentleman may come. 'But I ſhall not be able to anſwer many 'queſtions.—Nurſe, you can tell him, at 'the window there, what a night I have 'had, and how I have been for two 'days paſt. And Mr. Goddard, if he 'be here, can let him know what I have 'taken.—Pray let me be as little queſ'tioned, as poſſible.'

The doctor paid his reſpects to her, with the gentlemanly addreſs for which he is noted: and ſhe caſt up her ſweet eyes to him, with that benignity which accompanies her every graceful look.

I would have retired; but ſhe forbid it.

He took her hand, the lily not of ſo beautiful a white: 'Indeed, Madam, 'you are very low,' ſaid he: 'but give 'me leave to ſay, that you can do more 'for yourſelf, than all the faculty can 'do for you.'

He then withdrew to the window. And, after a ſhort conference with the woman, he turned to me, and to Mr. Goddard, at the other window: 'We 'can do nothing here,' ſpeaking low, 'but by cordials and nouriſhment. 'What friends has the lady? She ſeems 'to be a perſon of condition; and, ill 'as ſhe is, a very fine woman.—A ſingle 'lady, I preſume?'

I whiſperingly told him ſhe was. That there were extraordinary circumſtances in her caſe; as I would have apprized him, had I met with him yeſterday: that her friends were very cruel to her; but that ſhe could not hear them named without reproaching herſelf, though they were much more to blame than ſhe.

'I knew I was right,' ſaid the doctor. 'A love-caſe, Mr. Goddard!—A 'love-caſe, Mr. Belford!—There is one 'perſon in the world, who can do her 'more ſervice than all the faculty.'

Mr. Goddard ſaid, He had apprehended

hended her diſorder was in her mind; and had treated her accordingly: and then told the doctor what he had done: which he approving of, again taking her charming hand, ſaid, 'My good 'young lady, you will require very lit-'tle of our aſſiſtance. You muſt, in a 'great meaſure, be your own doctreſs. 'Come, *dear* Madam, [Forgive me the 'familiar tenderneſs; your aſpect com-'mands love, as well as reverence; and 'a father of children, ſome of them 'older than yourſelf, may be excuſed 'for his familiar addreſs] cheer up your 'ſpirits. Reſolve to do all in your pow-'er to be well; and you'll ſoon grow 'better.'

'You are very kind, Sir,' ſaid ſhe. 'I will take whatever you direct. My 'ſpirits have been hurried. I ſhall be 'better, I believe, before I am worſe. '—The care of my good friends here,' looking at the women, 'ſhall not meet 'with an ungrateful return.'

The doctor wrote. He would fain have declined his fee. As her malady, he ſaid, was rather to be relieved by the ſoothings of a friend, than by the preſcriptions of a phyſician, he ſhould think himſelf greatly honoured to be admitted rather to *adviſe* her in the *one* character, than to *preſcribe* to her in the *other*.

She anſwered, That ſhe ſhould be always glad to ſee ſo humane a man: that his viſits would *keep her in charity with the ſex*: but that, were ſhe to *forget* that he was her *phyſician*, ſhe might be apt to abate of the confidence in his ſkill, which might be neceſſary to effect the amendment that was the end of his viſits.

And when he urged her ſtill further, which he did in a very polite manner, and as paſſing by the door two or three times a day, ſhe ſaid, She ſhould always have pleaſure in conſidering him in the kind light he *offered himſelf to her*; that *that* might be very generous in one perſon to offer, which would be as ungenerous in another to accept: that indeed ſhe was not at preſent in high circumſtance; and he ſaw by the tender, (which he *muſt* accept of) that ſhe had greater reſpect to *her own convenience*, than to *his merit*, or than to the *pleaſure* ſhe ſhould take in his viſits.

We all withdrew together; and the doctor and Mr. Goddard having a great curioſity to know ſomething more of her ſtory, at the motion of the latter we went into a neighbouring coffee-houſe, and I gave them, in confidence, a brief relation of it; making all as light for you as I could; and yet you'll ſuppoſe, that, in order to do but common juſtice to the lady's character, heavy muſt be that light.

THREE O'CLOCK, AFTERNOON.

I JUST now called again at Smith's; and am told ſhe is ſomewhat better; which ſhe attributed to the ſoothing of her doctor. She expreſſed herſelf highly pleaſed with both gentlemen; and ſaid, that their behaviour to her was perfectly *paternal*.

*Paternal*, poor lady!—Never having been, till very lately, from under her parent's wings, and now abandoned by all her friends, ſhe is for finding out ſomething *paternal* and *maternal* in every one, (the latter qualities in Mrs. Lovick and Mrs. Smith) to ſupply to herſelf the father and mother her dutiful heart pants after.

Mrs. Smith told me, that, after we were gone, ſhe gave the keys of her trunks and drawers to her and the widow Lovick, and deſired them to take an inventory of them; which they did, in her preſence.

They alſo informed me, that ſhe had requeſted them to find her a purchaſer for two rich dreſſed ſuits; one never worn, the other not above once or twice.

This ſhocked me exceedingly—*Perhaps it may thee a little!!!*—Her reaſon for ſo doing, ſhe told them, was, That ſhe ſhould never live to wear them: that her ſiſter, and other relations, were above wearing them: that her mother would not endure in her ſight anything that was hers: that ſhe wanted the money: that ſhe would not be obliged to any-body, when ſhe had effects by her for which ſhe had no occaſion. 'And yet,' ſaid ſhe, 'I expect 'not that they will fetch a price an-'ſwerable to their value.'

They were both very much concerned, as they owned; and aſked my advice upon it: and the richneſs of her apparel having given them a ſtill higher notion of her rank than they had before, they ſuppoſed ſhe muſt be of quality: and again wanted to know her ſtory.

I told them, That ſhe was indeed a woman of family and fortune: I ſtill gave them room to ſuppoſe her married: but left it to her to tell them all in her own time and manner: all I would

would ſay, was, That ſhe had been very vilely treated; deſerved it not; and was all innocence and purity.

You may ſuppoſe, that they both expreſſed their aſtoniſhment, that there could be a man in the world, who could ill-treat ſo fine a creature.

As to diſpoſing of the two ſuits of apparel, I told Mrs. Smith, that ſhe ſhould pretend, that, upon enquiry, ſhe had found a friend who would purchaſe the richeſt of them; but *(that ſhe might not miſtruſt)* would ſtand upon a good bargain. And having twenty guineas about me, I left them with her, in part of payment; and bid her *pretend* to get her to part with it for as little more as ſhe could induce her to take.

I am ſetting out for Edgware with poor Belton—More of whom in my next. I ſhall return to-morrow; and leave this in readineſs for your meſſenger, if he call in my abſence. Adieu.

## LETTER LXXIII.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

[IN ANSWER TO LETTER LXXI.]

M. HALL, WEDN. NIGHT, JULY 19.

YOU might well apprehend, that I ſhould think you were playing me booty in communicating my letter to the lady.

You aſk, Who would think you might not read to her the leaſt exceptionable part of a letter written in my own defence?—*I'll tell you who*—The man, who in the ſame letter that he aſks this queſtion, tells the friend whom he expoſes to her reſentment, That there is ſuch an air of levity runs through his moſt ſerious letters, that thoſe of his are *leaſt fit to be ſeen*, which ought to be *moſt to his credit:* and now what thinkeſt thou of thy ſelf-condemned folly? Be, however, I charge thee, more circumſpect for the future, that ſo this clumſy error may ſtand ſingly by itſelf.

'It is painful to her to think of me! 'Libertine froth! So pernicious and ſo 'deſpicable a plotter! A man whoſe 'friendſhip is no credit to any-body! 'Hardened wretch! The devil's coun-'terpart! A wicked, wicked man!—But *did* ſhe, *could* ſhe, *dared* ſhe, to ſay or *imply* all this?—And ſay it to a man whom ſhe praiſes for humanity, and prefers to myſelf for that virtue; when all the humanity *he* ſhews, and *ſhe knows it too*, is by *my* direction—So robs me of the credit of my own works; admirably entitled, all this ſhews her, to thy refinement upon the words *reſentment* and *revenge*. But thou wert always aiming and blundering at ſomething thou never couldſt make out.

The praiſe thou giveſt to her *ingenuouſneſs*, is another of thy peculiars. I think not as *thou* doſt, of her tell-tale recapitulations and exclamations:—what end can they anſwer?—Only that thou haſt an *holy* love for her; [The devil fetch thee for thy oddity!] or it is extremely provoking to ſuppoſe one ſees ſuch a charming creature ſtand upright before a libertine, and talk of the ſin againſt her, that cannot be forgiven!—I wiſh at my heart, that theſe chaſte ladies would have a little modeſty in their anger!—It would ſound very ſtrange, if I Robert Lovelace ſhould pretend to have more true delicacy, in a point that requires the utmoſt, than Miſs Clariſſa Harlowe.

I think I will put it into the head of her nurſe Norton, and her Miſs Howe, by ſome one of my agents, to chide the dear novice for her proclamations.

But to be ſerious: let me tell thee, that, ſevere as ſhe is, and ſaucy, in aſking ſo contemptuouſly, 'What a man 'is your friend, Sir, to ſet himſelf to 'puniſh guilty people!' I will never forgive the curſed woman, who could commit this laſt horrid violence on ſo excellent a creature.

The barbarous inſults of the two nymphs, in their viſits to her; the choice of the moſt execrable den that could be found out, in order, no doubt, to induce her to go back to theirs; and the ſtill more execrable attempt, to propoſe to her a man who would pay the debt; a ſnare, I make no queſtion, laid for her deſpairing and reſenting heart by that deviliſh Sally, (thinking her, no doubt, a *woman*) in order to ruin her with me; and to provoke me, in a fury, to give her up to their remorſeleſs cruelty; are outrages, that, to expreſs myſelf in her ſtyle, I never *can*, never *will*, forgive.

But as to thy opinion, and the two women's at Smith's, that her heart is broken; that is the true women's language: I wonder how *thou* cameſt into it: thou who haſt ſeen and heard of ſo many *female deaths* and *revivals*.

I'll tell thee what makes *againſt* this notion of theirs.

Her time of life, and charming conſtitution: the good ſhe ever delighted to do, and fancied ſhe was born to do; and

and which she may still continue to do, to as high a degree as ever; nay, higher, since I am no sordid varlet, thou knowest: her religious turn; a turn that will always teach her to bear *inevitable* evils with patience: the contemplation upon her last noble triumph over me, and over the whole crew; and upon her succeeding escape from us all: her will unviolated; and the inward pride of having *not deserved* the treatment she has met with.

How is it possible to imagine, that a woman, who has all these *consolations* to reflect upon, will die of a broken heart?

On the contrary, I make no doubt, but that, as she recovers from the dejection into which this last scurvy villainy (which none but wretches of her own sex *could* have been guilty of) has thrown her, returning love will re-enter her *time pacified* mind: her thoughts will then turn once more on the *conjugal pivot:* of course she will have livelier notions in her head; and these will make her perform all her circumvolutions with ease and pleasure; though not with so high a degree of either, as if the dear proud rogue could have exalted herself above the rest of her sex, as she turned round.

Thou askest, on reciting the bitter invectives, that the lady made against thy poor friend, (standing before her, I suppose, with thy fingers in thy mouth) *What couldst thou say* FOR *me?*

Have I not, in my former letters, suggested an hundred things, which a friend, *in earnest* to vindicate or excuse a friend, might say, on such an occasion?

But now to current topicks, and the present state of matters here.—It is true, as my servant told thee, that Miss Howe had engaged, before this cursed woman's officiousness, to use her interest with her friend in my behalf: and yet she told my cousins, in the visit they made her, that it was her opinion, that she would never forgive me. I send to thee inclosed copies of all that passed on this occasion between my cousins Montague, Miss Howe, myself, Lady Betty, Lady Sarah, and Lord M.

I long to know what Miss Howe wrote to her friend, in order to induce her to marry the *despicable plotter*; the *man whose friendship is no credit to any-body*; the *wicked, wicked man*. Thou hadst the two letters in thy hand. Had they been in mine, the seal would have yielded to the touch of my warm finger; [Perhaps without the help of the post-office bullet] and the folds, *as other plications have done*, opened of themselves to oblige my curiosity. A wicked omission, Jack, not to contrive to send them down to me, by man and horse! It might have passed, that the messenger who brought the second letter, took them both back, I could have returned them by another, when copied, as from Miss Howe, and nobody but myself and thee the wiser.

That's a charming girl! Her spirit, her delightful spirit!—Not to be married to it—How I wish to get that lively bird into my cage! How would I make her flutter and fly about!—Till she left a feather upon every wire!

Had I begun there, I am confident, as I have heretofore said, that I should not have had half the difficulty with her, as I have had with her charming friend. For these passionate girls have high pulses, and a clever fellow may make what sport he pleases with their *unevennesses*—Now too high, now too low, you need only to provoke and appease them by turns; to bear with them, and forbear; to teaze, and ask pardon; and sometimes to give yourself the merit of a sufferer from them; then catching them in the moment of concession, conscious of their ill usage of you, they are all your own.

But these sedate contemplative girls, never out of temper but with reason; when that reason is given them, hardly ever pardon, or afford you another opportunity to offend.

It was in part the apprehension that this would be so with my dear Miss Harlowe, that made me carry her to a place where I believed she would be unable to escape me, although I were *not* to succeed in my first attempts. Else widow Sorlings's would have been as well for me, as widow Sinclair's. For early I saw, that there was no credulity in her to graft upon: no pretending to whine myself into her confidence. She was proof against amorous persuasion. She had reason in her love. Her penetration and good sense made her hate all compliments that had not truth and nature in them. What could I have done with her in any other place? And yet how long, even *there*, was I kept in awe, in spite of *natural incitement*, and *unnatural instigations*, (as I now think them) by the mere force of that native dignity, and obvious purity of mind and manners, which fill every one with reverence, if not with *holy love*, as

thou calleſt it, the moment he ſees her! —Elſe thinkeſt thou not, it was eaſy for me to be a *fine gentleman*, and a *delicate lover*, or, at leaſt, a *ſpecious* and flattering one?

Lady Sarah and Lady Betty, finding the treaty, upon the ſucceſs of which they have ſet their fooliſh hearts, likely to run into length, are about departing to their own ſeats; having taken from me the beſt ſecurity the nature of the caſe will admit of, that is to ſay, *my word*, to marry the lady, if ſhe will have me.

'And after all,' (methinks thou aſkeſt) 'art thou ſtill reſolved to repair, 'if reparation be put into thy power?'

Why, Jack, I muſt needs own, that my heart has now-and-then ſome retrograde motions, upon thinking ſeriouſly of the irrevocable ceremony. We do not eaſily give up the deſire of our hearts, and what we imagine eſſential to our happineſs, let the expectation or hope of compaſſing it be ever ſo unreaſonable or abſurd in the opinion of others. *Recurrings* there will be; hankerings, that will, on every but remotely favourable incident, (however before diſcouraged and beaten back by ill ſucceſs) pop up, and abate the ſatisfaction we ſhould otherwiſe take in *contrariant* overtures.

'Tis ungentlemanly, Jack, *man* to *man*, to lye.—But matrimony I do not *heartily* love—although with a CLARISSA—Yet I am in earneſt to marry her.

But I am often thinking, that if now this dear creature, ſuffering time, and my penitence, my relations prayers, and Miſs Howe's mediation, to ſoften her *reſentments*, [Her *revenge* thou haſt prettily diſtinguiſhed away] and to recal repulſed inclination, ſhould conſent to meet me at the altar—How vain will ſhe then make all thy eloquent periods of execration!—How many charming interjections of her own will ſhe ſpoil! And what a couple of old patriarchs ſhall we become, going on in the mill-horſe round; getting ſons and daughters; providing nurſes for them firſt, governors and governeſſes next; teaching them leſſons their father never practiſed, nor which their mother, as her parents will ſay, was much the better for! And at laſt, perhaps, when life ſhall be turned into the dully ſober ſtillneſs, and I become deſirous to forget all my paſt rogueries, what comfortable reflections will it afford, to find them all revived, with *equal*, or probably *greater* trouble and expence, in the perſons and manners of ſo many young Lovelaces of the boys; and to have the girls run away with varlets perhaps not half ſo ingenious as myſelf; clumſy fellows, as it might happen, who could not afford the baggages one excuſe for their weakneſs, beſides thoſe diſgraceful ones of *ſex* and *nature!* —O Belford! who can bear to think of theſe things!——Who, at my time of life eſpecially, and with ſuch a bias for miſchief!

Of this I am abſolutely convinced, that if a man ever intends to marry, and to enjoy in peace his own reflections; and not be afraid of retribution, or of the conſequences of his own example; he ſhould never be a rake.

This looks like conſcience; don't it, Belford?

But, being in earneſt ſtill, as I have ſaid, all I have to do in my preſent uncertainty, is, to brighten up my faculties, by filing off the ruſt they have contracted by the town ſmoke, a long impriſonment in my cloſe attendance to ſo little purpoſe on my fair perverſe; and to brace up, if I can, the relaxed fibres of my mind, which have been twitched and convulſed like the nerves of ſome tottering paralytick, by means of the tumults ſhe has excited in it; that ſo I may be able to preſent to her a huſband as worthy as I can be of her acceptance; or, if ſhe reject me, be in a capacity to reſume my uſual gaiety of heart, and ſhew others of the miſleading ſex, that I am not diſcouraged by the difficulties I have met with from this ſweet individual of it, from endeavouring to make myſelf as acceptable to them as before.

In this latter caſe, one tour to France and Italy, I dare ſay, will do the buſineſs. Miſs Harlowe will by that time have forgotten all ſhe has ſuffered from her ungrateful Lovelace: though it will be impoſſible that her Lovelace ſhould ever forget a woman, whoſe equal he deſpairs to meet with, were he to travel from one end of the world to the other.

If thou continueſt paying off the heavy debts my long letters, for ſo many weeks together, have made thee groan under, I will endeavour to reſtrain myſelf in the deſires I have (importunate as they are) of going to town, to throw myſelf at the feet of my ſoul's beloved. *Policy*, and *honeſty*, both join to ſtrengthen the reſtraint my *own promiſe* and *thy engagement* have laid me under on this head. I would not afreſh provoke:

on

on the contrary, would give time for her reſentments to ſubſide, that ſo all that follows may be her own act and deed.

HICKMAN [I have a mortal averſion to that fellow!] has, by a line which I have juſt now received, requeſted an interview with me on Friday at Mr. Dormer's, as at a *common friend's*. Does the buſineſs he wants to meet upon, require that it ſhould be at a *common friend's*?—A challenge implied: is it not, Belford?—I ſhall not be civil to him, I doubt. He has been an intermeddler!—Then I envy him on Miſs Howe's account: for if I have a right notion of this Hickman, it is impoſſible that that virago can ever love him.

Every-one knows, that the mother (ſaucy as the daughter ſometimes is) crams him down her throat. Her mother is one of the moſt violent-ſpirited women in *England*. Her late huſband could not ſtand in the matrimonial contention of *Who ſhould?* but tipt off the perch in it, neither knowing how to yield, nor how to conquer.

A charming encouragement for a man of intrigue, when he has reaſon to believe, that the woman he has a view upon has no love for her huſband! What good principles muſt that wife have, who is kept in againſt temptation by a ſenſe of her duty, and plighted faith, where affection has no hold of her!

Pr'ythee let's know, very particularly, how it fares with poor Belton.—'Tis an honeſt fellow.—Something more than his Thomaſine ſeems to ſtick with him.

Thou haſt not been preaching to him conſcience and reformation; haſt thou?—Thou ſhouldſt not take liberties with him of this ſort, unleſs thou thoughteſt him abſolutely irrecoverable. A man in ill health, and cropſick, cannot play with theſe ſolemn things, as thou canſt, and be neither better nor worſe for them.—Repentance, Jack, I have a notion, ſhould be ſet about while a man is in health and ſpirits. What's a man fit for [Not to begin a new work, ſurely!] when he is not himſelf, nor maſter of his faculties?—Hence, as I apprehend, it is, that a death-bed repentance is ſuppoſed to be ſuch a precarious and ineffectual thing.

As to myſelf, I hope, I have a great deal of time before me; ſince I intend *one day* to be a reformed man. I have very ſerious reflections now-and-then. Yet am I half afraid of the truth of what my charmer once told me, that *a man cannot repent when he will*.—Not to hold it, I ſuppoſe ſhe meant! By fits and ſtarts I have repented a thouſand times.

Caſting my eye over the two preceding paragraphs, I fancy there is ſomething like contradiction in them. But I will not reconſider them. The ſubject is a very ſerious one. I don't at preſent quite underſtand it. But now for one more airy.

Tourville, Mowbray, and myſelf, paſs away our time as pleaſantly as poſſibly we can without thee. I wiſh we don't add to Lord M.'s gouty days by the joy we give him.

This is one advantage, as I believe I have elſewhere obſerved, that we male-delinquents in love-matters have of the other ſex:—for while they, poor things! ſit ſighing in holes and corners, or run to woods and groves to bemoan themſelves on their baffled hopes, we can rant and roar, hunt and hawk; and, by new loves, baniſh from our hearts all remembrance of the old ones.

Merrily, however, as we paſs our time, my reflexions upon the injuries done to this noble creature bring a qualm upon my heart very often. But I know ſhe will permit me to make her amends, after ſhe has plagued me heartily; and that's my conſolation.

An honeſt fellow ſtill!—Clap thy wings, and crow, Jack!

## LETTER LXXIV.

MISS HOWE, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

THURSDAY MORN. JULY 20.

WHAT, my deareſt creature, have been your ſufferings!—What muſt have been your anguiſh on ſo diſgraceful an inſult, committed in the open ſtreets, and in the broad day!

No end, I think, of the undeſerved calamities of a dear ſoul, who has been ſo unhappily driven and betrayed into the hands of a vile libertine!—How was I ſhocked at the receiving of your letter written by another hand, and only dictated by you!—You muſt be very ill. Nor is it to be wondered at. But I hope it is rather from hurry, and ſurprize, and lowneſs, which *may* be overcome, than from a grief given way to, which may be attended with effects I cannot bear to think of.

But whatever you do, my dear, you muſt not deſpond! Indeed you muſt not deſpond!

deſpond! Hitherto you have been in no fault: but deſpair would be all your own: and the worſt fault you can be guilty of.

I cannot bear to look upon another hand inſtead of yours. My dear creature, ſend me a few lines, though *ever ſo few*, in your own hand, if poſſible. —For they will revive my heart; eſpecially, if they can acquaint me of your amended health.

I expect your anſwer to my letter of the 13th. We all expect it with impatience.

His relations are perſons of *ſo much* honour—They are ſo *very* earneſt to rank you among them—The wretch is ſo very penitent: *every-one* of *his* family ſays he is—*Your own* are ſo implacable—Your laſt diſtreſs, though the conſequence of his former villainy, yet neither brought on by his direction, nor with his knowledge; and ſo much reſented by him—That my mother is abſolutely of opinion, that *you ſhould be his*——Eſpecially if, yielding to my wiſhes, as expreſſed in my letter, and thoſe of all his friends, you *would* have complied, had it not been for this horrid arreſt.

I will incloſe the copy of the letter I wrote to Miſs Montague laſt Tueſday, on hearing that nobody knew what was become of you; and the anſwer to it under-written and ſigned by Lord M. Lady Sarah Sadleir, and Lady Betty Lawrance, as well as by the young ladies; and alſo by the wretch himſelf.

I own, that I like not the turn of what he has written to me; and before I will further intereſt myſelf in his favour, I have determined to inform myſelf, *by a friend*, from his own mouth, of his ſincerity, and whether his *whole inclination* be in his requeſt to me, excluſive of the *wiſhes of his relations*. Yet my heart riſes againſt him, on the ſuppoſition that there is the ſhadow of a reaſon for ſuch a queſtion, the woman Miſs Clariſſa Harlowe.—But I think, with my mother, that marriage is now the only means left to make your future life tolerably eaſy—*happy*, there is no ſaying.—His diſgraces, in *that* caſe, in the eye of the world itſelf, will be more than yours; and to thoſe who know you, glorious will be your triumph.

I am obliged to accompany my mother ſoon to the Iſle of Wight. My aunt Harman is in a declining way, and inſiſts upon ſeeing us both—And Mr. Hickman too, I think.

His ſiſter, of whom we had heard ſo much, with her lord, were brought t'other day to viſit us. She ſtrangely likes me, or ſays ſhe does.

I can't ſay, but that I think ſhe anſwers the excellent character we have heard of her.

It would be death to me to ſet out for the little iſland, and not ſee you firſt: and yet my mother (fond of exerting an authority that ſhe herſelf, by that exertion, often brings into queſtion) inſiſts, that my next viſit to you *muſt* be a congratulatory one, as Mrs. Lovelace.

When I know what will be the reſult of the queſtions to be put in my name to that wretch, and what is your mind on my letter of the 13th, I ſhall tell you more of mine.

The bearer promiſes to make ſo much diſpatch, as to attend you this very afternoon. May he return with good tidings to your *ever-affectionate*

ANNA HOWE!

## LETTER LXXV.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE.

THURSDAY AFTERNOON.

YOU pain me, my deareſt Miſs Howe, by the ardour of your noble friendſhip. I will be very brief, becauſe I am not well; yet a good deal better than I was; and becauſe I am preparing an anſwer to yours of the 13th. But, beforehand, I muſt tell you, my dear, I will *not* have that man. —Don't be angry with me.—But indeed I won't. So let him be aſked no queſtions about me, I beſeech you.

I do *not* deſpond, my dear. I hope I may ſay, *I will not* deſpond. Is not my condition greatly mended? I thank Heaven it is!

I am no priſoner now in a vile houſe. I am not now in the power of that man's devices. I am not now obliged to hide myſelf in corners for fear of him. One of his intimate companions is become my warm friend, and engages to keep him from me, and that by his own conſent. I am among honeſt people. I have all my cloaths and effects reſtored to me. The wretch himſelf bears teſtimony to my honour.

Indeed I am very weak and ill: but I have an excellent phyſician, Dr. H. and as worthy an apothecary, Mr. Goddard.—Their treatment of me, my dear, is perfectly *paternal!*—My mind too, I can find, begins to ſtrengthen: and methinks at times, I find myſelf ſuperior to my calamities.

I ſhall have ſinkings ſometimes: I muſt

muſt expect ſuch. And my father's maledict—But you will chide me for introducing that, now I am enumerating my comforts.

But I charge you, my dear, that you do not ſuffer my calamities to ſit too heavy upon your own mind. If you do, that will be to new-point ſome of thoſe arrows that have been blunted, and loſt their ſharpneſs.

If you would contribute to *my* happineſs, give way, my dear, to *your own*; and to the cheerful proſpects before you!

You will think very meanly of your Clariſſa, if you do not believe, that the greateſt pleaſure ſhe can receive in this life, is in your proſperity and welfare. Think not of me, my only friend, but as we were in times paſt: and ſuppoſe me gone a great, great way off!—A long journey!——How often are the deareſt of friends, at their country's call, thus parted—with a *certainty* for years—with a *probability* for ever!

Love me ſtill, however. But let it be with a weaning love. I am not what I was, when we were *inſeparable* lovers, as I may ſay—Our *views* muſt now be different.—Reſolve, my dear, to make a worthy man happy, becauſe a worthy man muſt make *you* ſo.—And ſo, my deareſt love, for the preſent adieu!—Adieu, my deareſt love!—But I ſhall ſoon write again, I hope!

## LETTER LXXVI.

MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

[IN ANSWER TO LETTER LXXIII.]

THURSDAY, JULY 20.

I Re'd that part of your concluſion to poor Belton, where you enquire after him, and mention how merrily you, and the reſt, paſs your time at M. Hall. He fetched a deep ſigh: '*You are all 'very happy!*' were his words.—I am ſorry they *were* his words; for, poor fellow, he is going very faſt. Change of air, *he* hopes, will mend him, joined to the cheerful company I have left him in. But nothing, I dare ſay, will.

A conſuming malady, and a conſuming miſtreſs, to an indulgent keeper, are dreadful things to ſtruggle with both together: violence muſt be uſed to get rid of the latter; and yet he has not ſpirit left him, to exert himſelf. His houſe is Thomaſine's houſe; not his. He has not been within his doors for a fortnight paſt. *Vagabonding about* from inn to inn; entering each for a bait only; and ſtaying two or three days without power to remove; and hardly knowing which to go to next. His malady is *within him*; and he cannot run away from it.

Her boys' (once he thought them his) are ſturdy enough to ſhoulder him in his own houſe as they paſs by him. Siding with the mother, they in a manner expel him; and in his abſence, riot away on the remnant of his broken fortunes. As to their mother (who was once ſo tender, ſo ſubmiſſive, ſo ſtudious to oblige, that we all pronounced him happy, and his courſe of life the eligible) ſhe is now ſo termagant, ſo inſolent, that he cannot contend with her, without infinite prejudice to his health. A broken-ſpirited defenſive, *hardly a defenſive*, therefore reduced to: and this to a heart, for ſo many years waging *offenſive* war, (not valuing whom the opponent) what a reduction!—Now comparing himſelf to the ſuperannuated lion in the fable, kicked in the jaws, and laid ſprawling, by the ſpurning heel of an ignoble aſs!

I have undertaken his cauſe. He has given me leave, yet not without reluctance, to put him into poſſeſſion of his own houſe, and to place in it for him his unhappy ſiſter, whom he has hitherto ſlighted, *becauſe* unhappy. It is hard, he told me, (and wept, poor fellow, when he ſaid it) that he cannot be permitted to die quietly in his own houſe!—The fruits of bleſſed keeping theſe!

Though but lately apprized of her infidelity, it now comes out to have been of ſo long continuance, that he has no room to believe the boys to be his: yet how fond did he uſe to be of them!

To what, Lovelace, ſhall we attribute the tenderneſs which a *reputed* father frequently ſhews to the children of another man?—What is that, I pray thee, which we call *nature*, and *natural affections?* And what has man to boaſt of as to ſagacity and penetration, when he is as eaſily brought to cover and rear, and even to love, and often to prefer, the product of another's guilt with his wife or miſtreſs, as a hen or gooſe the eggs, and even *young*, of others of their kind?

Nay, let me aſk, if *inſtinct*, as it is called, in the animal creation, does not enable them to diſtinguiſh their own, much more eaſily than we, with our boaſted *reaſon* and ſagacity, in this nice particular can do?

If ſome men, who have wives but of doubtful virtue, conſidered this matter duly, I believe their inordinate ardour after

after gain would be a good deal cooled, when they could not be certain (though their *mates* could) for whoſe children they were elbowing, buſtling, griping, and perhaps cheating, thoſe with whom they have concerns, whether friends, neighbours, or *more* certain next-of-kin, by the mother's ſide however.

But I will not puſh this notion ſo far as it might be carried; becauſe, if propagated, it might be of *unſocial* or *unnatural* conſequence; ſince women of virtue would perhaps be more liable to ſuffer by the miſtruſts and caprices of *bad-hearted* and *fooliſh-headed* huſbands than thoſe who can ſcreen themſelves from detection by arts and hypocriſy, to which a woman of virtue cannot have recourſe. And yet, were this notion duly and generally conſidered, it might be attended with no bad effects; as good education, good inclinations, and eſtabliſhed virtue, would be the principally ſought-after qualities; and not money, when a man (not biaſſed by mere perſonal attractions) was looking round him for a partner in his fortunes, and for a mother of his future children, which are to be the heirs of his poſſeſſions, and to enjoy the fruits of his induſtry.

But to return to poor Belton.

If I have occaſion for your aſſiſtance, and that of your compeers, in reinſtating the poor fellow, I will give you notice. Mean time, I have juſt now been told, that Thomaſine declares ſhe will not ſtir; for, it ſeems, ſhe ſuſpects that meaſures will be fallen upon to make her quit. She is Mrs. Belton, ſhe ſays, and will prove her marriage.

If ſhe give herſelf theſe airs in his life-time, what would ſhe attempt to d after his death?

Her boys threaten any-body, who ſhall preſume to inſult their *mother*. Their *father* (as they *call* poor Belton) they ſpeak of as an unnatural one. And their probably *true father* is for ever there, *hoſtilely* there, paſſing for her couſin, as uſual: now her *protecting couſin*.

Hardly ever, I dare ſay, was there a keeper, that did not make a keepereſs; who laviſhed away on her kept-fellow, what ſhe obtained from the extravagant folly of him who kept her.

I will do without you, if I can. The caſe will be only, as I conceive, like that of the ancient Sarmatians, returning, after many years abſence, to their homes, their wives then in poſſeſſion of their ſlaves: ſo that they had to contend not only with thoſe *wives*, conſcious of their infidelity, and with their *ſlaves*, but with the *children* of thoſe ſlaves, grown up to manhood, reſolute to defend their mothers and their long manumitted fathers. But the noble Sarmatians, ſcorning to attack their ſlaves with equal weapons, only provided themſelves with the ſame ſort of whips, with which they uſed formerly to chaſtiſe them. And attacking them with them, the miſcreants fled before them—In memory of which, to this day, the device on the coin of Novogrod in Ruſſia, a city of the ancient Sarmatia, is a man on horſeback, with a whip in his hand.

The poor fellow takes it ill, that you did not preſs him more than you did, to be of your party at M. Hall. It is owing to Mowbray, he is ſure, that he had ſo very ſlight an invitation, from one whoſe invitations uſed to be ſo warm.

Mowbray's ſpeech to him, he ſays, he never will forgive: 'Why, Tom,' ſaid the brutal fellow, with a curſe, 'thou droopeſt like a pip or roup-'cloaking chicken. Thou ſhouldſt grow 'perter, or ſubmit to a ſolitary quaran-'tine, if thou wouldſt not infect the 'whole brood.'

For my own part, only that this poor fellow is in diſtreſs, as well in his affairs, as in his mind, or I ſhould be ſick of you all. Such is the reliſh I have of the converſation, and ſuch my admiration of the deportment and ſentiments, of this divine lady, that I would forego a month, even of thy company, to be admitted into hers but for one hour: and I am highly in conceit with myſelf, greatly as I uſed to value *thine*, for being able, ſpontaneouſly as I may ſay, to make this preference.

It is, after all, a deviliſh life we have lived. And to conſider how it all ends in a very few years—To ſee to what a ſtate of ill health this poor fellow is ſo ſoon reduced—And then to obſerve how every one of ye run away from the unhappy being, as rats from a falling houſe, is fine comfort to help a man to look back upon companions ill-choſen, and a life miſ-ſpent.

It will be your turns by-and-by, every man of ye, if the juſtice of your country interpoſe not.

Thou art the only rake we have herded with, if thou wilt not except myſelf, who haſt preſerved entire thy health and thy fortunes.

Mowbray indeed is indebted to a robuſt conſtitution, that he has not yet ſuffered

ſuffered in his health; but his eſtate is dwindling away year by year.

Three-fourths of Tourville's very conſiderable fortunes are already diſſipated; and the remaining fourth will probably ſoon go after the other three.

Poor Belton! we ſee how it is with him!—His only felicity is, that he will hardly *live* to want.

Thou art too proud, and too prudent, ever to be deſtitute; and, to do thee juſtice, haſt a ſpirit to aſſiſt ſuch of thy friends as may be reduced; and *wilt*, if thou ſhouldeſt then be living. But I think thou muſt, much ſooner than thou imagineſt, be called to thy account—knocked on the head perhaps by the friends of thoſe whom thou haſt injured; for if thou eſcapeſt this fate from the Harlowe family, thou wilt go on tempting danger and vengeance, till thou meeteſt with vengeance; and this, whether thou marrieſt, or not: for the nuptial life will not, I doubt, till age join with it, cure thee of that ſpirit for intrigue, which is continually running away with thee, in ſpite of thy better ſenſe, and tranſitory reſolutions.

Well, then, I will ſuppoſe *thee* laid down quietly among thy worthier anceſtors.

And now let me look forward to the ends of Tourville and Mowbray, [Belton will be crumbled into duſt before thee perhaps] ſuppoſing thy early exit has ſaved thee from gallows intervention.

Reduced, probably, by riotous waſte, to conſequential want, behold them refuged in ſome obſcure hole or garret; obliged to the careleſs care of ſome dirty old woman, whom nothing but her poverty prevails upon to attend to perform the laſt offices for men, who have made ſuch ſhocking ravage among the young ones.

Then how miſerably will they whine through ſqueaking organs; their big voices turned into puling pity-begging lamentations! Their now-offenſive paws, how helpleſs then!—Their now-erect necks then denying ſupport to their aching heads; thoſe globes of miſchief dropping upon their quaking ſhoulders. Then what wry faces will they make! their hearts, and their heads, reproaching each other!—Diſtended their parched mouths!—Sunk their unmuſcled cheeks!—Dropt their under-jaws!—Each grunting like the ſwine he had reſembled in his life! 'Oh! what a vile wretch have I been! 'Oh! that I had my life to come over 'again!'—Confeſſing to the poor old woman, who cannot ſhrive them! Imaginary ghoſts of deflowered virgins, and polluted matrons, flitting before their glaſſy eyes! And old Satan, to their apprehenſions, grinning behind a looking-glaſs held up before them, to frighten them with the horror viſible in their own countenances!

For my own part, if I can get ſome good family to credit me with a ſiſter or a daughter, as I have now an encreaſed fortune, which will enable me to propoſe handſome ſettlements, I will deſert ye all; marry, and live a life of reaſon, rather than a life of a brute, for the time to come.

## LETTER LXXVII.

MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

THURSDAY NIGHT.

I Was forced to take back my twenty guineas. How the women managed it, I can't tell; (I ſuppoſe they too readily found a purchaſer for the rich ſuit) but ſhe miſtruſted, that I was the advancer of the money; and would not let the cloaths go. But Mrs. Lovick has actually ſold, for fifteen guineas, ſome rich lace worth three times the ſum: out of which ſhe repaid her the money ſhe borrowed for fees to the doctor, in an illneſs occaſioned by the barbarity of the moſt ſavage of men. *Thou knoweſt his name!*

The doctor called on her in the morning it ſeems, and had a ſhort debate with her about fees. She inſiſted, that he ſhould take one every time he came, write or not write; miſtruſting, that he only gave verbal directions to Mrs. Lovick, or the nurſe, to avoid taking any.

He ſaid, that it would have been impoſſible for him, had he *not* been a phyſician, to forbear enquiries after the health and welfare of ſo excellent a perſon. He had not the thought of paying her a compliment in declining the offered fee: but he knew her caſe could not ſo ſuddenly vary, as to demand his daily viſits. She muſt permit him, therefore, to enquire of the women below after her health; and he muſt not think of coming up, if he were to be *pecuniarily* rewarded for the ſatisfaction he was ſo deſirous to give himſelf.

It ended in a compromiſe for a fee each other time: which ſhe unwillingly ſubmitted to; telling him, that though ſhe was at preſent deſolate and in diſgrace, yet her circumſtances were,

of right, high; and no expences could riſe ſo, as to be ſcrupled, whether ſhe lived or died. But ſhe ſubmitted, ſhe added, to the compromiſe, in hopes to ſee him as often as he had opportunity; for ſhe really looked upon him, and Mr. Goddard, from their kind and tender treatment of her, with a regard next to filial.

I hope thou wilt make thyſelf acquainted with this worthy doctor, when thou comeſt to town; and give him thy thanks, for putting her into conceit with the ſex that thou haſt given her ſo much reaſon to execrate. *Farewel.*

## LETTER LXXVIII.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

M. HALL, FRIDAY, JULY 21.

JUST returned from an interview with this Hickman: a preciſe fop of a fellow, as ſtarched as his ruffles.

Thou knoweſt I love him not, Jack; and whom we love not, we cannot allow a merit to! *perhaps not the merit they ſhould be granted.* However, I am in earneſt, when I ſay, that he ſeems to me to be ſo ſet, ſo prim, ſo affected, ſo mincing, yet ſo clouterly in his perſon, that I dare engage for thy opinion, if thou doſt juſtice to him, and to thyſelf, that thou never beheldeſt ſuch another, except in a pier-glaſs.

I'll tell thee how I played him off.

He came in his own chariot to Dormer's; and we took a turn in the garden, at his requeſt. He was deviliſh ceremonious, and made a buſhel of apologies for the freedom he was going to take: and, after half a hundred hums and haws, told me, that he came—that he came—to wait on me—at the requeſt of *dear Miſs Howe*, on the account—on the account—of Miſs Harlowe.

'Well, Sir, ſpeak on,' ſaid I: 'but 'give me leave to ſay, that if your book 'be as long as your preface, it will take 'up a week to read it.'

This was pretty rough, thou'lt ſay: but there is nothing like baulking theſe formaliſts at firſt. When they are put out of their road, they are filled with doubts of themſelves, and can never get into it again: ſo that an honeſt fellow, impertinently attacked, as I was, has all the game in his own hand quite through the conference.

He ſtroked his chin, and hardly knew what to ſay. At laſt, after parentheſis within parentheſis, apologizing for apologies, in imitation, I ſuppoſe, of Swift's Digreſſion in praiſe of Digreſſions—'I 'preſume—I preſume, Sir, you were 'privy to the viſit made to Miſs Howe 'by the young ladies your couſins, in 'the name of Lord M. and Lady Sarah 'Sadleir, and Lady Betty Lawrance.'

'I *was*, Sir: and Miſs Howe had a 'letter afterwards, ſigned by his lord-'ſhip and by thoſe ladies, and under-'written by myſelf. Have you ſeen it, 'Sir?'

'I can't ſay but I have. It is the 'principal cauſe of this viſit: for Miſs 'Howe thinks your part of it is written 'with ſuch an air of levity—Pardon 'me, Sir—that ſhe knows not whether 'you are in earneſt, or not, in your 'addreſs to *her* for her intereſt with her '*friend*.'

'Will Miſs Howe permit me to ex-'plain myſelf in perſon to her, Mr. 'Hickman?'

'O Sir, by no means. Miſs Howe, 'I am ſure, would not give you that 'trouble.'

'I ſhould not think it a trouble. I 'will moſt readily attend you, Sir, to 'Miſs Howe, and ſatisfy her in all her 'ſcruples. Come, Sir, I will wait upon 'you now. You have a chariot. Are 'alone. We can talk as we ride.'

He heſitated, wriggled, winced, ſtroaked his ruffles, ſet his wig, and pulled his neckcloth, which was long enough for a bib—'I am not going directly back to 'Miſs Howe, Sir. It will be as well, if 'you will be ſo good as to ſatisfy Miſs 'Howe by me.'

'What is it ſhe ſcruples, Mr. Hick-'man?'

'Why, Sir, Miſs Howe obſerves, 'that in your part of the letter, you 'ſay—But let me ſee, Sir—I have a 'copy of what you wrote,' [Pulling it out]—'Will you give me leave, Sir? '—Thus you begin—"*Dear Miſs* "*Howe*——"

'No offence, I hope, Mr. Hick-'man?'

'None in the leaſt, Sir!—None at 'all, Sir!'—Taking aim, as it were, to read.

'Do you uſe ſpectacles, Mr. Hick-'man?'

'*Spectacles*, Sir!'—His whole broad face lifted up at me—'Spectacles!—'What makes you aſk me ſuch a queſ-'tion?—Such a young man as I uſe ſpec-'tacles, Sir!'

'They do in Spain, Mr. Hickman: 'young as well as old, to ſave their eyes. '—Have you ever read Prior's *Alma*, 'Mr. Hickman?'

'I have,

'I have, Sir!—Cuſtom is every-thing 'in nations, as well as with individu-'als: I know the meaning of your 'queſtion—But 'tis not the *Engliſh* cuſ-'tom.'

'Was you ever in Spain, Mr. Hick-'man?'

'No, Sir: I have been in Holland.'

'In Holland, Sir!—Never in France 'or Italy?'—I was reſolved to travel with him into the land of *Puzzledom*.

'No, Sir; I cannot ſay I have, as 'yet.'

'That's a wonder, Sir, when on the 'continent!'

'I went on a particular affair: I was 'obliged to return ſoon.'

'Well, Sir; you was going to read—'Pray be pleaſed to proceed.'

Again he took aim, as if his eyes were older than the reſt of him; and read—'*After what is written above, and* '*ſigned by names and characters of ſuch un-*'*queſtionable honour*——' 'To be ſure,' (taking off his eyes) 'nobody queſtions 'the honour of Lord M. nor that of the 'good ladies who ſigned the letter.'

'I hope, Mr. Hickman, nobody queſ-'tions mine neither?'

'If you pleaſe, Sir, I will read on—"*I might have been excuſed ſigning a name,* "*almoſt as hateful to myſelf,*"—'[You are 'pleaſed to ſay]—"*as I* KNOW *it is to* "YOU—"

'Well, Mr. Hickman, I muſt inter-'rupt you at this place. In what I wrote 'to Miſs Howe, I diſtinguiſhed the word 'KNOW. I had a reaſon for it. Miſs 'Howe has been very free with my cha-'racter. I have never done her any 'harm. I take it very ill of her. And 'I hope, Sir, you come in her name to 'make excuſes for it.'

'Miſs Howe, Sir, is a very polite 'young lady. She is not accuſtomed to 'treat any man's character unbecom-'ingly.'

'Then *I* have the more reaſon to take 'it amiſs, Mr. Hickman.'

'Why, Sir, you know the friend-'ſhip—'

'No friendſhip ſhould warrant ſuch 'freedoms as Miſs Howe has taken with 'my character.'

(I believe he began to wiſh he had not come near me. He ſeemed quite diſ-concerted.)

'Have you not heard Miſs Howe treat 'my name with great—'

'Sir, I come not to offend or affront 'you: but you know what a love there 'is between Miſs Howe and Miſs Har-'lowe.—I doubt, Sir, you have not 'treated Miſs Harlowe, as ſo fine a young 'lady deſerved to be treated. And if 'love for her friend has made Miſs Howe 'take freedoms, as you call them, a 'mind not ungenerous, on ſuch an oc-'caſion, will rather be ſorry for having 'given the *cauſe*, than—'

'I know your conſequence, Sir!—'But I'd rather have this reproof from 'a lady, than from a gentleman. I have 'a great deſire to wait upon Miſs Howe. 'I am perſuaded we ſhould ſoon come 'to a good underſtanding. Generous 'minds are always of kin. I know we 'ſhould agree in every-thing.—Pray, 'Mr. Hickman, be ſo kind as to intro-'duce me to Miſs Howe.'

'Sir—I can ſignify your deſire, if you 'pleaſe, to Miſs Howe.'

'Do ſo.—Be pleaſed to read on, Mr. 'Hickman.'

He did very formally, as if I remem-bered not what I had written; and when he came to the paſſage about the halter, the parſon, and the hangman, reading it—'Why, Sir,' ſays he, 'does not this 'look like a jeſt?—Miſs Howe thinks it 'does. It is not in the lady's *power*, 'you know, Sir, to doom you to the 'gallows.'

'Then, if it were, Mr. Hickman, you 'think ſhe would?'

'You ſay here to Miſs Howe,' pro-ceeded he, 'that Miſs Harlowe is the '*moſt injured of the ſex*. I know, from 'Miſs Howe, that ſhe highly reſents the 'injuries you own: inſomuch that 'Miſs Howe doubts that ſhe ſhall ne-'ver prevail upon her to overlook them; 'and as your family are all deſirous you 'ſhould repair her wrongs, and like-'wiſe deſire Miſs Howe's interpoſition 'with her friend; Miſs Howe fears, 'from this part of your letter, that you 'are too much in jeſt; and that your 'offer to do her juſtice is rather in com-'pliment to your friends entreaties, than 'proceeding from your own inclinati-'ons: and ſhe deſires to know your true 'ſentiments on this occaſion, before ſhe 'interpoſes further.

'Do you think, Mr. Hickman, that, 'if I am capable of deceiving my own 'relations, I have ſo much obligation 'to Miſs Howe, who has always treat-'ed me with great freedom, as to ac-'knowledge to *her*, what I don't to '*them*?'

'Sir, I beg pardon: but Miſs Howe 'thinks, that, as you have written to 'her, ſhe may aſk you, by me, for an 'explanation of what you have written.'

'You ſee, Mr. Hickman, ſomething

'of me.—Do *you* think I am in jeſt, or 'in earneſt?'

'I ſee, Sir, you are a gay gentleman, 'of fine ſpirits, and all that—All I beg 'in Miſs Howe's name, is, to know if 'you really, and *bona fide*, join with 'your friends in deſiring her to uſe her 'intereſt to reconcile you to Miſs Har-'lowe?

'I ſhould be extremely glad to be re-'conciled to Miſs Harlowe; and ſhould 'owe great obligations to Miſs Howe, 'if ſhe could bring about ſo happy an 'event.'

'Well, Sir, and you have no objec-'tions to marriage, I preſume, as the 'condition of that reconciliation?'

'I never liked matrimony in my life. 'I muſt be plain with you, Mr. Hick-'man.'

'I am ſorry for it: I think it a very 'happy ſtate.'

'I hope you will find it ſo, Mr. 'Hickman.'

'I doubt not but I ſhall, Sir. And 'I dare ſay, ſo would you, if you were 'to have Miſs Harlowe.'

'If I could be happy in it with any-'body, it would be with Miſs Har-'lowe.'

'I am ſurprized, Sir!—Then, after 'all, you don't think of marrying Miſs 'Harlowe!—After the hard uſage—'

'What hard uſage, Mr. Hickman? I 'don't doubt but a lady of her niceneſs 'has repreſented what would appear 'trifles to any other, in a very ſtrong 'light.'

'If what I have had hinted to me, 'Sir—Excuſe me—has been offered to 'the lady, ſhe has more than trifles to 'complain of.'

'Let me know what you have heard, 'Mr. Hickman? I will very truly an-'ſwer to the accuſations.'

'Sir, you know beſt what you have 'done: you own the lady is the *moſt in-'jured, as well as the moſt deſerving, of 'her ſex.*'

'I do, Sir; and yet, I would be glad 'to know what you have *heard*; for on 'that, perhaps, depends my anſwer to 'the queſtions Miſs Howe puts to me by 'you.'

'Why, then, Sir, ſince you aſk it, 'you cannot be diſpleaſed if I anſwer 'you:—In the firſt place, Sir, you will 'acknowledge, I ſuppoſe, that you pro-'miſed Miſs Harlowe marriage, and 'all that?'

'Well, Sir, and I ſuppoſe what you 'have to charge me with is, that I was 'deſirous to have *all that*, without mar-'riage.'

'Cot-ſo, Sir, I know you are deemed 'to be a man of wit: but may I not aſk, 'if theſe things fit not too light upon 'you?'

'When a thing is done, and cannot 'be helped, 'tis right to make the beſt 'of it. I wiſh the lady would think ſo 'too.'

'I think, Sir, ladies ſhould not be 'deceived. I think a promiſe to a lady 'ſhould be as binding as to any other 'perſon, at the leaſt.'

'I *believe* you think ſo, Mr. Hick-'man: and I believe you are a very 'honeſt good ſort of a man.'

'I would always keep my word, Sir, 'whether to man or woman.'

'You ſay well. And far be it from 'me to perſuade you to do otherwiſe. 'But what have you farther heard?'

(Thou wilt think, Jack, I muſt be very deſirous to know in what light my elected ſpouſe had repreſented things to Miſs Howe; and how far Miſs Howe had communicated them to Mr. Hick-man.)

'Sir, this is no part of my preſent 'buſineſs.'

'But, Mr. Hickman, 'tis part of 'mine. I hope you would not expect, 'that I ſhould anſwer *your* queſtions, at 'the ſame time that you refuſed to an-'ſwer *mine*. What, pray, have you far-'ther heard?'

'Why, then, Sir, if I muſt ſay, I am 'told, that Miſs Harlowe was carried to 'a very bad houſe.'

'Why, indeed, the people did not 'prove ſo good as they ſhould be.—What 'farther have you heard?'

'I have heard, Sir, that the lady had 'ſtrange advantages taken of her, very '*unfair* ones: but what I cannot ſay.'

'And *cannot* you ſay?—Cannot you '*gueſs?*—Then I'll tell you, Sir. Per-'haps ſome liberty was taken with her 'when ſhe was aſleep. Do you think no 'lady ever was taken at ſuch an advan-'tage?—You know, Mr. Hickman, that 'ladies are very ſhy of truſting them-'ſelves with the modeſteſt of our ſex, 'when they are diſpoſed to ſleep; and 'why ſo, if they did not *expect* that ad-'vantages would be taken of them at 'ſuch times?'

'But, Sir, had not the lady ſome-'thing given her to make her ſleep?'

'Aye, Mr. Hickman, that's the queſ-'tion: I want to know if the lady ſays 'ſhe had?'

'I have

'I have not ſeen all ſhe has written; 'but by what I have heard, it is a very 'black affair—Excuſe me, Sir.'

'I do excuſe you, Mr. Hickman: 'but, ſuppoſing it were ſo, do you think 'a lady was never impoſed upon by 'wine, or ſo?—Do you think the moſt 'cautious woman in the world might 'not be cheated by a ſtronger liquor for 'a ſmaller, when ſhe was thirſty, after 'a fatigue in this very warm weather? 'And do you think, if ſhe was thus 'thrown into a profound ſleep, that ſhe 'is the only lady that ever was taken at 'ſuch advantage?'

'Even as you make it, Mr. Lovelace, 'this matter is not a light one. But I 'fear it is a great deal heavier than as 'you put it.'

'What reaſons have you to fear this, 'Sir? What has the lady ſaid? Pray 'let me know. I have *reaſon* to be ſo 'earneſt.'

'Why, Sir, Miſs Howe herſelf knows 'not the whole. The lady promiſes to 'give her all the particulars at a proper 'time, if ſhe lives; but has ſaid enough 'to make it out to be a very bad affair.'

'I am glad Miſs Harlowe has not yet 'given all the particulars. And, ſince 'ſhe has not, you may tell Miſs Howe 'from me, that neither ſhe nor any wo- 'man in the world can be more virtu- 'ous than Miſs Harlowe is to this hour, 'as to her own mind. Tell her, that I 'hope ſhe never *will* know the particu- 'lars; but that ſhe has been unworthily 'uſed: tell her, that though I know 'not what ſhe has ſaid, yet I have ſuch 'an opinion of her veracity, that I would 'blindly ſubſcribe to the truth of every 'tittle of it, though it make me ever ſo 'black. Tell her, that I have but *three* 'things to blame her for; *one*, that ſhe 'won't give me an opportunity of re- 'pairing her wrongs: the *ſecond*, that 'ſhe is ſo ready to acquaint every-body 'with what ſhe has ſuffered, that it will 'put it out of my power to redreſs thoſe 'wrongs, with any tolerable reputation 'to either of us. Will this, Mr. Hick- 'man, anſwer any part of the intention 'of this viſit?'

'Why, Sir, this is talking like a man 'of honour, I own. But you ſay there 'is a *third* thing you blame the lady for '—May I aſk what that is?'

'I don't know, Sir, whether I ought 'to tell it you, or not. Perhaps you 'won't believe it, if I do. But though 'the lady will tell the *truth* and nothing 'but the truth; yet, perhaps, ſhe will 'not tell you the *whole* truth.'

'Pray, Sir—But it mayn't be proper '—Yet you give me great curioſity. 'Sure there is no miſconduct in the lady. 'I hope there is not. I am ſure, if Miſs 'Howe did not believe her to be fault- 'leſs in every particular, ſhe would not 'intereſt herſelf ſo much in her favour 'as ſhe does, dearly as ſhe loves her.'

'I love Miſs Harlowe too well, Mr. 'Hickman, to wiſh to leſſen her in Miſs 'Howe's opinion; eſpecially as ſhe is 'abandoned of every other friend. But, 'perhaps, it would hardly be credited, 'if I ſhould tell you.'

'I ſhould be very ſorry, Sir, and ſo 'would Miſs Howe, if this poor lady's 'conduct had laid her under obligation 'to you for this reſerve.—You have ſo 'much the appearance of a gentleman, 'as well as are ſo much diſtinguiſhed in 'your family and fortunes, that I hope 'you are incapable of loading ſuch a 'young lady as this, in order to lighten 'yourſelf—Excuſe me, Sir.'

'I do, I do, Mr. Hickman. You 'ſay you came not with any intention to 'affront me. I take freedom, and I 'give it. I ſhould be very loth, I re- 'peat, to ſay any thing that may 'weaken Miſs Harlowe in the good opi- 'nion of the only friend ſhe thinks ſhe 'has left.'

'It may not be proper,' ſaid he, 'for 'me to know your *third* article againſt 'this unhappy lady: but I never heard 'of any-body, out of her own implaca- 'ble family, that had the leaſt doubt of 'her honour. *Mrs.* Howe, indeed, once 'ſaid, after a conference with one of her 'uncles, that ſhe feared all was not 'right on her ſide.—But elſe, I never 'heard—'

'Oons, Sir!'—in a fierce tone, and with an erect mien, ſtopping ſhort upon him, which made him ſtart back—''Tis 'next to blaſphemy to queſtion this lady's 'honour! She is more pure than a veſ- 'tal; for veſtals have been often warm- 'ed by their own fires. No age, from 'the firſt to the preſent, ever produced, 'nor will the future, to the end of the 'world, I dare aver, ever produce, 'a young blooming lady, tried as ſhe 'has been tried, who has ſtood all trials, 'as ſhe has done.—Let me tell you, Sir, 'that you never ſaw, never knew, never 'heard of, ſuch another woman as Miſs 'Harlowe.'

'Sir, Sir, I beg your pardon. Far 'be it from me to queſtion the lady. 'You have not heard me ſay a word, 'that could be ſo conſtrued. I have the 'utmoſt honour for her. Miſs Howe 'loves her, as ſhe loves her own ſoul; 'and that ſhe would not do, if ſhe were

'not

'not ſure ſhe were as virtuous as her-
'ſelf.'

'*As herſelf*, Sir!—I have a high opi-
'nion of Miſs Howe, Sir—But, I dare
'ſay—'

'What, Sir, dare you ſay of Miſs
'Howe!—I hope, Sir, you will not pre-
'ſume to ſay any-thing to the diſparage-
'ment of Miſs Howe.'

'*Preſume*, Mr. Hickman!—That is
'*preſuming* language, let me tell you, Mr.
'Hickman!'

'The *occaſion* for it, Mr. Lovelace,
'if deſigned, is *preſuming*, if you pleaſe.
'—I am not a man ready to take of-
'fence, Sir—Eſpecially where I am em-
'ployed as a mediator. But no man
'breathing ſhall ſay diſparaging things
'of Miſs Howe, in my hearing, with-
'out obſervation.'

'Well ſaid, Mr. Hickman. I diſlike
'not your ſpirit, on ſuch a *ſuppoſed* oc-
'caſion. But what I was going to ſay
'is this, that there is not, in my opi-
'nion, a woman in the world, who
'ought to compare herſelf with Miſs
'Clariſſa Harlowe till ſhe has ſtood *her*
'trials, and has behaved *under* them,
'and *after* them, as ſhe has done.—You
'ſee, Sir, I ſpeak againſt myſelf. You
'ſee I do. For, libertine as I am
'thought to be, I never will attempt
'to bring down the meaſures of right
'and wrong to the ſtandard of my
'actions.'

'Why, Sir, this is very right. It is
'very *noble*, I will ſay. But 'tis pity—
'Excuſe me, Sir—'tis pity, that the
'man who can pronounce ſo fine a ſen-
'tence, will not ſquare his actions ac-
'cordingly.'

'That, Mr. Hickman, is another
'point. We all err in ſome things. I
'wiſh not that Miſs Howe ſhould have
'Miſs Harlowe's trials: and I rejoice,
'that ſhe is in no danger of any ſuch
'from ſo good a man.'

(Poor Hickman!—He looked as if he knew not whether I meant a compliment or a reflection!)

'But,' proceeded I, 'ſince I find that
'I have excited your curioſity, that you
'may not go away with a doubt that
'may be injurious to the moſt admir-
'able of women, I am inclined to hint
'to you what I have in the *third* place
'to blame her for.'

'Sir, as you pleaſe—It may not be
'proper.'

'It cannot be very *improper*, Mr.
'Hickman—So let me aſk you, What
'would Miſs Howe think, if her friend
'is the *more* determined againſt me, be-
'cauſe ſhe thinks (in revenge to me, I
'verily believe that!) of encouraging
'another lover?'

'How, Sir!—Sure this cannot be the
'caſe!—I can tell you, Sir, if Miſs
'Howe thought this, ſhe would not
'approve of it at all: for, as little as
'you think Miſs Howe likes you, Sir,
'and little as ſhe approves of your ac-
'tions by her friend, I know ſhe is of
'opinion, that ſhe ought to have no-
'body living but you: and ſhould con-
'tinue ſingle all her life, if ſhe be not
'yours.'

'Revenge and obſtinacy, Mr. Hick-
'man, will make women, the beſt of
'them, do very unaccountable things.
'Rather than not put out both eyes of
'the man they are offended with, they
'will give up one of their own.'

'I don't know what to ſay to this,
'Sir: but, ſure, ſhe cannot encourage
'any other perſon's addreſs!—So ſoon
'too—Why, Sir, ſhe is, as we are told,
'ſo ill, and ſo *weak*——'

'Not in reſentment weak, I'll aſſure
'you. I am well acquainted with all
'her movements—And I tell you, be-
'lieve it, or not, that ſhe refuſes *me* in
'view of *another* lover.'

'Can it be?'

''Tis true, by my ſoul!—Has ſhe
'not hinted this to Miſs Howe, do you
'think?'

'No, indeed, Sir. If ſhe had I ſhould
'not have troubled you at this time from
'Miſs Howe.'

'Well, then, you ſee I am right:
'that though ſhe cannot be guilty of a
'falſhood, yet ſhe has not told her friend
'the whole truth.'

'What ſhall a man ſay to theſe
'things!'—(Looking moſt ſtupidly per-
plexed.)

'*Say! Say!* Mr. Hickman!—Who
'can account for the workings and ways
'of a paſſionate and offended woman?
'Endleſs would be the hiſtories I could
'give you, within my own knowledge,
'of the dreadful effects of women's paſ-
'ſionate reſentments, and what that ſex
'will do when diſappointed.

'There was Miſs DORRINGTON,
'[Perhaps you know her not] who run
'away with her father's groom, becauſe
'he would not let her have a half-pay
'officer, with whom (her paſſions all up)
'ſhe fell in love at firſt ſight, as he acci-
'dentally paſſed under her window.

'There was Miſs SAVAGE; ſhe mar-
'ried her mother's coachman, becauſe
'her mother refuſed her a journey to
'Wales; in apprehenſion, that Miſs
'intended

'intended to league herſelf with a re-
'mote couſin of unequal fortunes, of
'whom ſhe was not a little fond when
'he was a viſiting-gueſt at their houſe
'for a week.

'There was the young widow SAN-
'DERSON; who believing herſelf ſlight-
'ed by a younger brother of a noble fa-
'mily, (Sarah Stout like) took it into
'her head to drown herſelf.

'Miſs SALLY ANDERSON [You have
'heard of her, no doubt] being checked
'by her uncle for encouraging an ad-
'dreſs beneath her, in ſpite, threw her-
'ſelf into the arms of an ugly dog, a
'ſhoemaker's apprentice, running away
'with him in a pair of ſhoes he had juſt
'fitted to her feet, though ſhe never
'ſaw the fellow before, and hated him
'ever after: and, at laſt, took lauda-
'num to make her forget for ever her
'own folly.

'But can there be a ſtronger inſtance
'in point, than what the unaccountable
'reſentments of *ſuch* a lady as Miſs Cla-
'riſſa Harlowe afford us? Who at this
'very inſtant, ill as ſhe is, not only en-
'courages, but, in a manner, makes
'court to one of the moſt odious dogs
'that ever was ſeen? I think Miſs
'Howe ſhould not be told this—And yet
'ſhe ought too, in order to diſſuade her
'from ſuch a prepoſterous raſhneſs.'

'O fie! O ſtrange! Miſs Howe knows
'nothing of this! To be ſure ſhe won't
'look upon her, if this be true!'

''Tis true, very true, Mr. Hickman!
'True as I am here to tell you ſo!—And
'he is an ugly fellow too; uglier to
'look at than me.'

'Than *you*, Sir! Why, to be ſure,
'you are one of the handſomeſt men in
'England.'

'Well, but the wretch ſhe ſo ſpite-
'fully prefers to me is a miſ-ſhapen,
'meagre varlet; more like a ſkeleton
'than a man! Then he dreſſes—you never
'ſaw a devil ſo bedizened! Hardly a coat
'to his back, nor a ſhoe to his foot: a
'bald-pated villain, yet grudges to buy
'a peruke to hide his baldneſs: for he
'is as covetous as hell, never ſatisfied,
'yet plaguy rich.'

'Why, Sir, there is ſome joke in this,
'ſurely. A man of common parts knows
'not how to take ſuch gentlemen as you.
'But, Sir, if there be any truth in the
'ſtory, what is he? Some Jew, or miſ-
'erly citizen, I ſuppoſe, that may have
'preſumed on the lady's diſtreſsful cir-
'cumſtances; and your lively wit points
'him out as it pleaſes.'

'Why the raſcal has eſtates in every
'county *in* England, and *out of* England
'too.'

'Some Eaſt India governor, I ſuppoſe,
'if there be any-thing in it. The lady
'once had thoughts of going abroad.
'But, I fancy, all this time you are in
'jeſt, Sir. If not, we muſt ſurely have
'heard of him——'

'Heard of him! Ay, Sir, we have all
'heard of him—But none of us care to
'be intimate with him—except this lady
'—and that, as I told you, in ſpite to
'me—His name, in ſhort, is DEATH!
'—DEATH, Sir,' ſtamping, and ſpeak-
ing loud, and full in his ear; which
made him jump half a yard high.

Thou never beheldeſt any man ſo diſ-
concerted. He looked as if the fright-
ful ſkeleton was before him, and he had
not his accounts ready. When a little
recovered, he fribbled with his waiſt-
coat buttons, as if he had been telling
his beads.

'This, Sir,' proceeded I, 'is her
'wooer!—Nay, ſhe is ſo forward a girl,
'that ſhe *wooes him*: but I hope it never
'will be a match.'

He had before behaved, and now
looked, with more ſpirit than I expect-
ed from him.

'I came, Sir,' ſaid he, 'as a mediator
'of differences. It behoves me to keep
'my temper. But, Sir,' and turned ſhort
upon me, 'as much as I love peace,
'and to promote it, I will not be ill-
'uſed.'

As I had played ſo much upon him, it
would have been wrong to take him at
his *more* than half-menace: yet, I think,
I owe him a grudge, for his preſuming
to addreſs Miſs Howe.

'You mean no defiance, I preſume,
'Mr. Hickman, any more than I do of-
'fence. On that preſumption, I aſk your
'excuſe. But this is my way. I mean
'no harm. I cannot let ſorrow touch
'my heart. I cannot be grave ſix mi-
'nutes together, for the blood of me.
'I am a deſcendent of old Chancellor
'Moore, I believe; and ſhould not for-
'bear to cut a joke, were I upon the
'ſcaffold. But you may gather, from
'what I have *ſaid*, that I prefer Miſs
'Harlowe, and that upon the juſteſt
'grounds, to all the women in the world:
'and I wonder, that there ſhould be any
'difficulty to believe, from what I have
'ſigned, and from what I have promiſ-
'ed to my relations, and enabled them
'to promiſe for me, that I ſhould be glad
'to marry that excellent creature upon
'her own terms. I acknowledge to you,
'Mr. Hickman, that I have baſely in-

'jured

'jured her. If she will honour me with 'her hand, I declare, that it is my in-'tention to make her the best of hus-'bands. But, nevertheless, I must say, 'that, if she goes on appealing her case, 'and exposing us both, as she does, it 'is impossible to think the knot can be 'knit with reputation to either. And al-'though, Mr. Hickman, I have deliver-'ed my apprehensions under so ludicrous 'a figure, I am afraid, that she will ruin 'her constitution; and, by seeking 'Death when she may shun him, will 'not be able to avoid him when she would 'be glad to do so.'

This cool and honest speech let down his stiffened muscles into complacence. He was my very obedient and faithful humble servant several times over, as I waited on him to his chariot: and I was his almost as often.

And so *exit* Hickman.

## LETTER LXXIX.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

[IN ANSWER TO LETTERS LXXII. LXXVI. LXXVII.]

FRIDAY NIGHT, JULY 21.

I Will throw away a few paragraphs upon the contents of thy last shocking letters just brought me; and send what I shall write by the fellow who carries mine on the interview with Hickman.

Reformation, I see, is coming fast upon thee. Thy uncle's slow death, and thy attendance upon him, through every stage towards it, prepared thee for it. But go thou on in thine own way, as I will in mine. Happiness consists in being pleased with what we do: and if thou canst find delight in being *sad*, it will be as well for thee, as if thou wert *merry*, though no other person should join to keep thee in countenance.

I am, nevertheless, exceedingly disturbed at the lady's ill health. It is entirely owing to the cursed arrest. She was absolutely triumphant over me and the whole crew *before*. Thou believest me guiltless of that: so, I hope, does she.—The rest, as I have often said, is a common case; only a little uncommonly circumstanced; that's all! why, then, all these severe things from her, and from thee?

As to selling her cloaths, and her laces, and so-forth, it has, I own, a shocking sound with it. What an implacable as well as unjust set of wretches are those of her unkindredly kin who have money of hers in their hands, as well as large arrears of her own estate; yet withhold both, *avowedly* to distress her! But may she not have money of that proud and saucy friend of hers, Miss Howe, more than she wants?—And should not I be overjoyed, thinkest thou, to serve her?——What then is there in the parting with her apparel, but female perverseness?—And I am not sure, whether I ought not to be glad, if she does this out of *spite to me*.—Some disappointed fair-ones would have hanged, some drowned themselves. My beloved only revenges herself upon her cloaths. Different ways of working has passion in different bosoms, as humours or complexion induce.—Besides, dost think I shall grudge to replace, to three times the value, what she disposes of? So, Jack, there is no great matter in this.

Thou seest how sensible she is of the soothings of the polite doctor: this will enable thee to judge how dreadfully the horrid arrest, and her gloomy father's curse, must have hurt her. I have great hope, if she will but see me, that my behaviour, my contrition, my soothings, may have some happy effects upon her.

But thou art too ready to give me up. Let me seriously tell thee, that all excellence as she is, I think the earnest interposition of my relations; the implored mediation of that little fury Miss Howe; and the commissions thou actest under from myself; are such instances of condescension and high value in *them*, and such contrition in *me*, that nothing farther can be done.—So here let the matter rest for the present, till she considers better of it.

But now a few words upon poor Belton's case. I own I was at first a little startled at the disloyalty of his Thomasine: her hypocrisy to be for so many years undetected!—I have very lately had some intimations given me of her vileness; and had intended to mention them to thee, when I saw thee. To say the truth, I always suspected her *eye*: the *eye*, then knowest, is the *casement*, at which the *heart* generally looks out. Many a woman, who will not shew herself at the *door*, has tipt the sly, the unintelligible *wink* from the *window*.

But Tom had no management at all. A very careless fellow. Would never look into his own affairs. The estate his uncle left him was his ruin: wife or mistress, whoever was, must have had his fortune to sport with.

I have often hinted his weakness of this sort to him; and the danger he was in

in of becoming the property of deſigning people. But he hated to take pains. He would ever run away from his accounts; as now, poor fellow! he would be glad to do from himſelf. Had he not had a *woman* to fleece him, his *coachman* or *valet*, would have been his *prime-miniſter*, and done it as effectually.

But yet, for many years, I thought ſhe was true to his bed. At leaſt I thought the boys were his own. For though they are muſcular, and big-boned, yet I ſuppoſed the healthy mother might have furniſhed them with legs and ſhoulders: for ſhe is not of a delicate frame; and then Tom, ſome years ago, looked up, and ſpoke more like a man, than he has done of late; ſqueaking inwardly, poor fellow! for ſome time paſt, from contracted quail-pipes, and wheezing from lungs half ſpit away.

He complains, thou ſayeſt, that we all run away from him. Why, after all, Belford, it is no pleaſant thing to ſee a poor fellow one loves, dying by inches, yet unable to do him good. There are friendſhips which are only *bottle-deep*: I ſhould be loth to have it thought, that mine for any of my vaſſals is ſuch a one. Yet, with gay hearts, which *became intimate becauſe they were gay*, the reaſon for their firſt intimacy ceaſing, the friendſhip will fade: but may not this ſort of friendſhip be more properly diſtinguiſhed by the word *companionſhip*?

But mine, as I ſaid, is deeper than this: I would ſtill be as ready as ever I was in my life, to the utmoſt of my power, to do him ſervice.

As one inſtance of this my readineſs to extricate him from all his difficulties as to Thomaſine, doſt thou care to propoſe to him an expedient, that is juſt come into my head?

It is this: I would engage Thomaſine and her cubs (if Belton be convinced they are neither of them his) in a party of pleaſure. She was always complaiſant to me. It ſhould be in a boat, hired for the purpoſe, to ſail to Tilbury, to the Iſle of Shepey, or pleaſuring up the Medway; and 'tis but contriving to turn the boat bottom upward. I can ſwim like a fiſh. Another boat ſhall be ready to take up whom I ſhould direct, for fear of the worſt: and then, if Tom has a mind to be decent, one ſuit of mourning will ſerve for all three: nay, the hoſtler-couſin may take his plunge from the ſteerage: and who knows but they may be thrown up on the beach, Thomaſine and he, hand in hand?

'This,' thou'lt ſay, 'is no *common* 'inſtance of friendſhip.'

Mean time, do thou prevail on him to come down to us: he never was more welcome in his life, than he ſhall be now: if he will not, let him find me ſome other ſervice; and I will clap a pair of wings to my ſhoulders, and he ſhall ſee me come flying in at his windows at the word of command.

Mowbray and Tourville each intend to give thee a letter; and I leave to thoſe rough varlets to handle thee as thou deſerveſt, for the ſhocking picture thou haſt drawn of their laſt ends. Thy own paſt guilt has ſtared thee full in the face, one may ſee by it; and made thee, in conſciouſneſs of thy demerits, ſketch out theſe curſed outlines. I am glad thou haſt got the old fiend to hold the glaſs before thy own face ſo ſoon. Thou muſt be in earneſt ſurely, when thou wroteſt it, and have ſevere conviction upon thee: for what a hardened varlet muſt he be, who could draw ſuch a picture as this, in ſport?

As for thy reſolution of repenting and marrying; I would have thee conſider which thou wilt ſet about firſt. If thou wilt follow my advice, thou ſhalt make ſhort work of it: let matrimony take place of the other; for then thou wilt, very poſſibly, have repentance come tumbling in faſt upon thee, as a conſequence, and ſo have both in one.

## LETTER LXXX.

MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

FRIDAY NOON, JULY 21.

THIS morning I was admitted, as ſoon as I ſent up my name, into the preſence of the divine lady. Such I may call her; as what I have to relate will fully prove.

She had had a tolerable night, and was much better in ſpirits; though weak in perſon; and viſibly declining in looks.

Mrs. Lovick and Mrs. Smith were with her; and accuſed her, in a gentle manner, of having applied herſelf too aſſiduouſly to her pen for her ſtrength, having been up ever ſince five. She ſaid, ſhe had reſted better than ſhe had done for many nights: ſhe had found her ſpirits free, and her mind tolerably eaſy: and having, as ſhe had reaſon to think, but a ſhort time, and much to do in it, ſhe muſt be a good houſewife of her hours.

She had been writing, ſhe ſaid, a let-

ter to her ſiſter: but had not pleaſed herſelf in it; though ſhe had made two or three eſſays: but that the laſt muſt go.

By hints I had dropt from time to time, ſhe had reaſon, ſhe ſaid, to think that I knew every-thing that concerned her and her family; and, if ſo, muſt be acquainted with the heavy curſe her father had laid upon her; which had been dreadfully fulfilled in one part, as to her proſpects in this life, and that in a very ſhort time; which gave her great apprehenſions of the other part. She had been applying herſelf to her ſiſter, to obtain a revocation of it. 'I hope 'my father will revoke it,' ſaid ſhe, 'or I ſhall be very miſerable—Yet' [And ſhe gaſped as ſhe ſpoke, with apprehenſion]—'I am ready to tremble 'at what the anſwer may be; for my 'ſiſter is hard-hearted.'

I ſaid ſomething reflecting upon her friends; as to what they would deſerve to be thought of, if the unmerited imprecation were not withdrawn——Upon which ſhe took me up, and talked in ſuch a dutiful manner of her parents as muſt doubly condemn them (if they remain implacable) for their inhuman treatment of ſuch a daughter.

She ſaid, I muſt not blame her parents: it was her dear Miſs Howe's fault to do ſo. But what an enormity was there in her crime, which could ſet the beſt of parents (they had been to her, till ſhe diſobliged them) in a bad light, for reſenting the raſhneſs of a child from whoſe education they had reaſon to expect better fruits! There were ſome hard circumſtances in her caſe, it was true: but my *friend* could tell me, that no *one* perſon, throughout the whole fatal tranſaction, had acted out of character, but *herſelf*. She ſubmitted therefore to the penalty ſhe had incurred. If they had any fault, it was only, that they would not inform themſelves of ſome circumſtances, which would alleviate a little her miſdeed; and that ſuppoſing her a more guilty creature than ſhe was, they puniſhed her without a hearing.

Lord!—*I was going to curſe thee, Lovelace! How every inſtance of excellence, in this all excelling creature, condemns thee; —thou wilt have reaſon to think thyſelf of all men the moſt accurſed, if ſhe die!*

I then beſought her, while ſhe was capable of ſuch glorious inſtances of generoſity and forgiveneſs, to extend her goodneſs to a man, whoſe heart bled in every vein of it for the injuries he had done her; and who would make it the ſtudy of his whole life to repair them.

The women would have withdrawn when the ſubject became ſo particular. But ſhe would not permit them to go. She told me, that if after this time, I was for entering with ſo much earneſtneſs into a ſubject ſo very diſagreeable to *her*, my viſits muſt not be repeated. Nor was there occaſion, ſhe ſaid, for my friendly offices in your favour; ſince ſhe had begun to write her whole mind upon that ſubject to Miſs Howe, in anſwer to letters from her, in which Miſs Howe urged the ſame arguments, in compliment to the wiſhes of your noble and worthy relations.

'Mean time, you may let him know,' ſaid ſhe, 'that I reject him with my 'whole heart:—yet, that, although I 'ſay this with ſuch a determination as 'ſhall leave no room for doubt, I ſay 'it not however with paſſion. On the 'contrary, tell him, that I am trying 'to bring my mind into ſuch a frame as 'to be able to *pity* him; [Poor perjur-'ed wretch! what has he not to anſwer 'for!] and that I ſhall not think myſelf 'qualified for the ſtate I am aſpiring to, 'if, after a few ſtruggles more, I can-'not *forgive* him too: and I hope,' claſping her hands together, uplifted as were her eyes, 'my dear *earthly* father 'will ſet me the example my *Heavenly* 'one has already ſet us all; and, by 'forgiving his fallen daughter, teach 'her to forgive the man, who then, I 'hope, will not have deſtroyed my 'eternal proſpects, as he has my tem-'poral!'

*Stop here, thou wretch!—But I need not bid thee!——For I can go no farther.*

## LETTER LXXXI.

MR. BELFORD. IN CONTINUATION.

YOU will imagine how affecting her noble ſpeech and behaviour were to me, at the time, when the bare recollecting and tranſcribing them obliged me to drop my pen. The women had tears in their eyes. I was ſilent for a few moments.—At laſt, 'Matchleſs 'excellence! inimitable goodneſs!' I called her with a voice ſo accented, that I was half-aſhamed of myſelf, as it was before the women.—But who could ſtand ſuch ſublime generoſity of ſoul, in ſo young a creature, her lovelineſs giving grace to all ſhe ſaid?—'Me-'thinks,' ſaid I, [and I really, in a manner involuntarily, bent my knee] 'I have before me an angel indeed. I

'can

'can hardly forbear proſtration, and to 'beg your influence to draw me after 'you, to the world you are aſpiring to! '—Yet—But what ſhall I ſay—Only, 'deareſt excellence, make me, in ſome 'ſmall inſtances, ſerviceable to you, 'that I may (if I ſurvive you) have the 'glory to think I was able to contribute 'to your ſatisfaction, while among us.'

Here I ſtopt. She was ſilent. I proceeded—'Have you no commiſſion to 'employ me in; deſerted as you are by 'all your friends; among ſtrangers, 'though, I doubt not, worthy people? 'Cannot I be ſerviceable by meſſage, 'by letter-writing, by attending perſonally, with either meſſage or letter, 'your father, your uncles, your brother, your ſiſter, Miſs Howe, Lord 'M. or the ladies his ſiſters?—Any office to be employed to ſerve you, abſolutely *independent* of my *friend's* wiſhes, 'or of my own wiſhes to oblige him? 'Think, Madam, if I cannot?'

'I thank you, Sir: very heartily I 'thank you: but in nothing that I can 'at preſent think of, or at leaſt reſolve 'upon, can you do me ſervice. I will 'ſee what return the letter I have writ-'ten will bring me.—Till then——'

'My life and my fortune,' interrupted I, 'are devoted to your ſervice. 'Permit me to obſerve, that here you 'are, without one natural friend; and '(ſo much do I know of your unhappy 'caſe) that you muſt be in a manner 'deſtitute of the means to *make* friends '——'

She was going to interrupt me, with a prohibitory kind of earneſtneſs in her manner.

'I beg leave to proceed, Madam: I 'have caſt about twenty ways how to 'mention this before, but never dared 'till now. Suffer me, now that I have 'broken the ice, to tender myſelf as 'your *banker* only.—I know you will 'not be obliged: you *need* not. You 'have ſufficient of your own, if it were 'in your hands; and from *that*, whether 'you live or die, will I conſent to be 'reimburſed. I do aſſure you, that the 'unhappy man ſhall never know either 'my offer, or *your* acceptance—Only 'permit me this ſmall——'

And down behind her chair I dropt a Bank note of 100*l.* which I had brought with me, intending ſome how or other to leave it behind me: nor ſhould thou ever have known it, had ſhe favoured me with the acceptance of it; as I told her.

'You give me great pain, Mr. Bel-ford,' ſaid ſhe, 'by theſe inſtances of 'your humanity. And yet, conſider-'ing the company I have ſeen you in, 'I am not ſorry to find you capable of 'ſuch. Methinks I am glad, for the 'ſake of human nature, that there could 'be but *one* ſuch man in the world, as 'he you and I know. But as to your 'kind offer, whatever it be, if you take 'it not up, you will greatly diſturb me. 'I have no need of your kindneſs. I 'have effects enough, which I never 'can want, to ſupply my preſent occa-'ſions; and, if needful, can have re-'courſe to Miſs Howe. I have promi-'ſed that I would—So pray, Sir, urge 'not upon me this favour.—Take it up 'yourſelf.—If you mean me peace and 'eaſe of mind, urge not this favour.'—And ſhe ſpoke with impatience.

'I beg, Madam, but one word——'

'Not one, Sir, till you have taken back 'what you have let fall. I doubt not 'either the *honour*, or the *kindneſs*, of 'your offer; but you muſt not ſay one 'word more on this ſubject. I cannot 'bear it.'

She was ſtooping, but with pain. I therefore prevented her; and beſought her to forgive me for a tender, which, I ſaw, had been more diſcompoſing to her than I had hoped (from the purity of my intentions) it would be. But I could not bear to think, that ſuch a mind as hers ſhould be diſtreſſed: ſince the want of the conveniences ſhe was uſed to abound in might affect and diſturb her in the divine courſe ſhe was in.

'You are very kind to me, Sir,' ſaid ſhe, 'and very favourable in your opi-'nion of me. But I hope, that I cannot 'now be eaſily put out of my preſent 'courſe. My declining health will 'more and more confirm me in it. 'Thoſe who arreſted and confined me, 'no doubt, thought they had fallen 'upon the ready method to diſtreſs me 'ſo, as to bring me into all their mea-'ſures. But I preſume to hope, that I 'have a mind that cannot be debaſed, 'in *eſſential inſtances*, by *temporal cala-'mities:* little do thoſe poor wretches 'know of the force of innate principles, '(forgive my own *implied* vanity,' was her word) 'who imagine, that a priſon, 'or penury, can bring a right-turned 'mind to be guilty of a wilful baſeneſs, 'in order to avoid ſuch *ſhort-lived evils.*'

She then turned from me towards the window, with a dignity ſuitable to her words; and ſuch as ſhewed her to be more of ſoul than of body, at that inſtant.

What magnanimity!—No wonder a virtue ſo ſolidly founded could baffle all thy arts:—and that it forced thee (in order to carry thy accurſed point) to have recourſe to thoſe unnatural ones, which robbed her of her charming ſenſes.

The women were extremely affected, Mrs. Lovick eſpecially; who ſaid whiſperingly to Mrs. Smith, 'We have an 'angel, not a woman, with us, Mrs. 'Smith!'

I repeated my offers to write to any of her friends; and told her, that, having taken the liberty to acquaint Dr. H. with the cruel diſpleaſure of her relations, as what I preſumed lay neareſt her heart, he had propoſed to write himſelf, to acquaint her friends how ill ſhe was, if ſhe would not take it amiſs.

It was kind in the *doctor*, ſhe ſaid: but begged, that no ſtep of that ſort might be taken without her knowledge or conſent. She would wait to ſee what effects her letter to her ſiſter would have. All ſhe had to hope for, was, that her father would revoke his malediction, previous to the laſt bleſſing ſhe ſhould then implore: for the reſt, her friends would think ſhe could not ſuffer too much; and ſhe was content to ſuffer: for now, nothing could happen that could make her wiſh to live.

Mrs. Smith went down; and, ſoon returning, aſked, if the lady and I would not dine with her that day; for it was her wedding-day. She had engaged Mrs. Lovick, ſhe ſaid; and ſhould have nobody elſe, if we would do her that favour.

The charming creature ſighed, and ſhook her head.—'*Wedding-day*,' repeated ſhe, 'I wiſh you, Mrs. Smith, 'many happy wedding-days!—But you 'will excuſe *me*.'

Mr. Smith came up with the ſame requeſt. They both applied to me.

On condition the *lady* would, I ſhould make no ſcruple; and would ſuſpend an engagement: which I actually had.

She then deſired they would all ſit down. 'You have ſeveral times, Mrs. 'Lovick and Mrs. Smith, hinted your 'wiſhes, that I would give you ſome 'little hiſtory of myſelf: now, if you are 'at leiſure, that this gentleman, who, 'I have reaſon to believe, knows it all, 'is preſent, and can tell you if I give 'it juſtly, or not, I will oblige your 'curioſity.'

They all eagerly, the man Smith too, ſat down; and ſhe began an account of herſelf, which I will endeavour to repeat, as nearly in her own words, as I poſſibly can: for I know you will think it of importance to be apprized of her manner of relating your barbarity to her, as well as what her ſentiments are of it; and what room there is for the hopes your friends have in your favour for her.

'At firſt when I took theſe lodgings' ſaid ſhe, 'I thought of ſtaying but a 'ſhort time in them; and ſo, Mrs. 'Smith, I told you: I therefore avoided giving any other account of myſelf 'than that I was a very unhappy young 'creature, ſeduced from good friends, 'and eſcaped from very vile wretches.

'This account I thought myſelf obliged to give, that you might the leſs 'wonder at ſeeing a young creature 'ruſhing through your ſhop, into your 'back apartment, all trembling and out 'of breath; an ordinary garb over my 'own; craving lodging and protection; 'only giving my bare word, that you 'ſhould be handſomely paid: all my 'effects contained in a pocket-handkerchief.

'My ſudden abſence for three days 'and nights together, when arreſted, 'muſt ſtill further ſurprize you: and 'although this gentleman, who, perhaps, knows more of the darker part 'of my ſtory than I do myſelf, has informed you, (as you, Mrs. Lovick, 'tell me) that I am only an *unhappy*, 'not a *guilty* creature; yet I think it incumbent upon me not to ſuffer honeſt 'minds to be in doubt about my character.

'You muſt know, then, that I have 'been in one inſtance (I had like to have 'ſaid but in one inſtance; but that was 'a capital one) an undutiful child to the 'moſt indulgent of parents: for what 'ſome people call cruelty in them, is 'owing but to the exceſs of their love, 'and to their diſappointment, having 'had reaſon to expect better from me.

'I was viſited (at firſt, with my friends 'connivance) by a man of birth and fortune, but of worſe principles, as it 'proved, than I believed any man could 'have. My brother, a very headſtrong 'young man, was abſent at that time; 'and, when he returned (from an old 'grudge, and knowing the gentleman, 'it is plain, better than I knew him) 'entirely diſapproved of his viſits: and, 'having a great ſway in our family, 'brought other gentlemen to addreſs 'me: and at laſt (ſeveral having been 'rejected) he introduced one extremely 'diſagreeable; in every *indifferent* per-

'ſon's

'ſon's eyes diſagreeable. I could not 'love him. They all joined to compel 'me to have him; a rencounter be-'tween the gentleman my friends were 'ſet againſt, and my brother, having 'confirmed them all his enemies.

'To be ſhort, I was confined, and 'treated ſo very hardly, that, in a raſh 'fit, I appointed to go off with the man 'they hated. A wicked intention, you'll 'ſay! But I was greatly provoked: 'nevertheleſs, I repented, and reſolved 'not to go off with him: yet I did not 'miſtruſt his honour to me neither; nor 'his love; becauſe nobody thought me 'unworthy of the latter, and my for-'tune was not to be deſpiſed. But 'fooliſhly (wickedly and contrivingly, 'as my friends ſtill think, with a de-'ſign, as they imagine, to abandon them) 'giving him a private meeting, I was 'tricked away: poorly enough tricked 'away, I muſt needs ſay; though others 'who had been firſt guilty of ſo raſh a 'ſtep as the meeting of him was, might 'have been ſo deceived and ſurprized 'as well as I.

'After remaining ſome time at a 'farm-houſe in the country and behav-'ing to me all the time with honour, he 'brought me to handſome lodgings in 'town till ſtill better proviſion could be 'made for me. But they proved to be '(as he indeed knew and deſigned) at a 'vile, a very vile creature's; though it 'was long before I found her to be ſo; 'for I knew nothing of the town, or 'it's ways.

'There is no repeating what fol-'lowed: ſuch unprecedented vile arts! '—For I gave him no opportunity to 'take me at any diſreputable advan-'tage.'

And here (half covering her ſweet face, with her handkerchief put to her tearful eyes) ſhe ſtopt.

Haſtily, as if ſhe would fly from the hateful remembrance, ſhe reſumed:—'I made eſcape afterwards from the 'abominable houſe in his abſence, and 'came to yours: and this gentleman 'has almoſt prevailed on me to think, 'that the ungrateful man did not con-'nive at the vile arreſt: which was 'made, no doubt, in order to get me 'once more to thoſe wicked lodgings: 'for nothing do I owe them, except I 'were to pay them,'—[She ſighed, and again wiped her charming eyes—add-ing in a ſofter, lower voice] '*for being* '*ruined*.'

'Indeed, Madam,' ſaid I, 'guilty, 'abominably guilty, as he is in all the 'reſt, he is innocent of this laſt wicked 'outrage.'

'Well, and ſo I wiſh him to be.—'That evil, heavy as it was, is one of 'the ſlighteſt evils I have ſuffered.—But 'hence you'll obſerve, Mrs. Lovick, '(for you ſeemed this morning curious 'to know if I were not a wife) that I '*never was married*—You, Mr. Belford, 'no doubt, knew before, that I am no 'wife: and now I never will be one. 'Yet, I bleſs God, that I am not a 'guilty creature!'

'As to my parentage, I am of no 'mean family: I have in my own right, 'by the intended favour of my grand-'father, a fortune not contemptible: 'independent of my *father*, if I had 'pleaſed; but I never will pleaſe.

'My father is very rich. I went by 'another name when I came to you 'firſt: but that was to avoid being diſ-'covered to the perfidious man: who 'now engages, by this gentleman, not 'to moleſt me.

'My real name you now know to be 'Harlowe: *Clariſſa* Harlowe. I am not 'yet twenty years of age.

'I have an excellent mother, as well 'as father; a woman of family, and 'fine ſenſe—Worthy of a better child! '—They both doated upon me.

'I have two good uncles: men of 'great fortunes; jealous of the ho-'nour of their family; which I have 'wounded.

'I was the joy of their hearts; and, 'with theirs and my father's, I had 'three houſes to call my own; for they 'uſed to have me with them by turns, 'and almoſt kindly to quarrel for me; 'ſo that I was two months in the year 'with the one; two months with the 'other; ſix month's at my father's; and 'two at the houſes of others of my dear 'friends, who thought themſelves hap-'py in me; and whenever I was at any-'one's, I was crouded upon with letters 'by all the reſt, who longed for my re-'turn to them.

'In ſhort, I was beloved by every-'body. The poor—I uſed to make 'glad *their* hearts: I never ſhut my 'hand to any diſtreſs, wherever I was— 'But now I am poor myſelf!

'So, Mrs. Smith—ſo, Mrs. Lovick— 'I am *not* married. It is but juſt to 'tell you ſo. And I am now, as I 'ought to be, in a ſtate of humiliation 'and penitence for the raſh ſtep which 'has been followed by ſo much evil. 'God, I hope, will forgive me, as I am 'endeavouring to bring my mind to

'forgive

'forgive all the world, even the man 'who has ungratefully, and by dreadful 'perjuries, [Poor wretch! he thought 'all his wickedneſs to be *wit!*] re-'duced to this, a young creature, who 'had *his* happineſs in her *view*, and 'in her *wiſh*, even beyond this life; 'and who was believed to be of rank, 'and fortune, and expectations, con-'ſiderable enough to make it the *intereſt* 'of any gentleman in England to be 'faithful to his vows to her. But I 'cannot expect that my parents will 'forgive me: my refuge muſt be death; 'the moſt painful kind of which I 'would ſuffer, rather than be the wife 'of one who could act by me, as the 'man has acted, upon whoſe birth, 'education, and honour, I had ſo much 'reaſon to found better expectations.

'I ſee,' continued ſhe, 'that I, who 'once was every-one's delight, am now 'the cauſe of grief to every-one—You, 'that are ſtrangers to me, are moved 'for me!—'Tis kind!—But 'tis time 'to ſtop.—Your compaſſionate hearts, 'Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Lovick, are 'too much touched.'—[For the wo-men ſobbed, and the man was alſo af-fected.]—'It is barbarous in me, with 'my woes, thus to ſadden your wed-'ding-day.' Then turning to Mr. and Mrs. Smith—'May you ſee many 'happy ones, honeſt, good couple!—'How agreeable is it to ſee you both 'join ſo kindly to celebrate it, after 'many years are gone over you!—I 'once—But no more!—All my proſ-'pects of felicity, as to this life, are 'at an end. My hopes, like opening 'buds or bloſſoms in an over-forward 'ſpring, have been nipt by a ſevere 'froſt!—Blighted by an eaſtern wind! '—But I can but *once die*; and if life 'be ſpared me, but till I am diſcharged 'from a heavy malediction, which my 'father in his wrath laid upon me, and 'which is fulfilled literally in every ar-'ticle relating to this world; that, and 'a laſt bleſſing, are all I have to wiſh 'for; and death will be welcomer to 'me, than reſt to the moſt wearied tra-'veller that ever reached his journey's 'end.'

And then ſhe ſunk her head againſt the back of her chair, and hiding her face with her handkerchief, endeavour-ed to conceal her tears from us.

Not a ſoul of us could ſpeak a word. Thy preſence, perhaps, thou hardened wretch, might have made us aſhamed of a weakneſs, which perhaps thou wilt deride *me* in particular for, when thou readeſt this!

She retired to her chamber ſoon af-ter, and was forced, it ſeems, to lie down. We all went down together: and, for an hour and half, dwelt upon her praiſes; Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Lo-vick repeatedly expreſſing their aſtoniſh-ment, that there could be a man in the world, capable of offending, much more of wilfully injuring, ſuch a lady: and repeating, that they had an angel in their houſe.—I thought they had; and that as aſſuredly as there is a devil un-der the roof of good Lord M.

I hate thee heartily!—By my faith I do!—Every hour I hate thee more than the former! J. BELFORD.

## LETTER LXXXII.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

SATURDAY, JULY 22.

WHAT doſt hate me for, Bel-ford!—And why more and more!—Have I been guilty of any of-fence thou kneweſt not before!—If *pathos* can move ſuch a heart as thine, can it alter facts!—Did I not always do this incomparable creature as much juſtice as thou canſt do her for the heart of thee, or as ſhe can do herſelf?—What nonſenſe then thy hatred, thy *augmented* hatred, when I ſtill perſiſt to marry her, purſuant to word given to thee, and to faith plighted to all my re-lations? But hate, if thou wilt, ſo thou doſt but write. Thou canſt not hate me ſo much as I do myſelf: and yet I know if thou really hatedſt me, thou wouldſt not venture to tell me ſo.

Well, but after all, what need of her hiſtory to theſe women? She will cer-tainly repent, ſome time hence, that ſhe has thus needleſsly expoſed us both.

Sickneſs palls every appetite, and makes us hate what we loved: but re-newed health changes the ſcene; diſ-poſes us to be pleaſed with ourſelves; and then we are in a way to be pleaſed with every-one elſe. Every hope, then, riſes upon us: every hour preſents it-ſelf to us on dancing feet: and what Mr. Addiſon ſays of liberty, may, with ſtill greater propriety, be ſaid of *health*, [*For what is liberty itſelf without health?*]

'It makes the gloomy face of nature gay,
'Gives beauty to the ſun, and pleaſure to the 'day.'

And I rejoice that ſhe is already ſo much better, as to hold, with ſtrangers, ſuch a long and intereſting converſation.

Strange,

Strange, confoundedly ſtrange, and as perverſe [that is to ſay, as *womanly*] as ſtrange, that ſhe ſhould refuſe, and ſooner chuſe to die, [O the obſcene word! and yet how free does thy pen make with it to me!] than be mine, who offended her by acting in character, while her parents acted ſhamefully *out of theirs*, and when I am now willing to act *out of my own* to oblige her; yet *I* not to be forgiven: *they* to be faultleſs with her!—And marriage the only medium to repair all breaches, and to ſalve her own honour!—Surely thou muſt ſee the inconſiſtence of her *forgiving* unforgiveneſs, as I may call it!—Yet, heavy varlet as thou art, thou wanteſt to be drawn up after her! And what a figure doſt thou make with thy ſpeeches, ſtiff as Hickman's ruffles, with thy aſpirations and proſtrations!—Unuſed, thy weak head, to bear the ſublimities that fall even in common converſation, from the lips of this ever-charming creature!

But the prettieſt whim of all was, to drop the Bank note behind her chair, inſtead of preſenting it on thy knees to her hand!—To make ſuch a woman as this *doubly* ſtoop—By the acceptance, and to take it from the ground!—What an ungraceful *benefit-conferrer* art thou!—How awkward, to take into thy head, that the beſt way of making a preſent to a lady, was to throw the preſent behind her chair!

I am very deſirous to ſee what ſhe has written to her ſiſter; what ſhe is about to write to Miſs Howe; and what return ſhe will have from the Harlowe-Arabella. Canſt thou not form ſome ſcheme to come at the copies of theſe letters, or at the ſubſtance of them at leaſt, and of that of her other correſpondences? Mrs. Lovick, thou ſeemeſt to ſay, is a pious woman. The lady, having given ſuch a particular hiſtory of herſelf, will acquaint her with everything. And art thou not about to reform!—Won't this conſent of minds between thee and the widow [What age is ſhe, Jack? The devil never trumpt up a friendſhip between a man and a woman, of any thing like years, which did not end in matrimony, or in the ruin of their morals! Won't it?] ſtrike out an intimacy between ye, that may enable thee to gratify me in this particular? A proſelyte, I can tell thee, has great influence upon your good people: ſuch a-one is a ſaint of their own creation; and they will water, and cultivate, and cheriſh him, as a plant of their own raiſing; and this from a pride truly ſpiritual!

One of my loves in Paris was a devotée. She took great pains to convert me. I gave way to her kind endeavours for the good of my ſoul. She thought it a point gained to make me profeſs *ſome* religion. The Catholick has it's conveniences. I permitted her to bring a *father* to me. My reformation went on ſwimmingly. The *father* had hopes of me: he applauded her zeal: ſo did I. And how doſt think it ended?—Not a girl in England, reading thus far, but would gueſs!—In a word, very happily: for ſhe not only brought me a father, but *made* me one: and then, being ſatisfied with each other's converſion, we took different routes: ſhe into Navarre; I, into Italy: both well inclined to propagate the good leſſons in which we had ſo well inſtructed each other.

But to return. One conſolation ariſes to me, from the pretty regrets which this admirable creature ſeems to have in indulging reflections on the people's wedding-day.—'*I* ONCE!'—thou makeſt her break off with ſaying.

*She once!* What?—O Belford! why didſt thou not urge her to explain what ſhe once hoped?

What *once* a woman hopes, in love-matters, ſhe *always* hopes, while there is room for hope: and are we not both ſingle? Can ſhe be any man's but mine? Will I be any woman's but hers?

I never will!—I never can!—And I tell thee, that I am every day, every hour, more and more in love with her: and, at this inſtant, have a more vehement paſſion for her than ever I had in my life!—And that with views abſolutely honourable, in *her own ſenſe* of the word: nor have I varied, ſo much as in *wiſh*, for this week paſt; firmly fixed, and wrought into my very nature, as the *life of honour*, or of generous confidence in me, was, in preference to the life of *doubt* and *diſtruſt*. That may be a *life of doubt and diſtruſt*, ſurely, where the woman confides nothing, and ties up a man for his good behaviour for life, taking church and ſtate ſanctions in aid of the obligation ſhe impoſes upon him.

I ſhall go on Monday morning to a kind of ball, to which Colonel Ambroſe has invited me. It is given on a family account. I care not on what: for all that delights me in the thing, is, that Mrs. and Miſs Howe are to be there—Hickman, of courſe; for the old

lady

lady will not ſtir abroad without him. The colonel is in hopes that Miſs Arabella Harlowe will be there likewiſe; for all the men and women of faſhion round him are invited.

I fell in by accident with the colonel, who, I believe, hardly thought I would accept of the invitation. But he knows me not, if he thinks I am aſhamed to appear at any place, where women dare ſhew their faces. Yet he hinted to me, that my name *was up*, on Miſs Harlowe's account. But, to allude to one of Lord M.'s phraſes, if it be, I will not *lie a-bed* when any-thing joyous is going forward.

As I ſhall go in my lord's chariot, I would have had one of my couſins Montague to go with me: but they both refuſed: and I ſhall not chuſe to take either of thy brethren. It would look as if I thought I wanted a body-guard: beſides, one of them is too rough, the other too ſmooth, and too great a fop for ſome of the ſtaid company that will be there; and for *me* in particular. Men are known by their companions; and a fop [as Tourville, for example] takes great pains to hang out a ſign by his dreſs of what he has in his ſhop. Thou, indeed, art an exception; dreſſing like a coxcomb, yet a very clever fellow. Nevertheleſs, ſo clumſy a beau, that thou ſeemeſt to me to owe thyſelf a double ſpite, making thy ungracefulneſs appear the *more* ungraceful, by thy remarkable tawdrineſs when thou art out of mourning.

I remember, when I firſt ſaw thee, my mind laboured with a ſtrong puzzle, whether I ſhould put thee down for a great fool, or a ſmatterer in wit. Something I ſaw was wrong in thee, by thy *dreſs*. 'If this fellow,' thought I, 'delights not ſo much in *ridicule*, that 'he will not ſpare *himſelf*, he muſt be 'plaguy ſilly to take ſo much pains to 'make his uglineſs more conſpicuous 'than it would otherwiſe be.'

Plain dreſs, for an ordinary man or woman, implies at leaſt *modeſty*, and always procures kind quarter from the cenſorious. Who will ridicule a perſonal imperfection in one that ſeems conſcious, that it *is* an imperfection? *Who ever ſaid an anchoret was poor?* But who would ſpare ſo very abſurd a wrong-head, as ſhould beſtow tinſel to make his deformity the more conſpicuous?

But, although I put on theſe lively airs, I am ſick at my ſoul!—My whole heart is with my charmer! With what indifference ſhall I look upon all the aſſembly at the colonel's, my beloved in my ideal eye, and engroſſing my whole heart!

## LETTER LXXXIII.

MISS HOWE, TO MISS ARABELLA HARLOWE.

THURSDAY, JULY 20.

MISS HARLOWE,

I Cannot help acquainting you (however it may be received, coming from *me*) that your poor ſiſter is dangerouſly ill, at the houſe of one Smith, who keeps a glover's and perfume-ſhop, in King Street, Covent Garden. She knows not that I write. Some violent words, in the nature of an imprecation, from her father, afflict her greatly in her weak ſtate. I preſume not to direct you what to do in this caſe. You are her ſiſter. I therefore could not help writing to you, not only for her ſake, but for your own. I am, Madam, *your humble ſervant*,

ANNA HOWE.

## LETTER LXXXIV.

MISS ARABELLA HARLOWE. IN ANSWER.

THURSDAY, JULY 20.

MISS HOWE,

I Have yours of this morning. All that has happened to the unhappy body you mention, is what we foretold and expected. Let *him*, for whoſe ſake ſhe abandoned us, be her comfort. We are told he has remorſe, and would marry her. We don't believe it, indeed. She may be very ill. Her diſappointment may make her ſo, or ought. Yet is ſhe the only one I know, who is diſappointed.

I cannot ſay, Miſs, that the notification from you is the *more* welcome for the liberties you have been pleaſed to take with our whole family, for reſenting a conduct, that it is a ſhame any young lady ſhould juſtify. Excuſe this freedom, occaſioned by greater. I am, Miſs, *your humble ſervant*,

ARABELLA HARLOWE.

## LETTER LXXXV.

MISS HOWE. IN REPLY.

FRIDAY, JULY 21.

MISS ARABELLA HARLOWE,

IF you had half as much ſenſe as you have ill-nature, you would (notwithſtanding the exuberance of the latter) have

have been able to diſtinguiſh between a kind intention to you all, (that you might have the leſs to reproach yourſelves with, if a deplorable caſe ſhould happen) and an officiouſneſs I owed you not, by reaſon of freedoms at leaſt reciprocal. I will not, for the *unhappy body's* ſake, as you call a ſiſter you have helped to make ſo, ſay all that I *could* ſay. If what I fear happen, you ſhall hear (whether deſired or not) all the mind of

ANNA HOWE.

## LETTER LXXXVI.

MISS ARABELLA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE.

FRIDAY, JULY 21.

MISS ANN HOWE,

YOUR pert letter I have received. You, that ſpare nobody, I cannot expect ſhould ſpare me. You are very happy in a prudent and watchful mother.—But elſe—Mine cannot be exceeded in prudence: but we had all too good an opinion of ſomebody, to think watchfulneſs needful. There may poſſibly be ſome reaſon why *you* are ſo much attached to her, in an error of this flagrant nature.

I help to make a ſiſter unhappy!—It is falſe, Miſs!—It is all her own doings!—Except, indeed, what ſhe may owe to ſomebody's advice—You know who can beſt anſwer for that.

Let us *know your mind* as ſoon as you pleaſe: as we ſhall know it to be *your* mind, we ſhall judge what attention to give it. That's all, from, &c. AR. H.

## LETTER LXXXVII.

MISS HOWE, TO MISS ARABELLA HARLOWE.

SAT. JULY 22.

IT may be the *misfortune* of ſome people to engage *every*-body's notice: others may be the *happier*, though they may be the more *envious*, for nobody's thinking them worthy of any. But one would be glad people had the ſenſe to be thankful for that want of conſequence, which ſubjected them not to hazards they would hardly have been able to manage under.

I own to you, that had it not been for the prudent advice of that admirable ſomebody, (whoſe principal fault is the ſuperiority of her talents, and whoſe misfortune to be brother'd and ſiſter'd by a couple of creatures, who are not able to comprehend her excellences) I might at one time have been plunged into difficulties. But, pert as the ſuperlatively pert may think me, I thought not myſelf *wiſer*, becauſe I was *older*; nor for that *poor* reaſon qualified to preſcribe to, much leſs to maltreat, a genius ſo ſuperior.

I repeat it with gratitude, that the dear creature's advice was of very great ſervice to me—And this before my mother's *watchfulneſs* became neceſſary. But how it would have fared with me, I cannot ſay, had I had a brother or ſiſter, who had deemed it their *intereſt*, as well as a gratification of their *ſordid envy*, to miſrepreſent me.

Your admirable ſiſter, in effect, ſaved *you*, Miſs, as well as *me*—With this difference—You, *againſt* your will—Me, *with* mine: and but for *your* own brother, and *his* own ſiſter, would not have been loſt herſelf.

Would to Heaven both ſiſters had been obliged with their own wills!—The moſt admirable of her ſex would never then have been out of her father's houſe!—*You*, Miſs—I don't know what had become of *you*.—But, let what would have happened, you would have met with the humanity you have not ſhewn, whether you had deſerved it or not:—nor, at worſt, loſt either a kind ſiſter, or a pitying friend, in the moſt excellent of ſiſters.

But why run I into length to ſuch a poor thing?—Why puſh I ſo weak an adverſary; whoſe firſt letter is all low malice, and whoſe next is made up of falſhood and inconſiſtence, as well as ſpite and ill-manners! Yet I was willing to give you a *part* of my mind. Call for more of it; it ſhall be at your ſervice: from one, who, though ſhe thanks God ſhe is not your *ſiſter*, is not your *enemy*: but that ſhe is *not* the latter, is withheld but by two conſiderations; one that you bear, though unworthily, a relation to a ſiſter ſo excellent; the other, that you are not of conſequence enough to engage anything but the pity and contempt of

A. H.

## LETTER LXXXVIII.

MRS. HARLOWE, TO MRS. HOWE.

SAT. JULY 22.

DEAR MADAM,

I Send you, incloſed, copies of five letters that have paſſed between Miſs Howe and my Arabella. You are a perſon of ſo much prudence and good ſenſe, and (being a mother yourſelf) can ſo well enter into the diſtreſſes of

all our family, upon the raſhneſs and ingratitude of a child we once doated upon, that, I dare ſay, you will not countenance the ſtrange freedoms your daughter has taken with us all. Theſe are not the only ones we have to complain of; but we were ſilent on the others, as they did not, as theſe have done, ſpread themſelves out upon paper. We only beg, that we may not be reflected upon by a young lady, who knows not what we have ſuffered, and do ſuffer, by the raſhneſs of a naughty creature who has brought ruin upon herſelf, and diſgrace upon a family which ſhe has robbed of all comfort. I offer not to preſcribe to your known wiſdom in this caſe; but leave it to you to do as you think moſt proper. I am, Madam, *your moſt humble ſervant*,

CHARL. HARLOWE.

## LETTER LXXXIX.

MRS. HOWE. IN ANSWER.

SAT. JULY 22.

DEAR MADAM,

I Am highly offended with my daughter's letters to Miſs Harlowe. I knew nothing at all of her having taken ſuch a liberty. Theſe young creatures have ſuch romantick notions, ſome of *love*, ſome of *friendſhip*, that there is no governing them in either. Nothing but time, and dear experience, will convince them of their abſurdities in both. I have chidden Miſs Howe very ſeverely. I had before ſo juſt a notion of what your whole family's diſtreſs muſt be, that, as I told your brother, Mr. Antony Harlowe, I had often forbid her correſponding with the poor fallen angel—For ſurely never did young lady more reſemble what we imagine of angels, both in perſon and mind. But, tired out with her headſtrong ways, [I am ſorry to ſay this of my own child] I was forced to give way to it again. And, indeed, ſo ſturdy was ſhe in her will, that I was afraid it would end in a fit of ſickneſs, as too often it did in fits of ſullens.

None but parents know the trouble that children give: they are happieſt, I have often thought, who have none. And theſe women-grown girls, bleſs my heart! how ungovernable!

I believe, however, you will have no more ſuch letters from my Nancy. I have been forced to uſe compulſion with her, upon Miſs Clary's illneſs, [and it ſeems ſhe is very bad] or ſhe would have run away to London, to attend upon her: and this ſhe calls doing the duty of a friend; forgetting that ſhe ſacrifices to her romantick friendſhip her duty to her fond indulgent mother.

There are a thouſand excellences in the poor ſufferer, notwithſtanding her fault: and, if the hints ſhe has given to my daughter be true, ſhe has been moſt grievouſly abuſed. But I think your forgiveneſs and her father's forgiveneſs of her ought to be all at your own choice; and nobody ſhould intermeddle in that, for the ſake of due authority in parents: and, beſides, as Miſs Harlowe writes, it was what everybody expected, though Miſs Clary would not believe it, till ſhe ſmarted for her credulity. And for theſe reaſons, I offer not to plead any-thing in alleviation of her fault, which is aggravated by her admirable ſenſe, and a judgment above her years.

I am, Madam, with compliments to good Mr. Harlowe, and all your afflicted family, *your moſt humble ſervant*,

ANNABELLA HOWE.

I ſhall ſet out for the Iſle of Wight in a few days, with my daughter. I will haſten our ſetting out, on purpoſe to break her mind from her friend's diſtreſſes; which afflict us as much, nearly, as Miſs Clary's raſhneſs has done you.

## LETTER XC.

MISS HOWE, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

SAT. JULY 22.

MY DEAREST FRIEND,

WE are buſy in preparing for our little journey and voyage: but I will be ill, I will be very ill, if I cannot hear you are better before I go.

Rogers greatly afflicted me, by telling me the bad way you are in. But now you have been able to hold a pen, and as your ſenſe is ſtrong and clear, I hope that the amuſement you will receive from writing will make you better.

I diſpatch this by an extraordinary way, that it may reach you time enough to move you to *conſider well* before you abſolulely decide upon the contents of mine of the 13th, on the ſubject of the two Miſs Montague's viſit to me; ſince, according to what you write, muſt I anſwer them.

In your laſt, you conclude very poſitively, that you will not be his. To be ſure, he rather deſerves an infamous death, than ſuch a wife. But, as I really

really believe him innocent of the arreſt, and as all his family are ſuch earneſt pleaders, and will be guarantees, for him, I think the compliance with *their* entreaties, and *his own*, will be now the beſt ſtep you can take; your own family remaining implacable, as I *can aſſure you they do*. He is a man of ſenſe; and it is not impoſſible but he may make you a good huſband, and in time may become no bad man.

My mother is entirely of my opinion, and on Friday, purſuant to a hint I gave you in my laſt, Mr. Hickman had a conference with the ſtrange wretch: and, though he liked not, by any means, his behaviour to himſelf; nor, indeed, had reaſon to do ſo; yet he is of opinion, that he is ſincerely determined to marry you, if you will condeſcend to have him.

Perhaps Mr. Hickman may make you a private viſit before we ſet out. If I may not attend you myſelf, I ſhall not be eaſy, except he does. And he will then give you an account of the admirable character the ſurprizing wretch gave of you, and of the juſtice he does to your virtue.

He was as acknowledging to his relations, though to his own condemnation, as his two couſins told me. All that he apprehends, as he ſaid to Mr. Hickman, is, that if you go on expoſing *him*, wedlock itſelf will not wipe off the diſhonour to both: and moreover, that you would ruin your conſtitution by your immoderate ſorrow: and, by ſeeking death when you might avoid it, would not be able to eſcape it when you would wiſh to do ſo.

So, my deareſt friend, I charge you, if you *can*, to get over your averſion to this vile man. You may yet live to ſee many happy days, and be once more the delight of all your friends, neighbours and acquaintance, as well as a ſtay, a comfort, a bleſſing, to your Anna Howe.

I long to have your anſwer to mine of the 13th. Pray keep the meſſenger till it be ready. If he return on Monday night, it will be time enough for his affairs, and to find me come back from Colonel Ambroſe's; who gives a ball on the anniverſary of Mrs. Ambroſe's birth and marriage, both in one. The gentry all round the neighbourhood are invited this time, on ſome good news they have received from Mrs. Ambroſe's brother, the governor.

My mother promiſed the colonel for me and herſelf, in my abſence. I would fain have excuſed myſelf to her; and the rather, as I had exceptions on account of the day: but ſhe is almoſt as young as her daughter; and thinking it not ſo well to go without me, ſhe told me, She could propoſe *nothing* that was agreeable to me. And having had a *few ſparring blows* with each other very lately, I think I muſt comply. For I don't love jangling when I can help it; though I ſeldom make it my ſtudy to avoid the occaſion, when it offers of itſelf. I don't know, if either were not a little afraid of the other, whether it would be poſſible that we could live together:—I, *all my father!*—My mamma—What?—*All my mother*—What elſe ſhould I ſay?

O my dear, how many things happen in this life to give us diſpleaſure! How few to give us joy!—I am ſure I ſhall have none on this occaſion; ſince the true partner of my heart, the principal half of the *one ſoul*, that, it uſed to be ſaid, animated *the pair of friends*, as we were called; you, my dear, [who uſed to irradiate every circle you ſet your foot into, and to give me *real* ſignificance in a *ſecond* place to yourſelf] cannot be there!—One hour of your company, my ever-inſtructive friend, [I thirſt for it!] how infinitely preferable would it be to me, to all the diverſions and amuſements with which our ſex are generally moſt delighted—Adieu, my dear!

A. Howe.

## LETTER XCI.

### MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE.

SUNDAY, JULY 23.

WHAT pain, my deareſt friend, does your kind ſolicitude for my welfare give me! How much more binding and tender are the ties of pure friendſhip, and the union of like minds, than the ties of nature! Well might the ſweet-ſinger of Iſrael, when he was carrying to the utmoſt extent the praiſes of the friendſhip between him and his beloved friend, ſay, that the love of Jonathan to him was wonderful; that it ſurpaſſed the *love of women!* What an exalted idea does it give of the ſoul of Jonathan, ſweetly attempered for the ſacred band, if we may ſuppoſe it but equal to that of my Anna Howe for her fallen Clariſſa!—But, although I can glory in your kind love for me, think, my dear, what concern muſt fill a mind, not ungenerous, when the obligation lies all *on one ſide*; and when, at the ſame time that your light is the brighter for

my darkneſs, I muſt give pain to a dear friend, to whom I delighted to give pleaſure; and not pain only, but diſcredit, for ſupporting my blighted fame againſt the buſy tongues of uncharitable cenſurers!

This it is that makes me, in the words of my admired exclaimer, very little altered, often repeat: 'O! that I were as 'in months paſt! as in the days when 'God preſerved me! When his candle 'ſhined upon my head, and when by his 'light I walked through darkneſs! As 'I was in the days of my *childhood*— 'when the Almighty was yet with me; 'when *I was in my father's houſe:* when I 'waſhed my ſteps with butter, and the 'rock poured me out rivers of oil.'

You ſet before me your reaſons, enforced by the opinion of your honoured mother, why I ſhould think of Mr. Lovelace for a huſband.

And I have before me your letter of the 13th, containing the account of the viſit and propoſals, and kind interpoſition of the two Miſſes Montague, in the names of the good Ladies Sarah Sadleir and Betty Lawrance, and in that of Lord M.

Alſo yours of the 18th, *demanding* me, as I may ſay, of thoſe ladies, and of that family, when I was ſo infamouſly and cruelly arreſted, and you knew not what was become of me.

The anſwer likewiſe of thoſe ladies, ſigned in ſo full and ſo genrous a manner by themſelves, and by that nobleman, and thoſe two venerable ladies; and, in his light way, by the wretch himſelf.

Theſe, my deareſt Miſs Howe; and your letter of the 16th, which came when I was under arreſt, and which I received not till ſome days after;

Are all before me.

And I have as well weighed the whole matter, and your arguments in ſupport of your advice, as at preſent my head and my heart will let me weigh them.

I am, moreover, willing to believe, not only from your own opinion, but from the aſſurances of one of Mr. Lovelace's friends, Mr. Belford, a good-natured and humane man, who ſpares not to cenſure the author of my calamities, (*I think*, with undiſſembled and undeſigning ſincerity) that that man is innocent of the diſgraceful arreſt:

And even, if you pleaſe, in ſincere compliment to your opinion, and to that of Mr. Hickman, that (over-perſuaded by his friends, and aſhamed of his unmerited baſeneſs to me) he would in earneſt marry *me*, if I would have *him*.

'* Well, and now, what is the reſult 'of all?—It is this—That I muſt abide 'by what I have already declared—And 'that is, [Don't be angry at me, my beſt 'friend] that I have much more pleaſure 'in thinking of death, than of ſuch a 'huſband. In ſhort, as I declared in my 'laſt, that I cannot [Forgive me, if I 'ſay, I *will* not] ever be his.

'But you will expect my reaſons: I 'know you will: and if I give them not, 'will conclude me either obſtinate, or 'implacable, or both: and thoſe would 'be ſad imputations, if juſt, to be laid 'to the charge of a perſon who thinks 'and talks of *dying*. And yet, to ſay, 'that reſentment and diſappointment 'have no part in my determination, 'would be ſaying a thing hardly to be 'credited. For I own I *have* reſent-'ments, ſtrong reſentments, but not un-'reaſonable ones, as you will be con-'vinced, if already you are not ſo, when 'you know all my ſtory—If ever you do 'know it—For I begin to fear (ſo many 'things more neceſſary to be thought of, 'than either this man, or my own vindi-'cation, have I to do) that I ſhall not have 'time to compaſs what I have intended, 'and, in a manner, promiſed you.

'I have one reaſon to give in ſupport 'of my reſolution, that, I believe your-'ſelf will allow of: but having owned, 'that I have reſentments, I will begin 'with thoſe conſiderations, in which an-'ger and diſappointment have too great 'a ſhare; in hopes, that having once 'diſburdened my mind upon paper, and 'to my Anna Howe, of thoſe corrod-'ing uneaſy paſſions, *I* ſhall prevent them 'for ever from returning to my heart, 'and to have their place ſupplied by 'better, milder, and more agreeable 'ones.

'My pride, then, my deareſt friend, 'although a great deal mortified, is not '*ſufficiently* mortified, if it be neceſſary 'for me to ſubmit to make that man my 'choice, whoſe actions are, and ought 'to be, my abhorrence!—What!—Shall 'I, who have been treated with ſuch 'premeditated and perfidious barbarity,

* Thoſe parts of this letter which are marked with inverted comma's [thus '] were afterwards tranſcribed by Miſs Howe in Letter IV. of Vol. VII. written to the ladies of Mr. Lovelace's family; and are thus diſtinguiſhed to avoid the neceſſity of repeating them in that letter.

'as is painful to be thought of, and cannot with modesty be described, think 'of taking the violator to my heart? Can 'I vow duty to one so wicked, and hazard my salvation by joining myself to so 'great a profligate, now I *know* him to 'be so? Do you think your Clarissa Harlowe so lost, so *sunk*, at least, as that she 'could, for the sake of patching up, in 'the world's eye, a broken reputation, 'meanly appear indebted to the generosity, or perhaps *compassion*, of a man, 'who has, by means so inhuman, robbed 'her of it? Indeed, my dear, I should 'not think my penitence for the rash step 'I took, any-thing better than a specious delusion, if I had not got above the 'least wish to have Mr. Lovelace for my 'husband.

'Yes, I warrant, I must *creep* to the 'violator, and be thankful to him for 'doing me poor justice!

'Do you not already see me, (pursuing the advice you give) with a downcast eye, appear before *his* friends, and 'before *my own*, (supposing the latter 'would at last condescend to own me) 'divested of that *noble confidence*, which 'arises from a mind unconscious of having deserved reproach?

'Do you not see me creep about mine 'own house, preferring all my honest 'maidens to myself—as if afraid, too, 'to open my lips, either by way of reproof or admonition, lest their bolder 'eyes should bid me look inward, and 'not expect perfection from *them?*

'And shall I entitle the wretch to upbraid me with his generosity, and his 'pity; and perhaps to reproach me, for 'having been *capable* of forgiving crimes 'of *such* a nature?

'I once indeed hoped, little thinking 'him so *premeditatedly* vile a man, that 'I might have the happiness to reclaim 'him: I vainly believed, that he loved 'me well enough to suffer my advice for 'his good, and the example I humbly 'presumed I should be enabled to set 'him, to have weight with him; and the 'rather, as he had no mean opinion of 'my morals and understanding: but 'now, what hope is there left for this 'my *prime* hope?—*Were* I to marry him, 'what a figure should I make, preaching virtue and morality to a man whom 'I had trusted with opportunities to seduce me from all my own duties?—'And then, supposing I were to have 'children by such a husband, must it 'not, think you, cut a thoughtful person to the heart, to look round upon 'her little family, and think she had 'given them a father destined, without 'a miracle, to perdition; and whose immoralities, propagated among them 'by his vile example, might, too probably, bring down a curse upon them? 'And, after all, who knows but that 'my own sinful compliances with a man, 'who would think himself entitled to 'my obedience, might taint my own morals, and make me, instead of a reformer, an imitator of him?—For who '*can touch pitch, and not be defiled?*

'Let me then repeat, that I truly despise this man! If I know my own heart, 'indeed I do!—I pity him! *Beneath* my 'very pity as he is, I nevertheless pity 'him!—But this I could not do, if I 'still loved him: for, my dear, one 'must be greatly sensible of the baseness 'and ingratitude of those we love. I love 'him not, therefore! My soul disdains 'communion with him.

'But although thus much is due to 'resentment, yet have I not been so far 'carried away by it's angry effects, as to 'be rendered incapable of casting about 'what I *ought* to do, and what *could be* 'done, if the Almighty, in order to 'lengthen the time of my penitence, 'were to bid me to live.

'The single life, at such times, has 'offered to me, as the life, the *only* life, 'to be chosen. But in *that*, must I not 'now sit brooding over my past afflictions, and mourning my faults till the 'hour of my release? And would not 'every-one be able to assign the reason, 'why Clarissa Harlowe chose solitude, 'and to sequester herself from the world? 'Would not the look of every creature, 'who beheld me, appear as a reproach 'to me? And would not my conscious 'eye confess my fault, whether the eyes 'of others accused me or not? One of 'my delights was, to enter the cots of 'my poor neighbours, to leave lessons 'to the boys, and cautions to the elder 'girls: and how should I be able, unconscious, and without pain, to say to 'the latter, "Fly the delusions of men," 'who had been supposed to have run 'away with one?

'What then, my dear and only friend, 'can I wish for but death?—And what, 'after all, *is* death? 'Tis but a cessation 'from mortal life: 'tis but the finishing 'of an appointed course: the refreshing 'inn after a fatiguing journey: the end 'of a life of cares and troubles; and if 'happy, the beginning of a life of immortal happiness.

'If I die not now, it may possibly 'happen, that I may be taken when I 'am

'am leſs prepared. Had I eſcaped the 'evils I labour under, it might have been 'in the midſt of ſome gay promiſing 'hope; when my heart had beat high 'with the deſire of life; and when the 'vanity of this earth had taken hold of 'me.

'But now, my dear, for *your* ſatisfaction let me ſay, that although I wiſh 'not for life, yet would I not, like a 'poor coward, deſert my poſt when I 'can maintain it, and when it is my *duty* 'to maintain it.

'More than once, indeed, was I urged by thoughts ſo ſinful: but then it 'was in the height of my diſtreſs: and 'once, particularly, I have reaſon to 'believe, I ſaved myſelf by my *deſperation* from the moſt ſhocking perſonal 'inſults; from a repetition, as far as I 'know, of his vileneſs; the baſe women (with ſo much reaſon dreaded by 'me) preſent, to intimidate *me*, if not 'to aſſiſt *him!*—O my dear, you know 'not what I ſuffered on that occaſion!—'Nor do I what I *eſcaped* at the time, if 'the wicked man had approached me to 'execute the horrid purpoſes of his vile 'heart.'

As I am of opinion, that it would have manifeſted more of revenge and deſpair, than of principle, had I committed a violence upon myſelf, when the villainy was *perpetrated*; ſo I ſhould think it equally criminal, were I now *wilfully* to neglect myſelf; were I *purpoſely* to run into the arms of death, *(as that man ſuppoſes I ſhall do)* when I might avoid it.

Nor, my dear, whatever are the ſuppoſitions of ſuch a ſhort-ſighted, ſuch a low-ſouled man, muſt you impute to gloom, to melancholy, to deſpondency, nor yet to a ſpirit of faulty pride, or ſtill *more* faulty revenge, the reſolution I have taken never to marry *this*; and if not *this*, *any* man. So far from deſerving this imputation, I do aſſure you, (my dear and *only* love) that I will do every-thing I can to prolong my life, till God, in mercy to me, ſhall be pleaſed to call for it. I have reaſon to think my puniſhment is but the due conſequence of my fault, and I will not run away from it; but beg of Heaven to ſanctify it to me. When appetite ſerves, I will eat and drink what is ſufficient to ſupport nature. A very little, you know, will do for that. And whatever my phyſicians ſhall think fit to preſcribe, I will take, though ever ſo diſagreeable. In ſhort, I will do every-thing I can do, to convince all my friends, who hereafter may think it worth their while to enquire after my laſt behaviour, that I poſſeſſed my ſoul with tolerable patience; and endeavoured to bear with a lot of my own drawing; for thus, in humble imitation of the ſublimeſt exemplar, I often ſay:—'Lord, it is thy will; and it ſhall 'be mine. Thou art juſt in all thy 'dealings with the children of men, and 'I know thou wilt not afflict me beyond 'what I can bear: and, if I *can* bear it, 'I *ought* to bear it; and (thy grace aſſiſting me) I *will* bear it.'

'But here, my dear, is another reaſon, a reaſon that will convince you 'yourſelf, that I ought not to think of 'wedlock; but of a preparation for a 'quite different event. I am perſuaded, as much as that I am now 'alive, that I ſhall not long live. The 'ſtrong ſenſe I have ever had of my 'fault, the loſs of my reputation, my 'diſappointments, the determined reſentment of my friends, *aiding* the 'barbarous uſage I have met with 'where I leaſt deſerved it, have ſeized 'upon my heart: ſeized upon it, before it was ſo well fortified by *religious conſiderations* as I hope it now is. 'Don't be concerned, my dear—But I 'am ſure, if I may ſay it with as little 'preſumption as grief, That God will 'ſoon *diſſolve my ſubſtance*; and *bring me 'to death, and to the houſe appointed for all 'living*.'

And now, my deareſt friend, you know all my mind. And you will be pleaſed to write to the ladies of Mr. Lovelace's family, that I think myſelf infinitely obliged to them, for their good opinion of me; and that it has given me greater pleaſure than I thought I had to come in this life, that, upon the little knowledge they have of me, and that not perſonal, I was thought worthy (after the ill uſage I have received) of an alliance with their honourable family: but that I can by no means think of their kinſman for a huſband: and do you, my dear, extract from the above, ſuch reaſons as you think have any weight in them.

I would write myſelf to acknowledge their favour, had I not more employment for my head, my heart, and my fingers, than I doubt they will be able to go through.

I ſhould be glad to know when you ſet out on your journey; as alſo your little ſtages; and your time of ſtay at your aunt Harman's; that my prayers may

may *locally* attend you, whitherſoever you go, and wherever you are.

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

## LETTER XCII.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE.

SUNDAY, JULY 23.

THE letter accompanying this being upon a very particular ſubject, I would not embarraſs it, as I may ſay, with any other. And yet having ſome further matters upon my mind, which will want your excuſe for directing them to you, I hope the following lines will *have that* excuſe.

My good Mrs. Norton, ſo long ago as in a letter dated the third of this month, hinted to me, that my relations took amiſs ſome ſevere things you were pleaſed, in love to me, to ſay of them. Mrs. Norton mentioned it with that reſpectful love which ſhe bears to my deareſt friend: but wiſhed, for *my* ſake, that you would rein-in a vivacity, which, on moſt other occaſions, ſo charmingly becomes you. This was her ſenſe. You know that *I* am warranted to ſpeak and write freer to my Anna Howe, than Mrs. Norton would do.

I durſt not mention it to you at that time, becauſe appearances were ſo ſtrong againſt me, on Mr. Lovelace's getting me again into his power, (after my eſcape to Hampſtead) as made you very angry with me when you anſwered mine on my ſecond eſcape. And, ſoon afterwards, I was put under that barbarous arreſt; ſo that I could not well touch upon that ſubject till now.

Now, therefore, my deareſt Miſs Howe, let me *repeat* my earneſt requeſt, (for this is not the firſt time by ſeveral that I have been obliged to chide you on this occaſion) that you will ſpare my parents, and other relations, in all your converſations about me.—Indeed, I wiſh they had thought fit to take other meaſures with me: but who ſhall judge for them?—The event has juſtified them, and condemned me.—They expected nothing good of this vile man; *he* has not, therefore, deceived *them*: but they expected other things from *me*; and *I* have. And they have the more reaſon to be ſet againſt me, if (as my aunt Hervey wrote formerly) they intended not to force my inclinations, in favour of Mr. Solmes; and if they believe, that my going off was the effect of choice and premeditation.

I have no deſire to be received to favour by them: for why ſhould I ſit down to wiſh for what I have no reaſon to expect?—Beſides, I could not look them in the face, if they *would* receive me. Indeed I could not. All I have to hope for, is, firſt, that my father will abſolve me from his heavy malediction: and next, for a laſt bleſſing. The obtaining of theſe favours are needful to my peace of mind.

I have written to my ſiſter; but have only mentioned the abſolution.

I am afraid, I ſhall receive a very harſh anſwer from her: my fault, in the eyes of my family, is of ſo enormous a nature, that my *firſt* application will hardly be encouraged. Then they know not (nor perhaps will believe) that I am ſo very ill as I am. So that, were I actually to die before they could have time to take the neceſſary informations, you muſt not blame them too ſeverely. You muſt call it a fatality. I know not what you muſt call it: for, alas! I have made them as miſerable as I am myſelf. And yet ſometimes I think, that, were they cheerfully to pronounce me forgiven, I know not whether my concern for having offended them would not be augmented: ſince I imagine, that nothing can be more wounding to a ſpirit not ungenerous, than a *generous forgiveneſs*.

I hope your mother will permit our correſpondence for *one* month more, although I do not take her advice as to having this man. Only for *one* month. I will not deſire it longer. When cataſtrophes are winding-up, what changes (changes that make one's heart ſhudder to think of) may *one* ſhort month produce!—But if ſhe will not—why then, my dear, it becomes us both to acquieſce.

You can't think what my apprehenſions would have been, had I known Mr. Hickman was to have had a meeting (on ſuch a queſtioning occaſion as muſt have been his errand from you) with that haughty and uncontroulable man.

You give me hope of a viſit from Mr. Hickman: let him *expect* to ſee me greatly altered. I know he loves me: for he loves every-one whom you love. A painful interview, I doubt! But I ſhall be glad to ſee a man, whom *you* will one day, and that on an *early* day, I hope, make happy; and whoſe gentle manners,

manners, and unbounded love for you, will make *you* ſo, if it be not your own fault.

I am, my deareſt, kindeſt friend, the ſweet companion of my happy hours, the friend ever deareſt and neareſt to my fond heart, *your equally obliged and faithful*

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

## LETTER XCIII.

MRS. NORTON, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

MONDAY, JULY 24.

EXCUSE, my deareſt young lady, my long ſilence. I have been extremely ill. My poor boy has alſo been at death's door; and, when I hoped that he was better, he has relapſed. Alas! my dear, he is very dangerouſly ill. Let us both have your prayers!

Very angry letters have paſſed between your ſiſter and Miſs Howe. Every one of your family is incenſed againſt that young lady. I wiſh you would remonſtrate againſt her warmth; ſince it can do no good: for they will not believe, but that her interpoſition has your connivance; nor that you are ſo ill as Miſs Howe aſſures them you are.

Before ſhe wrote, they were going to ſend up young Mr. Brand the clergyman, to make private enquiries of your health, and way of life.—But now they are ſo exaſperated, that they have laid aſide their intention.

We have flying reports here, and at Harlowe Place, of ſome freſh inſults which you have undergone: and that you are about to put yourſelf into Lady Betty Lawrance's protection. I believe they would now be glad (as I ſhould be) that you would do ſo; and this, perhaps, will make them ſuſpend, for the preſent, any determination in your favour.

How unhappy am I, that the dangerous way my ſon is in prevents my attendance on you! Let me beg of you to write me word how you are, both as to perſon and mind. A ſervant of Sir Robert Beachcroft, who rides poſt on his maſter's buſineſs to town, will preſent you with this; and, perhaps, will bring me the favour of a few lines in return. He will be obliged to ſtay in town ſeveral hours, for an anſwer to his diſpatches.

This is the anniverſary, that uſed to give joy to as many as had the pleaſure and honour of knowing you. May the Almighty bleſs you, and grant, that it may be the only unhappy one that may be ever known by you, my deareſt young lady; and by *your ever-affectionate*

JUDITH NORTON.

END OF THE SIXTH VOLUME.

THE

# HISTORY

OF

# CLARISSA HARLOWE.

## VOLUME THE SEVENTH.

### LETTER I.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MRS. NORTON.

MONDAY NIGHT, JULY 24.

MY DEAR MRS. NORTON,

HAD I not fallen into freſh troubles, which diſabled me for ſeveral days from holding a pen, I ſhould not have forborne enquiring after your health, and that of your ſon; for I ſhould have been but too ready to impute your ſilence to the cauſe, to which, to my very great concern, I find it was owing. I pray to Heaven, my dear good friend, to give you comfort in the way moſt deſirable to yourſelf.

I am exceedingly concerned at Miſs Howe's writing about me to my friends. I do aſſure you, that I was as ignorant of her intention ſo to do, as of the contents of her letter. Nor has ſhe yet let me know (diſcouraged, I ſuppoſe, by her ill ſucceſs) that ſhe *did* write. It is impoſſible to ſhare the delight which ſuch charming ſpirits give, without the inconvenience that will attend their volatility.—So mixed are our beſt enjoyments!

It was but yeſterday that I wrote to chide the dear creature for freedoms of that nature, which her unſeaſonably-expreſſed love for me had made her take, as you wrote me word in your former. I was afraid, that all ſuch freedoms would be attributed to *me*. And I am ſure, that nothing but my own application to my friends, and a full conviction of my contrition, will procure me favour. Leaſt of all can I expect, that either your mediation or hers (both of whoſe fond and partial love of me is ſo well known) will avail me.

*She then gives a brief account of the arreſt: of her dejection under it: of her apprehenſions of being carried to her former lodgings: of Mr. Lovelace's avowed innocence, as to that inſult: of her releaſe by Mr. Belford: of Mr. Lovelace's promiſe not to moleſt her: of her cloaths being ſent her: of the earneſt deſire of all his friends, and of himſelf, to marry her: of Miſs Howe's advice to comply with their requeſts: and of her declared reſolution rather to die, than be his, ſent to Miſs Howe, to be given to his relations, but as the day before. After which ſhe thus proceeds:*

Now, my dear Mrs. Norton, you will be ſurprized, perhaps, that I ſhould have returned ſuch an anſwer: but, when you have every-thing before you, you, who know me ſo well, will not think me wrong. And, beſides, I am upon a *better preparation*, than for an earthly huſband.

Nor let it be imagined, my dear and ever-venerable friend, that my preſent turn of mind proceeds from gloomineſs or melancholy: for although it was *brought on* by diſappointment, (the world ſhewing me early, even at my firſt *ruſhing* into it, it's true and ugly face;) yet I hope, that it has obtained a better root, and will every day more and more, by it's fruits, demonſtrate to me, and to all my friends, that it has.

I have written to my ſiſter. Laſt Friday I wrote. So the dye is thrown. I hope for a gentle anſwer. But, perhaps, they will not vouchſafe me *any*. It is

my *firſt* direct application, you know. I wiſh Miſs Howe had left me to my own workings in this tender point.

It will be a great ſatisfaction to me to hear of your perfect recovery; and that my foſter-brother is out of danger. But why ſaid I, *out of danger?*—When can *this* be juſtly ſaid of creatures, who hold by ſo uncertain a tenure? This is one of thoſe forms of common ſpeech, that proves the *frailty* and the *preſumption* of poor mortals, at the ſame time.

Don't be uneaſy you cannot anſwer your wiſhes to be with me. I am happier than I could have expected to be among mere ſtrangers. It was grievous at firſt; but uſe reconciles every-thing to us. The people of the houſe where I am, are courteous and honeſt. There is a widow who lodges in it, [Have I not ſaid ſo formerly?) a good woman; who is the better for having been a proficient in the ſchool of affliction.

An excellent ſchool, my dear Mrs. Norton! in which we are taught to know ourſelves, to be able to compaſſionate and bear with one another, and to look up to a better hope.

I have as humane a phyſician, (whoſe fees are his leaſt regard) and as worthy an apothecary, as ever patient was viſited by. My nurſe is diligent, obliging, ſilent, and ſober. So I am not unhappy *without*: and *within*—I hope, my dear Mrs. Norton, that I ſhall be every day more and more happy *within*.

No doubt, it would be one of the greateſt comforts I could know, to have you with me: you, who love me ſo dearly: who have been the watchful ſuſtainer of my helpleſs infancy: you, by whoſe precepts I have been ſo much benefited!—In your dear boſom could I repoſe all my griefs: and by your piety, and experience in the ways of Heaven, ſhould I be ſtrengthened in what I am ſtill to go through.

But, as it muſt not be, I will acquieſce; and ſo, I hope, will you: for you ſee in what reſpects I am *not* unhappy; and in thoſe that I *am*, they lie not in your power to remedy.

Then, as I have told you, I have all my cloaths in my own poſſeſſion. So I am rich enough, as to this world, in common conveniences.

So you ſee, my venerable and dear friend, that I am not always turning the dark ſide of my proſpects, in order to move compaſſion; a trick imputed to me, too often, by my hard-hearted ſiſter; when, if I know my own heart, it is above all trick or artifice. Yet I hope at laſt I ſhall be ſo happy, as to receive *benefit* rather than *reproach* from this talent, if it *be* my talent. At *laſt*, I ſay; for whoſe heart have I *hitherto* moved?—Not one, I am ſure, that was not *predetermined* in my favour.

As to the day—I have paſſed it, as I ought to have paſſed it. It has been a very heavy day to me!—More for my friends ſake, too, than for my own!—How did *they* uſe to paſs it!—What a feſtivity!—How have they now paſſed it?—To *imagine* it, how grievous!—Say not, that thoſe are cruel, who ſuffer ſo much for my fault; and who, for eighteen years together, rejoiced in me, and rejoiced me, by their indulgent goodneſs!—But I will think the reſt!—Adieu, my deareſt Mrs. Norton!—

Adieu!

## LETTER II.

### MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS ARABELLA HARLOWE.

FRIDAY, JULY 21.

IF, my deareſt ſiſter, I did not think the ſtate of my health very precarious, and that it was my duty to take this ſtep, I ſhould hardly have dared to approach you, although but with my pen, after having found your cenſures ſo dreadfully juſtified as they have been.

I have not the courage to write to my father himſelf; nor yet to my mother. And it is with trembling, that I addreſs myſelf to you, to beg of you to intercede for me, that my father will have the goodneſs to revoke that heavieſt part of the very heavy curſe he laid upon me, which relates to HEREAFTER: for, as to the HERE, *I have* indeed *met with my puniſhment from the very wretch in whom I was ſuppoſed to place my confidence.*

As I hope not for reſtoration to favour, I may be allowed to be very earneſt on this head: yet will I not uſe any arguments in ſupport of my requeſt, becauſe I am ſure my father, were it in his power, would not have his poor child miſerable for ever.

I have the moſt grateful ſenſe of my mother's goodneſs in ſending me up my cloaths. I would have acknowledged the favour the moment I received them, with the moſt thankful duty, but that I feared any line from me would be unacceptable.

I would not give freſh offence: ſo will decline all other commendations of duty and love: appealing to my heart for both, where *both* are flaming with an ardour that nothing but death can extinguiſh:

extinguiſh: therefore only ſubſcribe myſelf, without ſo much as a name, *my dear and happy ſiſter*,

*Your afflicted Servant.*

A letter directed for me, at Mr. Smith's, a glover, in King Street, Covent Garden, will come to hand.

## LETTER III.

MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

[IN ANSWER TO LETTERS LXXIX. LXXXII. VOL. VI.]

EDGWARE, MONDAY, JULY 24.

WHAT pains thou takeſt to perſuade thyſelf, that the lady's ill health is owing to the vile arreſt, and to the implacableneſs of her friends! Both primarily (if they were) to be laid at thy door. What poor excuſes will good heads make for the evils they are put upon by bad hearts!—But 'tis no wonder that he who can ſit down premeditatedly to do a bad action, will content himſelf with a bad excuſe: and yet, what fools muſt he ſuppoſe the reſt of the world to be, if he imagines them as eaſy to be impoſed upon, as he can impoſe upon himſelf?

In vain doſt thou impute to pride or wilfulneſs the neceſſity to which thou haſt reduced this lady, of parting with her cloaths: for can ſhe do otherwiſe, and be the noble-minded creature ſhe is? Her implacable friends have refuſed her the current caſh ſhe left behind her; and wiſhed, as her ſiſter wrote to her, to ſee her reduced to want: probably therefore they will not be ſorry that ſhe is reduced to ſuch ſtreights; and will take it for a juſtification from Heaven of their wicked hard-heartedneſs. Thou canſt not ſuppoſe ſhe would take ſupplies from thee: to take them from me would, in her opinion, be taking them from thee. Miſs Howe's mother is an avaricious woman; and, perhaps, the daughter can do nothing of that ſort unknown to her; and, if ſhe *could*, is too noble a girl to deny it, if charged. And then Miſs Harlowe is firmly of opinion, that ſhe ſhall never want nor wear the things ſhe diſpoſes of.

Having heard nothing from town that obliges me to go thither, I ſhall gratify poor Belton with my company till to-morrow, or perhaps till Wedneſday: for the unhappy man is more and more loth to part with me. I ſhall ſoon ſet out for Epſom, to endeavour to ſerve him there, and reinſtate him in his own houſe. Poor fellow! he is moſt horribly low-ſpirited; mopes about; and nothing diverts him. I pity him at my heart; but can do him no good.—What conſolation can I give him, either from his paſt life, or from his future proſpects?

Our friendſhips and intimacies, Lovelace, are only calculated for ſtrong life and health. When ſickneſs comes, we look round us, and upon one another, like frighted birds at the ſight of a kite ready to ſouſe upon them. Then, with all our bravery, what miſerable wretches are we!

Thou telleſt me, that thou ſeeſt reformation is coming ſwiftly upon me. I hope it is. I ſee ſo much difference in the behaviour of this admirable woman in *her* illneſs, and that of poor Belton in *his*, that it is plain to me, the ſinner is the real coward, and the ſaint the true hero; and, ſooner or later, we ſhall all find it to be ſo, if we are not cut off ſuddenly.

The lady ſhut herſelf up at ſix o'clock yeſterday afternoon; and intends not to ſee company till ſeven or eight this; not even her nurſe—Impoſing upon herſelf a ſevere faſt. And why? *It is her* BIRTH-DAY!—Blooming—yet declining in her very bloſſom!—Every birth-day till this, no doubt, happy!—What muſt be her reflections!—What ought to be thine!

What ſport doſt thou make with my aſpirations, and my proſtrations, as thou calleſt them; and with my dropping of the Bank note behind her chair! I had too much awe of her at the time, and too much apprehended her diſpleaſure at the offer, to make it with the grace that would better have become my intention. But the action, if aukward, was modeſt. Indeed, the fitter ſubject for ridicule with thee; who canſt no more taſte the beauty and delicacy of modeſt obligingneſs, than of modeſt love. For the ſame may be ſaid of inviolable reſpect, that the poet ſays of unfeigned affection—

'I *ſpeak!* I know not what!
'Speak ever ſo; and if I *anſwer* you
'I know not what, it ſhews the more of
'love.
'Love is a child that talks in broken language;
'Yet then it ſpeaks moſt plain.'

The like may be pleaded in behalf of that modeſt reſpect which made the humble offerer afraid to invade the awful

ful eye, or the revered hand; but awkwardly to drop it's incenſe beſide the altar it ſhould have been laid upon. But how ſhould that ſoul, which could treat delicacy itſelf brutally, know any-thing of this!

But I am ſtill more amazed at thy courage, to think of throwing thyſelf in the way of Miſs Howe, and Miſs Arabella Harlowe!—Thou wilt not dare, ſurely, to carry this thought into execution!

As to *my* dreſs, and *thy* dreſs, I have only to ſay, that the ſum total of thy obſervation is this: that *my* outſide is the worſt of me; and *thine* the *beſt* of thee: and what getteſt thou by the compariſon? Do thou reform the one, and I'll try to mend the other. I challenge thee to begin.

Mrs. Lovick gave me, at my requeſt, the copy of a meditation ſhe ſhewed me, which was extracted by the lady, from the Scriptures, while under arreſt at Rowland's, as appears by the date. The lady is not to know that I have taken a copy.

You and I always admired the noble ſimplicity, and natural eaſe and dignity of ſtyle, which are the diſtinguiſhing characteriſticks of theſe books, whenever any paſſages from them, by way of quotation in the works of other authors, popt upon us. And once I remember you, even *you*, obſerved, that thoſe paſſages always appeared to you like a rich vein of golden ore, which runs through baſer metals; embelliſhing the work they were brought to authenticate.

Try, Lovelace, if thou canſt reliſh a divine beauty. I think it muſt ſtrike tranſient (if not permanent) remorſe into thy heart. Thou boaſteſt of thy ingenuouſneſs: let this be the teſt of it; and whether thou canſt be ſerious on a ſubject ſo deep, the occaſion of it reſulting from thyſelf.

## 'MEDITATION.

SATURDAY, JULY 15.

'*O That my grief were thoroughly weigh-*
'*ed, and my calamity laid in the ba-*
'*lance together!*

'*For now it would be heavier than the*
'*ſand of the ſea: therefore my words are*
'*ſwallowed up!*

'*For the arrows of the Almighty are*
'*within me; the poiſon whereof drinketh up*
'*my ſpirit. The terrors of God do ſet them-*
'*ſelves in array againſt me.*

'*When I lie down, I ſay, When ſhall I*
'*ariſe? When will the night be gone? And*
'*I am full of toſſings to and fro, unto the*
'*dawning of the day.*

'*My days are ſwifter than a weaver's*
'*ſhuttle, and are ſpent without hope—Mine*
'*eye ſhall no more ſee good.*

'*Wherefore is light given to her that is*
'*in miſery; and life unto the bitter in ſoul?*

'*Who longeth for death; but it cometh not;*
'*and diggeth for it more than for hid trea-*
'*ſures?*

'*Why is light given to one whoſe way is*
*hid; and whom God hath hedged in?*

'*For the thing which I greatly feared is*
'*come upon me!*

'*I was not in ſafety; neither had I reſt;*
'*neither was I quiet: yet trouble came.*

'*But behold God is mighty, and deſpiſeth*
'*not any.*

'*He giveth right to the poor—And if they*
'*be bound in fetters, and holden in cords of*
'*affliction, then he ſheweth them their work*
'*and their tranſgreſſions.*'

I HAVE a little leiſure, and am in a ſcribbling vein: indulge me, Lovelace, a few reflections on theſe ſacred books.

We are taught to read the Bible, when children, and as a rudiment only; and, as far as I know, this may be the reaſon, why we think ourſelves above it, when at a maturer age. For you know, that our parents, as well as we, *wiſely* rate our proficiency by the books we are advanced to, and not by our underſtanding of thoſe we have paſſed through. But, in my uncle's illneſs, I had the curioſity, in ſome of my dull hours, (lighting upon one in his cloſet) to dip into it: and then I found, whereever I turned, that there were *admirable things in it.* I have borrowed one, on receiving from Mrs. Lovick the above meditation; for I had a mind to compare the paſſages contained in it by the book, hardly believing they could be ſo exceedingly appoſite as I find they are. And one time or other, it is very likely, that I ſhall make a reſolution to give the whole Bible a peruſal, by way of *courſe*, as I may ſay.

This, mean time, I will venture to repeat, is certain, that the ſtyle is that truly eaſy, ſimple, and natural one, which we ſhould admire in other authors exceſſively. Then all the world join in an opinion of the antiquity, and authenticity too, of the book; and the learned are fond of ſtrengthening their different arguments by it's ſanctions. Indeed, I was ſo much taken with it at my uncle's, that I was half aſhamed that it appeared ſo *new* to me. And yet I cannot

not but ſay, that I have ſome of the Old Teſtament hiſtory, as it is called, in my head: but, perhaps, am more obliged for it to Joſephus, than to the Bible itſelf.

Odd enough, with all our pride of learning, that we chuſe to derive the little we know from the under-currents, perhaps muddy ones too, when the clear, the pellucid fountain head, is much nearer at hand, and eaſier to be come at—Slighted the more, poſſibly, for that very reaſon!

But man is a pragmatical, fooliſh creature; and the more we look into him, the more we muſt deſpiſe him.—Lords of the creation!—Who can forbear indignant laughter! When we ſee not one of the individuals of that creation (his perpetually eccentric ſelf excepted) but acts within it's own natural and original appointments: and all the time, proud and vain as the conceited wretch is of fancied and ſelf-dependent excellence, he is obliged not only for the ornaments, but for the neceſſaries of life, (that is to ſay, for food as well as raiment) to all the other creatures; ſtrutting with their blood and ſpirits in his veins, and with their plumage on his back: for what has he of his own, but a very miſchievous, monkey-like, bad nature! Yet thinks himſelf at liberty to kick, and cuff, and elbow out every worthier creature: and when he has none of the animal creation to hunt down and abuſe, will make uſe of his power, his ſtrength, or his wealth, to oppreſs the leſs powerful and weaker of his own ſpecies!

When you and I meet next, let us enter more largely into this ſubject: and, I dare ſay, we ſhall take it by turns, in imitation of the two ſages of antiquity, to laugh and to weep at the thoughts of what miſerable, yet conceited beings, men in general, but we libertines in particular, are.

I fell upon a piece at Dorrell's, this very evening, intituled, *The Sacred Claſſicks*, written by one Blackwall.

I took it home with me, and had not read a dozen pages, when I was convinced, that I ought to be aſhamed of myſelf to think, how greatly I have admired leſs noble and leſs natural beauties in Pagan authors; while I have known nothing of this all-excelling collection of beauties, the Bible! By my faith, Lovelace, I ſhall for the future have a better opinion of the good ſenſe and taſte of half a ſcore parſons, whom I have fallen in with in my time, and deſpiſed for *magnifying*, as I thought they did, the language and the ſentiments to be found in it, in preference to all the ancient poets and philoſophers. And this is now a convincing proof to me, and ſhames as much an infidel's preſumption as his ignorance, that thoſe who know leaſt, are the greateſt ſcoffers. A pretty pack of would-be wits of us, who cenſure without knowledge, laugh without reaſon, and are moſt noiſy and loud againſt things we know leaſt of!

## LETTER IV.

MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 26.

I Came not to town till this morning early: poor Belton clinging to me, as a man deſtitute of all other hold.

I haſtened to Smith's, and had but a very indifferent account of the lady's health. I ſent up my compliments; and ſhe deſired to ſee me in the afternoon.

Mrs. Lovick told me, that after I went away on Saturday, ſhe actually parted with one of her beſt ſuits of cloaths to a gentlewoman who is her [Mrs. Lovick's] benefactreſs, and who bought them for a niece who is very ſpeedily to be married, and whom ſhe fits out and portions as her intended heireſs. The lady was ſo jealous that the money might come from you or me, that ſhe would ſee the purchaſer: who owned to Mrs. Lovick, that ſhe bought them for half their worth: but yet, though her conſcience permitted her to take them at ſuch an under-rate, the widow ſays, her friend admired the lady, as one of the loveliеſt of her ſex: and having been let into a little of her ſtory, could not help tears at taking away her purchaſe.

She may be a good ſort of a woman: Mrs. Lovick ſays ſhe *is:* but SELF is an odious devil, that reconciles to ſome people the moſt cruel and diſhoneſt actions. But, nevertheleſs, it is my opinion, that thoſe who can ſuffer themſelves to take advantage of the neceſſities of their fellow-creatures, in order to buy any-thing at a leſs rate than would allow them the legal intereſt of their purchaſe-money, (ſuppoſing they purchaſe *before they want*) are no better than robbers for the difference.—To plunder a wreck, and to rob at a fire, are indeed higher degrees of wickedneſs: but do not thoſe, as well as theſe, heighten

heighten the diſtreſſes of the diſtreſſed, and heap miſery on the miſerable, whom it is the duty of every-one to relieve?

About three o'clock I went again to Smith's. The lady was writing when I ſent up my name; but admitted of my viſit. I ſaw a viſible alteration in her countenance for the worſe; and Mrs. Lovick reſpectfully accuſing her of great aſſiduity to her pen, early and late, and of her abſtinence the day before, I took notice of the alteration; and told her, that her phyſician had greater hopes of her than ſhe had of herſelf; and I would take the liberty to ſay, that deſpair of recovery allowed not room for cure.

She ſaid, She neither deſpaired nor hoped. Then ſtepping to the glaſs, with great compoſure, 'My counte-'nance,' ſaid ſhe, 'is indeed an honeſt 'picture of my heart. But the mind 'will run away with the body at any 'time.

'Writing is all my diverſion,' continued ſhe; 'and I have ſubjects that 'cannot be diſpenſed with. As to my 'hours, I have always been an early 'riſer: but now reſt is leſs in my pow-'er than ever. Sleep has a long time 'ago quarrelled with me, and will not 'be friends, although I have made the 'firſt advances. What *will* be, *muſt*.'

She then ſtept to her cloſet, and brought me a parcel ſealed up with three ſeals: 'Be ſo kind,' ſaid ſhe, 'as 'to give this to your friend. A very 'grateful preſent it ought to be to him: 'for, Sir, this packet contains ſuch let-'ters of his to me, as, compared with 'his actions, would reflect diſhonour 'upon all his ſex, were they to fall into 'other hands.

'As to my letters to him, they are 'not many. He may either keep or 'deſtroy them, as he pleaſes.'

I thought, Lovelace, I ought not to forego this opportunity to plead for you: I therefore, with the packet in my hand, urged all the arguments I could think of in your favour.

She heard me out with more attention than I could have promiſed myſelf, conſidering her determined reſolution.

'I would not interrupt you, Mr. 'Belford,' ſaid ſhe, 'though I am far 'from being pleaſed with the ſubject 'of your diſcourſe. The motives for 'your pleas in his favour, are generous. 'I love to ſee inſtances of generous 'friendſhip in either ſex. But I have 'written my full mind on this ſubject 'to Miſs Howe, who will communicate it 'to the ladies of his family. No more, 'therefore, I pray you, upon a topick 'that may lead to diſagreeable recrimi-'nations.'

Her apothecary came in. He adviſed her to the air, and blamed her for ſo great an application, as he was told ſhe made, to her pen; and he gave it as the doctor's opinion, as well as his own, that ſhe would recover, if ſhe herſelf deſired to recover, and would uſe the means.

She may poſſibly write too much for her health; but I have obſerved, on ſeveral occaſions, that when the phyſical men are at a loſs what to preſcribe, they enquire what their patients beſt like, or are moſt diverted with, and forbid them that.

But, noble-minded as they ſee this lady is, they know not half her nobleneſs of mind, nor how deeply ſhe is wounded; and depend too much upon her *youth*, which I doubt will not do in this caſe; and upon *time*, which will not alleviate the woes of ſuch a mind: for, having been bent upon doing good, and upon reclaiming a libertine whom ſhe loved, ſhe is diſappointed in all her darling views, and will never be able, I fear, to look up with ſatisfaction enough in herſelf to make life deſirable to her. For this lady had *other* views in living, than the common ones of eating, ſleeping, dreſſing, viſiting, and thoſe other faſhionable amuſements, which fill up the time of moſt of her ſex, eſpecially of thoſe of it, who think themſelves fitted to ſhine in, and adorn polite aſſemblies. Her grief, in ſhort, ſeems to me to be of ſuch a nature, that *time*, which alleviates moſt other perſons afflictions, will, as the poet ſays, *give increaſe to hers*.

Thou, Lovelace, mighteſt have ſeen all this ſuperior excellence, as thou wenteſt along. In every word, in every ſentiment, in every action is it viſible.—But thy curſed inventions and intriguing ſpirit ran away with thee. 'Tis fit that the ſubject of thy wicked boaſt, and thy reflections on talents ſo egregiouſly miſapplied, ſhould be *thy* puniſhment and thy curſe.

Mr. Goddard took his leave; and I was going to do ſo too, when the maid came up, and told her, a gentleman was below, who very earneſtly enquired after her health, and deſired to ſee her: his name Hickman.

She was overjoyed; and bid the maid deſire the gentleman to walk up.

I would have withdrawn; but I ſup-

poſe

poſe ſhe thought it was likely I ſhould have met him upon the ſtairs; and ſo ſhe forbid it.

She ſhot to the ſtairs-head to receive him, and taking his hand, aſked half a dozen queſtions (without waiting for any anſwer) in relation to Miſs Howe's health; acknowledging, in high terms, her goodneſs in ſending him to ſee her, before ſhe ſet out upon her little journey.

He gave her a letter from that young lady; which ſhe put into her boſom, ſaying, ſhe would read it by-and-by.

He was viſibly ſhocked to ſee how ill ſhe looked.

'You look at me with concern, Mr. 'Hickman,' ſaid ſhe—'O Sir! times 'are ſtrangely altered with me, ſince I 'ſaw you laſt at my dear Miſs Howe's! '—What a cheerful creature was I 'then!—My heart at reſt! My proſ-'pects charming! And beloved by 'every-body!—But I will not pain 'you!'

'Indeed, Madam,' ſaid he, 'I am 'grieved for you at my ſoul.'

He turned away his face, with viſible grief in it.

Her own eyes gliſtened: but ſhe turned to each of us, preſenting one to the other—Him to me, as a gentleman *truly* deſerving to be *called ſo*—Me to him, as *your* friend, indeed; [How was I, at that inſtant, aſhamed of myſelf!] but, nevertheleſs, as a man of humanity; deteſting my friend's baſeneſs; and deſirous of doing her all manner of good offices.

Mr. Hickman received my civilities with a coldneſs, which however, was rather to be expected on your account, than that it deſerved exception on mine. And the lady invited us both to breakfaſt with her in the morning; he being obliged to return the next day.

I left them together, and called upon Mr. Dorrell, my attorney, to conſult him upon poor Belton's affairs; and then went home, and wrote thus far, preparative to what may occur in my breakfaſting-viſit in the morning.

## LETTER V.

MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

THURSDAY, JULY 27.

I Went this morning, according to the lady's invitation, to breakfaſt, and found Mr. Hickman with her.

A good deal of heavineſs and concern hung upon his countenance; but he received me with more reſpect than he did yeſterday; which, I preſume was owing to the lady's favourable character of me.

He ſpoke very little; for I ſuppoſe they had all their talk out yeſterday and before I came this morning.

By the hints that dropped, I perceived that Miſs Howe's letter gave an account of your interview with her at Colonel Ambroſe's—of your profeſſions to Miſs Howe; and Miſs Howe's opinion, that marrying you was the only way now left to repair her wrongs.

Mr. Hickman, as I alſo gathered, had preſſed her, in Miſs Howe's name, to let her, on her return from the Iſle of Wight, find her at a neighbouring farm-houſe, where neat apartments would be made ready to receive her. She aſked how long it would be before they returned? And he told her, It was propoſed to be no more than a fortnight out and in. Upon which, ſhe ſaid, ſhe ſhould then perhaps have time to conſider of that kind propoſal.

He had tendered her money from Miſs Howe; but could not induce her to take any. No wonder *I* was refuſed! She only ſaid, That, if ſhe had occaſion, ſhe would be obliged to nobody but Miſs Howe.

Mr. Goddard her apothecary came in before breakfaſt was over. At her deſire he ſat down with us. Mr. Hickman aſked him, If he could give him any conſolation in relation to Miſs Harlowe's recovery, to carry down to a friend who loved her as ſhe loved her own life?

'The lady,' ſaid he, 'will do very 'well, if ſhe will reſolve upon it her-'ſelf.—Indeed you *will*, Madam, the 'doctor is entirely of this opinion; and 'has ordered nothing for you, but weak 'jellies, and innocent cordials, leſt you 'ſhould ſtarve yourſelf. And let me 'tell you, Madam, that ſo much watch-'ing, ſo little nouriſhment, and ſo much 'grief, as you ſeem to indulge, is 'enough to impair the moſt vigorous 'health, and to wear out the ſtrongeſt 'conſtitution.'

'What, Sir,' ſaid ſhe, 'can I do? I 'have no appetite. Nothing you call 'nouriſhing, will ſtay on my ſtomach. 'I do what I can: and have ſuch kind 'directors in Dr. H. and you, that I 'ſhould be inexcuſable if I did not.'

'I'll give you a regimen, Madam,' replied he; 'which, I am ſure, the doc-'tor ſhall approve of, and will make 'phyſick

'phyſick unneceſſary in your caſe. And 'that is, go to reſt at ten at night. Riſe 'not till ſeven in the morning. Let your 'breakfaſt be water-gruel, or milk-pot-'tage, or weak broths: your dinner 'any-thing you like, ſo you will *but* eat: 'a diſh of tea, with milk, in the after-'noon; and ſagoe for your ſupper: and, 'my life for yours, this diet, and a 'month's country-air, will ſet you up.'

We were much pleaſed with the worthy gentleman's diſintereſted regimen: and ſhe ſaid, referring to her nurſe, (who vouched for her) 'Pray, Mr. 'Hickman, let Miſs Howe know the 'good hands I am in: and as to the 'kind charge of the gentleman, aſſure 'her, that all I promiſed to her, in the 'longeſt of my two laſt letters, on the 'ſubject of my health, I do and will, 'to the utmoſt of my power, obſerve. '—I have engaged, Sir,' [To Mr. God-dard]—'I have engaged, Sir,' [To me] 'to Miſs Howe, to avoid all wilful 'neglects. It would be an unpardonable 'fault, and very ill become the character 'I would be glad to deſerve, or the tem-'per of mind I wiſh my friends here-'after to think me miſtreſs of, if I did 'not.'

Mr. Hickman and I went afterwards to a neighbouring coffee-houſe; and he gave me ſome account of your behaviour at the ball on Monday night; and of your treatment of him in the conference he had with you before that; which he repreſented in a more favourable light than you had done yourſelf. And yet he gave his ſentiments of you with great freedom, but with the politeneſs of a gentleman.

He told me how very determined the lady was againſt marrying you; that ſhe had, early this morning, ſet herſelf to write a letter to Miſs Howe, in anſwer to one he brought her, which he was to call for at twelve, it being almoſt finiſhed before he ſaw her at breakfaſt; and that at three he propoſed to ſet out on his return.

He told me, that Miſs Howe and her mother, and himſelf, were to begin their little journey for the Iſle of Wight on Monday next: but that he muſt make the moſt favourable repreſentation of Miſs Harlowe's bad health, or they ſhould have a very uneaſy abſence. He expreſſed the pleaſure he had in finding the lady in ſuch good hands. He propoſed to call on Dr. H. to take his opinion, whether it were likely ſhe would recover; and hoped he ſhould find it favourable.

As he was reſolved to make the beſt of the matter, and as the lady had refuſed to accept of money offered by Mr. Hickman, I ſaid nothing of her parting with her cloaths. I thought it would ſerve no other end to mention it, but to ſhock Miſs Howe: for it has ſuch a ſound with it, that a woman of her rank and fortune ſhould be ſo reduced, that I cannot myſelf think of it with patience; nor know I but one man in the world who can.

This gentleman is a little finical and formal. Modeſt or diffident men wear not ſoon off thoſe little preciſeneſſes, which the confident, if ever they had them, preſently get above. And why? Becauſe they are too confident to doubt any-thing. But I think Mr. Hickman is an agreeable ſenſible man, and not at all deſerving of the treatment or the character you give him.

But you are really a ſtrange mortal: becauſe you have advantages in your perſon, in your air, and intellect, above all the men I know, and a face that would deceive the devil, you can't think any man elſe tolerable.

It is upon this modeſt principle that thou derideſt ſome of us, who, not having thy confidence in their outſide appearance, ſeek to hide their defects by the taylor's and peruke-maker's aſſiſtance; [Miſtakenly enough, if it be really done ſo abſurdly as to expoſe them more] and ſayeſt, That we do but hang out a ſign, in our dreſs, of what we have in the ſhop of our minds. This, no doubt, thou thinkeſt, is ſmartly obſerved: but pr'ythee, Lovelace, tell me, if thou canſt, what ſort of a ſign muſt thou hang out, wert thou obliged to give us a clear idea by it of the furniture of *thy* mind?

Mr. Hickman tells me, He ſhould have been happy with Miſs Howe ſome weeks ago; (for all the ſettlements have been ſome time engroſſed) but that ſhe will not marry, ſhe declares, while her dear friend is ſo unhappy.

This is truly a charming inſtance of the force of *female friendſhip*; which you and I, and our brother rakes, have conſtantly ridiculed as a chimerical thing in women of equal age, rank, and perfections.

But really, Lovelace, I ſee more and more, that there are not in the world, with all our conceited pride, narrower-ſouled wretches than we rakes and libertines are. And I'll tell thee how it comes about.

Our early love of roguery makes us generally

generally run away from inſtruction; and ſo we become mere ſmatterers in the ſciences we are put to learn; and, becauſe we *will* know no more, think there is no more to *be* known.

With an infinite deal of vanity, unreined imaginations, and no judgments at all, we next commence *half-wits*, and then think we have the whole field of knowledge in poſſeſſion, and deſpiſe every-one who takes more pains, and is more ſerious, than ourſelves, as phlegmatick ſtupid fellows, who have no taſte for the moſt poignant pleaſures of life.

This makes us inſufferable to men of modeſty and merit, and obliges us to herd with thoſe of our own caſt; and by this means we have no *opportunities* of ſeeing or converſing with any-body who could or would ſhew us what we are; and ſo we conclude, that we are the cleverеſt fellows in the world, and the only men of ſpirit in it: and, looking down with ſupercilious eyes on all who give not themſelves the liberties we take, imagine the world made for us, and for us only.

Thus as to uſeful knowledge, while others go to the bottom, we only ſkim the ſurface; are deſpiſed by people of ſolid ſenſe, of true honour, and ſuperior talents; and ſhutting our eyes, move round and round (like ſo many blind mill-horſes) in one narrow circle, while we imagine we have all the world to range in.

I THREW myſelf in Mr. Hickman's way, on his return from the lady.

He was exceedingly moved at taking leave of her; being afraid, as he ſaid to me, (though he would not tell her ſo) that he ſhould never ſee her again. She charged him to repreſent everything to Miſs Howe in the moſt favourable light that the truth would bear.

He told me of a tender paſſage at parting; which was, that having ſaluted her at her cloſet-door, he could not help once more taking the ſame liberty, in a more fervent manner, at the ſtairs-head, whither ſhe accompanied him; and this in the thought, that it was the laſt time he ſhould ever have that honour; and offering to apologize for his freedom, (for he had preſſed her to his heart with a vehemence, that he could neither account for or reſiſt)—'Excuſe you, Mr. Hickman! that I 'will: you are my brother and my 'friend: and to ſhew you, that the 'good man who is to be happy with 'my beloved Miſs Howe, is very dear 'to me, you ſhall carry to her this 'token of my love:' [offering her ſweet face to his ſalute, and preſſing his hand between hers] 'and perhaps her love 'of *me* will make it more agreeable to 'her, than her punctilio would other-'wiſe allow it to be: and tell her,' ſaid ſhe, dropping on one knee, with claſped hands, and uplifted eyes, 'that 'in this poſture you ſaw me, in the laſt 'moment of our parting, begging a 'bleſſing upon you both, and that you 'may be the delight and comfort of 'each other, for many, very many, 'happy years!'

'Tears,' ſaid he, 'fell from my eyes: 'I even ſobbed with mingled joy and 'ſorrow; and ſhe retreating as ſoon as 'I raiſed her, I went down ſtairs highly 'diſſatisfied with myſelf for going; yet 'unable to ſtay; my eyes fixed the 'contrary way to my feet, as long as I 'could behold the ſkirts of her rai-'ment.

'I went into the back-ſhop,' continued the worthy man, 'and recom-'mended the angelick lady to the beſt 'care of Mrs. Smith; and, when I 'was in the ſtreet, caſt my eye up at 'her window: there, for the laſt time, 'I doubt,' ſaid he, 'that I ſhall ever 'behold her, I ſaw her; and ſhe waved 'her charming hand to me, and with 'ſuch a look of ſmiling goodneſs, and 'mingled concern, as I cannot de-'ſcribe.'

Pr'ythee tell me, thou vile Lovelace, if thou haſt not a notion, even from theſe jejune deſcriptions of mine, that there muſt be a more exalted pleaſure in intellectual friendſhip, than ever thou couldſt taſte in the groſs fumes of ſenſuality? And whether it may not be poſſible for thee, in time, to give that preference to the *infinitely* preferable, which, I hope, now, that I ſhall always give?

I will leave [illegible] to make the moſt of this reflection, from *thy true friend*,

J. BELFORD.

## LETTER VI.

MISS HOWE, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

TUESDAY, JULY 25.

YOUR two affecting letters were brought to me (as I had directed any letter from you ſhould be) to the colonel's, about an hour before we

broke up. I could not forbear dipping into them there; and ſhedding more tears over them than I will tell you of; although I dried my eyes as well as I could, that the company I was obliged to return to, and my mother, ſhould ſee as little of my concern as poſſible.

I am yet (and was then ſtill more) exceſſively fluttered. The occaſion I will communicate to you by-and-by: for nothing but the flutters given by the ſtroke of death could divert my *firſt* attention from the ſad and ſolemn contents of your laſt favour. Theſe therefore I muſt begin with.

How can I bear the thoughts of loſing ſo dear a friend! I will not ſo much as ſuppoſe it. Indeed I *cannot!* Such a mind as yours was not veſted in humanity to be ſnatched away from us ſo ſoon. There muſt be ſtill a great deal for you to do for the good of all who have the happineſs to know you.

You enumerate in your letter of Thurſday laſt, the particulars in which your ſituation is already mended: let me ſee by effects that you are in earneſt in that enumeration; and that you really have the courage to reſolve to get above the ſenſe of injuries you could not avoid; and then will I truſt to Providence and my humble prayers for your perfect recovery; and glad at my heart ſhall I be, on my return from the little iſland, to find you well enough to be near us, according to the propoſal Mr. Hickman has to make to you.

You chide me in yours of Sunday on the freedom I take with your friends.

I *may* be warm. I know I *am*—Too warm. Yet warmth in friendſhip, ſurely, cannot be a crime; eſpecially when our friend has great merit, labours under oppreſſion, and is ſtruggling with undeſerved calamity.

I have no notion of coolneſs in friendſhip, be it dignified or diſtinguiſhed by the name of *prudence*, or what it will.

*You* may excuſe your relations. It was ever your way to do ſo. But, my dear, other people may be allowed to judge as they pleaſe. I am not *their* daughter, nor the ſiſter of your brother and ſiſter—I thank Heaven, I am not.

But if you are diſpleaſed with me for the freedoms I took ſo long ago as you mention, I am afraid, if you knew what paſſed upon an application I made to your ſiſter, very lately, (in hopes to procure you the abſolution your heart is ſo much ſet upon) that you would be ſtill *more* concerned. But they have been even with me—But I muſt not tell you all. I hope, however, that theſe *unforgivers* [my mother is among them] were always good, dutiful, paſſive children to *their* parents.

Once more forgive me. I owned I was too warm. But I have no example to the contrary, but from you: and the treatment you meet with is very little encouragement to me to endeavour to imitate you in your dutiful meekneſs.

You leave it to me to give a negative to the hopes of the noble family, whoſe only diſgrace is, that ſo very vile a man is ſo nearly related to them. But yet—Alas! my dear, I am ſo fearful of conſequences, ſo *ſelfiſhly* fearful, if this negative muſt be giv n—I don't know what I ſhould ſay—But give me leave to ſuſpend, however, this negative, till I hear from you again.

This earneſt courtſhip of you into their ſplendid family is ſo *very* honourable to you—They *ſo juſtly* admire you—You muſt have had ſuch a *noble triumph* over the baſe man—He is ſo *much* in earneſt—The world knows ſo *much* of the unhappy affair—You may do *ſtill* ſo *much* good—Your will is *ſo* inviolate—Your relations are *ſo* implacable—Think, my dear, and *re*-think.

And let me leave you to do ſo, while I give you the occaſion of the flutter I mentioned at the beginning of this letter; in the concluſion of which you will find the obligation I have conſented to lay myſelf under, to refer this important point once more to your diſcuſſion, before I give, in your name, the negative that cannot, when given, be with honour to yourſelf, repented of or recalled.

Know then, my dear, that I accompanied my mother to Colonel Ambroſe's, on the occaſion I mentioned to you in my former. Many ladies and gentlemen were there whom you know; particularly Miſs Kitty D'Oily, Miſs Lloyd, Miſs Biddy D'Ollyffe, Miſs Biddulph, and their reſpective admirers, with the colonel's two nieces, fine women both; beſides many whom you know not; for they were ſtrangers to me, but by name. A ſplendid company, and all pleaſed with one another, till Colonel Ambroſe introduced one, who, the moment he was brought into the hall, ſet the whole aſſembly into a kind of agitation.

It was your villain.

I thought I ſhould have ſunk as ſoon as I ſet my eyes upon him. My mother was alſo affected; and coming to me, 'Nancy, whiſpered ſhe, 'can you

'bear the ſight of that wretch without
'too much emotion?—If not, withdraw
'into the next apartment.'

I could not remove. Every-body's eyes were glanced from him to me. I ſat down and fanned myſelf, and was forced to order a glaſs of water. 'O 'that I had the eye the baſiliſk is re-'ported to have,' thought I, 'and that 'his life were within the power of it! '—Directly would I kill him.'

He entered with an air ſo hateful to me, but ſo agreeable to every other eye, that I could have looked him dead for that too.

After the general ſalutations, he ſingled out Mr. Hickman, and told him, he had recollected ſome parts of his behaviour to him when he ſaw him laſt, which had made him think himſelf under obligation to his patience and politeneſs.

And ſo, indeed, he was.

Miſs D'Oily upon his complimenting her, among a knot of ladies, aſked him, in their hearing, How Miſs Clariſſa Harlowe did?

He heard, he ſaid, you were not ſo well as he wiſhed you to be, and as you deſerved to be.

'O, Mr. Lovelace,' ſaid ſhe, 'what 'have you to anſwer for, on that young 'lady's account, if all be true that I 'have heard!'

'I have a great deal to anſwer for,' ſaid the unbluſhing villain: 'but that 'dear lady has ſo many excellences, and 'ſo much delicacy, that little ſins are 'great ones in her eye.'

'*Little ſins!*' replied Miſs D'Oily: 'Mr. Lovelace's character is ſo well 'known, that nobody believes he can 'commit *little* ſins.'

'You are very good to me, Miſs 'D'Oily.'

'Indeed I am not.'

'Then I am the only perſon to whom 'you are *not* very good, and ſo I am 'the leſs obliged to you.'

He turned, with an unconcerned air, to Miſs Playford, and made her ſome genteel compliments. I believe you know her not. She viſits his couſins Montague. Indeed he had ſomething in his ſpecious manner to ſay to every-body: and this too ſoon quieted the diſguſt each perſon had at his entrance.

I ſtill kept my ſeat, and he either ſaw me not, or would not yet ſee me; and addreſſing himſelf to my mother, taking her unwilling hand, with an air of high aſſurance, 'I am glad to ſee you 'here, Madam. I hope Miſs Howe is 'well. I have reaſon to complain 'greatly of her; but hope to owe or 'her the h gheſt obligation that can be 'laid on man.'

'My daughter, Sir, is accuſtomed to 'be too warm and too zealous in her 'friendſhips, for either my tranquillity, 'or her own.'

There had indeed been ſome late occaſion given for mutual diſpleaſure between my mother and me: but I think ſhe might have ſpared this to *him*; though nobody heard it I believe but the perſon to whom it was ſpoken, and the lady who told it to me; for my mother ſpoke it low.

'We are not wholly, Madam, to live 'for ourſelves,' ſaid the vile hypocrite: 'it is not every-one who has a ſoul ca-'pable of friendſhip; and what a heart 'muſt that be, which can be inſenſible 'to the intereſts of a ſuffering friend?'

'This ſentiment from Mr. Lovelace's 'mouth!' ſaid my mother—'Forgive 'me, Sir; but you can have no end, 'ſurely, in endeavouring to make *me* 'think as well of you as ſome innocent 'creatures have thought of you, to their 'coſt.'

She would have flung from him. But, detaining her hand—'Leſs ſe-'vere, dear Madam,' ſaid he, 'be leſs 'ſevere in *this* place, I beſeech you. 'You will allow, that a very faulty 'perſon may ſee his errors; and when 'he does, and owns them, and re-'pents, ſhould he not be treated mer-'cifully?'

'Your air, Sir, ſeems not to be that 'of a penitent. But the place may as 'properly excuſe this ſubject, as what 'you call my ſeverity.'

'But, deareſt Madam, permit me to 'ſay, that I hope for your intereſt with 'your *charming* daughter,' (was his ſycophant word) 'to have it put into my 'power to convince all the world, that 'there never was a truer penitent. 'And why, why this anger, dear Ma-'dam?' (for ſhe ſtruggled to get her hand out of his) 'theſe violent airs—'ſo *maidenly!*' [Impudent fellow!]—'May I not aſk if Miſs Howe be here?'

'She would not have been here,' replied my mother, 'had ſhe known whom 'ſhe had been to ſee.'

'And is ſhe here, then?—Thank 'Heaven!'—He diſengaged her hand, and ſtept forward into company.

'Dear Miſs Lloyd,' ſaid he, 'with 'an air,' (taking her hand, as he quitted my mother's) 'tell me, tell me, 'is Miſs Arabella Harlowe here? Or

'will she be here? I was informed she 'would—And this, and the opportu-'nity of paying my compliments to your 'friend Miss Howe, were great induce-'ments with me to attend the colonel.'

Superlative assurance! Was it not, my dear?

'Miss Arabella Harlowe, excuse me, 'Sir,' said Miss Lloyd, 'would be very 'little inclined to meet you here, or 'any where else.'

'Perhaps so, my dear Miss Lloyd: 'but, perhaps, for that very reason, I 'am more desirous to see *her*.'

'Miss Harlowe, Sir,' said Miss Biddulph, with a threatening air, 'will 'hardly be here without her *brother*. I 'imagine, if one come, both will come.'

'Heaven grant they both may,' said the wretch. 'Nothing, Miss Biddulph, 'shall be in from me to disturb this as-'sembly, I assure you, if they do. One 'calm half-hour's conversation with 'that brother and sister, would be a most 'fortunate opportunity to me, in pre-'sence of the colonel and his lady, or 'whom else they should chuse.'

Then turning round, as if desirous to find out the one or the other, or both, he spied me, and, with a very low bow, approached me.

I was all in a flutter, you may suppose. He would have taken my hand. I refused it, all glowing with indignation: every-body's eyes upon us.

I went from him to the other end of the room, and sat down, as I thought, out of his hated sight: but presently I heard his odious voice, whispering, behind my chair, (he leaning upon the back of it, with impudent unconcern) '*Charming Miss Howe!*' looking over my shoulder: '*One request*'—I started up from my seat; but could hardly stand neither, for very indignation—'O this sweet, but becoming disdain!' whispered on the insufferable creature—'I am sorry to give you all this emo-'tion: but either here, or at your own 'house, let me entreat from you one 'quarter of an hour's audience.—I be-'seech you, Madam, but one quarter 'of an hour, in any of the adjoining 'apartments.'

'Not for a *kingdom*,' fluttering my fan. I knew not what I did.—But I could have killed him.

'We are so much observed—Else 'on my knees, my dear Miss Howe, 'would I beg your interest with your 'charming friend.'

'She'll have nothing to say to you.'

I had not then your letters, my dear.

'Killing words!—But indeed I have 'deserved them, and a dagger in my 'heart besides. I am so conscious of 'my demerits, that I have no hope, but 'in *your* interposition—Could I owe 'that favour to Miss Howe's mediation, 'which I cannot hope for on any other 'account——'

'*My* mediation, vilest of men!—*My* 'mediation!—I abhor you!—From my '*soul*, I abhor you, vilest of men!—Three or four times I repeated these words, stammering too.—I was excessively fluttered.

'You can call me nothing, Madam, 'so bad as I will call myself. I *have* 'been, indeed, the vilest of men: but 'now I am not so. Permit me—Every-'body's eyes are upon us!—but one 'moment's audience—To exchange but 'ten words with you, dearest Miss 'Howe—in whose presence you please '—for your dear friend's sake—but 'ten words with you in the next apart-'ment.'

'It is an insult upon me, to presume, 'that I would exchange *one* with you, if 'I could help it;—Out of my way! 'Out of my sight—fellow!'

And away I would have flung: but he took my hand. I was excessively disordered.—Every-body's eyes more and more intent upon us.

Mr. Hickman, whom my mother had drawn on one side, to enjoin him a patience, which perhaps needed not to have been enforced, came up just then, with my mother, who had him by his leading-strings—By his sleeve, I should say.

'Mr. Hickman,' said the bold wretch, 'be my advocate but for ten words in 'the next apartment with Miss Howe, 'in your presence—and in yours, Ma-'dam,' to my mother.

'Hear, Nancy, what he has to say to 'you. To get rid of him, hear his *ten* '*words*.'

'Excuse me, Madam!—His very 'breath—Unhand me, Sir!'

He sighed and looked—O how the practised villain sighed and looked!—He then let go my hand, with such a reverence in his manner, as brought blame upon me with some, that I would not hear him. And this incensed me the more.—O my dear, this man is a devil!—This man is *indeed* a devil!—So much patience, when he pleases!—So much gentleness!—Yet so resolute, so persisting, so audacious!

I was

I was going out of the assembly in great disorder. He was at the door as soon as I.

'How kind this is,' said the wretch; and, ready to follow me, opened the door for me.

I turned back, upon this; and not knowing what I did, snapped my fan just in his face, as he turned short upon me; and the powder flew from his wig.

Every-body seemed as much pleased, as I was vexed.

He turned to Mr. Hickman, nettled at the powder flying, and at the smiles of the company upon him—'Mr. Hick-'man, you will be one of the happiest 'men in the world, because you are a '*good* man, and will do nothing to pro-'voke this passionate lady; and be-'cause she has to much good sense to 'be provoked without reason: but else, 'the Lord have mercy upon you!'

This man, this Mr. Hickman, my dear, is too meek for a man—Indeed he is—But my patient mother twits me, that her passionate daughter ought to like him *the better* for that. But meek men abroad are not always meek men at home. I have observed that in more instances than one: and if they *were*, I should not, I verily think, like them the better for being so.

He then turned to my mother, resolved to begin with *her* too: 'Where, 'good Madam, could Miss get all this 'spirit?'

The company around smiled; for I need not tell you, that my mother's high-spiritedness is pretty well known; and she, sadly vexed, said, 'Sir, you 'treat me, as you do the rest of the 'world—But——'

'I beg pardon, Madam,' interrupted he: I might have spared my question.'—And instantly (I retiring to the other end of the hall) he turned to Miss Playford—'What would I give, Miss, to 'hear you sing that song you obliged us 'with at Lord M.'s!'

He then, as if nothing had happened, fell into a conversation with her, and Miss D'Ollyffe, upon musick; and whisperingly sung to Miss Playford, holding her two hands, with such airs of genteel unconcern, that it vexed me not a little to look round, and see how pleased half the giddy fools of our sex were with him, notwithstanding his notorious wicked character. To this it is, that such vile fellows owe much of their vileness, whereas if they found themselves shunned, and despised, and treated as beasts of prey as they are, they would run to their caverns; there howl by themselves; and none but such as sad accident, or unpitiable presumption, threw in their way, would suffer by them.

He afterwards talked very seriously at times, to Mr. Hickman: at *times*, I say; for it was with such breaks and starts of gaiety, turning to this lady, and to that, and then to Mr. Hickman again, resuming a serious or gay air at pleasure, that he took every-body's eye, the women's especially; who were full of their whispering admirations of him, qualified with '*If's*,' and '*But's*,' and '*What pity's*,' and such sort of stuff, that shewed in their very dispraises too much liking.

Well may our sex be the sport and ridicule of such libertines!—Unthinking eye-governed creatures!—Would not a little reflection teach us, that a man of merit must be a man of modesty, because a diffident one? And that such a wretch as this must have taken his degrees in wickedness, and gone through a course of vileness, before he could arrive at this impenetrable effrontery? An effrontery which can proceed only from the light opinion he has of us, and the high one of himself.

But our sex are generally modest and bashful themselves, and are too apt to consider that which in the main is their principal grace, as a defect; and *finely* do they judge, when they think of supplying that defect by chusing a man who cannot be ashamed.

His discourse to Mr. Hickman turned upon you, and his acknowledged injuries of you; though he could so lightly start from the subject, and return to it.'

I have no patience with such a devil—*Man* he cannot be called. To be sure he would behave in the same manner any-where, or in any presence, even at the altar itself, if a woman were with him there.

It shall ever be a rule with me, that he who does not regard a woman with some degree of reverence, will look upon her and occasionally *treat* her with contempt.

He had the confidence to offer to take me out; but I absolutely refused him, and shunned him all I could, putting on the most contemptuous airs; but nothing could mortify him.

I wished twenty times I had not been there.

The gentlemen were as ready as I to wish he had broken his neck, rather than

than been preſent, I believe: for nobody was regarded but he. So little of the fop; yet ſo elegant and rich in his dreſs: his perſon ſo ſpecious: his air ſo intrepid: ſo much meaning and penetration in his face: ſo much gaiety, yet ſo little of the monkey: though a travelled gentleman, yet no affectation; no mere toupet-man; but all manly; and his courage and wit, the one ſo known, the other ſo dreaded, you muſt think the petits-maitres (of which there were four or five preſent) were moſt deplorably off in his company; and one grave gentleman obſerved to me, (pleaſed to ſee me ſhun him as I did) that the poet's obſervation was too true, That the generality of ladies were *rakes in their hearts*, or they could not be ſo much taken with a man who had ſo notorious a character.

I told him, The reflection both of the poet and applier was much too general, and made with more ill-nature than good-manners.

When the wretch ſaw how induſtriouſly I avoided him, (ſhifting from one part of the hall to another) he at laſt boldly ſtept up to me, as my mother and Mr. Hickman were talking to me; and thus before them accoſted me:

'I beg your pardon, Madam; but, 'by your mother's leave, I muſt have a 'few moments converſation with you, 'either here, or at your own houſe; 'and I beg you will give me the oppor-'tunity.'

'Nancy,' ſaid my mother, 'hear 'what he has to ſay to you. In my pre-'ſence you may: and better in the ad-'joining apartment, if it muſt be, than 'to come to you at our own houſe.'

I retired to one corner of the hall, my mother following me; and he, taking Mr. Hickman under the arm, following her—'Well, Sir,' ſaid I, 'what have 'you to ſay?—Tell me *here*.'

'I have been telling Mr. Hickman,' ſaid he, 'how much I am concerned for 'the injuries I have done to the moſt 'excellent woman in the world: and 'yet, that ſhe obtained ſuch a glorious 'triumph over me the laſt time I had 'the honour to ſee her, as, with my 'penitence, ought to have abated her 'former reſentments: but that I will, 'with all my ſoul, enter into any mea-'ſures to obtain her forgiveneſs of me. 'My couſins Montague have told you 'this. Lady Betty, and Lady Sarah, 'and my Lord M. are engaged for my 'honour. I know your power with the 'dear creature. My couſins told me, 'you gave them hopes you would uſe it 'in my behalf. My Lord M. and his 'two ſiſters are impatiently expecting 'the fruits of it. You muſt have heard 'from her before now: I hope you have. 'And will you be ſo good as to tell me, 'if I may have any hopes?'

'If I muſt ſpeak on this ſubject, let 'me tell you, that you have broken her 'heart. You know not the value of the 'lady you have injured. You deſerve 'her not. And ſhe deſpiſes you, as ſhe 'ought.'

'Dear Miſs Howe, mingle not paſſion 'with denunciations ſo ſevere. I muſt 'know my fate. I will go abroad once 'more, if I find her abſolutely irrecon-'cileable. But I hope ſhe will give me 'leave to attend upon her, to know my 'doom from her own mouth.'

'It would be death immediate for her 'to ſee you. And what muſt *you* be, to 'be able to look her in the face?'

I then reproached him (with vehemence enough, you may believe) on his baſeneſs, and the evils he had made you ſuffer: the diſtreſs he had reduced you to: all your friends made your enemies: the vile houſe he had carried you to: hinted at his villainous arts; the dreadful arreſt: and told him of your preſent deplorable illneſs, and reſolution to die rather than have him.

He vindicated not any part of his conduct, but that of the arreſt; and ſo ſolemnly proteſted his ſorrow for his uſage of you, accuſing himſelf in the freeſt manner, and by *deſerved* appellations, that I promiſed to lay before you this part of our converſation. And now you have it.

My mother, as well as Mr. Hickman, believes, from what paſſed on this occaſion, that he is touched in conſcience for the wrongs he has done you: but, by his whole behaviour, I muſt own, it ſeems to me, that nothing can touch him for half an hour together. Yet I have no doubt, that he would willingly marry you; and it piques his pride, I could ſee, that he ſhould be denied; as it did mine, that ſuch a wretch had dared to think it in his power to have ſuch a woman whenever he pleaſed; and that it muſt be accounted a condeſcenſion, and matter of obligation, (by all his own family at leaſt) that he would vouchſafe to think of marriage.

Now, my dear, you have before you the reaſon why I ſuſpend the deciſive negative to the ladies of his family. My mother, Miſs Lloyd, and Miſs Biddulph, who were inquiſitive after the ſubject of

our

our retired converſation, and whoſe curioſity I thought it was right, in ſome degree, to gratify, (eſpecially as thoſe young ladies are of our ſelect acquaintance) are all of opinion, that you ſhould be his.

You will let Mr. Hickman know your whole mind; and when he acquaints me with it, I will tell you all my own.

Mean time, may the news he will bring me of the ſtate of your health, be favourable! prays, with the utmoſt fervency, *your ever-faithful and affectionate*

ANNA HOWE.

## LETTER VII.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE.

THURSDAY JULY 27.

MY DEAREST MISS HOWE,

AFTER I have thankfully acknowledged your favour in ſending Mr. Hickman to viſit me before you ſet out upon your intended journey, I muſt chide you (in the ſincerity of that faithful love, which could not be the love it is if it would not admit of that *cementing* freedom) for ſuſpending the deciſive negative, which, upon ſuch full deliberation, I had entreated you to give to Mr. Lovelace's relations.

I am ſorry that I am obliged to *repeat* to you, my dear, who know me ſo well, that, were I ſure I ſhould live *many years*, I would not have Mr. Lovelace; much leſs can I think of him, as it is probable I may not live *one*.

As to the *world* and it's *cenſures*, you know, my dear, that however deſirous I always was of a fair fame, yet I never thought it right to give more than a *ſecond place* to the world's opinion. The challenges made to Mr. Lovelace by Miſs D'Oily, in publick company, are a freſh proof that I have loſt my reputation: and what advantage would it be to me, were it retrievable, and were I to live long, if I could not acquit myſelf to *myſelf*?

Having in my former ſaid ſo much on the freedoms you have taken with my friends, I ſhall ſay the leſs now; but *your hint*, that ſomething elſe has newly paſſed between ſome of them and you, gives me great concern, and that as well for *my own* ſake, as for *theirs*; ſince it muſt neceſſarily incenſe them againſt me. I wiſh, my dear, that I had been left to my own courſe on an occaſion ſo very intereſting to myſelf. But ſince what is done cannot be helped, I muſt abide the conſequences; yet I dread, *more than before*, what may be my ſiſter's anſwer, if an anſwer be at all vouchſafed.

Will you give me leave, my dear, to cloſe this ſubject with one remark?—It is this: That my beloved friend, in points where her own laudable *zeal* is concerned, has ever ſeemed more ready to fly from the *rebuke*, than from the *fault*. If you will excuſe this freedom, I will acknowledge thus far in favour of your way of thinking, as to the conduct of ſome parents in theſe nice caſes, That *indiſcreet* oppoſition does frequently as much miſchief as *giddy* love.

As to the invitation you are ſo kind as to give me, to remove privately into your neighbourhood, I have told Mr. Hickman, that I will conſider of it; but believe, if you will be ſo good as to excuſe me, that I ſhall not accept of it, even ſhould I be able to remove. I will give you my reaſons for declining it; and ſo I ought, when both my love, and my gratitude, would make a viſit now-and-then from my dear Miſs Howe the moſt conſolatory thing in the world to me.

You muſt know then, that this great town, wicked as it is, wants not opportunities of being better; having daily prayers at ſeveral churches in it; and I am deſirous, as my ſtrength will permit, to embrace thoſe opportunities. The method I have propoſed to myſelf, (and was beginning to practiſe when that cruel arreſt deprived me both of freedom and ſtrength) is this: When I was diſpoſed to gentle exerciſe, I took a chair to St. Dunſtan's Church in Fleet Street, where are prayers at ſeven in the morning; I propoſed, *if the weather favoured*, to walk, (*if not*, to take chair) to Lincoln's Inn Chapel; where at eleven in the morning, and at five in the afternoon, are the ſame deſirable opportunities; and at other times to go no farther than Covent Garden Church, where are early morning-prayers likewiſe.

This method purſued, I doubt not, will greatly help, as it has already done, to calm my diſturbed thoughts, and to bring me to that perfect reſignation, after which I aſpire: for I muſt own, my dear, that ſometimes ſtill my griefs and my reflections are too heavy for me; and all the aid I can draw from *religious duties* is hardly ſufficient to ſupport my ſtaggering reaſon. I am a very young creature, you know, my dear, to be left to my own conduct in ſuch circumſtances as I am in.

Another reaſon why I chuſe not to go down into your neighbourhood, is, The diſpleaſure

diſpleaſure that might ariſe, on my account, between your mother and you.

If indeed you were actually married, and the worthy man (who would then have a title to all your regard) were earneſtly deſirous of my near neighbourhood, I know not what I might do: for although I might not perhaps intend to give up my other important reaſons at the *time*, I ſhould make you a congratulatory viſit, yet I might not know how to deny myſelf the pleaſure of continuing near you when there.

I ſend you incloſed the copy of my letter to my ſiſter. I hope it will be thought to be written with a true penitent ſpirit; for indeed it is. I deſire that you will not think I ſtoop too low in it; ſince there can be no ſuch thing as *that* in a child to parents whom ſhe has unhappily offended.

But if ſtill (perhaps more diſguſted than before at your freedom with them) they ſhould paſs it by with the contempt of ſilence, (for I have not yet been favoured with an anſwer) I muſt learn to think it right in them ſo to do; eſpecially as it is my firſt direct application: for I have often cenſured the boldneſs of thoſe, who, applying for a favour, which it is in a perſon's option to grant, or to refuſe, take the liberty of being offended, if they are not gratified; as if the *petitioned* had not as good a right *to reject*, as the *petitioner to aſk*.

But if my letter ſhould be anſwered, and that in ſuch terms as will make me loth to communicate it to ſo warm a friend—you muſt not, my dear, take upon you to cenſure my relations; but allow for them, as they know not what I have ſuffered; as being filled with *juſt* reſentments againſt me; (*juſt* to them, if they *think* them juſt) and as not being able to judge of the reality of my penitence.

And after all, what can they do for me?—They can only pity me: and what will that do, but augment their own *grief*; to which at preſent their *reſentment* is an alleviation? For can they by their pity reſtore to me my loſt reputation? Can they by it purchaſe a ſponge that will wipe out from the year the paſt fatal five months of my life?

Your account of the gay unconcerned behaviour of Mr. Lovelace, at the colonel's, does not ſurprize me at all, after I am told, that he had the intrepidity to go thither, knowing who were *invited* and *expected*.—Only this, my dear, I really wonder at, that Miſs Howe could imagine, that I could have a thought of ſuch a man for a huſband.

Poor wretch! I pity him, to ſee him fluttering about; abuſing talents that were given him for excellent purpoſes; taking inconſideration for courage; and dancing, fearleſs of danger, on the edge of a precipice!

But indeed his threatening to ſee me, moſt ſenſibly alarms and ſhocks me. I cannot but hope that I never, never more ſhall ſee him in this world.

Since you are ſo loth, my dear, to ſend the deſired negative to the ladies of his family, I will only trouble you to tranſmit the letter I ſhall incloſe for that purpoſe; directed indeed to yourſelf, becauſe it was to you that thoſe ladies applied themſelves on this occaſion; but to be ſent by you to any one of the ladies, at your own choice.

I commend myſelf, my deareſt Miſs Howe, to your prayers; and conclude with repeated thanks for ſending Mr. Hickman to me; and with wiſhes for your health and happineſs, and for the ſpeedy celebration of your nuptials; *your ever-affectionate and obliged*

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

## LETTER VIII.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE.

[INCLOSED IN THE PRECEDING.]

THURSDAY, JULY 27.

MY DEAREST MISS HOWE,

SINCE you ſeem loth to acquieſce in my determined reſolution, ſignified to you as ſoon as I was able to hold a pen, I beg the favour of you, by this, or by any other way you think moſt proper, to acquaint the worthy ladies who have applied to you in behalf of their relation, that, although I am infinitely obliged to their generous opinion of me, yet I cannot conſent to *ſanctify*, as I may ſay, Mr. Lovelace's repeated breaches of all moral ſanctions, and hazard my *future* happineſs by an union with a man, through whoſe premeditated injuries, in a long train of the baſeſt contrivances, I have forfeited my *temporal* hopes.

He himſelf, when he reflects upon his own actions, muſt ſurely bear teſtimony to the juſtice, as well as fitneſs of my determination. The ladies, I dare ſay, would, were they to know the whole of my unhappy ſtory.

Be pleaſed to acquaint them, that I deceive myſelf, if my reſolution on this head (however ungratefully, and even inhumanly

inhumanly, he has treated me) be not owing more to *principle* than *paſſion*. Nor can I give a ſtronger proof of the truth of this aſſurance, than by declaring, that I *can* and *will* forgive him, on this one eaſy condition, *that he will never moleſt me more*.

In whatever way you chuſe to make this declaration, be pleaſed to make my moſt reſpectful compliments to the ladies of the noble family, and to my Lord M. accompany it. And do you, my dear, believe that I ſhall be, to the laſt moment of my life, *your ever-obliged and affectionate*

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

## LETTER IX.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

FRIDAY, JULY 28.

I Have three letters of thine to take notice of, but am divided in my mind, whether to quarrel with thee, on thy unmerciful reflections, or to thank thee for thy acceptable particularity and diligence. But ſeveral of my ſweet dears have I, indeed, in my time made to cry and laugh, before the cry could go off the other: Why may I not, therefore, curſe and applaud thee in the ſame moment? So take both in one: and what follows, as it ſhall riſe from my pen.

How often have I ingenuouſly confeſſed my ſins againſt this excellent creature?—Yet thou never ſpareſt me, although as bad a man as myſelf. Since then I get ſo little by my confeſſions, I had a good mind to try to defend myſelf; and that not only from ancient and modern ſtory, but from common practice; and yet avoid repeating any-thing I have ſuggeſted before in my own behalf.

I am in a humour to play the fool with my pen: briefly then, from ancient ſtory firſt:—Doſt thou not think, that I am as much entitled to forgiveneſs on Miſs Harlowe's account, as Virgil's hero was on Queen Dido's? For what an ungrateful varlet was that vagabond to the *hoſpitable* princeſs who had *willingly* conferred upon him the laſt favour?—Stealing away (whence, I ſuppoſe, the ironical phraſe of *truſty Trojan* to this day) like a thief—Pretendedly indeed at the command of the gods; but could that be, when the errand he went upon was to rob other princes, not only of their dominions, but of their lives?—Yet this fellow is, at every word, the *pious* Æneas with the immortal bard who celebrates him.

Should Miſs Harlowe even break her heart (which Heaven forbid!) for the uſage ſhe has received, (to ſay nothing of her diſappointed pride, to which her death would be attributable, more than to reaſon) what compariſon will *her* fate hold to Queen Dido's? And have I half the obligation to her, that Æneas had to the Queen of Carthage? The latter placing a confidence, the former none, in her man?—Then, whom *elſe* have I robbed? Whom *elſe* have I injured? Her brother's worthleſs life I gave him, inſtead of taking any man's; while the Trojan vagabond deſtroyed his thouſands. Why then ſhould it not be the *pious* Lovelace, as well as the *pious* Æneas? For, doſt thou think, had a conflagration happened, and had it been in my power, that I would not have ſaved my old Anchiſes (as he did his from the Ilion bonfire) even at the expence of my Creüſa, had I had a wife of that name?

But for a more modern inſtance in my favour—Have I uſed Miſs Harlowe, as our famous maiden queen, as ſhe was called, uſed one of her own blood, a ſiſter-queen; who threw herſelf into her protection from her rebel-ſubjects; and whom ſhe detained priſoner eighteen years, and at laſt cut off her head? Yet do not honeſt proteſtants pronounce *her* pious too?—And call her particularly *their* queen?

As to *common practice*—Who, let me aſk, that has it in his power to gratify a predominant paſſion, be it what it will, denies himſelf the gratification?—Leaving it to cooler deliberation (and if he be a great man, to his flatterers) to find a reaſon for it afterwards?

Then, as to the worſt part of my treatment of this lady—How many men are there, who, as well as I, have ſought, by intoxicating liquors, firſt to inebriate, then to ſubdue? What ſignifies what the *potations* were, when the ſame end was in view?

Let me tell thee, upon the whole, that neither the Queen of Carthage, nor the Queen of Scots, would have thought they had any reaſon to complain of cruelty, had they been uſed no worſe than I have uſed the queen of my heart: and then do I not aſpire with my whole ſoul to repair by marriage? Would the *pious* Æneas, thinkeſt thou, have done ſuch a piece of juſtice by Dido, had ſhe lived?

Come, come, Belford, let people run

away with notions as they will, I am *comparatively* a very innocent man. And if by theſe, and other like reaſonings, I have quieted my own conſcience, a great end is anſwered. What have I to do with the world?

And now I ſit me peaceably down to conſider thy letters.

I hope thy pleas in my favour, when ſhe gave thee (ſo generouſly gave thee) for me, my letters, were urged with an honeſt energy. But I ſuſpect thee much for being too ready to give up thy client. Then thou haſt ſuch a miſgiving aſpect; an aſpect, rather inviting rejection, then carrying perſuaſion with it; and art ſuch an heſitating, ſuch an humming and hawing caitiff, that I ſhall attribute my failure, if I do fail, rather to the inability and ill looks of my advocate, than to my cauſe. Again, thou art deprived of the force men of our caſt give to arguments; for ſhe won't let thee *ſwear!*—Art moreover a very heavy thoughtleſs fellow; tolerable only at a ſecond rebound; a horrid dunce at the *impromptu*. Theſe, encountering with ſuch a lady, are great diſadvantages.—And ſtill a greater is thy balancing (as thou doſt at preſent) between old rakery and new reformation: ſince this puts thee into the ſame ſituation with her, as they told me at Leipſick Martin Luther was in, at the firſt publick diſpute which he held, in defence of his ſuppoſed *new* doctrines with Eckius. For Martin was then but a linſey-wolſey reformer. He retained ſome dogmas, which, by natural conſequence, made others, that he held, untenable: ſo that Eckius, in ſome points, had the better of him. But from that time, he made clear work, renouncing all that ſtood in his way: and then his doctrines ran upon all-fours. He was never puzzled afterwards; and could boldly declare, that he would defend them in the face of angels and men: and to his friends, who would have diſſuaded him from venturing to appear before the emperor Charles the Fifth at Spires, *That, were there as many devils at Spires, as tiles upon the houſes, he would go.* An anſwer that is admired by every Proteſtant Saxon to this day.

Since then thy unhappy aukwardneſs deſtroys the force of thy arguments, I think thou hadſt better (for the preſent, however) forbear to urge her on the ſubject of accepting the reparation I offer; leſt the continual teazing of her to forgive me ſhould but ſtrengthen her in her denials of forgiveneſs; till for *conſiſtency* ſake, ſhe'll be forced to adhere to a reſolution ſo often avowed —Whereas, if left to herſelf, a little time, and better health, which will bring on better ſpirits, will give her quicker reſentments; thoſe quicker reſentments will lead her into vehemence; that vehemence will ſubſide, and turn into expoſtulation and parley: my friends will then interpoſe, and guaranty for me: and all our trouble on both ſides will be over. Such is the natural courſe of things.

I cannot endure thee for thy hopeleſſneſs in the lady's recovery; and that in contradiction to the doctor and apothecary.

'*Time*,' in the words of Congreve, thou ſayeſt, '*will give increaſe to her* '*afflictions*.' But why ſo? Knoweſt thou not, that thoſe words (ſo contrary to common experience) were applied to the caſe of a perſon, while paſſion was in it's full vigour?—At ſuch a time every-one in a heavy grief *thinks* the ſame: but as enthuſiaſts do by Scripture, ſo doſt thou by the poets thou haſt read: any-thing that carries the moſt diſtant alluſion from *either* to the caſe in hand, is put down by both for goſpel, however incongruous to the general ſcope of either, and to *that caſe*. So once, in a pulpit, I heard one of the former very vehemently declare himſelf to be a *dead dog*; when every man, woman, and child, were convinced to the contrary by his howling.

I can tell thee, that, if nothing elſe will do, I am determined, in ſpite of thy buſkin-airs, and of thy engagements for me to the contrary, to ſee her myſelf.

Face to face have I known many a quarrel made up, which diſtance would have kept alive, and widened. Thou wilt be a madder Jack than he in the Tale of a Tub, if thou giveſt an *active* oppoſition to this interview.

In ſhort, I cannot bear the thought, that a woman whom once I had bound to me in the ſilken cords of love, ſhould ſlip through my fingers, and be able, while *my* heart flames out with a violent paſſion for her, to deſpiſe me, and to ſet both love and me at defiance. Thou canſt not imagine how much I envy *thee*, and her *doctor*, and her *apothecary*, and every-one who I hear are admitted to her preſence and converſation; and wiſh to be the *one* or the *other* in turn.

Wherefore, if nothing elſe will do, I *will* ſee her. I'll tell thee of an admirable

rable expedient, juſt come croſs me, to ſave *thy* promiſe, and *my own*.

Mrs. Lovick, you ſay, is a good woman: if the lady be worſe, ſhe ſhall advice her to ſend for a parſon to pray by her: unknown to her, unknown to the lady, unknown to *thee*, (for ſo it may paſs) I will contrive to be the man, *petticoated out*, and veſted in a gown and caſſock. I once, for a certain purpoſe, did aſſume the canonicals; and I was thought to make a fine ſleek appearance; my broad roſe-bound beaver became me *mightily*; and I was much admired upon the whole by all who ſaw me.

Methinks it muſt be charmingly apropos to ſee me kneeling down by her bed-ſide, (I am ſure I ſhall pray heartily) beginning out of the Common-Prayer Book the Sick Office for the reſtoration of the languiſhing lady, and concluding with an exhortation to charity and forgiveneſs for myſelf.

I will conſider of this matter. But, in whatever ſhape I ſhall chuſe to appear, of this thou mayeſt aſſure thyſelf, I will apprize thee before-hand of my viſit, that thou mayeſt contrive to be out of the way, and to know nothing of the matter. This will ſave *thy* word; and, as to *mine*, can ſhe think worſe of me than ſhe does at preſent?

An indiſpenſable of true love and profound reſpect in thy wiſe opinion, is abſurdity or aukwardneſs.—'Tis ſurprizing that *thou* ſhouldſt be one of thoſe partial mortals, who take their meaſures of fit and wrong from what they find *themſelves to be*, and cannot *help being*!—So aukwardneſs is a perfection in the aukward!—At this rate, no man ever can be in the wrong. But I inſiſt upon it, that an aukward fellow will do every-thing aukwardly: and if he be like thee, will, when he has done foolihly, rack his unmeaning brain for excuſes as aukward as his firſt fault. Reſpectful love is an inſpirer of actions worthy of itſelf; and he who cannot ſhew it, where he moſt means it, manifeſts, that he is an unpolite, rough creature, a perfect Belford, and has it not in him.

But here thou'lt throw out that notable witticiſm, that my outſide is the beſt of *me*, thine the worſt of *thee*, and that, if I ſet about mending my mind, thou wilt mend thy appearance.

But, pr'ythee, Jack, don't ſtay for *that*; but ſet about thy amendment in dreſs when thou leaveſt off thy mourning; for why ſhouldeſt thou prepoſſeſs in thy diſfavour all thoſe who never ſaw thee before!—It is hard to remove early-taken prejudices, whether of liking or diſtaſte: people will *hunt*, as I may ſay, for reaſons to confirm firſt impreſſions, in compliment to their own ſagacity: nor is it every mind that has the ingenuouſneſs to confeſs itſelf miſtaken, when it finds itſelf to be wrong. Thou thyſelf art an adept in the pretended ſcience of reading men; and, whenever thou art out, wilt ſtudy to find ſome reaſons why it was more probable that thou ſhouldſt have been right; and wilt watch every motion and action, and every word and ſentiment, in the perſon thou haſt once cenſured, for proofs, in order to help thee to revive and maintain thy firſt opinion. And, indeed, as thou ſeldom erreſt on the *favourable ſide*, human nature is ſo vile a thing, that thou art likely to be right five times in ſix, on the *other*: and perhaps it is but gueſſing of others by what thou findeſt in thy own heart, to have reaſon to compliment thyſelf on thy penetration.

Here is preachment for thy preachment: and I hope if thou likeſt thine own, thou wilt thank me for mine; the rather, as thou mayeſt be the better for it, if thou wilt, ſince it is calculated for thy own meridian.

Well, but the lady refers my deſtiny to the letter ſhe has written, *actually written*, to Miſs Howe; to whom, it ſeems, ſhe has given her reaſons why ſhe will not have me. I long to know the contents of this letter; but am in great hopes that ſhe has ſo expreſſed her denials, as ſhall give room to think, ſhe only wants to be perſuaded to the contrary, in order to reconcile herſelf to herſelf.

I could make ſome pretty obſervations upon one or two places of the lady's meditation: but, wicked as I am thought to be, I never was ſo abandoned, as to turn into ridicule, or even to treat with levity, things ſacred. I think it the higheſt degree of ill-manners, to jeſt upon thoſe ſubjects which the world in general look upon with veneration, and call divine. I would not even treat the mythology of the heathen, to a heathen, with the ridicule that perhaps would fairly lie from ſome of the abſurdities that ſtrike every common obſerver. Nor, when at Rome, and in other Popiſh countries, did I ever behave indecently at thoſe ceremonies which I thought very extraordinary: for I ſaw ſome people affected, and ſeemingly edified by them: and I

contented myſelf to think, though they were beyond my comprehenſion, that if they anſwered any good end to the *many*, there was religion enough in them, or civil policy at leaſt, to exempt them from the ridicule of even a *bad* man who had common ſenſe and good manners.

For the like reaſon I have never given noiſy or tumultuous inſtances of diſlike to a new play, if I thought it ever ſo indifferent: for I concluded, firſt, that every-one was entitled to ſee quietly what he paid for: and, next, as the theatre (the epitome of the world) conſiſted of pit, boxes, and gallery, it was hard, I thought, if there could be ſuch a performance exhibited, as would not pleaſe ſomebody in that mixed multitude: and, if it did, thoſe ſomebodies had as much right to enjoy their own judgments undiſturbedly, as I had to enjoy mine.

This was my way of ſhewing my diſapprobation; I never went again. And as a man is at his option, whether he will go to a play or not, he has not the ſame excuſe for expreſſing his diſlike clamorouſly, as if he were *compelled* to ſee it.

I have ever, thou knoweſt, declared againſt thoſe ſhallow libertines, who could not make out their pretenſions to wit, but on two ſubjects, to which every man of *true* wit will ſcorn to be beholden: PROFANENESS and OBSCENITY, I mean; which muſt ſhock the ears of every man or woman of ſenſe, without anſwering any end, but of ſhewing a very low and abandoned nature. And, till I came acquainted with the brutal Mowbray, [No great praiſe to myſelf from ſuch a tutor] I was far from making ſo free as I now do, with oaths and curſes; for then I was forced to outſwear him ſometimes, in order to keep him in his allegiance to me his general: nay, I often check myſelf to myſelf, for this empty unprofitable liberty of ſpeech; in which we are outdone by the ſons of the common-ſewer.

All my vice is women, and the love of plots and intrigues; and I cannot but wonder, how I fell into thoſe ſhocking freedoms of ſpeech; ſince, generally-ſpeaking, they are far from helping forward my main end: only, now-and-then, indeed, a little novice riſes to one's notice, who ſeems to think dreſs, and oaths, and curſes, the diagnoſticks of the rakiſh ſpirit ſhe is inclined to favour: and indeed they are the only qualifications that ſome who are called rakes and pretty fellows have to boaſt of. But what muſt the women be, who can be attracted by ſuch *empty-ſouled* profligates! —Since wickedneſs *with* wit is hardly tolerable; but, *without*, is equally ſhocking and contemptible.

There again is preachment for thy preachment; and thou wilt be apt to think, that I am reforming too: but no ſuch matter. If this were *new light* darting in upon me, as thy morality ſeems to be to thee, ſomething of this kind might be apprehended: but this was *always* my way of thinking; and I defy thee, or any of thy brethren, to name a time, when I have either ridiculed religion, or talked obſcenely. On the contrary, thou knoweſt how often I have checked that beer in love-matters, Mowbray, and the finical Tourville, and thyſelf too, for what ye have called the double-entendre. In *love*, as in points that required a *manly reſentment*, it has always been my maxim, to *act*, rather than *talk*; and I do aſſure thee, as to the firſt, the women themſelves will excuſe the one ſooner than the other.

As to the admiration thou expreſſeſt, for the books of Scripture, thou art certainly right in it. But 'tis ſtrange to me, that thou wert ignorant of their beauty, and noble ſimplicity, till now. Their antiquity always made me reverence them: and how was it poſſible that thou couldeſt not, for that reaſon, if for no other, give them a peruſal?

I'll tell thee a ſhort ſtory, which I had from my tutor, admoniſhing me againſt expoſing myſelf by *ignorant wonder*, when I ſhould quit college, to go to town, or travel.

The firſt time Dryden's Alexander's Feaſt fell into his hands, he told me, he was prodigiouſly charmed with it: and, having never heard any-body ſpeak of it before, thought, as thou doſt of the Bible, that he had made a new diſcovery.

He haſtened to an appointment which he had with ſeveral wits, (for he was then in town) one of whom was a noted critick, who, according to him, had more merit than good fortune; for all the nibblers in wit, whoſe writings would not ſtand the teſt of criticiſm, made it, he ſaid, a common cauſe to run him down, as men would a mad dog.

The young gentleman (for young he then was) ſet forth magnificently in the praiſes of that inimitable performance; and gave himſelf airs of *ſecond hand* merit, for finding out it's beauties.

The

The old bard heard him out with a ſmile, which the collegian took for approbation, till he ſpoke; and then it was in theſe mortifying words: 'Sdeath, 'Sir, where have you lived till now, or 'with what ſort of company have you 'converſed, young as you are, that you 'have never before heard of the fineſt 'piece in the Engliſh language?'

This ſtory had ſuch an effect upon *me*, who had ever a proud heart, and wanted to be thought a clever fellow, that in order to avoid the like diſgrace, I laid down two rules to myſelf. The firſt, whenever I went into company where there were ſtrangers, to hear every-one of them ſpeak, before I gave myſelf liberty to prate: the other, if I found any of them above my match, to give up all title to new diſcoveries, contenting myſelf to praiſe what they praiſed, as beauties familiar to me, though I had never heard of them before. And ſo, by degrees, I got the reputation of a wit myſelf: and when I threw off all reſtraint, and books, and learned converſation, and fell in with ſome of our brethren who are now wandering in Erebus, and with ſuch others as Belton, Mowbray, Tourville, and myſelf, I ſet up on my own ſtock; and, like what we have been told of Sir Richard, in his latter days, valued myſelf on being the emperor of the company: for, having fathomed the depth of them all, and afraid of no rival but thee, whom alſo I had got a little under, (by my gaiety and promptitude at leaſt) I proudly, like Addiſon's Cato, delighted to give laws to my little ſenate.

Proceed with thee by-and-by.

## LETTER X.

### MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

BUT now I have cleared myſelf of any *intentional* levity on occaſion of my beloved's meditation; which, as you obſerve, is finely ſuited to her caſe; (that is to ſay, as ſhe and you have drawn her caſe) I cannot help expreſſing my pleaſure, that by one or two verſes of it, [The *arrow*, Jack, and *what ſhe feared being come upon her!*] I am encouraged to hope, what it will be very ſurprizing to me if it does not happen; that is, in plain Engliſh, that the dear creature is in the way to be a mamma.

This curſed arreſt, becauſe of the ill effects the terror might have had upon her, in that hoped-for circumſtance, has concerned me more than any other account. It would be the pride of my life to prove, in this charming froſt-piece, the triumph of nature over principle, and to have a young Lovelace by ſuch an angel: and then, for it's ſake, I am confident ſhe will live, and will legitimate it. And what a meritorious little cherub would it be, that ſhould lay an obligation upon both parents before it was born, which neither of them would be able to repay—Could I be ſure it was ſo, I ſhould be out of all pain for her recovery: *pain*, I ſay; ſince, were ſhe to *die*—[*Die!* abominable word! how I hate it!]—I verily think I ſhould be the moſt miſerable man in the world.

As for the earneſtneſs ſhe expreſſes for death, ſhe has found the words ready to her hand in honeſt Job; elſe ſhe would not have delivered herſelf with ſuch ſtrength and vehemence.

Her innate piety (as I have more than once obſerved) will not permit her to ſhorten her own life, either by violence or neglect. She has a mind too noble for that; and would have done it before now, had ſhe deſigned any ſuch thing: for to do it, like the Roman matron, when the miſchief is over, and it can ſerve no end; and when the man, however a Tarquin, as ſome may think me in this action, is not a Tarquin in power, ſo that no *national point* can be made of it; is what ſhe has too much good ſenſe to think of.

Then, as I obſerved in a like caſe, a little while ago, the diſtreſs, when this was written, was ſtrong upon her; and ſhe ſaw no end of it: but all was darkneſs and apprehenſion before her. Moreover, has ſhe it not in her power to *diſappoint*, as much as ſhe has been *diſappointed?* Revenge, Jack, has induced many a woman to cheriſh a life, to which grief and deſpair would otherwiſe have put an end.

And, after all, death is no ſuch eligible thing, as Job, in his *calamities*, makes it. And a death deſired merely from worldly diſappointments ſhews not a right mind, let me tell this lady, whatever *ſhe* may think of it. You and I, Jack, although not afraid, in the height of paſſion or reſentment, to ruſh into thoſe dangers which might be followed by a ſudden and violent death, whenever a point of honour calls upon us, would ſhudder at his cool and deliberate approach in a lingering ſickneſs, which had debilitated the ſpirits.

So we read of a famous French general,

neral, [I forget as well the reign of the prince, as he name of the man] who, having faced with intrepidity the ghaſtly varlet on an hundred occaſions in the field, was the moſt dejected of wretches, when, having forfeited his life for treaſon, he was led with all the cruel parade of preparation, and ſurrounding guards, to the ſcaffold.

The poets ſay well:

'Tis not the Stoick leſſon, got by rote,
The pomp of words, and pedant diſſertation,
That can ſupport us in the hour of terror.
Books have taught cowards to talk nobly of it:
But when the *trial* comes, they ſtart, and ſtand aghaſt.'

Very true: for then it is the old man in the fable, with his bundle of ſticks.

The lady is well read in Shakeſpeare, our Engliſh pride and glory; and muſt ſometimes reaſon with herſelf in his words, ſo greatly expreſſed, that the ſubject, affecting as it is, cannot produce any-thing greater.

'Aye, but to die, and go we know not where;
To lie in cold obſtruction, and to rot;
*This* ſenſible, warm motion, to become
A kneaded clod; and the delighted ſpirit
To bathe in the fiery floods, or to reſide
In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice:
To be impriſon'd in the viewleſs winds,
Or blown, with reſtleſs violence, about
The pendent worlds; or to be worſe than worſt
Of thoſe that lawleſs and uncertain thought
Imagines howling: 'tis too horrible!
The wearieſt and moſt loaded worldly life,
That pain, age, penury, and *impriſonment*,
Can lay on nature, is a paradiſe
To what we fear of death.'

I find, by one of thy three letters, that my beloved had ſome account from Hickman of my interview with Miſs Howe, at Colonel Ambroſe's. I had a very agreeable time of it there; although ſeverely rallied by ſeveral of the aſſembly. It concerns me, however, not a little, to find our affair ſo generally known among the *Flippanti* of both ſexes. It is all her own fault. There never, ſurely, was ſuch an odd little ſoul as this.—Not to keep her own ſecret, when the revealing of it could anſwer no poſſible good end; and when ſhe wants not (one would think) to raiſe to herſelf either pity or friends, or to me enemies, by the proclamation!—Why, Jack, muſt not all her own ſex laugh in their ſleeves at her weakneſs? What would become of the peace of the world, if all women ſhould take it into their heads to follow her example?—What a fine time of it would the heads of families have? Their wives always filling their ears with *their* confeſſions; their daughters with *theirs:* ſiſters would be every day ſetting their brothers about cutting of throats, if the brothers had at heart *the honour of their families*, as it is called; and the whole world would either be a ſcene of confuſion; or cuckoldom as much the faſhion as it is in Lithuania*.

I am glad, however, that Miſs Howe (as much as ſhe hates me) kept her word with my couſins on their viſit to her, and with me at the colonel's, to endeavour to perſuade her friend to make up all matters by matrimony; which, no doubt, is the beſt, nay, the *only* method ſhe can take, for her own honour, and that of her family.

I had once thoughts of revenging myſelf on that vixen, and, particularly, as thou mayſt remember, had planned ſomething to this purpoſe on the journey ſhe is going to take, which has been talked of ſome time. But, I think—Let me ſee—Yes, I *think*, I will let this Hickman have her ſafe and entire, as thou believeſt the fellow to be a tolerable ſort of a mortal, and that I had made *the worſt of him:* and I am glad, for his own ſake, he has not launched out too virulently againſt me to thee.

But thou ſeeſt, Jack, by her refuſal of money from him, or Miſs Howe, that the dear extravagant takes a delight in oddneſſes, chuſing to part with her cloaths, though for a ſong. Doſt think ſhe is not a little touched at times? I am afraid ſhe is. A little ſpice of that inſanity, I doubt, runs through her, that ſhe had in a ſtronger degree, in the firſt week of my operations. Her contempt of life; her proclamations; her refuſal of matrimony; and now of money from her moſt intimate friends; are ſprinklings of this kind, and no other way, I think, to be accounted for.

Her apothecary is a good honeſt fellow. I like him much. But the ſilly dear's harping ſo continually upon one ſtring, dying, dying, dying, is what I have no patience with. I hope all this melancholy jargon is owing entirely to the way I would have her to be in. And it being as new to her, as the Bible beauties to thee, no wonder ſhe knows

* In Lithuania, the women are ſaid to have *ſo allowedly* their gallants, called *adjutors*, that the huſbands hardly ever enter upon any party of pleaſure without them.

not

not what to make of herſelf; and ſo fancies ſhe is breeding death, when the event will turn out quite the contrary.

Thou art a ſorry fellow in thy remarks on the education and qualification of ſmarts and beaus of the rakiſh order; if by thy *we's* and *us's* thou meaneſt thyſelf or me: for I preſume to ſay, that the picture has no reſemblance of us, who have read and converſed as we have done. It may, indeed, and I believe it does, reſemble the generality of the fops and coxcombs about town. But that let them look to; for, if it affects not me, to what purpoſe thy random-ſhot?—If indeed thou findeſt, by the new light darted in upon thee, ſince thou haſt had the honour of converſing with this admirable creature, that the cap fits thy own head, why then, according to the *Qui capit* rule, e'en take and clap it on: and I will add a ſtring of bells to it, to complete thee for the fore-horſe of the idiot team.

Although I juſt now ſaid a kind thing or two for this fellow Hickman; yet I can tell thee, I could (to uſe one of my noble peer's humble phraſes) *eat him up without a corn of ſalt*, when I think of his impudence to ſalute my charmer *twice* at parting: and have ſtill leſs patience with the lady herſelf for preſuming to offer her cheek or lip [Thou ſayeſt not which] to him, and to preſs his clumſy fiſt between her charming hands. An honour worth a king's ranſom; and what I would give—What would I not give?—to have!—And then he, in return, to preſs her, as thou ſayeſt he did, to his ſtupid heart; at that time, no doubt, more ſenſible than ever it was before!

By thy deſcription of their parting, I ſee thou wilt be a delicate fellow in time. My mortification in this lady's diſpleaſure, will be thy exaltation from her converſation. I envy thee as well for thy opportunities as for thy improvements: and ſuch an impreſſion has thy concluding paragraph made upon me, that I wiſh I do not get into a reformation-humour as well as thou: and then what a couple of lamentable puppies ſhall we make, howling in recitative to each other's diſcordant muſick!

Let me improve upon the thought, and imagine that, turned hermits, we have opened the two old caves at Hornſey, or dug new ones; and in each of our cells ſet up a death's-head, and an hour-glaſs, for objects of contemplation—I have ſeen ſuch a picture: but then, Jack, had not the old penitent fornicator a ſuffocating long grey beard? What figures would a couple of brocaded or lace-waiſtcoated toupets make with their four ſcrewed-up half-cocked faces, and more than half-ſhut eyes, in a kneeling attitude, recapitulating their reſpective rogueries? This ſcheme, were we only to make trial of it, and return afterwards to our old ways, might ſerve to the better purpoſe by far, than Horner's in the Country Wife, to bring the pretty wenches to us.

Let me ſee—The author of Hudibras has ſomewhere a deſcription that would ſuit us, when met in one of our caves, and comparing our diſmal notes together. This is it. Suppoſe *me* deſcribed—

'—He ſat upon his rump,
'His head like one in doleful dump:
'Betwixt his knees his hands apply'd
'Unto his cheeks, on either ſide:
'And by him, in another hole,
'Sat ſtupid *Belford*, cheek by jowl.'

I know thou wilt think me too ludicrous. I think myſelf ſo. It is truly, to be ingenuous, a forced-put: for my paſſions are ſo wound up, that I am obliged either to laugh or cry. Like honeſt drunken Jack Daventry—[Poor fellow!—What an unhappy end was his!]—Thou knoweſt, I uſed to obſerve, that whenever he roſe from an entertainment, which he never did ſober, it was his way, as ſoon as he got to the door, to look round him like a carrier-pigeon juſt thrown up, in order to ſpy out his courſe; and then, taking to his heels, he would run all the way home, though it were a mile or two, when he could hardly ſtand, and muſt have tumbled on his noſe if he had attempted to walk moderately. This then be my excuſe, in this my unconverted eſtate, for a concluſion ſo unworthy of the concluſion to thy third letter.

What a length have I run!—Thou wilt own, that if I pay thee not in quality, I do in quantity: and yet I leave a multitude of things unobſerved upon. Indeed I hardly at this preſent know what to do with myſelf but ſcribble. Tired with Lord M. who, in his recovery, has played upon me the fable of the Nurſe, the Crying Child, and the Wolf—Tired with my couſins Montague, though charming girls, were they not ſo near of kin—Tired with Mowbray and Tourville, and their everlaſting identity—Tired with the country—Tired of myſelf—Longing for what I have not—I muſt go to town; and there have an interview with the charmer of my

my ſoul: for deſperate diſeaſes muſt have deſperate remedies: and I only wait to know my doom from Miſs Howe; and then, if it be rejection, I will try my fate, and receive my ſentence at her feet.—But I will apprize thee of it before-hand, as I told thee, that thou mayſt keep thy parole with the lady in the beſt manner thou canſt.

## LETTER XI.

### MISS HOWE, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

[IN ANSWER TO HERS OF JULY 27. NO. VII. VIII.]

FRIDAY NIGHT, JULY 28.

I Will now, my deareſt friend, write to you all my mind, without reſerve, on your reſolution not to have this vileſt of men. You gave me, in yours of Sunday the 23d, reaſons ſo worthy of the pure mind of my Clariſſa, in ſupport of this your reſolution, thot nothing but ſelf-love, leſt I ſhould loſe my ever-amiable friend, could have prevailed upon me to wiſh you to alter it.

Indeed, I thought it was impoſſible there could be (however deſirable) ſo noble an inſtance given by any of our ſex, of a paſſion conquered, when there were ſo many inducements to give way to it. And therefore I was willing to urge you once more to overcome your juſt indignation, and to be prevailed upon by the ſolicitations of *his* friends, before you carried your reſentments to ſo great a height, that it would be more difficult for you, and leſs to your honour to comply, than if you had complied at firſt.

But now, my dear, that I ſee you fixed in your noble reſolution; and that it is impoſſible for your pure mind to join itſelf with that of ſo perjured a miſcreant; I congratulate you moſt heartily upon it; and beg your pardon for but ſeeming to doubt, that *theory* and *practice* were not the ſame thing with my beloved Clariſſa.

I have only one thing that ſaddens my heart on this occaſion; and that is, the bad ſtate of health Mr. Hickman (unwillingly) owns you are in. Hitherto you have well obſerved the doctrine you always laid down to me, That a cenſured perſon ſhould firſt ſeek to be juſtified to *herſelf*, and give but a *ſecond* place to the world's opinion of her; and, in all caſes where the two could not be reconciled, have preferred the *firſt* to the *laſt*; and are, of conſequence, well juſtified to your own heart, as well as to your Anna Howe. Let me, therefore, beſeech you to endeavour, by all poſſible means, to recover your health and ſpirits: and this, as what, if it *can* be effected, will crown the work, and ſhew the world that you were *indeed* got above the baſe wretch; and, though put out of your courſe for a little while, could reſume it again, and go on bleſſing all within your knowledge, as well by your example, as by your precepts.

For Heaven's ſake, then—for the world's ſake, for the honour of our ſex, and for *my* ſake, once more I beſeech you, try to overcome this ſhock: and, if you *can* overcome it, I ſhall then be as happy as I wiſh to be; for I cannot, indeed I cannot think of parting with you, for many, many years to come.

The reaſons you give for diſcouraging my wiſhes to have you near us, are ſo convincing, that I ought at preſent to acquieſce in them: but, my dear, when your mind is fully ſettled, as (now you are ſo abſolutely determined in it, with regard to this wretch) I hope it will ſoon be, I ſhall expect you with us, or near us: and then you ſhall chalk out every path that I will ſet my foot in; nor will I turn aſide either to the right-hand, or to the left.

You wiſh I had not mediated for you to your friends. I wiſh ſo too; becauſe my mediation was ineffectual; becauſe it may give new ground for the malice of ſome of them to work upon; and becauſe you are angry with me for doing ſo. But how, as I ſaid in my former, could I ſit down in quiet, when I knew how uneaſy their implacableneſs made you?—But I will tear myſelf from the ſubject; for I ſee I ſhall be warm again—and diſpleaſe you—And there is not one thing in the world that I would do, however agreeable to myſelf, if I thought it would diſoblige you; nor any one that I would omit to do, if I knew it would give you pleaſure. And, indeed, my dear half-ſevere friend, I will try if I cannot avoid the *fault* as willingly as I would the *rebuke*.

For this reaſon, I forbear ſaying anything on ſo nice a ſubject as your letter to your ſiſter. It *muſt* be right, becauſe you think it ſo—and if it be taken as it ought, that will ſhew you that it *is*. But if it begets inſults and revilings, as it is but too likely—I find you don't intend to let me know it.

You were always ſo ready to accuſe *yourſelf* for *other peoples faults*, and to ſuſpect your own conduct, rather than the judgment of your relations, that I have often

often told you, I cannot imitate you in this. It is not a neceſſary point of belief with me, that all people in *years* are *therefore* wiſe; or that all *young people* are *therefore* raſh and headſtrong: it may be *generally* the caſe, as far as I know: and poſſibly it may be ſo in the caſe of *my* mother and *her* girl; but I will venture to ſay, that it has not yet appeared to be ſo between the principals of Harlowe Place, and their ſecond daughter.

You are for excuſing them beforehand for their expected cruelty, as not knowing what you have ſuffered, nor how ill you are: they have *heard* of the former, and are not ſorry for it: of the latter they have been *told*, and *I* have moſt reaſon to how how they have taken it—But I ſhall be far from avoiding the *fault*, and as ſurely ſhall incur the *rebuke*, if I ſay any more upon this ſubject. I will therefore only add at preſent, that your reaſonings in their behalf ſhew *you* to be all excellence; their returns to you, that *they* are all—Do, my dear, let me end with a little bit of ſpiteful juſtice—But you won't I know—So I have done, quite done, however reluctantly: yet if you think of the word I would have ſaid, don't doubt the juſtice of it, and fill up the blank with it.

You intimate that were I actually married, and Mr. Hickman to *deſire* it, you would think of obliging me with a viſit on the occaſion; and that perhaps when with me, it would be difficult for you to remove far from me.

Lord, my dear, what a ſtreſs you ſeem to lay upon Mr. Hickman's *deſiring* it!—To be ſure he does, and would of all things deſire to have you *near* us, and *with* us, if we might be ſo favoured—Policy, as well as veneration for *you*, would undoubtedly make the man, if not a fool, *deſire* this. But let me tell you, that if Mr. Hickman, after marriage, ſhould pretend to diſpute with me my friendſhips, as I hope I am not quite a fool, I ſhould let him know how far his own quiet was concerned in ſuch an impertinence; eſpecially if they were ſuch friendſhips as were contracted before I knew him.

I know I always differed from you on this ſubject; for you think more highly of a *huſband's* prerogative, than moſt people do of a *royal* one. Theſe notions, my dear, from a perſon of your ſenſe and judgment, are no-way advantageous to us; inaſmuch as they juſtify that aſſuming ſex in their inſolence; when hardly one out of ten of them, their opportunities conſidered, deſerves any prerogative at all. Look through all the families we know; and we ſhall not find one-third of them have half the ſenſe of their wives. And yet theſe are to be veſted with prerogatives! And a woman of twice their ſenſe has nothing to do but hear, tremble, and obey—And for *conſcience*-ſake too, I warrant!

But Mr. Hickman and I may perhaps have a little diſcourſe upon theſe ſort of ſubjects, before I ſuffer him to talk of the day: and then I ſhall let him know what he has to truſt to; as he will me, if he be a ſincere man, what he pretends to expect from me. But let me tell you, my dear, that it is more in *your* power, than perhaps you think it, to haſten the day ſo much preſſed for by my mother, as well as wiſhed-for by you—For the very day that you can aſſure me, that you are in a tolerable ſtate of health, and have diſcharged your doctor and apothecary, at their own motions, on that account—Some day in a month from that deſirable news, ſhall be it. So, my dear, make haſte and be well, and then this matter will be brought to effect in a manner more agreeable to your Anna Howe than it otherwiſe ever can.

I ſend this day, by a particular hand, to the Miſſes Montague, your letter of juſt reprobation of the greateſt profligate in the kingdom; and hope I ſhall not have done amiſs that I tranſcribe ſome of the paragraphs of your letter of the 23d, and ſend them with it, as you at firſt intended ſhould be done.

You are, it ſeems (and that too much for your health) employed in writing: I hope it is in penning down the particulars of your tragical ſtory. And my mother has put me in mind to preſs you to it, with a view, that one day, if it might be publiſhed under feigned names, it would be of as much uſe as honour to the ſex. My mother ſays, ſhe cannot help admiring you for the propriety of your reſentment in your refuſal of the wretch; and ſhe would be extremely glad to have her advice of penning your ſad ſtory complied with. And then, ſhe ſays, your noble conduct throughout your trials and calamities will afford not only a ſhining example to your ſex; but at the ſame time (thoſe calamities befalling SUCH a perſon) a fearful warning to the inconſiderate young creatures of it.

On Monday we ſhall ſet out on our journey; and I hope to be back in a fortnight, and on my return will have one

one pull more with my mother for a London journey: and, if the *pretence must* be the buying of cloaths, the *principal motive* will be that of seeing once more my friend, *while* I can say, I have not finally given consent to the change of a visitor into a relation, and so can call myself MY OWN, as well as YOUR

ANNA HOWE.

## LETTER XII.

MISS HOWE, TO THE TWO MISSES MONTAGUE.

SAT. JULY 29.

DEAR LADIES,

I Have not been wanting to use all my interest with my beloved friend, to induce her to forgive and be reconciled to your kinsman; (though he has so ill deserved it) and have even *repeated* my earnest advice to her on this head. This repetition, and the waiting for her answer, having taken up time, have been the cause, that I could not sooner do myself the honour of writing to you on this subject.

You will see by the inclosed, her immoveable resolution, grounded on noble and high-souled motives, which I cannot but *regret* and *applaud* at the same time: *applaud*, for the justice of her determination, which will confirm all your worthy house in the opinion you had conceived of her unequalled merit; and *regret*, because I have but too much reason to apprehend, as well by that, as by the report of a gentleman just come from her, that she is in such a declining way as to her health, that her thoughts are very differently employed than on a continuance here.

The inclosed letter she thought fit to send to me unsealed, that, after I had perused it, I might forward it to you; and this is the reason it is superscribed by myself, and sealed with my seal. It is very full and peremptory; but as she had been pleased, in a letter to me, dated the 23d instant, (as soon as she could hold a pen) to give me more ample reasons why she could not comply with your pressing requests, as well as mine, I will transcribe some of the passages in that letter, which will give one of the wickedest men in the world (if he sees them) reason to think himself one of the most unhappy, in the loss of so incomparable a wife as he might have gloried in, had he not been so *superlatively* wicked. These are the passages:

[*See for these passages, Miss Harlowe's letter, No.* XCI. *of Vol.* VI. *dated July* 23, *marked with turned comma's thus* '']

And now, ladies, you have before you my beloved friend's reasons for her refusal of a man unworthy of the relation he bears to so many excellent persons: and I will add (for I cannot help it) that, the merit and rank of the person considered, and the vile manner of his proceedings, there never was a greater villainy committed: and since she thinks her first and *only* fault cannot be expiated but by death, I pray to God *daily*, and will *hourly* from the moment I shall hear of that sad catastrophe, that he will be pleased to make him the subject of his vengeance in some such way, as that all who know of his perfidious crime, may see the hand of Heaven in the punishment of it!

You will forgive me, ladies: I love not mine own soul better than I do Miss Clarissa Harlowe. And the distresses she has gone through; the persecution she suffers from all her friends: the curse she lies under, for his sake, from her implacable father; her reduced health and circumstances, from high health and affluence; and that execrable arrest and confinement, which have deepened all her other calamities, (and which must be laid at his door, as it was the act of his vile agents, that, whether from his immediate orders or not, naturally flowed from his preceding baseness;) the sex dishonoured in the eye of the world, in the person of one of the greatest ornaments of it; the unmanly methods, whatever they were, (for I know not all as yet) by which he compassed her ruin—All these considerations join to justify my warmth, and my execrations of a man, whom I think excluded by his crimes from the benefit even of Christian forgiveness—And were you to see all she writes, and to know the admirable talents she is mistress of, you yourselves would join with me to admire her, and execrate him.

Believe me to be, with a high sense of your merits, *dear ladies, your most obedient humble servant*,

ANNA HOWE.

## LETTER XIII.

MRS. NORTON, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

FRIDAY, JULY 28.

MY DEAREST YOUNG LADY,

I Have the consolation to tell you, that my son is once again in an hopeful way, as to his health. He desires his duty

duty to you. He is very low and weak. And so am I. But this is the first time that I have been able, for several days past, to sit up to write, or I would not have been so long silent.

Your letter to your sister is received and answered. You have the answer by this time, I suppose. I wish it may be to your satisfaction; but am afraid it will not: for, by Betty Barnes, I find they were in a great ferment on receiving yours, and much divided whether it should be answered or not. They will not yet believe that you are so ill, as (to my infinite concern) I find you are. What passed between Miss Harlowe and Miss Howe, has been, as I feared it would be, an aggravation.

I shewed Betty two or three passages in your letter to me: and she seemed moved, and said, she would report them favourably, and would procure me a visit from Miss Harlowe, if I would promise to shew the same to *her*. But I have heard no more of that.

Methinks, I am sorry you refuse the wicked man: but doubt not, nevertheless, that your motives for doing so are more commendable than my wishes that you would not. But as you would be resolved, as I may say, on life, if you gave way to such a thought; and as I have so much interest in your recovery; I cannot forbear shewing this regard to myself, and to ask you, if you cannot get over your just resentments?—But I dare say no more on this subject.

What a dreadful thing indeed was it for my dearest tender young lady to be arrested in the streets of London!—How does my heart go over again for you, what yours must have suffered at that time!—Yet this, to such a mind as yours, must be light, compared to what you had suffered before.

O my dearest Miss Clary, how shall we know what to pray for, when we pray, but that *God's will may be done*, and that we may be *resigned to it!*—When at nine years old, and afterwards at eleven, you had a dangerous fever, how incessantly did we all grieve, and pray, and put up our vows to the Throne of Grace for your recovery!—For all our lives were bound up in your life—Yet *now*, my dear, as it has proved, (especially if we are *soon* to lose you) what a much more desirable event, both for you and for us, would it have been, had we then lost you.

A sad thing to say! But as it is in pure love to you that I say it, and in full conviction that we are not always fit to be our own choosers, I hope it may be excusable; and the rather, as the same reflection will naturally lead both you and me to acquiesce under the present dispensation; since we are assured, that nothing happens by chance; and that the greatest good may, for ought we know, be produced from the heaviest evils.

I am glad you are with such honest people: and that you have all your effects restored. How dreadfully have you been used, that one should be glad of such a poor piece of justice as that?

Your talent at moving the passions is always hinted at; and this Betty of your sister's never comes near me, that she is not full of it. But, as you say, whom has it moved that you wished to move? Yet, were it not for this unhappy notion, I am sure your mother would relent. Forgive me, my dear Miss Clary; for I must try one way to be convinced if my opinion be not just. But I will not tell you what that is, unless it succeeds. I will try, in pure duty and love to *them*, as to *you*.

May Heaven be your support in all your trials, is the constant prayer, my dearest young lady, of *your ever-affectionate friend and servant*,

JUDITH NORTON.

## LETTER XIV.

MRS. NORTON, TO MRS. HARLOWE.

FRIDAY, JULY 28.

HONOURED MADAM,

BEING forbidden (without leave) to send you any thing I might happen to receive from my beloved Miss Clary, and so ill, that I cannot attend to *ask* your leave, I give you this trouble to let you know, that I have received a letter from her; which, I think, I should hereafter be held inexcusable, as things may happen, if I did not desire permission to communicate to you, and that as soon as possible.

Applications have been made to the dear young lady from Lord M. from the two ladies his sisters, and from both his nieces, and from the wicked man himself, to forgive and marry him. This, in noble indignation for the usage she has received from him, she has absolutely refused. And perhaps, Madam, if you and the honoured family should be of opinion, that to comply with their wishes is *now* the properest measure that *can* be taken, the circumstances of things may require your authority or advice to induce her to change her mind.

I have reason to believe, that one mo-

tive for her refuſal, is her full conviction that ſhe ſhall not long be a trouble to any-body; and ſo ſhe would not give a huſband a right to interfere with her family, in relation to the eſtate her grandfather deviſed to her. But of this, however, I have not the leaſt intimation from her. Nor would ſhe, I dare ſay, mention it, *as* a reaſon, having ſtill ſtronger reaſons, from his vile treatment of her, to refuſe him.

The letter I have received will ſhow how truly penitent the dear creature is; and if I have your permiſſion, I will ſend it ſealed up, with a copy of mine, to which it is an anſwer. But as I reſolve upon this ſtep without her knowledge, [and indeed I do] I will not acquaint her with it, unleſs it be attended with deſirable effects: becauſe, otherwiſe, beſides making me incur her diſpleaſure, it might quite break her already half-broken heart. I am, *honoured Madam, your dutiful and ever-obliged ſervant,*

JUDITH NORTON.

## LETTER XV.

### MRS. HARLOWE, TO MRS. JUDITH NORTON.

SUNDAY, JULY 30.

WE all know your virtuous prudence, worthy woman: we all do. But your partiality to this your raſh favourite is likewiſe known. And we are no leſs acquainted with the unhappy body's power of painting her diſtreſſes ſo as to pierce a ſtone.

Every-one is of opinion, that the dear naughty creature is working about to be forgiven and received; and for this reaſon it is, that Betty has been forbidden [Not by *me*, you may be ſure!] to mention any more of her letters: for ſhe did ſpeak to my Bella of ſome moving paſſages you read to her.

This will convince you, that nothing will be heard in her favour. To what purpoſe then ſhould I mention anything about her?—But you may be ſure that I *will*, if I can but have one ſecond. However, that is not at all likely, until we ſee what the *conſequences* of her crime will be: and who can tell that?—She may—How can I ſpeak it, and my once darling daughter unmarried!—She may be with child?—This would perpetuate her ſtain. Her brother may come to ſome harm; which God forbid!—One child's ruin, I hope, will not be followed by another's murder.

As to her grief, and her preſent miſery, whatever it be, ſhe muſt bear with it: and it muſt be ſhort of what I hourly bear for her! Indeed I am afraid nothing but her being at the laſt extremity of all will make her father, and her uncles, and her other friends, forgive her.

The eaſy pardon perverſe children meet with, when they have done the raſheſt and moſt rebellious thing they can do, is the reaſon (*as is pleaded to us every day*) that ſo *many* follow their example. They depend upon the indulgent weakneſs of their parents tempers, and, in *that* dependence, harden their own hearts: and a little humiliation, when they have brought themſelves into the foretold miſery, is to be a ſufficient atonement for the greateſt perverſeneſs.

But for ſuch a child as this [*I mention what others hourly ſay, but what* I *moſt ſorrowfully ſubſcribe to*] to lay plots and ſtratagems to deceive her parents, as well as herſelf; and to run away with a libertine: Can there be any atonement for her crime! And is ſhe not anſwerable to God, to us, to you, and to all the world who know her, for the abuſe of ſuch talents as *ſhe* has abuſed?

You ſay her heart is half-broken: is it to be wondered at? Was not her ſin committed equally againſt warning and the light of her own knowledge?

That *he* would now marry her, or that *ſhe* would refuſe him, if ſhe believed him in earneſt, as ſhe has circumſtanced herſelf, is not at all probable; and were *I* inclined to believe it, *nobody elſe* here would. He values not his relations; and would deceive them as ſoon as any others; his averſion to marriage he has always openly declared; and ſtill occaſionally declares it. But if he be now in earneſt; which every-one who knows him muſt doubt: which do you think (hating us, too, as he profeſſes to hate and deſpiſe us all) would be moſt eligible here: to hear of her death or of her marriage with ſuch a vile man?

To all of us, yet, I cannot ſay! For, Oh! my good Mrs. Norton, you know what a mother's tenderneſs for the child of her heart would make her chuſe, notwithſtanding all that child's faults, rather than loſe her for ever!

But I muſt ſail with the tide; my own judgment alſo joining with the general reſentment; or I ſhould make the unhappineſs of the more worthy ſtill greater; [my dear Mr. Harlowe's particularly] which is already more than enough

enough to make them unhappy for the remainder of their days. This I know; if I were to oppose the reſt, our ſon would fly out to find this libertine; and who could tell what would be the iſſue of *that* with ſuch a man of violence and blood, as that Lovelace is known to be?

All I can expect to prevail for her, is, that in a week, or ſo, Mr. Brand may be ſent up to enquire privately about her preſent ſtate, and way of life, and to ſee ſhe is not altogether deſtitute: for nothing ſhe writes herſelf will be regarded.

Her father indeed has, at her earneſt requeſt withdrawn the curſe, which, in a paſſion, he laid upon her, at her firſt wicked flight from us. But Miſs Howe [*It is a ſad thing, Mrs. Norton, to ſuffer ſo many ways at once*] had made matters ſo difficult by her undue liberties with us all, as well by ſpeech in all companies as by letters written to my Bella, that we could hardly prevail upon him to hear her letter read.

Theſe liberties of Miſs Howe with us; the general cry againſt us abroad, wherever we are ſpoken of; and the *viſible*, and not ſeldom *audible* diſreſpectfulneſs, which high and low treat us with to our faces, as we go to and from church, and even *at* church (for no-where elſe have we the heart to go) as if none of us had been regarded but upon her account; and as if ſhe were innocent, we all in fault; are conſtant aggravations, you muſt needs think, to the whole family.

She has made my lot heavy, I am ſure, that was far from being light before!—To tell you truth, I am enjoined not to receive any-thing of hers, from any hand, without leave. Should I therefore gratify my yearnings after her, ſo far as to receive privately the letter you mention, what would the caſe be, but to torment myſelf without being able to do her good?—And were it to be known—Mr. Harlowe is *ſo* paſſionate—And ſhould it throw his gout into his ſtomach, as her rath flight did—Indeed, indeed, I am very unhappy!—For, Oh my good woman, ſhe is my child ſtill!—But unleſs it were more in my power—Yet do I long to ſee the letter—You ſay it tells of her preſent way and circumſtances.—The poor child, who ought to be in poſſeſſion of thouſands!—And *will!*—For her father will be a faithful ſteward for her.—But it muſt be in his own way, and at his own time.

And is ſhe *really* ill?—ſo *very* ill?—But ſhe *ought* to ſorrow.—She has given a double meaſure of it.

But does ſhe *really* believe ſhe ſhall not *long* trouble us?—But, O my Norton!—ſhe muſt, ſhe *will*, long trouble us—For can ſhe think her death, if we ſhould be deprived of her, will put an end to our afflictions?—Can it be thought, that the fall of ſuch a child will not be regretted by us to the laſt hour of our lives?

But, in the letter you have, does ſhe, without *reſerve*, expreſs her contrition? Has ſhe in it no reflecting hints? Does ſhe not aim at extenuations?—If I *were* to ſee it, will it not ſhock me ſo much, that my *apparent* grief may expoſe me to harſhneſſes?—Can it be contrived—

But to what purpoſe?—Don't ſend it—I charge you, don't—I dare not ſee it—

Yet—

But, alas!—

O forgive the almoſt diſtracted mother! You *can*.—You know how to allow for all this—So I will let it go.—I will not write over again this part of my letter.

But I chuſe not to know more of her, than is communicated to us all—No more than I dare *own* I have ſeen—And what ſome of them may rather communicate *to* me, than receive *from* me: and this for the ſake of my outward quiet: although my inward peace ſuffers more and more by the compelled reſerve.

I WAS forced to break off. But I will now try to conclude my long letter.

I am ſorry you are ill. But if you were well, I could not, for your own ſake, wiſh you to go up, as Betty tells us you long to do. If you *went*, nothing would be minded that came from you. As they already think you too partial in her favour, your going up would confirm it, and do yourſelf prejudice, and her no good. And as every-body values you here, I adviſe you not to intereſt yourſelf too warmly in her favour, eſpecially before my Bella's Betty, till I can let you know a *proper* time. Yet to forbid you to love the dear naughty creature, who can? O my Norton! you *muſt* love her!—And ſo muſt I!

I ſend you five guineas, to help you in your preſent illneſs, and your ſon's; for it muſt have been heavy upon you. What a ſad, ſad thing, my dear good woman, that all *your* pains, and all *my* pains, for eighteen or nineteen years together, have, in ſo few months, been

rendered

rendered thus deplorably vain! Yet I muſt be always your friend, and pity you, for the very reaſon that I myſelf deſerve every one's pity.

Perhaps I may find an opportunity to pay you a viſit, as in your illneſs, and then may weep over the letter you mention, with you. But, for the future, write nothing to me about the poor girl, that you think may not be communicated to us all.

And I charge you, as you value my friendſhip, as you wiſh my peace, not to ſay any-thing of a letter you have from me, either to the naughty one, or to anybody elſe. It was ſome little relief (the occaſion given) to write to you, who muſt, in ſo particular a manner, ſhare my affliction. A mother, Mrs. Norton, cannot forget her child, though that child could abandon her mother; and, in ſo doing, run away with all her mother's comforts!—As I can truly ſay, is the caſe of *your unhappy friend*,

CHARLOTTE HARLOWE.

## LETTER XVI.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MRS. JUDITH NORTON.

SAT. JULY 29.

I Congratulate you, my dear Mrs. Norton, with all my heart, on your ſon's recovery; which I pray to God, with your own health, to perfect.

I write in ſome hurry, being apprehenſive of the conſequence of the hints you give of ſome method you propoſe to try in my favour: [With my relations, I preſume you mean] but you will not tell me what, you ſay, if it prove unſucceſsful.

Now I muſt beg of you, that you will not take any ſtep in my favour, with which you do not firſt acquaint me.

I have but one requeſt to make to them, beſides what is contained in my letter to my ſiſter: and I would not, methinks, for the ſake of their own future peace of mind, that they ſhould be teazed ſo, by your well-meant kindneſs, and that of Miſs Howe, as to be put upon denying me that. And why ſhould more be aſked for me than I can partake of? More than is abſolutely neceſſary for my own peace?

You ſuppoſe I ſhould have my ſiſter's anſwer to my letter, by the time yours reached my hand. I have it: and a ſevere one, a very ſevere one it is. Yet, conſidering my fault in their eyes, and the provocations I am to ſuppoſe they ſo newly had from my dear Miſs Howe, I am to look upon it as a favour, that it was anſwered at all. I will ſend you a copy of it ſoon; as alſo of mine, to which it is an anſwer.

I have reaſon to be very thankful, that my father has withdrawn that heavy malediction, which affected me ſo much—A parent's curſe, my dear Mrs. Norton! What child could die in peace under a parent's curſe! ſo literally fulfilled too as this has been in what relates to this life?

My heart is too full to touch upon the particulars of my ſiſter's letter. I can make but *one* atonement for my fault. May *that* be accepted! And may it ſoon be forgotton, by *every* dear relation, that there was ſuch an unhappy daughter, ſiſter, or niece, as Clariſſa Harlowe!

My couſin Morden was one of thoſe, who was ſo earneſt in prayer for my recovery, at nine and eleven years of age, as you mention. My ſiſter thinks he will be one of thoſe, who will wiſh I never had had a being. But pray, when he does come, let me hear of it with the firſt.

You think, that were it not for that unhappy notion of my moving talent, my mother would relent. What would I give to ſee her once more, and, although unknown to her, to kiſs but the hem of her garment!

Could I have thought, that the laſt time I ſaw her would *have been the laſt*, with what difficulty ſhould I have been torn from her embraced feet!—And when, ſcreened behind the yew-hedge, on the 5th of April laſt, I ſaw my father, and my uncle Antony, and my brother and ſiſter, how little did I think, that that would be the laſt time I ſhould ever ſee them: and, in ſo ſhort a ſpace, that ſo many dreadful evils would befal me!

But I can write nothing but what muſt give you trouble. I will therefore, after repeating my deſire that you will not intercede for me but with my previous conſent, conclude with the aſſurance, that I am, and ever will be, *your moſt affectionate and dutiful*

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

## LETTER XVII.

MISS ARABELLA HALLOWE, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

[IN ANSWER TO HERS ON FRIDAY, JULY 21. LETTER II.]

THURSDAY, JULY 27.

O MY UNHAPPY LOST SISTER!

WHAT a miſerable hand have you made of your romantick and

and giddy expedition!—I pity you at my heart.

You may *well* grieve and repent!—Lovelace has left you!—In what way or circumſtances, you know beſt.

I wiſh your conduct had made your caſe more pitiable. But 'tis your own ſeeking!

God help you!—For you have not a friend will look upon you!—Poor, wicked, undone creature!—Fallen, as you are, againſt warning, againſt expoſtulation, againſt duty!

But it ſignifies nothing to reproach you. I weep over you.

My poor mother!—Your raſhneſs and folly have made *her* more miſerable than *you* can be.—Yet ſhe has beſought my father to grant your requeſt.

My uncle joined with her; for they thought there was a little more modeſty in your letter than in the letters of your pert advocate: and my father is pleaſed to give me leave to write—but only theſe words for *him* and no more:—That he withdraws the curſe he laid upon you, at the firſt hearing of your wicked flight, ſo far as it is in his power to do it; and hopes that your preſent puniſhment may be all that you will meet with. For the reſt, he will never own you, nor forgive you; and grieves he has ſuch a daughter in the world.

All this, and more, you have deſerved from him, and from all of *us*: but what have you done to this abandoned libertine, to deſerve what you have met with at *his* hands?—I fear, I fear, ſiſter!—But no more!—A bleſſed four months work have you made of it!

My brother is now at Edinburgh, ſent thither by my father, [though he knows not this to be the motive] that he may not meet your triumphant deluder.

We are told he would be glad to marry you: but why, then, did he abandon you? He had kept you till he was tired of you, no queſtion; and it is not likely he would wiſh to have you, but upon the terms you have already, without all doubt, been *his*.

You ought to adviſe your friend Miſs Howe to concern herſelf leſs in your matters than ſhe does, except ſhe could do it with more decency. She has written three letters to me: very inſolent ones. Your favourer, poor Mrs. Norton, thinks you know nothing of the pert creature's writing. I hope you don't. But then the more impertinent the writer. But believing the fond woman, I ſat down the more readily to anſwer your letter; and I write with leſs ſeverity, I can tell you, than otherwiſe I ſhould have done, if I had anſwered it at all.

Monday laſt was your birth-day. Think, poor ungrateful wretch, as you are! how we all uſed to keep it; and you will not wonder to be told, that we ran away from one another that day. But God give you true penitence, if you have it not already! And it *will* be true, if it be equal to the ſhame and the ſorrow you have given us all. *Your afflicted ſiſter,*

ARABELLA HARLOWE.

Your couſin Morden is every day expected in England. He, as well as others of the family, when he comes to hear what a bleſſed piece of work you have made of it, will wiſh you never had had a being.

## LETTER XVIII.

### MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE.

SUNDAY, JULY 30.

YOU have given me great pleaſure, my deareſt friend, by your approbation of my reaſonings, and of my reſolution founded upon them, never to have Mr. Lovelace. This approbation is ſo *right* a thing, give me leave to ſay, from the nature of the caſe, and from the ſtrict honour and true dignity of mind, which I always admired in my Anna Howe, that I could hardly tell to what, but to my evil deſtiny, which of late would not let me pleaſe any body, to attribute the advice you gave me to the contrary.

But let not the ill ſtate of my health, and what that may naturally tend to, ſadden you. I have told you, that I will not run away from life, nor avoid the means that may continue it, if God ſee fit: and if he do *not*, who ſhall repine at his will?

If it ſhall be found, that I have not acted unworthy of your love, and of my own character, in my great trials, that will be a happineſs to both on reflection.

The ſhock which you ſo earneſtly adviſe me to try to get above, was a ſhock, the greateſt that I could receive. But, my dear, as it was not occaſioned by my *fault*, I hope I am already got above it. I hope I am.

I am more grieved (at times, however) for *others*, than for *myſelf*. And ſo I *ought*. For as to *myſelf*, I cannot but reflect, that I have had an eſcape, rather

rather than a loſs, in miſſing Mr. Lovelace for a huſband—Even had he *not* committed the vileſt of all outrages.

Let any-one, who knows my ſtory, collect his character from his behaviour to *me*, *before* that outrage; and then judge, whether it was in the leaſt probable that ſuch a man ſhould make me happy. But to collect his character from his principles with regard to the *ſex in general*, and from his enterprizes upon many of them, and to conſider the *cruelty of his nature*, and the *ſportiveneſs of his invention*, together with the *high opinion he has of himſelf*, it will not be doubted that a wife of his muſt have been miſerable; and more miſerable if ſhe loved him, than ſhe could have been were ſhe to be indifferent to him.

A *twelvemonth* might very probably have put a period to my life; ſituated as I was with my friends; perſecuted and harraſſed as I have been by my brother and ſiſter; and my very heart torn in pieces by the *wilful*, and (as it is now apparent) *premeditated* ſuſpences of the man, whoſe gratitude I wiſhed to engage, and whoſe protection I was the more entitled to expect, as he had robbed me of every other, and reduced me to an abſolute dependence upon himſelf. Indeed I once thought that it was *all* his view to bring me to this, (as he hated my family;) and uncomfortable enough for me, if it had been all.

Can it be thought, my dear, that my heart was not more than half broken (happy as I was before I knew Mr. Lovelace) by ſuch a grievous change in my circumſtances?—Indeed it was. Nor perhaps was the wicked violence *wanting* to have cut ſhort, though poſſibly not ſo *very* ſhort, a life that he has ſported with.

Had I been his but a *month*, he muſt have poſſeſſed the eſtate on which my relations had ſet their hearts; the more to their regret, as they hated *him* as much as he hated *them*.

Have I not reaſon, theſe things conſidered, to think myſelf happier without Mr. Lovelace than I could have been with him?—My *will too unviolated*; and and very little, nay, not any-thing as to him, to reproach myſelf with?

But with my *relations* it is *otherwiſe*. They indeed deſerve to be pitied. They are, and no doubt will long be, unhappy.

To judge of their reſentments and of their conduct, we muſt put ourſelves in their ſituation:—And while *they* think me more in fault than themſelves, (whether my favourers are of their opinion, or not) and have a right to judge for themſelves, they ought to have great allowances made for them; my parents eſpecially. They ſtand at leaſt *ſelf*-acquitted, (that cannot I;) and the rather, as they can recollect, to their pain, their paſt indulgences to me, and their unqueſtionable love.

Your partiality for the friend you ſo much value, will not eaſily let you come into this way of thinking. But only, my dear, be pleaſed to conſider the matter in the following light.

Here was my MOTHER, one of the moſt prudent perſons of her ſex, married into a family, not perhaps ſo happily tempered as herſelf; but every-one of which ſhe had the addreſs, for a great while, abſolutely to govern as ſhe pleaſed by her directing wiſdom, at the ſame time that they knew not but her preſcriptions were the dictates of their own hearts; ſuch a ſweet art had ſhe of conquering by ſeeming to yield. Think, my dear, what muſt be the pride and the pleaſure of ſuch a mother, that in my brother ſhe could give a *ſon* to the family ſhe diſtinguiſhed with her love, not unworthy of their wiſhes; a *daughter*, in my *ſiſter*, of whom ſhe had no reaſon to be aſhamed; and in *me a ſecond* daughter, whom every-body complimented, (ſuch was their partial favour to me) as being the ſtill more immediate likeneſs of herſelf? How, ſelf-pleaſed, could ſhe ſmile round upon a family ſhe had ſo bleſſed! What compliments were paid her upon the example ſhe had given us, which was followed with ſuch hopeful effects! With what noble confidence could ſhe look upon her dear Mr. Harlowe, as a perſon made happy by her; and he delighted to think, that nothing but purity ſtreamed from a fountain ſo pure!

Now, my dear, reverſe, as I daily do, this charming proſpect. See my dear *mother*, ſorrowing in her cloſet; endeavouring to ſuppreſs her ſorrow at her table, and in thoſe retirements where ſorrow was before a ſtranger: hanging down her penſive head: ſmiles no more beaming over her benign aſpect: her virtue made to ſuffer for faults ſhe could not be guilty of: her patience continually tried, (becauſe ſhe has more of it than any other) with repetitions of faults ſhe is as much wounded by, as thoſe can be from whom ſhe ſo often hears of them: taking to herſelf, as the fountain-head, a taint which only had infected one of the under-currents: afraid to open her lips (were ſhe willing) in my favour, leſt it ſhould be thought ſhe has any bias in her

her own mind to failings that never could have been ſuſpected in her: robbed of that pleaſing merit, which the mother of well-nurtured and hopeful children may glory in: every one who viſits her, or is viſited by her, by dumb ſhew, and looks that mean more than words can expreſs, condoling where they uſed to congratulate: the affected ſilence wounding: the compaſſionating look reminding: the half ſuppreſſed ſigh in *them*, calling up deeper ſighs from *her*; and their averted eyes, while they endeavour to reſtrain the riſing tear, provoking tears from *her*, that will not be reſtrained.

When I conſider theſe things, and, added to theſe, the pangs that tear in pieces the ſtronger heart of my FATHER, becauſe it cannot relieve itſelf by thoſe tears which carry the torturing grief to the eyes of ſofter ſpirits: the over-boiling tumults of my impatient and uncontroulable BROTHER, piqued to the heart of his honour, in the fall of a ſiſter, in whom he once gloried: the pride of an ELDER SISTER, who had given unwilling way to the honours paid over her head to one born after her: and, laſtly, the diſhonour I have brought upon two UNCLES, who each contended which ſhould moſt favour their then happy niece:—When, I ſay, I reflect upon my fault in theſe ſtrong, yet juſt lights, what room can there be to cenſure any-body but my unhappy ſelf? And how much reaſon have I to ſay, '*If I juſtify myſelf,* '*mine own heart ſhall condemn me: if I ſay* '*I am perfect, it ſhall alſo prove me per-*'*verſe?*'

Here permit me to lay down my pen for a few moments.

You are very obliging to me, *intentionally*, I know, when you tell me, It is in my power to haſten the day of Mr. Hickman's happineſs. But yet, give me leave to ſay, that I admire this kind aſſurance leſs than any other paragraph of your letter.

In the firſt place you know it is *not* in my power to ſay *when* I can diſmiſs my phyſician; and you ſhould not put the celebration of a marriage *intended* by *yourſelf*, and ſo *deſirable* to your *mother*, upon ſo precarious an iſſue. Nor will I accept of a compliment, which muſt mean a ſlight to *her*.

If any-thing could give me a reliſh for life, after what I have ſuffered, it would be the hopes of the continuance of the more than ſiſterly love, which has, for years, uninterruptedly bound us together as one mind.—And why, my dear, ſhould you defer giving (by a tie ſtill ſtronger) another friend to one who has ſo few?

I am glad you have ſent my letter to Miſs Montague. I hope I ſhall hear no more of this unhappy man.

I had begun the particulars of my tragical ſtory: but it is ſo painful a taſk, and I have ſo many more important things to do, and, as I apprehend, ſo little time to do them in, that, could I avoid it, I would go no farther in it.

Then, to this hour, I know not by what means ſeveral of his machinations to ruin me were brought about; ſo that ſome material parts of my ſad ſtory muſt be defective, if I were to ſit down to write it. But I have been thinking of a way that will anſwer the end wiſhed for by your mother and you full as well; perhaps better.

Mr. Lovelace, it ſeems, has communicated to his friend Mr. Belford all that has paſſed between himſelf and me, as he went on. Mr. Belford has not been able to deny it. So that (as we may obſerve by the way) a poor young creature, whoſe indiſcretion has given a libertine power over her, has a reaſon *ſhe little thinks of*, to regret her folly; ſince theſe wretches, who have no more honour in one point than in another, ſcruple not to make her weakneſs a part of their triumph to their brother libertines.

I have nothing to apprehend of this ſort, if I have the juſtice done me in his letters, which Mr. Belford aſſures me I have: and therefore the particulars of my ſtory, and the baſe arts of this vile man, will, I think, be beſt collected from thoſe very letters of his, (if Mr. Belford can be prevailed upon to communicate them;) to which I dare appeal with the ſame truth and fervor as he did, who ſays—'*Oh that one would hear* '*me! and that mine adverſary had written* '*a book!—Surely, I would take it upon my* '*ſhoulders, and bind it to me as a crown!* '*For I covered not my tranſgreſſions as Adam,* '*by hiding mine iniquity in my boſom.*'

There is one way which may be fallen upon to induce Mr. Belford to communicate theſe letters; ſince he ſeems to have (and declares he always had) a ſincere abhorrence of his friend's baſeneſs to me: but that, you'll ſay, when you hear it, is a ſtrange one. Nevertheleſs, I am very earneſt upon it at preſent.

It is no other than this:

I think to make Mr. Belford the executor of my laſt will, [Don't be ſurprized:] and with this view I permit his viſits with the leſs ſcruple: and every time I

ſee him, from his concern for me, am more and more inclined to do ſo. If I hold in the ſame mind, and if he accept the truſt, and will communicate the materials in his power, thoſe, joined with what you can furniſh, will anſwer the whole end.

I know you will ſtart at my notion of ſuch an executor: but pray, my dear, conſider, in my preſent circumſtances, what I can do better, as I am empowered to make a will, and have conſiderable matters in my own diſpoſal.

Your mother, I am ſure, would not conſent that *you* ſhould take this office upon you. It might ſubject *Mr. Hickman* to the inſults of that violent man. *Mrs. Norton* cannot, for ſeveral reaſons reſpecting herſelf. My *brother* looks upon what I ought to have, as his right: my *uncle Harlowe* is already one of my truſtees (as my couſin Morden is the other) for the eſtate my grandfather left me: but you ſee I could not get from my own family the few guineas I left behind me at Harlowe place; and my *uncle Antony* once threatened to have my grandfather's will controverted. My *father!*—To be ſure, my dear, I could not expect that my *father* would do all I wiſh ſhould be done: and a *will* to be executed by a father for a daughter, (parts of it, perhaps abſolutely againſt his own judgment) carries ſomewhat daring and preſcriptive in the very *word*.

If indeed my *couſin Morden* were to come in time, and would undertake this truſt—But even *him* it might ſubject to hazards; and the more, as he is a man of great ſpirit; and as the other man (of *as* great) looks upon me (unprotected as I have long been) as his property.

Now Mr. Belford, as I have already mentioned, knows every-thing that has paſſed. He is a man of ſpirit, and it ſeems, as fearleſs as the other, with more humane qualities. You don't know, my dear, what inſtances of ſincere humanity this Mr. Belford has ſhewn, not only on occaſion of the cruel arreſt, but on ſeveral occaſions ſince. And Mrs. Lovick has taken pains to enquire after his general character; and hears a very good one of him, for juſtice and generoſity in all his concerns of *meum* and *tuum*, as they are called: he has a knowledge of law-matters; and has two executorſhips upon him at this time, in the diſcharge of which his honour is unqueſtioned.

All theſe reaſons have already in a manner *determined* me to aſk this favour of him; although it will have an odd ſound with it to make an intimate friend of Mr. Lovelace my executor.

This is certain: my brother will be more acquieſcent a great deal in ſuch a caſe with the articles of my will, as he will ſee, that it will be to no purpoſe to controvert ſome of them, which elſe, I dare ſay, he would controvert, or perſuade my other friends to do ſo. And who would involve an executor in a law-ſuit, if they could help it?—Which would be the caſe, if any-body were left whom my brother could hope to awe or controul; ſince my father has poſſeſſion of all, and is abſolutely governed by him. [Angry ſpirits, my dear, as I have often ſeen, will be overcome by more angry ones, as well as ſometimes be diſarmed by the meek.]—Nor would I *wiſh*, you may believe, to have effects torn out of my father's hands: while Mr. Belford, who is a man of fortune, (and a good œconomiſt in his own affairs) would have no intereſt but to do juſtice.

Then he exceedingly preſſes for ſome occaſion to ſhew his readineſs to ſerve me: and he would be able to manage his violent friend, over whom he has more influence than any other perſon.

But, after all, I know not, if it were not more eligible by far, that my ſtory, *and myſelf too*, ſhould be forgotten as ſoon as poſſible. And of this I ſhall have the leſs doubt, if the character of my parents [You will forgive me, my dear] cannot be guarded againſt the unqualified bitterneſs, which, from your affectionate zeal for me, has ſometimes mingled with your ink—A point that *ought*, and (I inſiſt upon it) *muſt* be well conſidered of, if any-thing be done which your mother and you are deſirous to have done. The generality of the world is too apt to oppoſe duty—And general duties, my dear, ought not to be weakened by the juſtification of a ſingle perſon, however unhappily circumſtanced.

My father has been ſo good as to take off the heavy malediction he laid me under. I muſt be now ſolicitous for a laſt bleſſing; and that is all I ſhall preſume to petition for. My ſiſter's letter, communicating this grace, is a ſevere one: but as ſhe writes to me as *from everybody*, how could I expect it to be otherwiſe?

If you ſet out to-morrow, this letter cannot reach you till you get to your aunt Harman's. I ſhall therefore direct it thither, as Mr. Hickman inſtructed me.

I hope

I hope you will have met with no inconveniences in your little journey and voyage; and that you will have found in good health all whom you wiſh to ſee well.

If your relations in the little iſland join their ſolicitations with your mother's commands, to have your nuptials celebrated before you leave them, let me beg of you, my dear, to oblige them. How grateful will the notification that you have done ſo be to *your ever-faithful and affectionate* CL. HARLOWE.

## LETTTR XIX.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HARLOWE.

SATURDAY, JULY 29.

I Repine not, my dear ſiſter, at the ſeverity you have been pleaſed to expreſs in the letter you favoured me with; becauſe that ſeverity was accompanied with the grace I had petitioned for; and becauſe the reproaches of mine own heart are ſtronger than any other perſon's reproaches can be: and yet I am not half ſo culpable as I am imagined to be: as would be allowed, if all the circumſtances of my unhappy ſtory were known; and which I ſhall be ready to communicate to Mrs. Norton, if ſhe be commiſſioned to enquire into them; or to you, my ſiſter, if you can have patience to hear them.

I remembered, with a bleeding heart, what day the 29th of July was. I began with the eve of it; and I paſſed the day itſelf—*as it was fit I ſhould paſs it.* Nor have I any comfort to give to my dear and ever-honoured father and mother, and to you, my Bella, but this—That, as it was the firſt *unhappy* anniverſary of my birth, in all probability, it will be the *laſt*.

Believe me, my dear ſiſter, I ſay not this, merely to move compaſſion, but from the *beſt* grounds. And as, on that account, I think it of the higheſt importance to my peace of mind to obtain one further favour, I would chuſe to owe to your interceſſion, *as my ſiſter*, the leave I beg, to addreſs half a dozen lines (with the hope of having them anſwered as I wiſh) to either or to both my honoured parents, to beg their *laſt bleſſing*.

This bleſſing is all the favour I have now to aſk: it is all I *dare* to aſk: yet am I afraid to ruſh at once, though by *letter*, into the preſence of either. And if I did not aſk it, it might ſeem to be owing to ſtubbornneſs and want of duty, when my heart is all humility and penitence. Only, be ſo good as to embolden me to attempt this taſk—Write but this one line, 'Clary Harlowe, you are 'at liberty to write as you deſire.' This will be enough—And ſhall, to my laſt hour, be acknowledged as the greateſt favour, by *your truly ſincere ſiſter*,

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

## LETTER XX.

MRS. NORTON, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

MONDAY, JULY 21.

MY DEAREST YOUNG LADY,

I Muſt indeed own, that I took the liberty to write to your mother, offering to incloſe to her, if ſhe gave me leave, yours of the 24th: by which I thought ſhe would ſee what was the ſtate of your mind; what the nature of your laſt troubles was, from the wicked arreſt; what the people are where you lodge; what propoſals were made you from Lord M.'s family; alſo your ſincere penitence; and how much Miſs Howe's writing to them, in the terms ſhe wrote in, diſturbed you—But, as you have taken the matter into your own hands, and forbid me, in your laſt, to act in this nice affair unknown to you, I am glad the letter was *not required of me*—And indeed it may be better that the matter lie wholly between you and them; ſince my affection for you is thought to proceed from partiality.

They would chuſe, no doubt, that you ſhould owe to *themſelves*, and not to my humble mediation, the favour for which you ſo earneſtly ſue, and of which I would not have you deſpair: for I will venture to aſſure you, that your mother is ready to take the firſt opportunity to ſhew her maternal tenderneſs: and this I gather from ſeveral hints I am not at liberty to explain myſelf upon.

I long to be with you, now I am better, and now my ſon is in a fine way of recovery. But is it not hard, to have it ſignified to me, that at preſent it will not be taken well, if I go?—I ſuppoſe, while the reconciliation, which I hope will take place, is negociating by means of the correſpondence ſo newly opened between you and your ſiſter. But if you would have me come, I will rely on my good intentions, and riſque every-one's diſpleaſure.

Mr. Brand has buſineſs in town; to ſolicit for a benefice which it is expected the incumbent will be obliged to quit

for a better preferment: and when there, he is to enquire privately after your way of life, and of your health.

He is a very officious young man; and, but that your uncle Harlowe (who has chosen him for this errand) regards him as an oracle, your mother had rather any-body else had been sent.

He is one of those puzzling, over-doing gentlemen, who think they see farther into matters than any-body else, and are fond of discovering mysteries where there are none, in order to be thought shrewd men.

I can't say I like him, either in the pulpit or out of it: I who had a father one of the soundest divines and finest scholars in the kingdom; who never made an ostentation of what he knew; but loved and venerated the gospel he taught, preferring it to all other learning; to be obliged to hear a young man depart from his text as soon as he has named it; (so contrary, too, to the example set him by his learned and worthy principal, [Dr. Lewen] when his health permits him to preach) and throwing about, to a Christian and country audidience, scraps of Latin and Greek from the Pagan classicks; and not always brought in with great propriety neither; (if I am to judge, by the only way given me to judge of them, by the English he puts them into) is an indication of something wrong, either in his head, or his heart, or both; for, otherwise, his education at the university must have taught him better. You know, my dear Miss Clary, the honour I have for the cloth: it is owing to *that*, that I say what I do.

I know not the day he is to set out; and as his enquiries are to be private, be pleased to take no notice of this intelligence. I have no doubt, that your life and conversation are such, as may defy the scrutinies of the most officious enquirer.

I am just now told, that you have written a second letter to your sister: but am afraid they will wait for Mr. Brand's report, before further favour will be obtained from them; for they will not yet believe you are so ill as I fear you are.

But you would soon find, that you have an indulgent mother, were she at liberty to act according to her own inclination. And this gives me great hopes that all will end well at last: for I verily think that you are in the right way to a reconciliation. God give a blessing to it, and restore your health, and you to all your friends, prays *your ever-affectionate*

JUDITH NORTON.

Your good mother has privately sent me five guineas: she is pleased to say, to help us in the illness we have been afflicted with; but, more likely, that I might send them to you, as from myself. I hope, therefore, I may send them up, with ten more I have still left.

I will send you word of Mr. Morden's arrival, the moment I know it.

If agreeable, I should be glad to know all that passes between your relations and you.

## LETTER XXI.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MRS. NORTON.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 2.

YOU give me, my dear Mrs. Norton, great pleasure in hearing of yours and your son's recovery. May you continue, for many, many years, a blessing to each other!

You tell me, that you did actually write to my mother, *offering* to inclose to her mine of the 24th past: and you say, It was not *required* of you. That is to say, although you cover it over as gently as you could, that your offer was rejected; which makes it evident, that no plea will be made for me. Yet, you bid me hope, that the grace I sued for would, *in time*, be granted.

The grace I then sued for was indeed granted: but you are afraid, you say, that they will wait for Mr. Brand's report, before favour will be obtained in return to the second letter which I wrote to my sister: and you add, That I have an indulgent mother, were she at liberty to act according to her own inclination; and that all will end well at last.

But what, my dear Mrs. Norton, what is the grace I sue for in my second letter?—It is not that they will receive me into favour—If they think it is, they are mistaken. I do not, I cannot expect that: nor, as I have often said, should I, if they *would* receive me, bear to live in the eye of those dear friends whom I have so grievously offended. 'Tis only, simply, a blessing I ask: a blessing to *die* with, not to *live* with.—Do they know that? And do they know, that their unkindness will perhaps shorten my date? So that their favour, if ever they intend to grant it, may come too late.

Once more, I desire you not to think of

of coming to me. I have no uneaſineſs now, but what proceeds from the apprehenſion of ſeeing a man I would not ſee for the world, if I could help it; and from the ſeverity of my neareſt and deareſt relations: a ſeverity *entirely their own*, I doubt; for you tell me, that my *brother is at Edinburgh!* You would therefore heighten their ſeverity, and make yourſelf enemies beſides, if you were to come to me—Don't you ſee that you would?

Mr. Brand may come, if he will. He is a clergyman, and *muſt mean well*; or I muſt think ſo, let him ſay of me what he will. All my fear is, that, as he knows I am in diſgrace with a family whoſe eſteem he is deſirous to cultivate; and as he has obligations to my uncle Harlowe, and to my father; he will be but a languid acquitter—Not that I am afraid of what he, or any-body in the world, can hear as to my conduct. You may, my revered and dear friend, indeed you may, reſt ſatisfied, that that is ſuch as may warrant me to challenge the enquiries of the moſt officious.

I will ſend you copies of what paſſes, as you deſire, when I have an anſwer to my ſecond letter. I now begin to wiſh, that I had taken the heart to write to my father himſelf; or to my mother, at leaſt; inſtead of to my ſiſter! and yet I doubt my poor mother can do nothing for me of *herſelf*. A ſtrong confederacy, my dear Mrs. Norton, (a ſtrong confederacy, indeed!) againſt a poor girl, their daughter, ſiſter, niece!—My brother, perhaps, got it renewed before he left them. He needed not—His work is done; and more than done.

Don't afflict yourſelf about money-matters on my account. I have no occaſion for money. I am glad my mother was ſo conſiderate to you. I was in pain for you, on the ſame ſubject. But Heaven will not permit ſo good a woman to want the humble bleſſings ſhe was always ſatisfied with. I wiſh every individual of our family were but as rich as you!—O my mamma Norton, you are rich! You are rich indeed!—The true riches are ſuch content as you are bleſſed with.—And I hope in God, that I am in the way to be rich too.

Adieu, my ever-indulgent friend. You ſay, all will be at laſt happy—And I *know* it will—I confide that it will, with as much ſecurity, as you may, that I will be to my laſt hour *your ever-grateful and affectionate*

CL. HARLOWE.

## LETTER XXII.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

TUESDAY, AUG. 1.

I Am moſt confoundedly chagrined and diſappointed: for here, on Saturday, arrived a meſſenger from Miſs Howe, with a letter to my couſins; which I knew nothing of till yeſterday; when Lady Sarah and Lady Betty were procured to be here, to ſit in judgment upon it with the old peer, and my two kinſwomen. And never was bear ſo miſerably baited as thy poor friend!—And for what?—Why, for the cruelty of Miſs Harlowe: for have I committed any *new* offence? And would I not have reinſtated myſelf in her favour upon her own terms, if I could? And is it fair to puniſh me for what is my misfortune, and not my fault? Such *event-judging* fools as I have for my relations! I am aſhamed of them all.

In that of Miſs Howe was incloſed one to *her* from Miſs Harlowe, to be tranſmitted to my couſins, containing a final rejection of me; and that in very vehement and poſitive terms; yet ſhe pretends, that in this rejection ſhe is governed more by *principle* than *paſſion*—[Damn'd lye, as ever was told!] And, as a proof that ſhe is, ſays, that ſhe *can* forgive me, and *does*, on this one condition, That I will never moleſt her more—The whole letter ſo written, as to make *herſelf* more admired, *me* more deteſted.

What we have been told of the agitations and workings, and ſighings, and ſobbings, of the French prophets among us formerly, was nothing at all to the ſcene exhibited by theſe maudlin ſouls, at the reading of theſe letters; and of ſome affecting paſſages extracted from another of my fair implacable's to Miſs Howe—Such lamentations for the loſs of ſo charming a relation! Such applaudings of her virtue, of her exaltedneſs of ſoul and ſentiment! Such menaces of diſ-inheriſons! I, not needing *their* reproaches to be ſtung to the heart with my own reflections, and with the rage of diſappointment; as ſincerely as any of them admiring her—'What the 'devil,' cried I, 'is all this for? Is it 'not enough to be deſpiſed and reject-'ed? Can I help her implacable ſpirit? '—Would I not repair the evils I have 'made her ſuffer?'—Then was I ready to curſe them all, herſelf and Miſs

Howe

Howe for company: and heartily I ſwore, that ſhe ſhould yet be mine.

I now ſwear it over again to thee—Were her death to follow in a week after the knot is tied, by the Lord of Heaven, it *ſhall* be tied, and ſhe ſhall die a Lovelace! Tell her ſo, if thou wilt: but, at the ſame time, tell her, that I have no *view to her fortune*; and that I will ſolemnly reſign that, and all pretenſions to it, in whoſe favour ſhe pleaſes, if ſhe reſign life iſſueleſs.—I am not ſo low-minded a wretch as to be *guilty* of any ſordid views to her fortune.—Let her judge for herſelf then, whether it be not for her honour rather to leave this world a Lovelace than a Harlowe.

But do not think I will entirely reſt a cauſe ſo near my heart, upon an advocate, who ſo much more admires his client's adverſary, than his client. I will go to town in a few days, in order to throw myſelf at her feet: and I will carry with me, or have at hand, a *reſolute, well prepared* parſon; and the ceremony ſhall be performed, let what will be the conſequence.

But if ſhe will permit me to attend her for this purpoſe at either of the churches mentioned in the licence; (which ſhe has by her, and, thank Heaven! has not returned me with my letters) then will I not diſturb her; but meet her at the altar in either church, and will engage to bring my two couſins to attend her, and even Lady Sarah and Lady Betty; and my Lord M. in perſon ſhall give her to me.

Or, if it will be ſtill more agreeable to her, I will undertake, that either Lady Sarah or Lady Betty, or both, ſhall go to town, and attend her down; and the marriage ſhall be celebrated in their preſence, and in that of Lord M. either here or elſewhere, at her own choice.

Do not play me booty, Belford; but ſincerely and warmly uſe all the eloquence thou art maſter of, to prevail upon her to chuſe one of theſe three methods. One of them ſhe *muſt* chuſe —By my ſoul, ſhe muſt.

Here is Charlotte tapping at my cloſet-door for admittance. What a devil wants Charlotte!—I will hear no more reproaches!—'Come in, girl!'

My couſin Charlotte, finding me writing on with too much earneſtneſs to have any regard for politeneſs to her, and gueſſing at my ſubject, beſought me to let her ſee what I had written.

I oblied her, and ſhe was ſo highly pleaſed on ſeeing me ſo much in earneſt, that *ſhe* offered, and I accepted her offer, to write a letter to Miſs Harlowe; with permiſſion to treat me in it as ſhe thought fit.

I ſhall incloſe a copy of her letter.

When ſhe *had* written it, ſhe brought it to me, with apologies for the freedom taken with me in it: but I excuſed it; and ſhe was ready to have given me a kiſs for joy of my approbation: and I gave her two for writing it; telling her, I had hopes of ſucceſs from it; and that I thought ſhe had luckily hit it off.

Every-one approves of it, as well as I; and is pleaſed with me for ſo patiently ſubmitting to be abuſed, and undertaken for.—If it do not ſucceed, all the blame will be thrown upon the dear creature's perverſeneſs: her charitable or forgiving diſpoſition, about which ſhe makes ſo much parade, will be juſtly queſtioned; and the pity of which ſhe is now in full poſſeſſion, will be transferrred to me.

Putting, therefore, my whole confidence in this letter, I poſtpone all my other alternatives, as alſo my going to town, till my empreſs ſend an anſwer to my couſin Montague.

But if ſhe perſiſt, and will not promiſe to take time to *conſider* of the matter, thou mayeſt communicate to her what I had written, as above, before my couſin entered; and if ſhe be ſtill perverſe, aſſure her, that I *muſt* and *will* ſee her.—But this with all honour, all humility: and, if I cannot move her in my favour, I will then go abroad, and perhaps never more return to England.

I am ſorry thou art, at *this critical time*, ſo buſily employed, as thou informeſt me thou art, in thy Watford affairs, and in preparing to do Belton juſtice. If thou wanteſt my aſſiſtance in the latter, command me. Though engroſſed by this perverſe beauty, and plagued as I am, I will obey thy firſt ſummons.

I have great dependence upon thy zeal and thy friendſhip: haſten back to her, therefore, and reſume a taſk *ſo* intereſting to me, that it is equally the ſubject of my dreams, as of my waking hours.

## LETTER XXIII.

MISS MONTAGUE, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

TUESDAY, AUG. 1.

DEAREST MADAM,

ALL our family is deeply ſenſible of the injuries you have received at the

the hands of one of it, whom you only can render in any manner worthy of the relation he ſtands in to us all: and if, as an act of mercy and charity, the greateſt your pious heart can ſhew, you will be pleaſed to look over his paſt wickedneſs and ingratitude, and ſuffer yourſelf to be our kinſwoman, you will make us the happieſt family in the world: and I can engage that Lord M. and Lady Sarah Sadleir, and Lady Betty Lawrance, and my ſiſter, who are all admirers of your virtues, and of your nobleneſs of mind, will for ever love and reverence you, and do every-thing in all their powers to make your amends for what you have ſuffered from Mr. Lovelace. This, Madam, we ſhould not, however, dare to petition for, were we not aſſured, that Mr. Lovelace is moſt ſincerely ſorry for his paſt vileneſs to you; and that he will, on his knees, beg your pardon, and vow eternal love and honour to you.

Wherefore, *my deareſt couſin*, [How you will charm us all, if this agreeable ſtile may be permitted!] for *all* our ſakes, for his *ſoul's* ſake, [You muſt, I am ſure, be ſo good a lady, as to wiſh to ſave a ſoul!] and allow me to ſay, for your own fame's ſake, condeſcend to our joint requeſt: and if, by way of encouragement, you will but ſay, you will be glad to ſee, and to be as much known perſonally, as you are by fame, to Charlotte Montague, I will, in two days time from the receipt of your permiſſion, wait upon you, *with* or *without* my ſiſter, and receive your further commands.

Let me, *our deareſt couſin*, [We cannot deny ourſelves the pleaſure of calling you ſo; let me] entreat you to give me your permiſſion for my journey to London; and put it in the power of Lord M. and of the ladies of the family, to make you what reparation they *can* make you, for the injuries which a perſon of the greateſt merit in the world has received from one of the moſt audacious men in it; and you will infinitely oblige us; and particularly her, who repeatedly preſumes to ſtile herſelf, *your affectionate* couſin, *and obliged ſervant*, CHARLOTTE MONTAGUE.

## LETTER XXIV.

MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

THURSDAY MORNING, AUG. 3. SIX O'CLOCK.

I Have been ſo much employed in my own and Belton's affairs, that I could not come to town till laſt night; having contented myſelf with ſending to Mrs. Lovick, to know, from time to time, the ſtate of the lady's health; of which I received but very indifferent accounts, owing, in a great meaſure, to letters or advices brought her from her implacable family.

I have now completed my own affairs; and, next week, ſhall go to Epſom, to endeavour to put Belton's ſiſter into poſſeſſion of his own houſe, for him: after which, I ſhall devote myſelf wholly to your ſervice, and to that of the lady.

I was admitted to her preſence laſt night; and found her viſibly altered for the worſe. When I went home, I had your letter of Tueſday laſt put into my hands. Let me tell thee, Lovelace, that I inſiſt upon the performance of thy engagement to me, that thou wilt not perſonally moleſt her.

*Mr. Belford dates again on Thurſday morning ten o'clock, and gives an account of a converſation which he had juſt held with the lady upon the ſubject of Miſs Montague's letter to her, preceding, and upon Mr. Lovelace's alternatives, as mentioned in Letter* XXII. *which Mr. Belford ſupported with the utmoſt earneſtneſs. But, as the reſult of this converſation will be found in the ſubſequent letters, Mr. Belford's pleas and arguments in favour of his friend, and the lady's anſwer, are omitted.*

## LETTER XXV.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS MONTAGUE.

THURSDAY, AUG. 3.

DEAR MADAM,

I Am infinitely obliged to you for your kind and condeſcending letter. A letter, however, which heightens my regrets, as it gives me a new inſtance of what a happy creature I might have been in an alliance ſo much approved of by ſuch worthy ladies; and which, on their accounts, and on that of Lord M. would have been ſo reputable to myſelf, and was once ſo deſirable.

But, indeed, indeed, Madam, my heart ſincerely repulſes the man, who, deſcended from ſuch a family, could be guilty, *firſt*, of ſuch premeditated violence as he has been guilty of; and, as *he* knows, *further* intended me, on the night previous to the day he ſet out for Berkſhire; and, *next*, pretending to ſpirit, could be ſo mean, as to wiſh to lift into that family a perſon he was ca-

pable

pable of abaſing into a companionſhip with the moſt abandoned of her ſex.

Allow me then, dear Madam, to declare with fervour, that I think I never could deſerve to be ranked with the ladies of a family ſo ſplendid and ſo noble, if, by vowing love and honour at the altar to ſuch a violator, I could *ſanctify*, as I may ſay, his unprecedented and elaborate wickedneſs.

Permit me, however, to make one requeſt to my good Lord M. and to Lady Betty, and Lady Sarah, and to your kind ſelf, and your ſiſter—It is, That you will all be pleaſed to join your authority and intereſts to prevail upon Mr. Lovelace not to moleſt me further.

Be pleaſed to tell him, That, if I am deſigned for *life*, it will be very cruel in him to attempt to hunt me out of it; for I am determined never to ſee him more, if I can help it. The more cruel, becauſe he knows, that I have nobody to defend me from him: nor do I wiſh to engage any-body to *his* hurt, or to their own.

If I am, on the other hand, deſtined for *death*, it will be no leſs cruel, if he will not permit me to die in peace—Since a peaceable and happy end I wiſh him. Indeed I do.

Every wordly good attend you, dear Madam, and every branch of the honourable family, is the wiſh of one, whoſe misfortune it is, that ſhe is obliged to diſclaim any other title, than that of *dear Madam, your and their obliged and faithful ſervant*,

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

## LETTER XXVI.

MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

THURSDAY AFTERNOON, AUG. 3.

I Am juſt now agreeably ſurprized by the following letter, delivered into my hands by a meſſenger from the lady. The letter ſhe mentions, as incloſed, I have returned, without taking a copy of it. The contents of it will ſoon be communicated to you, I preſume, by other hands. They are an abſolute rejection of thee—*Poor Lovelace!*

'TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

'SIR, 'AUG. 3.

'YOU have frequently offered to 'oblige me in any-thing that ſhall be 'within your power: and I have ſuch 'an opinion of you as to be willing to 'hope, that at the times you made 'theſe offers, you meant more than 'mere compliment.

'I have therefore two requeſts to 'make to you: the firſt I will now 'mention; the other, if this ſhall be 'complied with, otherwiſe not.

'It behoves me to leave behind me 'ſuch an account as may clear up my 'conduct to ſeveral of my friends who 'will not at preſent concern themſelves 'about me: and Miſs Howe, and her 'mother, are very ſolicitous that I will 'do ſo.

'I am apprehenſive that I ſhall not 'have time to do this; and you will not 'wonder that I have leſs and leſs incli'nation to ſet about ſuch a painful taſk; 'eſpecially as I find myſelf unable to 'look back with patience on what I 'have ſuffered; and ſhall be too much 'diſpoſed by the retroſpection, were I 'obliged to make it, to proceed with 'the requiſite temper in a taſk of *ſtill 'greater* importance which I have be'fore me.

'It is very evident to me, that your 'wicked friend has given you, from 'time to time, a circumſtantial account 'of all his behaviour *to* me, and de'vices *againſt* me; and you have more 'than once aſſured me, that he has done 'my character all the juſtice I could 'wiſh for, both by writing and ſpeech.

'Now, Sir, if I may have a fair, a 'faithful ſpecimen from his letters or 'accounts to you, written upon ſome 'of the moſt intereſting occaſions, I 'ſhall be able to judge, whether there 'will or will not be a neceſſity for me, 'for my honour's ſake, to enter upon 'the ſolicited taſk.

'You may be aſſured, from my *in'cloſed* anſwer to the letter which Miſs 'Montague has honoured me with, '(and which you'll be pleaſed to re'turn me as ſoon as read) that it is im'poſſible for me ever to think of your 'friend in the way I am importuned to 'think of him: he cannot, therefore, 'receive any detriment from the re'queſted ſpecimen: and I give you my 'honour, that no uſe ſhall be made of 'it to his prejudice, in law, or other'wiſe. And that it may *not*, after I 'am no more, I aſſure you that it is a '*main part of my view* that the paſſages 'you ſhall oblige me with ſhall be always 'in your own power, and not in that of 'any other perſon.

'If, Sir, you think fit to comply with 'my requeſt, the paſſages I would wiſh 'to be tranſcribed (making neither bet'ter nor worſe of the matter) are thoſe

'which

'which he has written to you, on or 'about the 7th and 8th of June, when 'I was alarmed by the wicked pretence 'of a fire; and what he has written 'from Sunday June 11, to the 19th. 'And in doing this you will much 'oblige *your humble ſervant*,

'CL. HARLOWE.'

Now, Lovelace, Since there are no hopes for thee of her returning favour—Since ſome praiſe may lie for thy ingenuouſneſs, having never offered [*as more diminutive minded libertines would have done*] to palliate thy crimes by aſperſing the lady, or her ſex—Since ſhe may be made eaſier by it—Since thou muſt fare better from thine own pen, than from hers—And, finally, Since thy actions have manifeſted, that thy letters are not the moſt guilty part of what ſhe *knows* of thee—I ſee not why I may not oblige her, upon her honour, and under the reſtrictions, and for the reaſons ſhe has given; and this without breach of the confidence due to friendly communications; eſpecially, as I might have added, *Since thou glorieſt in thy pen, and in thy wickedneſs, and canſt not be aſhamed.*

But, be this as it may, ſhe *will* be obliged before thy remonſtrances or clamours againſt it can come: ſo, pr'y-thee, now, make the beſt of it, and rave not; except for the ſake of a pretence againſt me, and to exerciſe thy talent at execration:—And, if thou likeſt to do ſo for theſe reaſons, rave and welcome.

I long to know what the ſecond requeſt is: but this I know, that if it be any-thing leſs than cutting *thy* throat, or endangering *my* own neck, I will certainly comply, and be proud of having it in my power to oblige her.

And now I am actually going to be buſy in the extracts.

## LETTER XXVII.

MR. BELFORD, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

MADAM, AUG. 3, 4

YOU have engaged me to communicate to you, upon honour, (making neither better nor worſe of the matter) what Mr. Lovelace has written to me, in relation to yourſelf, in the period preceding your going to Hampſtead, and in that between the 11th and 19th of June: and you aſſure me, you have no view in this requeſt, but to ſee if it be neceſſary for you, from the account he gives, to touch the painful ſubject yourſelf, for the ſake of your own character.

Your commands, Madam, are of a very delicate nature, as they may ſeem to affect the *ſecrets of private friendſhip*: but as I know you are not capable of a view, the motives to which you will not own; and as I think the communication may do ſome credit to my unhappy friend's character, as an *ingenuous* man; though his actions by the moſt excellent woman in the world have loſt him all title to that of an *honourable* one; I obey you with the greater cheerfulneſs.

*He then proceeds with his extracts, and concludes them with an addreſs to her in his friend's behalf in the following words:*

'And now, Madam, I have fulfilled 'your commands; and, I hope, have 'not diſ-ſerved my friend with you; 'ſince you will hereby ſee the juſtice 'he does to your virtue in every line 'he writes. He does the ſame in all 'his letters, though to his own con-'demnation: and give me leave to add, 'that if this ever-amiable ſufferer can 'think it in any manner conſiſtent with 'her honour to receive his vows at the 'altar, on his truly penitent turn of 'mind, I have not the leaſt doubt, but 'that he will make her the beſt and 'tendereſt of huſbands. What obliga-'tion will not the admirable lady here-'by lay upon all *his* noble family, who 'ſo greatly admire her! and, I will pre-'ſume to ſay upon *her own*, when the 'unhappy family-averſion (which cer-'tainly has been carried to an unrea-'ſonable height againſt him) ſhall be 'got over, and a general reconciliation 'takes place! For who is it, that would 'not give theſe two admirable perſons 'to each other, were not his morals an 'objection?'

However this be, I would humbly refer to you, Madam, whether, as you will be miſtreſs of very delicate particulars from *me* his friend, you ſhould not in honour think yourſelf concerned to paſs them by, as if you had never ſeen them; and not to take any advantage of the communication, not even in argument, as ſome perhaps might lie, with reſpect to the *premeditated* deſign he ſeems to have had, not againſt you, *as* you; but as againſt the *ſex*; over whom (I am ſorry I can bear witneſs myſelf) it is the villainous aim of all libertines to triumph; and I would not, if any miſunderſtanding ſhould ariſe between him and me, give him room

to reproach me, that his loſing of you, and (through his uſage of you) of his own friends, were owing to what perhaps he would call a breach of truſt, were he to judge rather by the event than by my intention.

I am, Madam, with the moſt profound veneration, *your moſt faithful humble ſervant*,

J. BELFORD.

## LETTER XXVIII.

### MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

SIR, FRIDAY, AUG. 4.

I Hold myſelf extremely obliged to you for your communications. I will make no uſe of them, that you ſhall have reaſon to reproach either yourſelf or me with. I wanted no new lights to make the unhappy man's premeditated baſeneſs to me unqueſtionable, as my anſwer to Miſs Montague's letter might convince you.

I muſt own in his favour, that he has obſerved ſome decency in his accounts to you of the moſt indecent and ſhocking actions. And if all his ſtrangely communicative narrations are equally decent, nothing will be rendered criminally odious by them, but the vile heart that could meditate ſuch contrivances as were much ſtronger evidences of his inhumanity, than of his wit: ſince men of very contemptible parts and underſtanding may ſucceed in the vileſt attempts, if they can once bring themſelves to trample on the ſanctions which bind man to man: and ſooner upon an innocent perſon than upon any other: becauſe ſuch a one is apt to judge of the integrity of other hearts, by it's own.

I find I have had great reaſon to think myſelf obliged to your intention in the whole progreſs of my ſufferings. It is, however, impoſſible, Sir, to miſs the natural inference on this occaſion, that lies againſt his predetermined baſeneſs. But I ſay the leſs, becauſe you ſhall not think I borrow, from what you have communicated, aggravations that are not needed.

And now, Sir, that I may ſpare you the trouble of offering any future arguments in his favour, let me tell you, that I have weighed every-thing thoroughly—All that human vanity could ſuggeſt—All that a deſirable reconciliation with my friends and the kind reſpects of his own, could bid me to hope for—The enjoyment of Miſs Howe's friendſhip, the deareſt conſideration to me, now, of all worldly ones—All theſe I have weighed: and the reſult is, and *was* before you favoured me with theſe communications, that I have more ſatisfaction in the hope, that in one month, there will be an end of all with me, than in the moſt agreeable things that could happen from an alliance with Mr. Lovelace, although I were to be aſſured he would make the beſt and tendereſt of huſbands. But as to the reſt; if, ſatisfied with the evils he has brought upon me, he will forbear all further perſecutions of me, I will, to my laſt hour, wiſh him good: although *he hath overwhelmed the fatherleſs, and digged a pit for his friend*: fatherleſs may *ſhe* well be called, and motherleſs too, who has been denied all paternal protection, and motherly forgiveneſs.

AND now, Sir, acknowledging gratefully your favour in the extracts, I come to the ſecond requeſt I had to make you; which requires a great deal of courage to mention: and which courage nothing but a great deal of diſtreſs, and a very deſtitute condition, can give. But, if improper, I can but be denied; and dare to ſay, I ſhall be at leaſt excuſed. Thus, then, I preface it:

You ſee, Sir, that I am thrown abſolutely into the hands of ſtrangers, who, although as kind and compaſſionate as ſtrangers can be wiſhed to be, are nevertheleſs perſons from whom I cannot expect any thing more than pity and good wiſhes; nor can my memory receive from them any more protection than my perſon, if either ſhould need it.

If then I requeſt it, of the *only* perſon poſſeſſed of materials that will enable him to do my character juſtice;

And who has courage, independence, and ability to oblige me;

To be the protector of my memory, as I may ſay;

And to be my *executor*; and to ſee ſome of my dying requeſts performed;

And if I leave it to him to do the whole in his own way, manner, and time: conſulting, however, in requiſite caſes, my deareſt Miſs Howe;

I preſume to hope, that this my ſecond requeſt may be granted.

And if it may, theſe ſatisfactions will accrue to me from the favour done me, and the office undertaken:

It will be an honour to my memory, with all thoſe who ſhall know, that I

was

was so well satisfied of my innocence, that having not time to write my own story, I could entrust it to the relation which the destroyer of my fame and fortunes has given of it.

I shall not be apprehensive of involving any one in troubles or hazards by this task, either with my own relations, or with your friend; having dispositions to make, which perhaps my own friends will not be so well pleased with as it were to be *wished* they would be; as I intend not unreasonable ones; but you know, Sir, where *self* is judge, matters, even with *good people*, will not always be rightly judged of.

I shall also be freed from the pain of recollecting things, that my soul is vexed at; and this at a time when it's tumults should be allayed; in order to make way for the most important preparation.

And who knows, but that Mr. Belford, who already, from a principle of humanity, is touched at my misfortunes, when he comes to revolve the whole story, placed before him in one strong light; and when he shall have the catastrophe likewise before him; and shall become in a manner interested in it; who knows, but that, *from a still higher principle*, he may so regulate his future actions as to find his own reward in the everlasting welfare which is wished him by his *obliged servant*,

CLARISSA HARLOWE?

## LETTER XXIX.

MR. BELFORD, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

MADAM, FRIDAY, AUG. 4.

I Am so sensible of the honour done me in yours of this day, that I would not delay for one moment the answering of it. I hope you will live to see many happy years; and be your own executrix in those points which your heart is most set upon. But, in case of survivorship, I most cheerfully accept of the sacred office you are pleased to offer me: and you may absolutely rely upon my fidelity, and if possible, upon the literal performance of every article you shall enjoin me.

The effect of the kind wish you conclude with, has been my concern ever since I have been admitted to the honour of your conversation. It shall be my whole endeavour that it be not in vain. The happiness of approaching you, which this trust, as I presume, will give me frequent opportunities of doing, must necessarily promote the desirable end: since it will be impossible to be a witness of your piety, equanimity, and other virtues, and not aspire to emulate you. All I beg is, that you will not suffer any future candidate, or event, to displace me; unless some new instances of unworthiness appear either in the morals or behaviour of, *Madam, your most obliged and faithful servant*,

J. BELFORD.

## LETTER XXX.

MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

FRIDAY NIGHT, AUG. 4.

I Have actually delivered to the lady the extracts she requested me to give her from your letters. I do assure you that I have made the very best of the matter for you, *not* that conscience, but that friendship, could oblige me to make. I have changed or omitted some free words. The warm description of her person in the *fire-scene*, as I may call it, I have omitted. I have told her, that I have done justice to you, in the justice you have done to her unexampled virtue. But take the very words which I wrote to her immediately following the extracts:

'And now, Madam,'— *See the paragraph marked with inverted comma's* ['thus] p. 981.

The lady is extremely uneasy at the thoughts of your attempting to visit her. For Heaven's sake, (your word being given) and for pity's sake, (for she is really in a very weak and languishing way) let me beg of you not to think of it.

Yesterday afternoon she received a cruel letter (as Mrs. Lovick supposes it to be, by the effect it had upon her) from her sister, in answer to one written last Saturday, entreating a blessing and forgiveness from her parents.

She acknowledges, that if the same decency and justice are observed in all your letters as in the extracts I have obliged her with, (as I have assured her they are) she shall think herself freed from the necessity of writing her own story: and this is an advantage to thee which thou oughtest to thank me for.

But what thinkest thou is the second request she had to make to me? No

other than that I would be her *executor!* —Her motives will appear before thee in proper time; and then, I dare to anſwer, will be ſatisfactory.

You cannot imagine how proud I am of this truſt. I am afraid I ſhall too ſoon come into the execution of it. As ſhe is always writing, what a melancholy pleaſure will the peruſal and diſpoſition of her papers afford me! Such a ſweetneſs of temper, ſo much patience and reſignation, as ſhe ſeems to be miſtreſs of; yet writing of, and in the midſt of *preſent* diſtreſſes! How *much more* lively and affecting, for that reaſon muſt her ſtyle be; her mind tortured by the pangs of uncertainty, (the events then hidden in the womb of fate) *than* the dry, narrative, unanimated ſtyle of perſons, relating difficulties and dangers ſurmounted; the relator perfectly at eaſe; and if himſelf unmoved by his own ſtory, not likely to affect the reader!

SATURDAY MORNING, AUG. 5.

I AM juſt returned from viſiting the lady, and thanking her in perſon for the honour ſhe has done me; and aſſuring her, if called to the ſacred truſt, of the utmoſt fidelity and exactneſs.

I found her very ill. I took notice of it. She ſaid, ſhe had received a ſecond hard-hearted letter from her ſiſter; and ſhe had been writing a letter (and that on her knees) directly to her mother; which, *before*, ſhe had not had the courage to do. It was for a laſt bleſſing, and forgiveneſs. No wonder, ſhe ſaid, that I ſaw her affected. Now that I had accepted of the laſt charitable office for her, (for which, as well as for complying with her other requeſt, ſhe thanked me) I ſhould one day have all theſe letters before me: and could ſhe have a *kind one* in return to that ſhe had been now writing, to *counterbalance* the unkind one ſhe had from her ſiſter, ſhe might be induced to ſhew me both together—otherwiſe, for her ſiſter's ſake, it were no matter how few ſaw the poor Bella's letter.

I knew ſhe would be diſpleaſed if I had cenſured the cruelty of her relations: I therefore only ſaid, That ſurely ſhe muſt have enemies, who hoped to find their account in keeping up the reſentments of her friends againſt her.

'It may be ſo, Mr. Belford,' ſaid ſhe: 'the unhappy never want enemies. 'One fault, wilfully committed, au-'thorizes the imputation of many more. 'Where the ear is opened to accuſa-'tions, accuſers will not be wanting; 'and every-one will officiouſly come 'with ſtories againſt a diſgraced child, 'where nothing dare be ſaid in her fa-'vour. I ſhould have been wiſe in 'time, and not have needed to be con-'vinced, by my own misfortunes, of 'the truth of what common experience 'daily demonſtrates. Mr. Lovelace's 'baſeneſs, my father's inflexibility, my 'ſiſter's reproaches, are the natural 'conſequences of my own raſhneſs; ſo 'I muſt make the beſt of my hard lot. 'Only, as theſe conſequences follow 'one another ſo cloſely, while they are '*new*, how can I help being a-new af-'fected?'

I aſked if a letter written by myſelf, by her doctor or apothecary, to any of her friends, repreſenting her low ſtate of health, and great humility, would be acceptable? Or if a journey to any of them would be of ſervice, I would gladly undertake it in perſon, and ſtrictly conform to her orders, to whomſoever ſhe ſhould direct me to apply.

She earneſtly deſired, that nothing of this ſort might be attempted, eſpecially without her knowledge and conſent. Miſs Howe, ſhe ſaid, had done harm by her kindly intended zeal; and if there were room to expect favour by mediation, ſhe had ready at hand a kind friend, Mrs. Norton, who for piety and prudence, had few equals; and who would let ſlip no opportunity to endeavour to do her ſervice.

I let her know, that I was going out of town till Monday: ſhe wiſhed me pleaſure; and ſaid ſhe ſhould be glad to ſee me on my return.

*Adieu!*

## LETTER XXXI.

MISS ARABELLA HARLOWE, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

[IN ANSWER TO HERS OF JULY 29. SEE NO. XIX.]

THURSDAY MORN. AUG. 3.

SISTER CLARY,

I WISH you would not trouble me with any more of your letters. You had always a knack at writing; and depended upon making every-one do what you would when you wrote. But your wit and your folly have undone you. And now, as all naughty creatures do, when they can't help themſelves, you come begging and praying, and make others as uneaſy as yourſelf.

When

When I wrote laſt to you, I *expected* that I ſhould not be at reſt.

And ſo you'd creep on, by little and little, till you'll want to be received again.

But you only hope for *forgiveneſs*, and a *bleſſing*, you ſay. A bleſſing for what, ſiſter Clary? Think for what! —However, I re'd your letter to my father and mother.

I won't tell you what my father ſaid —One who has the true ſenſe you boaſt to have of your miſdeeds, may gueſs, without my telling you, what a juſtly-incenſed father would ſay on ſuch an occaſion.

My poor mother—O wretch! What has not your ungrateful folly coſt my poor mother!—Had you been leſs a darling, you would not, perhaps, have been ſo graceleſs; but I never in my life ſaw a cockered favourite come to good.

My heart is full, and I cant't help writing my mind; for your crimes have diſgraced us all; and I am afraid and aſhamed to go to any publick or private aſſembly or diverſion: and why?—I *need* not ſay why, when your actions are the ſubject either of the open talk, or of the affronting whiſpers of both ſexes at all ſuch places.

Upon the whole, I am ſorry I have no more comfort to ſend you: but I find nobody willing to forgive you.

I don't know what *time* may do for you; and when it is ſeen that your penitence is not owing more to diſappointment than to true conviction: for it is too probable, Miſs Clary, that, had you gone on as ſwimmingly as you expected, and had not your feather-headed villain abandoned you, we ſhould have heard nothing of theſe moving ſupplications; nor of anything but defiances from *him*, and a guilt gloried in from *you*. And this is every-one's opinion as well as that of *your afflicted ſiſter*,

ARABELLA HARLOWE.

I ſend this by a particular hand, who undertakes to give it you or leave it for you by to-morrow night.

## LETTER XXXII.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO HER MOTHER.

SAT. AUG. 5.

HONOURED MADAM,

NO ſelf-convicted criminal ever approached her angry and juſt judge with greater awe, nor with a truer contrition, than I do you by theſe lines.

Indeed I muſt ſay, that if the matter of my humble prayer had not reſpected my future welfare, I had not dared to take this liberty. But my heart is ſet upon it, as upon a thing next to God Almighty's forgiveneſs neceſſary for me.

Had my happy ſiſter known my diſtreſſes, ſhe would not have wrung my heart, as ſhe has done by a ſeverity, which I muſt needs think unkind and unſiſterly.

But complaint of any unkindneſs from her belongs not to me: yet as ſhe is pleaſed to write, that it muſt be ſeen that my penitence is leſs owing to diſappointment, than to true conviction, permit me, Madam, to inſiſt upon it, that, if ſuch a plea can be allowed me, I am actually *entitled* to the bleſſing I ſue for; ſince my humble prayer is founded upon a true and unfeigned repentance: and this you will the readier believe, if the creature who never, to the beſt of her remembrance, told her mamma a wilful falſhood, may be credited, when ſhe declares, as ſhe does in the moſt ſolemn manner, that ſhe met the ſeducer, with a determination not to go off with him: that the raſh ſtep was owing more to compulſion than to infatuation; and that her heart was ſo little in it, that ſhe repented and grieved from the moment ſhe found herſelf in his power; and for every moment after, for ſeveral weeks *before* ſhe had any cauſe from him to apprehend the uſage ſhe met with.

Wherefore, on my knees, my ever-honoured mamma, (for on my knees I write this letter) I do moſt humbly beg your bleſſing: ſay but, in ſo many words, (I aſk you not, Madam, to call me your daughter) — '*Loſt, unhappy* '*wretch, I forgive you! and may God bleſs* '*you!*'—This is all! Let me, on a bleſſed ſcrap of paper, but ſee one ſentence to this effect, under your dear hand, that I may hold it to my heart in my moſt trying ſtruggles, and I ſhall think it a paſſport to Heaven. And if I do not too much preſume, and it were WE inſtead of I, and both your honoured names ſubjoined to it, I ſhould then have nothing more to wiſh. Then would I ſay, 'Great and merciful God! 'thou ſeeſt here in this paper the poor 'unworthy creature abſolved by her 'juſtly-offended parents; O join, for 'my Redeemer's ſake, thy all-gracious '*fiat*, and receive a repentant ſinner to 'the arms of thy mercy!'

I can

I can conjure you, Madam, by no ſubject of motherly tenderneſs, that will not, in the opinion of my ſevere cenſurers, (before whom this humble addreſs muſt appear) add to my reproach; let me therefore, for God's ſake, prevail upon you to pronounce me bleſt and forgiven, ſince you will thereby ſprinkle comfort through the laſt hours of *your*

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

## LETTER XXXIII.

MISS MONTAGUE, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

[IN ANSWER TO HERS OF AUG. 3. See NO. XXV.]

MONDAY, AUG. 7.

DEAR MADAM,

WE were all of opinion *before* your letter came, that Mr. Lovelace was utterly unworthy of you, and deſerved condign puniſhment, rather than to be bleſſed with ſuch a wife: and hoped far *more* from your kind conſideration for *us*, than any we ſuppoſed you could have for ſo baſe an *injurer*. For we were all determined to love you, and admire you, let *his* behaviour to you be what it would.

But, after your letter, what can be ſaid?

I am, however, commanded to write in all the ſubſcribing names, to let you know how greatly your ſufferings have affected us: to tell you, that my Lord M. has forbid him ever more to enter the doors of the apartments where he ſhall be: and as you labour under the unhappy effects of your friends diſpleaſure, which may ſubject you to inconveniences, his lordſhip, and Lady Sarah, and Lady Betty, beg of you to accept for your life, or, at leaſt, till you are admitted to enjoy your own eſtate, of one hundred guineas *per* quarter, which will be regularly brought you by an eſpecial hand, and of the incloſed Bank bill for a beginning. And do not, deareſt Madam, we all beſeech you, do not think you are beholden (for this token of Lord M's and Lady Sarah's and Lady Betty's love to you) to the *friends of this vile man*; for he has not one friend left among us.

We each of us deſire to be favoured with a place in your eſteem; and to be conſidered upon the ſame foot of relationſhip, as if what was once ſo much our pleaſure to hope *would* be, *had* been. And it ſhall be our united prayer, that you may recover health and ſpirits, and live to ſee many happy years: and, ſince this wretch can no more be pleaded for, that, when he is gone abroad, as he is now preparing to do, we may be permitted the honour of a perſonal acquaintance with a lady who has no equal. Theſe are the earneſt requeſts, deareſt young lady, of *your affectionate friends and moſt faithful ſervants*,

M.
SARAH SADLEIR.
ELIZ. LAWRANCE.
CHARL. MONTAGUE.
MARTH. MONTAGUE.

You will break the hearts of the three firſt-named more particularly, if you refuſe them your acceptance. Deareſt young lady, puniſh not *them* for *his* crimes. We ſend by a particular hand, which will bring us, we hope, your accepting favour.

Mr. Lovelace writes by the ſame hand; but he knows nothing of our letter, nor we of his: for we ſhun each other; and one part of the houſe holds *us*, another *him*, the remoteſt from each other.

## LETTER XXXIV.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

SAT. AUG. 23.

I AM ſo exceſſively diſturbed at the contents of Miſs Harlowe's anſwer to my couſin Charlotte's letter of Tueſday laſt, (which was given her by the ſame fellow that gave me yours) that I have hardly patience or conſideration enough to weigh what you write.

She had need indeed to cry out for mercy for herſelf from *her* friends, who knows not how to ſhew any! She is a true daughter of the Harlowes—By my ſoul, Jack, ſhe is a true daughter of the Harlowes! Yet has ſhe ſo many excellences, that I muſt love her; and, fool that I am, love her the more for her deſpiſing me.

Thou runneſt on with thy curſed nonſenſical *reformado* rote, of dying, dying, dying! and, having once got the word by the end, canſt not help foiſting it in at every period! The devil take me, if I don't think thou wouldſt give her poiſon with thy own hands rather than ſhe ſhould recover, and rob thee of the merit of being a conjuror!

But no more of thy curſed knell; thy changes upon death's candleſtick turned bottom-upwards: ſhe'll live to bury me; I ſee that: for, by my ſoul, I can neither

neither eat, drink, nor ſleep; nor, what is ſtill worſe, love any woman in the world but her. Nor care I to look upon a woman now: on the contrary, I turn my head from every-one I meet: except by chance an eye, an air, a feature, ſtrikes me, reſembling hers in ſome glancing-by face; and then I cannot forbear looking again; though the ſecond look recovers me, for there can be nobody like her.

But, ſurely, Belford, the devil's in this woman! The more I think of her nonſenſe and obſtinacy, the leſs patience I have with her. Is it poſſible ſhe can do herſelf, her family, her friends, ſo much juſtice any *other* way, as by marrying me? Were ſhe ſure ſhe ſhould live but a day, ſhe ought to die a wife. If her *Chriſtian revenge* will not let her wiſh to do ſo for her *own* ſake, ought ſhe not for the ſake of her family, and of her ſex, which ſhe pretends ſometimes to have ſo much concern for? And if no *ſake* is dear enough to move her Harlowe-ſpirit in my favour, has ſhe any title to the pity that thou ſo pitifully art always beſpeaking for her?

As to the difference which her letter has made between me and the ſtupid family here, [And I muſt tell thee we are all broke in pieces] I value not that of a button. They are fools to anathematize and curſe me, who can give them ten curſes for one, were they to hold it for a day together.

I have one half of the houſe to myſelf; and that the beſt; for the great enjoy that leaſt which coſts them moſt: *grandeur* and *uſe* are two things: the common part is theirs; the ſtate part is mine: and here I lord it, and *will* lord it, as long as I pleaſe; while the two purſy ſiſters, the old gouty brother, and the two muſty nieces, are ſtived up in the other half, and dare not ſtir for fear of meeting me: whom (that's the jeſt of it) they have forbidden coming into their apartments, as I have them into mine. And ſo I have them all priſoners, while I range about as I pleaſe. Pretty dogs and *doggeſſes*, to quarrel and bark at me, and yet, whenever I appear, afraid to pop out of their kennels; or if out before they ſee me, at the ſight of me run growling in again, with their flapt ears, their ſweeping dewlaps, and their quivering tails curling inwards.

And here, while I am thus worthily waging war with beetles, drones, waſps, and hornets, and am all on fire with the rage of ſlighted love, thou art regaling thyſelf with phlegm and rock-water, and art going on with thy reformation-ſcheme and thy exultations in my misfortunes!

The devil take thee for an inſenſible dough-baked varlet! I have no more patience with thee than with the lady; for thou knoweſt nothing either of love or friendſhip, but art as unworthy of the one, as incapable of the other; elſe wouldeſt thou not rejoice, as thou doſt, under the *grimace of pity*, in my diſappointments.

And thou art a pretty fellow, art thou not? to engage to tranſcribe for her ſome parts of my letters written to thee in confidence? Letters that thou ſhouldeſt ſooner have parted with thy curſed tongue, than have owned thou ever hadſt received ſuch: yet theſe are now to be communicated to *her!* But I charge thee, and woe be to thee if it be too late! that thou do not oblige her with a line of mine.

If thou *haſt* done it, the leaſt vengeance I will take, is to break through *my* honour given to thee not to viſit her, as thou wilt have broken through *thine* to me, in communicating letters written under the ſeal of friendſhip.

I am now convinced, too ſadly for my hopes, by her letter to my couſin Charlotte, that ſhe is determined never to have me.

*Unprecedented wickedneſs*, ſhe calls mine to her. But how does *ſhe* know what love, in it's flaming ardour, will ſtimulate men to do? How does *ſhe* know the requiſite diſtinctions of the words ſhe uſes in this caſe?—To think the *worſt*, and to be able to *make compariſons* in theſe *very* delicate ſituations, muſt ſhe not be leſs delicate than I had imagined her to be?—But ſhe has heard, that the devil is black; and having a mind to make one of me, brays together, in the mortar of her wild fancy, twenty chimney-ſweepers, in order to make one ſootier than ordinary riſe out of the dirty maſs.

But what a whirlwind does ſhe raiſe in my ſoul, by her proud contempts of me! Never, never, was mortal man's pride ſo mortified! How does ſhe ſink me, even in my own eyes!—*Her heart* ſincerely repulſes me, ſhe ſays, for my MEANNESS.—Yet ſhe intends to reap the benefit of what ſhe calls ſo!—Curſe upon her *haughtineſs*, and her *meanneſs*, at the ſame time!—Her haughtineſs to *me*, and her meanneſs to *her own relations*; more unworthy of kindred with her, than I can be, or I am *mean* indeed.

Yet

Yet who but muſt admire, who but muſt adore her? O that curſed, curſed, houſe! But for the women of that!—Then their damn'd potion! But for *thoſe*, had her *unimpaired* intellects, and the *majeſty of her virtue*, ſaved her, as once it did by her humble eloquence, another time by her terrifying menaces againſt her own life.

Yet in both theſe to find her power over me, and my love for her, and to hate, to deſpiſe, and to refuſe me!—She might have done this with ſome ſhew of juſtice, had the laſt intended violation been perpetrated: but to go away conquereſs and triumphant in every light!—Well may ſhe deſpiſe me for ſuffering her to do ſo.

She left me *low* and *mean* indeed!—And the impreſſion holds with her.—I could tear my fleſh, that I gave her not cauſe—that I humbled her NOT *indeed*;—or that I ſtaid not in town to attend her motions inſtead of Lord M.'s, till I could have exalted myſelf, by giving to myſelf a wife ſuperior to all trial, to all temptation.

I will venture one more letter to her, however; and if that don't do, or procure me an anſwer, then will I endeavour to ſee her, let what *will* be the conſequence. If ſhe get out of my way, I will do ſome noble miſchief to the vixen girl whom ſhe moſt loves, and then quit the kingdom for ever.

And now, Jack, ſince thy hand is in at communicating the contents of private letters, tell her this, if thou wilt. And add to it, That if SHE abandon me, GOD will: and what then will be the fate of *her*

LOVELACE!

## LETTER XXXV.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

[IN ANSWER TO HIS OF AUG. 4. See No. XXX.]

MONDAY, AUG. 7.

AND ſo you have actually delivered to the fair implacable extracts of letters written in the confidence of friendſhip! Take care—Take care, Belford—I do indeed love you better than I love any man in the world: but this is a very delicate point. The matter is grown very ſerious to me. My heart is bent upon having her. And have her I will, though I marry her in the agonies of death.

She is very earneſt, you ſay, that I will not offer to moleſt her. *That*, let me tell her, will abſolutely depend upon herſelf, and the anſwer ſhe returns, whether by pen and ink, or the contemptuous one of ſilence, which ſhe beſtowed upon my laſt four to her: and I will write it in ſuch humble, and in ſuch reaſonable terms, that, if ſhe be not a true Harlowe, ſhe *ſhall* forgive me. But as to the *executorſhip* which ſhe is for conferring upon thee—Thou ſhalt not be her *executor:* let me periſh if thou ſhalt.—Nor ſhall ſhe die. Nobody ſhall be any thing, nobody ſhall *dare* to be any-thing, to her, but I.—Thy happineſs is already too great, to be admitted daily to her preſence; to look upon her, to talk to her, to hear her talk, while I am forbid to come within view of her window—What a reprobation is this, of the man who was once more dear to her than all the men in the world!—And now to be able to look down upon me, while her exalted head is hid from me among the ſtars, ſometimes with ſcorn, at other times with pity, I cannot bear it.

This I tell thee, that if I have not ſucceſs in my effort by letter, I will overcome the creeping folly that has found it's way to my heart, or I will tear it out in her preſence, and throw it at hers, that ſhe may ſee how much more tender than her own that organ is, which ſhe, and you, and every-one elſe, have taken the liberty to call callous.

Give notice to the people who live back and edge, and on either hand, of the curſed mother, to remove their beſt effects if I am rejected: for the firſt vengeance I ſhall take, will be to ſet fire to that den of ſerpents. Nor will there be any fear of taking them when they are in any act that has *the reliſh of ſalvation in it*, as Shakeſpeare ſays—So that my revenge, if they periſh in the flames I ſhall light up, will be complete as to them.

## LETTER XXXVI.

MR. LOVELACE, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

MONDAY, AUG. 7.

LITTLE as I have reaſon to expect either your patient ear, or forgiving heart, yet cannot I forbear to write to you once more, (as a more pardonable intruſion, perhaps, than a viſit would be) to beg of you to put it in my power to atone, as far as it is poſſible to atone, for the injuries I have done you.

Your angelick purity, and my awak-

ened

ened conſcience, are ſtanding records of your exalted merit and of my deteſtable baſeneſs: but your forgiveneſs will lay me under an eternal obligation to you.—Forgive me then, my deareſt life, my earthly good, the viſible anchor of my future hope!—As you (who believe you have ſomething to be forgiven for) hope for pardon yourſelf, forgive me, and conſent to meet me, upon your own conditions, and in whoſe company you pleaſe, at the holy altar, and to give yourſelf a title to the moſt repentant and affectionate heart that ever beat in a human boſom.

But perhaps a time of probation may be required. It may be impoſſible for you, as well from *indiſpoſition* as *doubt*, ſo ſoon to receive me to abſolute favour as my heart wiſhes to be received. In this caſe, I will ſubmit to your pleaſure; and there ſhall be no penance which you can impoſe, that I will not cheerfully undergo, if you will be pleaſed to give me hope, that, after an expiation, ſuppoſe of months, wherein the regularity of my future life and actions ſhall convince you of my reformation, you will at laſt be mine.

Let me beg the favour, then, of a few lines, encouraging me in this *conditional* hope, if it muſt not be a ſtill *nearer* hope, and a more generous encouragement.

If you refuſe me this, you will make me deſperate. But even then I muſt, at all events, throw myſelf at your feet, that I may not charge myſelf with the omiſſion of any earneſt, any humble effort, to move you in my favour: for in YOU, Madam, in YOUR *forgiveneſs*, are centered my hopes as to *both worlds*: ſince to be reprobated finally by *you*, will leave me without expectation of mercy from *above!*—For I am now awakened enough to think, that to be forgiven by injured innocence is *neceſſary* to the Divine pardon; the Almighty putting into the power of ſuch (as is reaſonable to believe) the wretch who cauſeleſsly and capitally offends them. And who can be entitled to this power, if YOU are not?

Your cauſe, Madam, in a word, I look upon to be the *cauſe of virtue*, and, as ſuch, the *cauſe of God*. And may I not expect, that he will aſſert it in the perdition of a man, who has acted by a perſon of the moſt ſpotleſs purity, as I have done, if *you*, by rejecting me, ſhew that I have offended beyond the poſſibility of forgiveneſs?

I do moſt ſolemnly aſſure you, that no temporal or worldly views induce me to this earneſt addreſs. I deſerve not forgiveneſs from *you*. Nor do my Lord M. and his ſiſters from *me*. I deſpiſe them from my heart, for preſuming to imagine, that I will be controuled by the proſpect of any benefits in their power to confer. There is not a perſon breathing, but yourſelf, who ſhall preſcribe to me. Your whole conduct, Madam, has been ſo nobly principled, and your reſentments are ſo admirably juſt, that you appear to me even in a divine light; and in an infinitely more amiable one at the ſame time, than you could have appeared in, had you not ſuffered the barbarous wrongs, that now fill my mind with anguiſh and horror at my own recollected villainy to the moſt excellent of women.

I *repeat*, that all I beg for the preſent, is a few lines, to guide my doubtful ſteps; and (if poſſible for you ſo far to condeſcend) to encourage me to hope, that, if I can juſtify my preſent vows by my future conduct, I may be permitted the honour to ſtyle myſelf *eternally yours*,

R. LOVELACE.

## LETTER XXXVII.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO LORD M. AND TO THE LADIES OF HIS HOUSE.

[IN REPLY TO MISS MONTAGUE'S OF AUG. 7. See NO. XXXIII.]

TUESDAY, AUG. 8.

EXCUSE me, my good lord, and my ever-honoured ladies, from accepting of your noble quarterly bounty; and allow me to return, with all grateful acknowledgment, and true humility, the incloſed earneſt of your goodneſs to me. Indeed I have no need of the one, and cannot poſſibly want the other: but, nevertheleſs, have ſuch a ſenſe of your generous favour, that, to my laſt hour, I ſhall have pleaſure in contemplating upon it, and be proud of the place I hold in the eſteem of ſuch venerable perſons, to whom I once had the ambition to hope to be related.

But give me leave to expreſs my concern that you have baniſhed your kinſman from your preſence and favour: ſince now, perhaps, he will be under leſs reſtraint than ever; and ſince I, in particular, who had hoped, by your influences to remain unmoleſted for the remainder of my days, may be again ſubjected to his perſecutions.

He has not, my good lord, and my

dear ladies, offended againſt *you*, as he has againſt *me*; and yet you could all very generouſly intercede for him with *me*: and ſhall I be *very* improper, if I deſire, for my own peace ſake; for the ſake of other poor creatures, who may be ſtill injured by him, if he be made quite deſperate; and for the ſake of all your worthy family, that you will extend to *him* that forgiveneſs which you hoped for from *me*? And this the rather, as I preſume to think, that his daring impetuous ſpirit will not be ſubdued by violent methods; ſince I have no doubt, that the gratifying of a preſent paſſion will be always more prevalent with him, than any future proſpects, however unwarrantable the one or beneficial the other.

Your reſentments on my account are extremely generous, as your goodneſs to me is truly noble: but I am not without hope, that he will be properly affected by the evils he has made me ſuffer; and that, when I am laid low and forgotten, your whole honourable family will be enabled to rejoice in his reformation; and ſee many of thoſe happy years together, which, my good lord, and my dear ladies, you ſo kindly wiſh to *your ever-grateful and obliged*

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

## LETTER XXXVIII.

MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

THURSDAY, AUG. 10.

YOU have been informed by Tourville, how much Belton's illneſs and affairs have engaged *me*, as well as Mowbray and him, ſince my former. I called at Smith's on Monday, in my way to Epſom.

The lady was gone to chapel: but I had the ſatisfaction to hear ſhe was not worſe; and left my compliments, and an intimation that I ſhould be out of town for three or four days.

I refer myſelf to Tourville, who will let you know the difficulty we had to drive out this *meek* miſtreſs, and *frugal* manager, with her cubs, and to give the poor fellow's ſiſter poſſeſſion for him of his own houſe; he ſkulking meanwhile at an inn at Croydon, too diſpirited to appear in his own cauſe.

But I muſt obſerve, that we were probably but juſt in time to ſave the ſhattered remains of his fortune from this rapacious woman and her accomplices: for as he cannot live long, and ſhe thinks ſo, we found ſhe had certainly taken meaſures to ſet up a marriage, and keep poſſeſſion of all for herſelf and her ſons.

Tourville will tell you how I was forced to chaſtiſe the quondam hoſtler in her ſight, before I could drive him out of the houſe. He had the inſolence to lay hands on me: and I made him take but one ſtep from the top to the bottom of a pair of ſtairs. I thought his neck and all his bones had been broken. And then, he being carried out neck-and-heels, Thomaſine thought fit to walk out after him.

Charming conſequences of *keeping*; the ſtate we have been ſo fond of extolling!—Whatever it may be thought of in ſtrong health, *ſickneſs* and *declining ſpirits* in the keeper, will bring him to ſee the difference.

She ſhould ſoon have him, ſhe told a confident, in the ſpace of ſix feet by five; meaning his bed: and then ſhe would let nobody come near him but whom ſhe pleaſed. The hoſtler-fellow, I ſuppoſe, would then have been his phyſician; his will ready made for him; and widows weeds probably ready provided; who knows, but ſhe to appear in them in his own ſight? As once I knew an inſtance in a wicked wife; inſulting a huſband ſhe hated, when ſhe thought him paſt recovery: though it gave the man ſuch ſpirits, and ſuch a turn, that he got over it, and lived to ſee *her* in her coffin, dreſſed out in the very weeds ſhe had inſulted him in.

So much, for the preſent, for Belton, and his Thomaſine.

I BEGIN to pity thee heartily, now I ſee thee in earneſt, in the fruitleſs love thou expreſſeſt to this angel of a woman; and the rather, as, ſay what thou wilt, it is impoſſible ſhe ſhould get over her illneſs, and her friends implacableneſs, of which ſhe has had freſh inſtances.

I hope thou art not indeed diſpleaſed with the extracts I have made from thy letters for her. The letting her know the juſtice thou haſt done to her virtue in them, is ſo much in favour of thy ingenuouſneſs, (a quality, let me repeat, that gives thee a ſuperiority over common libertines) that I think in my heart I was right; though to any other woman, and to one who had not known the worſt of thee that ſhe could know, it might have been wrong.

If the *end* will juſtify the *means*, it is plain, that I have done well with regard to ye both; ſince I have made *her* eaſier, and *thee* appear in a better light to her, than

than otherwiſe thou wouldſt have done.

But if, nevertheleſs, thou art diſſatisfied with my having obliged her in a point, which I acknowledge *to be delicate*, let us canvas this matter at our firſt meeting: and then I will ſhew thee what the extracts *were*, and what connexions I gave them in thy favour.

But ſurely thou doſt not pretend to ſay what I ſhall, or ſhall not do, as to the executorſhip.

I am my own man, I hope. I think thou ſhouldſt be glad to have the juſtification of her memory left to one, who, at the ſame time, thou mayſt be aſſured, will treat thee, and thy actions, with all the lenity the caſe will admit.

I cannot help expreſſing my ſurprize at one inſtance of thy ſelf-partiality; and that is, where thou ſayeſt, 'She 'had need, indeed, to cry out for mercy 'herſelf from *her* friends, who knows 'not how to ſhew any.'

Surely thou canſt not think the caſes alike—For ſhe, as I underſtand, deſires but a laſt bleſſing, and a laſt forgiveneſs, for a fault in a manner *involuntary*, if a fault at all; and does not ſo much as *hope* to be *received*; thou, to be forgiven *premeditated* wrongs; (which, nevertheleſs, ſhe forgives, on condition to be no more moleſted by thee) and hopeſt to be *received into favour*, and to make the fineſt jewel in the world thy abſolute property in conſequence of that forgiveneſs.

I will now briefly proceed to relate what has paſſed ſince my laſt, as to the excellent lady. By the account I ſhall give thee, thou wilt ſee, that ſhe has troubles enough upon her, all ſpringing originally from thyſelf, without needing to add more to them by new vexations. And as long as thou canſt exert thyſelf ſo very cavalierly at M. Hall, where every-one is thy priſoner, I ſee not but the bravery of thy ſpirit may be as well gratified in domineering there over half a dozen perſons of rank and diſtinction, as it could be over an helpleſs orphan, as I may call this lady, ſince ſhe has not a ſingle friend to ſtand by her, if I do not; and who will think herſelf happy, if ſhe can refuge herſelf from thee, and from all the world, in the arms of death.

My laſt was dated on Saturday.

On Sunday, in compliance with the doctor's advice, ſhe took a little airing. Mrs. Lovick, and Mr. Smith and his wife were with her. After being at Highgate chapel at divine ſervice, ſhe treated them with a little repaſt; and in the afternoon was at Iſlington church, in her way home; returning tolerably cheerful.

She had received ſeveral letters in my abſence, as Mrs. Lovick acquainted me, beſides yours. Yours, it ſeems, much diſtreſſed her; but ſhe ordered the meſſenger, who preſſed for an anſwer, to be told, that it did not require an immediate one.

On Wedneſday ſhe received a letter from her uncle Harlowe, in anſwer to one ſhe had written to her mother on Saturday on her knees. It muſt be a very cruel one, Mrs. Lovick ſays, by the effects it had upon her: for, when ſhe received it, ſhe was intending to take an afternoon airing in a coach; but was thrown into ſo violent a fit of hyſtericks upon it, that ſhe was forced to lie down; and (being not recovered by it) to go to bed about eight o'clock.

On Thurſday morning ſhe was up very early; and had recourſe to the Scriptures to calm her mind, as ſhe told Mrs. Lovick: and weak as ſhe was, would go in a chair to Lincoln's Inn Chapel, about eleven. She was brought home a little better; and then ſat down to write to her uncle. But was obliged to leave off ſeveral times—To ſtruggle, as ſhe told Mrs. Lovick, for an humble temper.—'My heart,' ſaid ſhe to the good woman, 'is a proud heart, and 'not yet, I find, enough mortified to 'my condition; but, do what I can, 'will be for preſcribing reſenting things 'to my pen.'

I arrived in town from Belton's this Thurſday evening; and went directly to Smith's. She was too ill to receive my viſit. But on ſending up my compliments, ſhe ſent me down word, that ſhe ſhould be glad to ſee me in the morning.

Mrs. Lovick obliged me with the copy of a Meditation collected by the lady from the Scriptures. She has entitled it, '*Poor Mortals the Cauſe of their 'own Miſery*;' ſo entitled, I preſume, with intention to take off the edge of her repinings at hardſhips ſo diſproportioned to her fault, were her fault even as great as ſhe is inclined to think it. We may ſee by this, the method ſhe takes to fortify her mind, and to which ſhe owes, in a great meaſure, the magnanimity with which ſhe bears her undeſerved perſecutions.

'MEDITATION.

'POOR MORTALS THE CAUSE OF THEIR 'OWN MISERY.

'*SAY not thou, It is through the Lord that 'I fell away; for thou oughteſt not to 'do the thing that he hateth.*

'*Say not thou, He hath cauſed me to err; for he hath no need of the ſinful man.*

'*He himſelf made man from the beginning, and left him in the hand of his own counſel;*

'*If thou wilt, to keep the commandments, and to perform acceptable faithfulneſs.*

'*He hath ſet fire and water before thee: ſtretch forth thine hand to whether thou wilt.*

'*He hath commanded no man to do wickedly: neither hath he given any man licence to ſin.*

'*And now, Lord, what is my hope? Truly my hope is only in thee.*

'*Deliver me from all my offences: and make me not a rebuke unto the fooliſh.*

'*When thou with rebuke doth chaſten man for ſin, thou makeſt his beauty to conſume away, like as it were a moth fretting a garment: every man therefore is vanity.*

'*Turn thee unto me, and have mercy upon me; for I am deſolate and afflicted.*

'*The troubles of my heart are enlarged. O bring thou me out of my diſtreſſes!*'

MRS. SMITH gave me the following particulars of a converſation that paſſed between herſelf and a young clergyman, on Tueſday afternoon, who, as it appears, was employed to make enquiries about the lady by her friends.

He came into the ſhop in a riding-habit, and aſked for ſome Spaniſh ſnuff; and finding only Mrs. Smith there, he deſired to have a little talk with her in the back-ſhop.

He beat about the buſh in ſeveral diſtant queſtions, and at laſt began to talk more directly about Miſs Harlowe.

He ſaid, he knew her before her *fall*, [That was his impudent word;] and gave the ſubſtance of the following account of her, as I collected it from Mrs. Smith.

She was then, he ſaid, the admiration and delight of every-body: he lamented, with great ſolemnity her *backſliding*; another of his phraſes. Mrs. Smith ſaid, he was a fine ſcholar: for he ſpoke ſeveral things *ſhe underſtood not*; and either in Latin or Greek, ſhe could not tell which; but was ſo good as to give her the Engliſh of them without aſking. A fine thing, ſhe ſaid, for a ſcholar to be ſo condeſcending!

He ſaid, Her going off with ſo vile a rake had given great ſcandal and offence to all the neighbouring ladies, as well as to her friends.

He told Mrs. Smith how much ſhe uſed to be followed by every-one's eye, whenever ſhe went abroad, or to church; and praiſed and bleſſed by every tongue, as ſhe paſſed; eſpecially by the poor; that ſhe gave the faſhion to the faſhionable, without ſeeming herſelf to intend it, or to know ſhe did: that, however, it was pleaſant to ſee ladies imitate her in dreſs and behaviour, who, being unable to come up to her in grace and eaſe, expoſed but their own affectation and awkwardneſs, at the time that they thought themſelves ſecure of a general approbation becauſe they wore the ſame things, and put them on in the ſame manner that *ſhe* did, who had every-body's admiration; little conſidering, that were *her* perſon like *theirs*, or if ſhe had had *their* defects, ſhe would have brought up a very different faſhion; for that *nature* was her guide in every-thing, and *eaſe* her ſtudy; which, joined with a mingled dignity and condeſcenſion in her air and manner, whether ſhe received or paid a compliment, diſtinguiſhed her above all her ſex.

He ſpoke not, he ſaid, his own ſentiments only on this occaſion, but thoſe of every-body: for that the praiſes of Miſs Clariſſa Harlowe were ſuch a favourite topick, that a perſon who could not ſpeak well upon any other ſubject, was ſure to ſpeak well upon that; becauſe he could ſay nothing but what he had heard repeated and applauded twenty times over.

Hence it was, perhaps, that this novice accounted for the beſt things he ſaid himſelf; though I muſt own that the perſonal knowledge of the lady which I am favoured with, made it eaſy to me to lick into ſhape what the good woman reported to me, as the character given her by the young Levite: for who, even now, in her decline of health, ſees not that all theſe attributes belong to her?

I ſuppoſe he has not been long come from college, and now thinks he has nothing to do but to blaze away for a ſcholar among the *ignorant*; as ſuch young fellows are apt to think thoſe who cannot cap verſes with them, and tell us how an ancient author expreſſed himſelf in Latin on a ſubject, upon which, however, they may know how, as well as that author, to expreſs themſelves in Engliſh.

Mrs. Smith was ſo taken with him, that ſhe would fain have introduced him to the lady, not queſtioning but it would be very acceptable to her to ſee one who knew her and her friends ſo well: but this he declined for ſeveral *reaſons*, as he called them; which he gave. One was, that perſons of his cloth

cloth ſhould be very cautious of the *company they were in*, eſpecially where *ſex* was concerned, and where a woman had *ſtarred her reputation*—[I wiſh I had been there when he gave himſelf theſe airs.]—Another, that he was deſired to inform himſelf of her preſent way of life, and who her viſitors were; for, as to the praiſes Mrs. Smith gave the lady, he hinted, that *ſhe* ſeemed to be a good-natured woman, and might (though for the ladies ſake he hoped not) be too partial and ſhort-ſighted to be truſted to, abſolutely, in a concern of ſo high a nature as he intimated the taſk was which he had undertaken; nodding out words of doubtful import; and aſſuming airs of great ſignificance, (as I could gather) throughout the whole converſation. And when Mrs. Smith told him, that the lady was in a very bad ſtate of health, he gave a careleſs ſhrug—'She may be 'very ill,' ſays he: 'her diſappoint-'ments muſt have touched her to the 'quick: but ſhe is not bad enough, I 'dare ſay, yet, to atone for her very 'great lapſe, and to expect to be for-'given by thoſe whom ſhe has ſo much 'diſgraced.'

A ſtarched, conceited coxcomb!—What would I give he had fallen in my way!

He departed, highly ſatisfied with himſelf, no doubt, and aſſured of Mrs. Smith's great opinion of his ſagacity and learning: but bid her not ſay any-thing to the lady about him, or his enquiries. And I, for very different reaſons, enjoined the ſame thing.

I am glad, however, for her peace of mind's ſake, that they begin to think it behoves them to enquire about her.

## LETTER XXXIX.

MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

FRIDAY, AUG. 11.

*MR. Belford acquaints his friend with the generoſity of Lord M. and the ladies of his family; and with the lady's grateful ſentiments upon the occaſion.*

*He ſays, that in hopes to avoid the pain of ſeeing* him, [*Mr. Lovelace*] *ſhe intends to anſwer his letter of the 7th, though much againſt her inclination.*

'She took great notice,' *ſays Mr. Belford*, 'of that paſſage in yours, which 'makes neceſſary to the *Divine* pardon, 'the forgiveneſs of a perſon cauſeleſsly 'injured.

'Her grandfather, I find, has en-'abled her, at eighteen years of age, to 'make her will, and to deviſe great 'part of his eſtate to whom ſhe pleaſes 'in the family, and the reſt out of it, '(if ſhe die ſingle) at her own diſcre-'tion; and this to create reſpect to her; 'as he apprehended that ſhe would be 'envied: and ſhe now reſolves to ſet 'about making her will out of hand.'

*Mr. Belford inſiſts upon the promiſe he had made him, not to moleſt the lady: and gives him the contents of her anſwer to Lord M. and the ladies of his family, declining their generous offers.* See Letter XXXVII.

## LETTER XL.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

FRIDAY, AUG. 11.

IT is a cruel alternative, to be either forced to ſee you, or to write to you. But a will of my own has been long denied me; and to avoid a greater evil, nay, now I may ſay, the greateſt, I write.

Were I capable of diſguiſing or concealing my real ſentiments, I might ſafely, I dare ſay, give you the remote hope you requeſt, and yet keep all my reſolutions. But I muſt tell you, Sir, (it becomes my character to tell you) that, were I to live more years than perhaps I may weeks, and there were not another man in the world, I could not, I would not, be yours.

There is no *merit* in performing a *duty*.

Religion enjoins me, not only to forgive injuries, but to return good for evil. It is all my conſolation, and I bleſs God for giving me that, that I am now in ſuch a ſtate of mind with regard to you, that I can cheerfully obey its dictates. And accordingly I tell you, that, wherever you go, I wiſh you happy. And in this I mean to include every good wiſh.

And now having, with great reluctance I own, complied with one of your compulſatory alternatives, I expect the fruits of it. CL. HARLOWE.

## LETTER XLI.

MR. JOHN HARLOWE, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

[IN ANSWER TO HERS TO HER MOTHER. See NO. XXXII.]

MONDAY, AUG. 7.

POOR UNGRATEFUL NAUGHTY KINSWOMAN,

YOUR mother neither caring, nor being *permitted*, to write, I am deſired

deſired to ſet pen to paper, though I reſolved againſt it.

And ſo I am to tell you, that your letters, joined to the occaſion of them, almoſt break the hearts of us all.

Were we ſure you had ſeen your folly, and were *truly* penitent, and, at the ſame time, that you were ſo very ill as you pretend, I know not what might be done for you. But we are all acquainted with your moving ways, when you want to carry a point.

Unhappy girl! how miſerable have you made us all! We, who uſed to viſit with ſo much pleaſure, now cannot endure to look upon one another.

If you had not known, upon an hundred occaſions, how dear you once was to us, you might judge of it now, were you to know how much your folly has unhinged us all.

Naughty, naughty girl! You ſee the fruits of preferring a rake and libertine to a man of ſobriety and morals. Againſt full warning, againſt better knowledge. And ſuch a modeſt creature, too, as you were! How could you think of ſuch an unworthy preference!

Your mother *can't* aſk, and your ſiſter knows not in modeſty *how* to aſk; and ſo *I* aſk you, If you have any reaſon to think yourſelf with child by this villain? —You *muſt* anſwer this, and anſwer it truly, before any-thing can be reſolved upon about you.

You may well be touched with a deep remorſe for your miſdeeds. Could I ever have thought that my doating-piece, as every-one called you, would have done thus? To be ſure I loved you too well. But that is over now. Yet, though I will not pretend to anſwer for any-body but myſelf, for my own part I ſay, God forgive you! And this is all from *your afflicted uncle*,

JOHN HARLOWE.

THE FOLLOWING MEDITATION WAS STITCHED TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS LETTER, WITH BLACK SILK.

## MEDITATION.

'O *That thou wouldſt hide me in the grave!*

'*That thou wouldſt keep me ſecret, till*
'*thy wrath be paſt!*

'*My face is foul with weeping; and on*
'*my eye lid is the ſhadow of death.*

'*My friends ſcorn me; but mine eye pour-*
'*eth out tears unto God.*

'*A dreadful ſound is in my ears; in proſ-*
'*perity the deſtroyer came upon me!*

'*I have ſinned! What ſhall I do unto thee,*
'*O thou Preſerver of men! Why haſt thou*
'*ſet me as a mark againſt thee; ſo that I am*
'*a burden to myſelf!*

'*When I ſay, My bed ſhall comfort me;*
'*my couch ſhall eaſe my complaint;*

'*Then thou ſcareſt me with dreams, and*
'*terrifieſt me through viſions;*

'*So that my ſoul chuſeth ſtrangling, and*
'*death rather than life.*

'*I loath it! I would not live always!—Let*
'*me alone; for my days are vanity!*

'*He hath made me a bye-word of the peo-*
'*ple; and aforetime I was as a tabret.*

'*My days are paſt, my purpoſes are broken*
'*off, even the thoughts of my heart.*

'*When I looked for good, then evil came*
'*unto me; and when I waited for light, then*
'*came darkneſs.*

'*And where now is my hope?—*

'*Yet all the days of my appointed time will*
'*I wait, till my change come.*'

## LETTER XLII.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO JOHN HARLOWE, ESQ.

THURSDAY AUG. 10.

HONOURED SIR,

IT was an act of charity I begged: only for a laſt bleſſing, that I might die in peace. I aſk not to be received again, as my ſevere ſiſter [O! that I had not written to her!] is pleaſed to ſay, is my view. Let that grace be denied me when I do.

I could not look forward to my laſt ſcene with comfort, without ſeeking, at leaſt, to obtain the bleſſing I petitioned for; and that with a contrition ſo deep, that I deſerved not, were it known, to be turned over from the tender nature of a mother, to the upbraiding pen of an uncle! and to be wounded by a cruel queſtion, put by him in a ſhocking manner; and which a little, a very little time, will better anſwer than I can: for I am not either a hardened or ſhameleſs creature; if I were, I ſhould not have been ſo ſolicitous to obtain the favour I ſued for.

And permit me to ſay, that I aſked it, as well for my father and mother's ſake, as for my own; for I am ſure, *they* at leaſt will be uneaſy, after I am gone, that they refuſed it to me.

I ſhould ſtill be glad to have theirs and yours, Sir, and all your bleſſings, and your prayers: but denied in ſuch a manner, I will not preſume again to aſk it: relying entirely on the Almighty's; which is never denied, when ſupplicated for with ſuch true penitence as I hope mine is.

God preſerve my dear uncle, and all my

my honoured friends! prays *your unhappy*

CL. HARLOWE.

## LETTER XLIII.

MISS HOWE, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

YARMOUTH, ISLE OF WIGHT, MONDAY, AUG. 7.

MY DEAREST CREATURE,

I Can write but juſt now a few lines. I cannot tell how to bear the *ſound* of that Mr. Belford for your executor, cogent as your reaſons for that meaſure are: and yet I am firmly of opinion, that none of your relations ſhould be named for the truſt. But I dwell the leſs upon this ſubject, as I hope (and cannot bear to apprehend the contrary) that you will ſtill live many, many years.

Mr. Hickman, indeed, ſpeaks very handſomely of Mr. Belford. But he, poor man! has not much penetration.—If he had, he would hardly think ſo well of *me* as he does.

I have a particular opportunity of ſending this by a friend of my aunt Harman's; who is ready to ſet out for London, (and this occaſions my hurry) and is to return out of hand. I expect, therefore, by him a large packet from you; and hope and long for news of your amended health: which Heaven grant to the prayers of *your ever-affectionate*

ANNA HOWE.

## LETTER XLIV.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE.

FRIDAY AUG. 11.

I Will ſend you a large packet, as you deſire and expect; ſince I can do it by ſo ſafe a conveyance: but not all that is come to my hand—For I muſt own that my friends are very ſevere;—too ſevere for any-body who loves them not, to ſee their letters. You, my dear, would not call them my *friends*, you ſaid, long ago; but my *relations:* indeed I cannot call them my *relations*, I think!—But I am ill; and therefore perhaps more peeviſh than I ſhould be. It is difficult to go out of ourſelves to give a judgment againſt ourſelves; and yet, oftentimes, to paſs a *juſt* judgment, we ought.

I thought I ſhould alarm you in the choice of my executor. But the ſad neceſſity I am reduced to muſt excuſe me.

I ſhall not repeat any-thing I have ſaid before on that ſubject: but if your objections will not be anſwered to your ſatisfaction by the papers and letters I ſhall incloſe, marked 1, 2, 3, 4, to 9, I muſt think myſelf in another inſtance unhappy; ſince I am engaged too far (and with my own judgment too) to recede.

As Mr. Belford has tranſcribed for me, in confidence, from his friend's letters, the paſſages which accompany this, I muſt inſiſt, that you ſuffer no ſoul but yourſelf to peruſe them; and that you return them by the very firſt opportunity; that ſo no uſe may be made of them that may do hurt either to the original writer, or to the communicator. You'll obſerve I am bound by promiſe to this care. If through my means any miſchief ſhould ariſe, between this *humane* and that *inhuman* libertine, I ſhould think myſelf utterly inexcuſeable.

I ſubjoin a liſt of the papers or letters I ſhall incloſe. You muſt return them all when peruſed*.

I am very much tired and fatigued—with—I don't know what—with writing, I think—But moſt with myſelf, and with a ſituation I cannot help aſpiring to get out of, and above!

O my dear! the world we live in is a ſad, a very ſad world!—While under our parents protecting wings, we know nothing at all of it. Book-learned and a ſcribbler, and looking at people as I ſaw them as viſitors or viſiting, I thought I knew a great deal of it. Pitiable ignorance!—Alas! I knew nothing at all!

* 1. A letter from Miſs Montague, dated - - - - - - - - - - Aug. 1.
2. A copy of my anſwer - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - Aug. 3.
3. Mr. Belford's letter to me, which will ſhew you what my requeſt was to him, and his compliance with it; and the deſired extracts from his friend's letters - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - Aug. 3, 4
4. A copy of my anſwer, with thanks; and requeſting him to undertake the executorſhip - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - Aug. 4.
5. Mr. Belford's acceptance of the truſt - - - - - - - - - - - Aug. 4.
6. Miſs Montague's letter, with a generous offer from Lord M. and the ladies of that family - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - Aug. 7.
7. Mr. Lovelace's to me - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - Aug. 7.
8. Copy of mine to Miſs Montague, in anſwer to hers of the day before - Aug. 8.
9. Copy of my anſwer to Mr. Lovelace - - - - - - - - - - - Aug. 11.

You will ſee by theſe ſeveral letters, written and received in ſo little a ſpace of time, (to ſay nothing of what I have received and written which I *cannot* ſhew you) how little opportunity or leiſure I can have for writing my own ſtory.

With

With zealous wiſhes for happineſs, and the happineſs of every-one dear to you, I am, and will ever be, *your gratefully affectionate* CL. HARLOWE.

## LETTER XLV.

MR. ANTONY HARLOWE, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

[IN REPLY TO HERS TO HER UNCLE HARLOWE, OF THURSDAY, AUG. 10.]

AUG. 12.

UNHAPPY GIRL!

AS your uncle Harlowe chuſes not to anſwer your pert letter to him; and as mine written to you before, was written as if it were in the ſpirit of prophecy, as you have found to your ſorrow; and as you are now making yourſelf worſe than you are in your health, and better than you are in your penitence, *as we are very well aſſured*, in order to move compaſſion; which you do not deſerve, having had ſo much warning: for all theſe reaſons, I take up my pen once more; though I had told your *brother, at his going to Edinburgh*, that I would not write to you, even were you to write to me, without letting him know. So indeed *had we all*; for he prognoſticated what would happen, as to your applying to us, when you knew not how to help it.

Brother John has hurt your niceneſs, it ſeems, by aſking you a plain queſtion, which your mother's heart is too full of grief to let her aſk; and modeſty will not let your ſiſter aſk, though but the conſequence of your actions—And yet it *muſt* be anſwered, before you'll obtain from your father and mother, and us, the notice you hope for, I can tell you that.

You lived ſeveral guilty weeks with one of the vileſt fellows that ever drew breath, at bed, as well as board, no doubt, (for is not his character known?) and pray don't be aſhamed to be aſked after what may naturally come of ſuch free living. This modeſty, indeed, would have become you for eighteen years of your life—You'll be pleaſed to mark that—But makes no good figure compared with your behaviour ſince the beginning of April laſt. So pray don't take it up, and wipe your mouth upon it, as if nothing had happened.

But, may-be, I likewiſe am too ſhocking to your niceneſs!—O girl, girl! your modeſty had better been ſhewn at the right time and place!—Every-body but you believed what the rake was. But you would believe nothing bad of him—What think you now?

Your folly has ruined all our peace. And who knows where it may yet end? Your poor father but yeſterday ſhewed me this text—With bitter grief he ſhewed it me, poor man:—and do you lay it to your heart:

'A father waketh for his daughter, 'when no man knoweth; and the care 'for her taketh away his ſleep—When 'ſhe is young, leſt ſhe paſs away the 'flower of her age:'—[*and you know what propoſals were made to you at different times*]—'and, being married, leſt ſhe ſhould 'be hated: in her virginity, leſt ſhe 'ſhould be defiled, and gotten with child 'in her father's houſe:'—[*I don't make 'the words, mind that*]—'and, having an 'huſband, leſt ſhe ſhould miſbehave her-'ſelf.'—*And what follows?*—'Keep a ſure 'watch over a ſhameleſs daughter,'—[*yet no watch could hold you!*]—'leſt ſhe 'make thee a laughing ſtock to thine 'enemies,' [*as you have made us all to this curſed Lovelace*] 'and a bye-word in the 'city, and a reproach among the people, 'and make thee aſhamed before the mul-'titude.' *Eccluſ.* xlii. 9, 10, &c.

Now will you wiſh you had not written pertly. Your ſiſter's ſeverities!—Never, girl, ſay that is *ſevere*, that is *deſerved*. You know the meaning of words. Nobody better. Would to the Lord you had acted up but to one half of what you know! Then had we not been diſappointed and grieved, as we all have been: and nobody more than him who was *your loving uncle*,

ANTONY HARLOWE.

This will be with you to-morrow. Perhaps you may be ſuffered to have ſome part of your eſtate, after you have ſmarted a little more. Your pertly-anſwered uncle John, who is your truſtee, will not have you be deſtitute. But we hope all is not true *that we hear of you*.—Only take care, I adviſe you, that, bad as you have acted, you act not ſtill worſe, if it be poſſible to act worſe. *Improve upon the hint.*

## LETTER XLVI.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO ANTONY HARLOWE, ESQ.

SUNDAY AUG. 13.

HONOURED SIR,

I AM very ſorry for my pert letter to my uncle Harlowe. Yet I did not intend it to be pert. People *new* to misfortune

fortune may be too eaſily moved to impatience.

The fall of a regular perſon, no doubt, is dreadful and inexcuſable. It is like the ſin of apoſtaſy. Would to Heaven, however, that I had had the circumſtances of mine enquired into!

If, Sir, I make myſelf worſe than I am in my health, and better than I am in my penitence, it is fit I ſhould be puniſhed for my double diſſimulation: and *you* have the pleaſure of being one of my puniſhers. My ſincerity, in both reſpects, will, however, be beſt juſtified by the event. To *that* I refer.—May Heaven give you always as much comfort in reflecting upon the reprobation I have met with, as you ſeem to have pleaſure in mortifying a poor creature, *extremely* mortified; and that from a *right* ſenſe, as ſhe preſumes to hope, of her own fault!

What you have *heard of me* I cannot tell. When the neareſt and deareſt relations give up an unhappy wretch, it is not to be wondered at, that thoſe who are *not* related to her are ready to take up and propagate ſlanders againſt her. Yet I think I may defy calumny itſelf, and (excepting the fatal, though involuntary ſtep of *April* 10) wrap myſelf in my own innocence, and be eaſy. I thank you, Sir, nevertheleſs, for your *caution*, mean it what it will.

As to the queſtion required of me to anſwer, and which is allowed to be too ſhocking either for a mother to put to a daughter, or a ſiſter to a ſiſter; and which, however, *you* ſay I *muſt* anſwer—O Sir!—And *muſt* I anſwer?—This then be my anſwer:—'A *little* time, a much '*leſs* time than is imagined, will afford 'a more ſatisfactory anſwer to my whole 'family, and even to my *brother* and *ſiſter*, 'than I can give in words.'

Nevertheleſs, be pleaſed to let it be remembered that I did not petition for a reſtoration to favour. I could not hope for that. Nor yet to be put in poſſeſſion of any part of my own eſtate. Nor even for means of neceſſary ſubſiſtence from the produce of that eſtate—But only for a bleſſing; for a *laſt* bleſſing!

And this I will further add, becauſe it is *true*, that I have no wilful crime to charge againſt myſelf: no free living at bed and at board, as you phraſe it!

Why, why, Sir, were not *other* enquiries made of me, as well as this ſhocking one?—Enquiries that modeſty would have permitted a mother or a ſiſter to make; and, which, if I may be excuſed to ſay ſo, would have been ſtill *leſs* improper, and *more* charitable, to have been made by *uncles*, (were the mother *forbidden*, or the ſiſter *not inclined*, to make them) than thoſe they have made.

Although my humble application has brought upon me ſo much ſevere reproach, I repent not that I have written to my mother; (although I cannot but wiſh that I had not written to my ſiſter) becauſe I have ſatisfied a dutiful conſciouſneſs by it, however unanſwered by the wiſhed-for ſucceſs. Nevertheleſs, I cannot help ſaying, that mine is indeed a hard fate, that I cannot beg pardon for my capital errror, without doing it in ſuch terms, as ſhall be an aggravation of the offence.

But I had beſt leave off, leſt, as my full mind, I find, is riſing to my pen, I have other pardons to beg as I multiply lines, where none will be given.

God Almighty bleſs, preſerve, and comfort my dear ſorrowing and grievouſly offended father and mother!—And continue in honour, favour, and merit, my happy ſiſter! May God forgive my brother, and protect him from the violence of his own temper, as well as from the deſtroyer of his ſiſter's honour!—And may you, my dear uncle, and you no-leſs now than ever dear brother, my ſecond papa, as he uſed to bid me call him, be bleſſed and happy in them, and in each other!—And, in order to this, may you all ſpeedily baniſh from your remembrance for ever *the unhappy*

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

## LETTER XLVII.

### MRS. NORTON, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

MONDAY AUG. 14.

ALL your friends here, my dear young lady, now ſeem ſet upon propoſing to you to go to one of the plantations. This, I believe, is owing to ſome miſrepreſentations of Mr. Brand; from whom they have received a letter.

I wiſh, with all my heart, that you could, conſiſtently with your own notions of honour, yield to the preſſing requeſt of all Mr. Lovelace's family in his behalf. This, I think, would ſtop every mouth, and, in time, reconcile everybody to you. For your own friends will not believe that he is in earneſt to marry you; and the hatred between the families is ſuch, that they will not condeſcend to inform themſelves better; nor would believe *him*, if he were ever ſo ſolemnly to avow that he is.

I ſhould be very glad to have in readineſs, upon occaſion, ſome brief particulars of your ſad ſtory under your own hand. But let me tell you, at the ſame time, that no miſrepreſentation, nor even your own confeſſion, ſhall leſſen my opinion either of your piety, or of your prudence in eſſential points; becauſe I know it was always your humble way to make light faults heavy againſt yourſelf: and well might you, my deareſt young lady, aggravate your own failings, who ever had ſo few; and thoſe few ſo ſlight, that your ingenuouſneſs has turned moſt of them into excellences.

Nevertheleſs, let me adviſe you, my dear Miſs Clary, to diſcountenance any viſits, which, with the cenſorious, may affect your character. As *that* has not hitherto ſuffered by your *wilful* default, I hope you will not, in a deſponding negligence, (ſatisfying yourſelf with a conſciouſneſs of your own innocence) permit it to ſuffer. Difficult ſituations, you know, my dear young lady, are the teſts not only of prudence, but of virtue.

I think, I *muſt* own to you, that, ſince Mr. Brand's letter has been received, I have a renewed prohibition to attend you. However, if you will give me leave, that ſhall not detain me from you. Nor would I ſtay for that leave, if I were not in hopes, that in this critical ſituation I may be able to do you ſervice here.

I have often had meſſages and enquiries after your health from the truly reverend Dr. Lewen, who has always expreſſed, and ſtill expreſſes, infinite concern for you. He entirely diſapproves of the meaſures of the family with regard to you. He is too much indiſpoſed to go abroad. But, were he in good health, he would not, as I underſtand, viſit at Harlowe Place; having ſome time ſince been unhandſomely treated by your brother, on his offering to mediate for you with your family.

I AM juſt now informed, that your couſin Morden is arrived in England. He is at Canterbury, it ſeems, looking after ſome concerns he has there; and is ſoon expected in theſe parts. Who knows what may ariſe from his arrival?—God be with you, my deareſt Miſs Clary, and be your comforter and ſuſtainer. And never fear but he will; for I am ſure, I am very ſure, that you put your whole truſt in Him.

And what after all, is this world, on which we ſo much depend for durable good, poor creatures that we are!—When all the joys of it, and (what is a balancing comfort) all the *troubles* of it, are but momentary, and vaniſh like a morning dream!

And be this remembered, my deareſt young lady, that worldly joys claim no kindred with the joys we are bid to aſpire after. Theſe latter we muſt be fitted for by affliction and diſappointment. You are therefore in the direct road to glory, however thorny the path you are in. And I had almoſt ſaid, that it depends upon yourſelf, by your patience, and by your reſignedneſs to the diſpenſation, (God enabling you, who never fails the true penitent, and ſincere invoker) to be an heir of a bleſſed immortality.

But this glory, I humbly pray, that you may not be permitted to enter into, ripe as you are ſo ſoon likely to be for it, till with your gentle hand (a pleaſure I have ſo often, as you know, promiſed to myſelf) you have cloſed the eyes of *your maternally affectionate*

JUDITH NORTON.

## LETTER XLVIII.

### MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MRS. NORTON.

THURSDAY, AUG. 17.

WHAT Mr. Brand, or any-body can have written or ſaid to my prejudice, I cannot imagine; and yet ſome evil reports have gone out againſt me; as I find by ſome hints, in a very ſevere letter written to me by my uncle Antony. Such a letter as I believe was never written to any poor creature, who, by ill health of body, as well as mind, was before tottering on the brink of the grave. But my friends may poſſibly be better juſtified than the reporters—For who knows what they may have heard?

You give me a kind caution, which ſeems to imply *more* than you expreſs, when you adviſe me againſt countenancing viſitors that may diſcredit me. You ſhould, in ſo tender a point, my dear Mrs. Norton, have ſpoken quite out. Surely, I have had afflictions enough to ſtrengthen my mind, and to enable it to bear the worſt that can now happen. But I will not puzzle myſelf by *conjectured evils*; as I *might* perhaps do, if I had not enough that were *certain*. I ſhall hear all, when it is thought proper that I ſhould. Mean time, let

me

me ſay, for *your* ſatisfaction, that I know not that I have any-thing criminal or diſreputable to anſwer for, either in word or deed, ſince the fatal 10th of April laſt.

You deſire an account of what paſſes between me and my friends; and alſo particulars, or brief heads, of my ſad ſtory, in order to ſerve me as occaſions ſhall offer. My dear good Mrs. Norton, you ſhall have a whole packet of papers, which I have ſent to my Miſs Howe, when ſhe returns them; and you ſhall have likewiſe another packet, (and that with this letter) which I cannot at preſent think of ſending to that dear friend, for the ſake of my *own relations*; whom, without ſeeing that packet, ſhe is but too ready to cenſure heavily. From theſe you will be able to collect a great deal of my ſtory. But for what is previous to theſe papers, and which more particularly relates to what I have ſuffered from Mr. Lovelace, you muſt have patience; for at preſent I have neither head nor heart for ſuch ſubjects. The papers I ſend you with this, will be thoſe mentioned in the margin*. You muſt reſtore them to me as ſoon as peruſed; and upon your honour make no uſe of them, or of any intelligence you have from me, but by my previous conſent.

Theſe communications you muſt not, my good Mrs. Norton, look upon as appeals againſt my relations. On the contrary, I am heartily ſorry, that they have incurred the diſpleaſure of ſo excellent a divine as Dr. Lewen. But you deſire to have every thing before you: and, I think you *ought*; for who knows, as you ſay, but you may be applied to at laſt to adminiſter comfort from their conceding hearts, to one that wants it; and who ſometimes judging by what ſhe knows of her own heart, thinks herſelf entitled to it?

I know that I have a moſt indulgent and ſweet-tempered mother; but having to deal with violent ſpirits, ſhe has too often forfeited that peace of mind which ſhe ſo much prefers, by her over-concern to preſerve it.

I am ſure ſhe would not have turned me over for an anſwer to a letter written with ſo contrite and fervent a ſpirit, as was mine to her, to a *maſculine* ſpirit, had ſhe been left to herſelf.

But, my dear Mrs. Norton, might not, think you, the revered lady have favoured me with one *private* line? If not, might not *you* have written by her order, or connivance, one ſoftening, one *motherly* line, when ſhe ſaw her poor girl, whom once ſhe dearly loved, borne ſo hard upon?

O no, ſhe might not!—Becauſe her heart, to be ſure, is in their meaſures!—And if *ſhe* think them right, perhaps they *muſt be right!*—At leaſt knowing only what *they* know, they muſt!—And yet they *might* know all, if they would!—And poſſibly, in their own good time, they think to make proper enquiry.—My application was made to them but *lately*.—Yet how deeply will it afflict them, if *their* time ſhould be *out of time!*

When you have before you the letters I have ſent to Miſs Howe, you will ſee, that Lord M. and the ladies of his family, jealous as they are of the honour of *their houſe*, (to expreſs myſelf in their language) think better of me than my own relations do. You will ſee an inſtance of their generoſity to me, which, at the time, extremely affected me, and indeed ſtill affects me. Unhappy man! gay, inconſiderate, and cruel! What has been his gain, by making unhappy a creature who hoped to make him happy! And who was determined to deſerve the love of all to whom he is related!—Poor man!—But you will miſtake a compaſſionate and placable nature, for love!—He took care, great care, that I ſhould rein-in betimes any paſſion that I might have had for him, had he known how to be but commonly grateful or generous!—But the Almighty knows what is beſt for his poor creatures.

Some of the letters in the ſame packet will alſo let you into the knowledge of a ſtrange ſtep which I have taken, (ſtrange you will think it;) and at the ſame time, give you my reaſons for taking it.

It muſt be expected, that ſituations uncommonly difficult, will make ne-

* 1. A copy of mine to my ſiſter, begging off my father's malediction dated July 21.
2. My ſiſter's anſwer - - - - - - - - - dated July 27.
3. Copy of my ſecond letter to my ſiſter - - - - dated July 29.
4. My ſiſter's anſwer - - - - - - dated Aug. 3.
5. Copy of my letter to my mother - - - - - dated Aug. 5.
6. My uncle Harlowe's letter - - - - - - dated Aug. 7.
7. Copy of my anſwer to it - - - - - - dated the 10th.
8. Letter from my uncle Antony - - - - - dated the 12th.
And, laſtly, the copy of my anſwer to it - - - - dated the 13th.

ceſſary ſome extraordinary ſteps, which, but for thoſe ſituations, would be hardly excuſeable. It will be very happy indeed, and ſomewhat wonderful, if all the meaſures I have been driven to take ſhould be right. A pure intention, void of all undutiful reſentment, is what muſt be my conſolation, whatever others may think of thoſe meaſures, when they come to know them; which, however, will hardly be, till it is out of my power to juſtify them, or to anſwer for myſelf.

I am glad to hear of my couſin Morden's ſafe arrival. I ſhould wiſh to ſee him, methinks; but I am afraid, that he will ſail with the ſtream, as it muſt be expected, that he will hear what they have to ſay firſt.—But what I moſt fear, is, that he will take upon himſelf to avenge me—Rather than he ſhould do ſo, I would have him look upon me as a creature utterly unworthy of his concern; at leaſt of his *vindictive* concern.

How ſoothing to the wounded heart of your Clariſſa, how balmy, are the aſſurances of your continued love and favour!—love me, my dear mamma Norton, continue to love me, to the end!—I now think that I may, without preſumption, promiſe to *deſerve* your love to the end. And when I am gone, cheriſh my memory in your worthy heart; for in ſo doing you will cheriſh the memory of one who loves and honours you more than ſhe can expreſs.

But when I am no more, get over, I charge you, as ſoon as you can, the ſmarting pangs of grief that will attend a recent loſs; and let all be early turned into that ſweetly melancholy regard to MEMORY, which, engaging us to forget all faults, and to remember nothing but what was thought amiable, gives more pleaſure than pain to ſurvivors—Eſpecially if they can comfort themſelves with the humble hope, that Divine mercy has taken the dear departed to itſelf.

And what is the ſpace of time to look backward upon, between an early departure, and the longeſt ſurvivance!—And what the conſolation attending the ſweet hope of meeting again, never more to be ſeparated, never more to be pained, grieved, or aſperſed;—but mutually bleſſing, and being bleſſed, to all eternity!

In the contemplation of this happy ſtate, in which I hope, in God's good time, to rejoice with you, my beloved Mrs. Norton, and alſo with my dear relations, all reconciled to, and bleſſing the child againſt whom they are now ſo much incenſed, I conclude myſelf *your ever-dutiful and affectionate*

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

## LETTER XLIX.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

SUNDAY, AUG. 15.

I Don't know what a devil ails me; but I never was ſo much indiſpoſed in my life. At firſt, I thought ſome of my bleſſed relations here had got a doſe adminiſtered to me, in order to get the whole houſe to themſelves. But, as I am the hopes of the family, I believe they would not be ſo wicked.

I muſt lay down my pen. I cannot write with any ſpirit at all. What a plague can be the matter with me!

LORD M. paid me juſt now a curſed gloomy viſit, to aſk how I do after bleeding. His ſiſters both drove away yeſterday, God be thanked. But they aſked not my leave; and hardly bid me good-bye. My lord was more tender, and more dutiful, than I expected. Men are leſs unforgiving than women. I have reaſon to ſay ſo, I am ſure. For, beſides implacable Miſs Harlowe, and the old ladies, the two Mantague apes han't been near me yet.

NEITHER eat, drink, nor ſleep!—A piteouſe caſe, Jack! If I ſhould die like a fool now, people would ſay Miſs Harlowe had broken my heart.—That ſhe *vexes* me to the heart, is certain.

Confounded ſqueamiſh! I would fain write it off. But muſt lay down my pen again. It won't do. Poor Lovelace!—What a devil ails thee?

WELL, but now let's try for't—Hoy—Hoy—Hoy! Confound me for a gaping puppy, how I yawn!—Where ſhall I begin? At thy executorſhip—Thou ſhalt have a double office of it: for I really think thou mayſt ſend me a coffin and a ſhroud. I ſhall be ready for them by the time they can come down.

What a little fool is this Miſs Harlowe! I warrant ſhe'll now repent that ſhe refuſed me. Such a lovely young widow—What a charming widow would ſhe have made! How would ſhe have adorned the weeds! To be a widow in the firſt twelve months is one of the greateſt felicities that can befal a fine woman. Such pretty employment in nice *diſmals*, when ſhe had hardly worn round her

her *blazing joyfuls!* Such lights, and ſuch ſhades! how would they ſet off one another, and be adorned by the wearer!

'Go to the devil!—I *will* write!—'Can I do any-thing elſe?'

They would not have me write, Belford.—I muſt be ill indeed, when I can't write.

But thou ſeemeſt nettled, Jack! Is it becauſe I was ſtung? It is not for two friends, any more than for man and wife, to be out of patience at one time.—What muſt be the conſequence if they are?—I am in no fighting mood juſt now: but as patient and paſſive as the chickens that are brought me in broth—For I am come to that already.

But I can tell thee, for all this, be *thy own man*, if thou wilt, as to the executorſhip, I will never ſuffer thee to expoſe my letters. They are too ingenuous by half to be ſeen. And I abſolutely inſiſt upon it, that, on receipt of this, thou burn them all.

I will never forgive thee that impudent and unfriendly reflection, of my *cavaliering* it here over half a dozen perſons of diſtinction: remember, to, thy words *poor helpleſs orphan*—Theſe reflections are too ſerious, and thou art alſo too ſerious, for me to let theſe things go off as jeſting; notwithſtanding the Roman ſtyle is preſerved; and, indeed, but juſt preſerved. But by my ſoul, Jack, if I had not been taken thus egregiouſly cropſick, I would have been up with thee, and the lady too, before now.

But write on, however: and ſend me copies, if thou canſt, of all that paſſes between our Charlotte and Miſs Harlowe. I'll take no notice of what thou communicateſt of that ſort. I like not the *people here* the worſe for their generous offer to the lady. But you ſee ſhe is as proud, as implacable. There's no obliging her. She'd rather ſell her cloaths, than be beholden to any-body, although ſhe would oblige by permitting the obligation.

Oh Lord! Oh Lord!—Mortal ill—Adieu, Jack!

I WAS forced to leave off, I was ſo ill, at this place. And what doſt think! Why Lord M. brought the parſon of the pariſh to pray by me; for his chaplain is at Oxford. I was lain down in my night-gown over my waiſtcoat, and in a doze: and, when I opened my eyes, who ſhould I ſee, but the parſon, kneeling on one ſide the bed; Lord M. on the other; Mrs. Greme, who had been ſent for to *tend me*, as they call it, at the feet! 'God 'be thanked, my lord!' ſaid I, in an extaſy.—'Where's Miſs!'—For I ſuppoſed they were going to marry me.

They thought me delirious, at firſt, and prayed louder and louder.

This rouzed me: off the bed I ſtarted; ſlid my feet into my ſlippers; put my hand in my waiſtcoat pocket, and pulled out thy letter with my beloved's meditation in it: 'My lord — Dr. 'Wright — Mrs. Greme — you have 'thought me a very wicked fellow: 'but ſee! I can read you as good as 'you can read me.'

They ſtared at one another. I gaped, and read, 'Poor mo-or-tals the cau-o-'auſe of their own—their own miſ-fer-'ry.'

It is as ſuitable to my caſe, as to the lady's, as thou'lt obſerve, if thou readeſt it again. At the paſſage where it is ſaid, That *when a man is chaſtened for ſin, his beauty conſumes away*, I ſtept to the glaſs, 'A poor figure, by Jupiter!' cried I.—And they all praiſed and admired me; lifted up their hands and their eyes: and the doctor ſaid, he always thought it impoſſible, that a man of my ſenſe could be ſo wild as the world ſaid I was. My lord chuckled for joy; congratulated me; and, thank my dear Miſs Harlowe, I got high reputation among good, bad, and indifferent. In ſhort, I have eſtabliſhed myſelf for ever with all here.—But, O Belford, even this will not do!—I muſt leave off again.

A VISIT from the Montague ſiſters, led in by the hobbling peer to congratulate my amendment and reformation both in one. What a lucky event this illneſs with this meditation in my pocket; for we were all to pieces before! Thus, when a boy, have I joined with a crowd coming out of church, and have been thought to have been there myſelf.

I am incenſed at the inſolence of the young Levite. Thou wilt highly oblige me, if thou'lt find him out, and ſend me his ears in the next letter.

My beloved miſtakes me, if ſhe thinks I propoſed her writing to me as an alternative that ſhould diſpenſe with my attendance upon her. That it ſhall *not* do, nor did I intend it ſhould, unleſs ſhe had pleaſed me better in the contents of her letter than ſhe has done.

Bid

Bid her read again. I gave no ſuch hopes. I would have been with her in ſpite of you both, by to-morrow, at fartheſt, had I not been laid by the heels thus, like a helpleſs miſcreant.

But I grow better and better every hour, *I* ſay: the *doctor* ſays not? but I am ſure I know beſt: and I will ſoon be in London, depend on't. But ſay nothing of this to my dear, cruel, and implacable Miſs Harlowe.

A—dieu—u, Ja—aack—What a gaping puppy (Yaw—n! yaw—n! yaw—n!) *thy*

LOVELACE!

## LETTER L.

MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

MONDAY, AUG. 14.

I Am extremely concerned for thy illneſs. I ſhould be very ſorry to loſe thee. Yet, if thou dieſt ſo ſoon, I could wiſh, from my ſoul, it had been before the beginning of laſt April: and this as well for thy ſake, as for the ſake of the moſt excellent woman in the world: for then thou wouldſt not have had the moſt crying ſin of thy life to anſwer for.

I was told on Saturday, that thou wert very much out of order; and this made me forbear writing till I heard further. Harry, on his return from thee, confirmed the bad way thou art in. But I hope Lord M. in his unmerited tenderneſs for thee, thinks the worſt of thee. What can it be, Bob? A violent fever, they ſay; but attended with odd and ſevere ſymptoms.

I will not trouble thee, in the way thou art in, with what paſſes here with Miſs Harlowe. I wiſh thy repentance as ſwift as thy illneſs: and as efficacious, if thou dieſt; for it is elſe to be feared, that ſhe and you will never meet in one place.

I told her how ill you are. 'Poor 'man!' ſaid ſhe. '*Dangerouſly* ill, ſay 'you?'

'Dangerouſly *indeed*, Madam!—So 'Lord M. ſends me word!'

'God be merciful to him, if he die!' —ſaid the admirable creature.—Then, after a pauſe, 'Poor wretch!—May 'he meet with the mercy he has not 'ſhewn!'

I ſend this by a ſpecial meſſenger: for I am impatient to hear how it goes with thee.—If I have received thy *laſt* letter, what melancholy reflections will that laſt, ſo full of ſhocking levity, give to *thy true friend*,

JOHN BELFORD!

## LETTER LI.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

TUESDAY, AUG. 15.

THANK thee, Jack; moſt heartily I thank thee, for the ſober concluſion of thy laſt!—I have a good mind, for the ſake of it, to forgive thy till-now abſolutely unpardonable extracts.

But doſt think I will loſe ſuch an angel, ſuch a *forgiving* angel, as this? —By my ſoul, I will not!—To pray for mercy for ſuch an ungrateful miſcreant!—How ſhe wounds me, how ſhe cuts me to the ſoul, by her exalted generoſity!—But SHE muſt have mercy upon me firſt!—Then will ſhe teach me a reliance for the ſake of which her prayer for me will be anſwered.

But haſten, haſten to me, particulars of her health, of her employments, of her converſation.

I am ſick only of love!—O that I could have called her mine!—It would then have been worth while to be ſick! —To have ſent for her down to me from town; and to have had her, with healing in her dove-like wings, flying to my comfort; her duty and her choice to pray for me, and to bid me live for her ſake!—O Jack! what an angel have I—

But I *have not* loſt her!—I *will not* loſe her! I am almoſt well; ſhould be quite well, but for theſe preſcribing raſcals, who to do credit to their ſkill, will make the diſeaſe of importance.—And I will make her mine!—And be ſick again; to entitle myſelf to her *dutiful* tenderneſs, and *pious* as well as *perſonal* concern!

God for ever bleſs her!—Haſten, haſten particulars of her!—I am ſick of love!—Such generous goodneſs!—By all that's great and good I will not loſe her!—So tell her!—She ſays, that ſhe could not pity me, if ſhe thought of being mine! This, according to Miſs Howe's tranſcriptions to Charlotte.—But bid her hate me, and have me: and my behaviour to her ſhall ſoon turn that hate to love!—For, body and mind, I will be wholly hers.

LETTER

## LETTER LII.

MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

THURSDAY, AUG. 17.

I Am ſincerely rejoiced to hear that thou art already ſo much amended, as thy ſervant tells me thou art. Thy letter looks as if thy morals were mending with thy health. This was a letter I *could* ſhew, as I *did*, to the lady.

She is very ill: (Curſed letters received from her implacable family!) ſo I could not have much converſation with her, in thy favour, upon it.—But what paſſed will make thee more and more adore her.

She was very attentive to me, as I read it; and, when I had done, 'Poor 'man!' ſaid ſhe, 'what a letter is this! 'He had timely inſtances, that my tem- 'per was not ungenerous, if generoſity 'could have obliged him! But his re- 'morſe, and that for *his own* ſake, is all 'the puniſhment I wiſh him.—Yet I 'muſt be more reſerved, if you write to 'him every-thing I ſay!'

I extolled her unbounded goodneſs —How could I help it, though to her face!

No goodneſs in it! ſhe ſaid—It was a frame of mind ſhe had endeavoured after, for *her own ſake*. She ſuffered too much in want of mercy, not to wiſh it to a penitent heart.—'He *ſeems* to be 'penitent,' ſaid ſhe; 'and it is not for 'me to judge beyond appearances.—If 'he be not, he deceives himſelf more 'than any-body elſe.'

She was ſo ill, that this was all that paſſed on the occaſion.

What a fine ſubject for tragedy would the injuries of this lady, and her behaviour under them, both with regard to her implacable friends, and to her perſecutor, make! What a grand objection as to the moral, nevertheleſs; for here virtue is puniſhed! Except indeed we look forward to the rewards of HEREAFTER, which morally, *ſhe* muſt be ſure of, or who can? Yet, after all, I know not, ſo ſad a fellow art thou, and ſo vile an huſband mighteſt thou have made, whether her virtue is not rewarded in miſſing thee: for things the moſt grievous to human nature, when they happen, as this charming creature once obſerved, are often the happieſt for us in the event.

I have frequently thought, in my attendance on this lady, That if Belton's admired author, Nick Rowe, had had ſuch a character before him, he would have drawn another ſort of a Penitent than he *has* done, or given his play, which he calls *The Fair Penitent*, a fitter title. Miſs Harlowe is a penitent indeed! I think, if I am not guilty of a contradiction in terms; a penitent without a fault; her parents conduct towards her from the firſt conſidered.

The whole ſtory of the other is a pack of damned ſtuff. Lothario, 'tis true, ſeems ſuch another wicked ungenerous varlet as thou knoweſt who: the author knew how to draw a rake; but not to paint a penitent. Caliſta is a deſiring luſcious wench, and her penitence is nothing elſe but rage, inſolence, and ſcorn. Her paſſions are all ſtorm and tumult; nothing of the finer paſſions of the ſex, which, if naturally drawn, will diſtinguiſh themſelves from the maſculine paſſions, by a ſoftneſs that will even ſhine through rage and deſpair. Her character is made up of deceit and diſguiſe. She has no virtue; is all pride; and her devil is as much *within* her, as *without* her.

How then can the fall of ſuch a one create a proper diſtreſs, when all the circumſtances of it are conſidered? For does ſhe not brazen out her crime, even after detection? Knowing her own guilt, ſhe calls for Altamont's vengeance on his beſt friend, as if he had traduced her; yields to marry Altamont, though criminal with another; and actually beds that whining puppy, when ſhe had given up herſelf body and ſoul to Lothario; who, nevertheleſs, refuſed to marry her.

Her penitence, when begun, ſhe juſtly ſtiles *The phrenzy of her ſoul*; and, as I ſaid, after having, as long as ſhe could, moſt audaciouſly brazened out her crime, and done all the miſchief ſhe could do, (occaſioning the death of Lothario, of her father, and others) ſhe ſtabs herſelf.

And can this be an act of penitence?

But, indeed, our poets hardly know how to create a diſtreſs without horror, murder, and ſuicide; and muſt ſhock your ſoul, to bring tears from your eyes.

Altamont, indeed, who is an amorous blockhead, a credulous cuckold, and (though painted as a brave fellow, and a ſoldier) a mere Tom Eſſence, and a quarreller with his beſt friend, dies like a fool, (as we are led to ſuppoſe at the concluſion of the play) without either ſword or pop-gun, of mere grief and nonſenſe, for one of the vileſt of her ſex: but the *Fair Penitent*, as ſhe is called, periſhes by her own hand; and, having

having no title by her paſt crimes to *laudable* pity, forfeits all claim to *true* penitence, and, in all probability, to future mercy.

But here is Miſs CLARISSA HARLOWE, a virtuous, noble, wiſe, and pious young lady; who being ill-uſed by her friends, and unhappily enſnared by a vile libertine, whom ſhe believes to be a man of honour, is in a manner *forced* to throw herſelf upon his protection. And he, in order to obtain her confidence, never ſcruples the deepeſt and moſt ſolemn proteſtations of honour.

After a ſeries of plots and contrivances, all baffled by her virtue and vigilance, he baſely has recourſe to the vileſt of arts, and to rob her of her honour, is forced firſt to rob her of her ſenſes.

Unable to bring her, notwithſtanding, to his ungenerous views of cohabitation, ſhe over-awes him in the very entrance of a freſh act of premeditated guilt, in preſence of the moſt abandoned of women aſſembled to aſſiſt his deviliſh purpoſe; triumphs over them all, by virtue only of her innocence; and eſcapes from the vile hands he had put her into.

She nobly, not frantickly, reſents: refuſes to ſee, or to marry the wretch; who, repenting his uſage of ſo divine a creature, would fain move her to forgive his baſeneſs, and make him her huſband: and this, though perſecuted by all her friends, and abandoned to the deepeſt diſtreſs, being obliged, from ample fortunes, to make away with her apparel for ſubſiſtence; ſurrounded alſo by ſtrangers, and forced (in want of others) to make a friend of the friend of her ſeducer.

Though longing for death, and making all proper preparations for it, convinced that grief and ill-uſage have broken her noble heart, ſhe abhors the impious thought of ſhortening her allotted period; and, as much a ſtranger to revenge as deſpair, is able to forgive the author of her ruin; wiſhes his repentance, and that ſhe may be the laſt victim to his barbarous perfidy: and is ſolicitous for nothing ſo much in this life, as to prevent vindictive miſchief *to* and *from* the man who uſed her baſely.

This is penitence!—This is piety!—And hence a diſtreſs naturally ariſes, that muſt *worthily* affect every heart.

Whatever the ill-uſage of this excellent woman is from her relations, ſhe breaks not out into exceſſes: ſhe ſtrives, on the contrary, to find reaſon to juſtify them at her expence; and ſeems more concerned for their cruelty to her for their ſakes hereafter, when ſhe ſhall be no more, than for her own: for, as to herſelf, ſhe is ſure, ſhe ſays, God will forgive her, though no one on earth will.

On every extraordinary provocation ſhe has recourſe to the Scriptures, and endeavours to regulate her vehemence by ſacred precedents. Better people, ſhe ſays, have been more afflicted than ſhe, grievous as ſhe ſometimes thinks her afflictions: and ſhall ſhe not bear what leſs faulty perſons have borne?—On the very occaſion I have mentioned, (ſome new inſtances of implacableneſs from her friends) the incloſed meditation will ſhew, how mildly, and yet how forcibly ſhe complains. See if thou, in the wicked levity of thy heart, canſt apply it to thy caſe, as thou didſt the other. If thou canſt not, give way to thy conſcience, and that will make the propereſt application.

## 'MEDITATION.

'*HOW long will ye vex my ſoul, and break me in pieces with words!*

'*Be it indeed that I have erred, mine error remaineth with myſelf.*

'*To* her *that is afflicted, pity ſhould be ſhewn from her friend.*

'But ſhe *that is ready to ſlip with* her *feet, is as a lamp deſpiſed in the thought of* them *that are at eaſe.*

'*There is a ſhame which bringeth ſin, and there is a ſhame which bringeth glory and grace.*

'*Have pity upon me, have pity upon me, O ye my friends! for the hand of God hath touched me.*

'*If your ſoul were in my ſoul's ſtead, I alſo could ſpeak as ye do, I could heap up words againſt you.*

'*But I would ſtrengthen you with my mouth, and the moving of my lips ſhould aſſwage your grief.*

'Why will ye *break a leaf driven to and fro?* Why will ye *purſue the dry ſtubble?* Why will ye *write bitter words againſt me, and make me poſſeſs the iniquities of my youth?*

'*Mercy is ſeaſonable in the time of affliction, as clouds of rain in the time of drought.*

'*Are not my days few? Ceaſe, then, and let me alone, that I may take comfort a little—Before I go whence I ſhall not return; even to the land of darkneſs, and ſhadow of death!*'

Let me add, that the excellent lady

is informed by a letter from Mrs. Norton, that Colonel Morden is juſt arrived in England. He is now the only perſon ſhe wiſhes to ſee.

I expreſſed ſome jealouſy upon it, leſt he ſhould have place given over me in the executorſhip. She ſaid, That ſhe had no thoughts to do ſo now; becauſe ſuch a truſt, were he to accept of it, (which ſhe doubted) might, from the nature of ſome of the papers which in that caſe would neceſſarily paſs through his hands, occaſion miſchiefs between my friend and him, that would be worſe than death for her to think of.

Poor Belton, I hear, is at death's door. A meſſenger is juſt come from him, who tells me, He cannot die till he ſees me. I hope the poor fellow will not go off yet; ſince neither his affairs in this world, nor for the other, are in tolerable order. I cannot avoid going to the poor man. Yet am unwilling to ſtir, till I have an aſſurance from you, that you will not diſturb the lady: for I know he will be very loth to part with me, when he gets me to him.

Tourville tells me how faſt thou mendeſt: let me conjure thee not to think of moleſting this incomparable woman. For thy own ſake I requeſt this, as well as for hers, and for the ſake of thy given promiſe: for, ſhould ſhe die within a few weeks, as I fear ſhe will, it will be ſaid, and perhaps too juſtly, that thy viſit has haſtened her end

In hopes thou wilt not. I wiſh thy perfect recovery: elſe that thou mayeſt relapſe, and be confined to thy bed.

## LETTER LIII.

### MR. BELFORD, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

SAT. MORN. AUG. 19.

MADAM,

I Think myſelf obliged in honour to acquaint you, that I am afraid Mr. Lovelace will try his fate by an interview with you.

I wiſh to Heaven you could prevail upon yourſelf to receive his viſit. All that is reſpectful, even to veneration, and all that is penitent, will you ſee in his behaviour, if you can admit of it. But as I am obliged to ſet out directly for Epſom, (to perform, as I apprehend, the laſt friendly offices for poor Mr. Belton, whom once you ſaw) and as I think it more likely, that Mr. Lovelace will *not* be prevailed upon, than that he *will*, I thought fit to give you this intimation, leſt, if he ſhould come, you ſhould be too much ſurprized.

He flatters himſelf, that you are not ſo ill as I repreſent you to be. When he ſees you, he will be convinced, that the moſt obliging things he can do, will be as proper to be done for the ſake of his own future peace of mind, as for your health-ſake; and, I dare ſay, in fear of hurting the latter, he will forbear the thoughts of any further intruſion; at leaſt, while you are ſo much indiſpoſed: ſo that *one half hour's ſhock*, if it *will* be a ſhock to ſee the unhappy man, (but juſt got up himſelf from a dangerous fever) will be all you will have occaſion to ſtand.

I beg you will not too much hurry and diſcompoſe yourſelf. It is impoſſible he can be in town till Monday, at ſooneſt. And if he reſolves to come, I hope to be at Mr. Smith's before him.

I am, Madam, with the profoundeſt veneration, *your moſt faithful and moſt obedient ſervant*,

J. BELFORD.

## LETTER LIV.

### MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

[IN ANSWER TO HIS OF AUGUST 17. See LETTER LII.]

SUNDAY, AUG. 20.

WHAT an unmerciful fellow art thou!—A man has no need of a conſcience, who has ſuch an impertinent monitor. But if Nic Rowe wrote a play that anſwers not his title, am I to be reflected upon for that!—I have ſinned; I repent; I would repair—She forgives my ſin; ſhe accepts my repentance: but ſhe won't let me repair—What wouldſt have me to do?

But get thee gone to Belton, as ſoon as thou canſt. Yet whether thou goeſt or not, up I *muſt* go, and ſee what I can do with the *ſweet* oddity myſelf. The moment theſe *preſcribing* varlets will let me, depend upon it, I go. Nay, Lord M. thinks ſhe ought to permit me one interview. His opinion has great authority with me—when it ſquares with my own: and I have aſſured him, and my two couſins, that I will behave with all the decency and reſpect that man can behave with to the perſon whom he *moſt* reſpects. And ſo I will. Of this, if thou chuſeſt not to go to Belton, mean time, thou ſhalt be witneſs.

Colonel Morden, thou haſt heard me

ſay, is a man of honour and bravery:—But Colonel Morden has had his girls, as well as you and I. And, indeed, either openly or ſecretly, who has not? The devil always baits with a pretty wench, when he angles for a man, be his age, rank, or degree, what it will.

I have often heard my beloved ſpeak of the colonel with great diſtinction and eſteem. I wiſh he could make matters a little eaſier, for her mind's-ſake, between the reſt of the implacables and herſelf.

Methinks I am ſorry for honeſt Belton. But a man cannot be ill, or vapouriſh, but thou lifteſt up thy ſhriek-owl note, and killeſt him immediately. None but a fellow, who is fit for a drummer in Death's forlorn-hope, could take ſo much delight, as thou doſt, in beating a dead march with thy gooſe-quills.

Whereas didſt thou but know thine own talents, thou art formed to give mirth by thy very appearance; and wouldſt make a better figure, by half, leading up thy brother-bears at Hockley in the Hole, to the muſick of a Scots bagpipe. Methinks I ſee thy clumſy ſides ſhaking (and ſhaking the ſides of all beholders) in theſe attitudes; thy fat head archly beating time on thy porterly ſhoulders, right and left by turns, as I once beheld thee practiſing to the hornpipe at Preſton. Thou remembreſt the frolick, as I have done an hundred times; for I never before ſaw thee appear ſo much in character.

But I know what I ſhall get by this—Only that notable obſervation repeated, That thy outſide is the worſt of thee, and mine the beſt of me. And ſo let it be. Nothing thou writeſt of *this ſort* can I take amiſs.

But I ſhall call thee ſeriouſly to account, when I ſee thee, for the extracts thou haſt given the lady from my letters, notwithſtanding what I ſaid in my laſt; eſpecially if ſhe continue to refuſe me. An hundred times have I myſelf known a woman deny, yet comply at laſt: but, by theſe extracts, thou haſt, I doubt, made her bar up the door of her heart, as ſhe uſed to do her chamber-door, againſt me.—This, therefore, is a diſloyalty that friendſhip cannot bear, nor honour allow me to forgive.

## LETTER LV.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

LONDON, AUG. 21, MONDAY.

I Believe I am bound to curſe thee, Jack. Nevertheleſs I won't anticipate, but proceed to write thee a longer letter, than thou haſt had from me for ſome time paſt. So here goes.

That thou mighteſt have as little notice as poſſible of the time I was reſolved to be in town, I ſet out in my lord's chariot-and-ſix yeſterday, as ſoon as I had diſpatched my letter to thee, and arrived in town laſt night: for I knew I could have no dependence on thy friendſhip where Miſs Harlowe's humour was concerned.

I had no other place ſo ready, and ſo was forced to go to my old lodgings, where alſo my wardrobe is; and there I poured out millions of curſes upon the whole crew, and refuſed to ſee either Sally or Polly; and this not only for ſuffering the lady to eſcape, but for the villainous arreſt, and for their deteſtable inſolence to her at the officer's houſe.

I dreſſed myſelf in a never-worn ſuit, which I had intended for one of my wedding ſuits; and liked myſelf ſo well, that I began to think with thee, that my outſide was the beſt of me.

I took a chair to Smith's, my heart bounding in almoſt audible thumps to my throat, with the aſſured expectation of ſeeing my beloved. I claſped my fingers as I was danced along: I charged my eyes to languiſh and ſparkle by turns: I talked to my knees, telling them how they muſt bend; and, in the language of a charming deſcriber, acted my part in fancy, as well as ſpoke it to myſelf—

'Tenderly kneeling, *thus* will I complain:
'*Thus* court her pity; and *thus* plead my pain;
'*Thus* ſigh for fancy'd frowns, if frowns
'ſhould riſe;
'And *thus* meet favour in her ſoft'ning eyes.'

In this manner entertained I myſelf, till I arrived at Smith's; and there the fellows ſet down their gay burden. Off went their hats; Will, ready at hand in a new livery; up went the head; out ruſhed my honour; the woman behind the compter all in flutters—reſpect and fear giving due ſolemnity to her features; and her knees, I doubt not, knocking againſt the inſide of a wainſcot-fence.

'Your ſervant, Madam—Will, let
'the fellows move to ſome diſtance, and
'wait.

'You have a young lady lodges here;
'Miſs Harlowe, Madam: is ſhe above?'

['The woman is ſtruck with my figure,' thought I] 'Miſs Harlowe, Sir! There
'is,

'is, indeed, such a young lady lodges 'here—But, but—'

'But what, Madam?—I must see her. '—One pair of stairs; is it not?—Don't 'trouble yourself—I shall find her apart-'ment.' And was making towards the stairs.

'Sir, Sir, the lady, the lady is not at 'home—She is abroad—She is in the 'country.'

'In the country! not at home!—Im-'possible! You will not pass this story 'upon me, good woman. I *must* see her. 'I have business of life and death with 'her.'

'Indeed, Sir, the lady is not at home! 'Indeed, Sir, she is abroad!'

She then rung a bell: 'John,' cried she, 'pray step down!—Indeed, Sir, the 'lady is not at home.'

Down came John, the good man of the house, when I expected one of his journeymen, by her saucy familiarity.

'My dear,' said she, 'the gentleman will not believe Miss Harlowe is 'abroad.'

John bowed to my fine cloaths: 'Your 'servant, Sir—Indeed the lady is a-'broad. She went out of town this morn-'ing by six o'clock—into the country—'By the doctor's advice.'

Still I would not believe either John or his wife. 'I am sure,' said I, 'she can-'not be abroad. I heard she was very 'ill—She is not able to go out in a 'coach. Do you know Mr. Belford, 'friend?'

'Yes, Sir; I have the honour to 'know Squire Belford. He is gone into 'the country to visit a sick friend; he 'went on Saturday, Sir.'

This had also been told from thy lodg-ings to Will, whom I sent to desire to see thee on thy first coming to town.

'Well, and Mr. Belford wrote me 'word that she was exceeding ill. How 'then can she be gone out?'

'O, Sir, she is very ill; very ill, in-'deed—She could hardly walk to the 'coach.'

'Belford,' thought I, '*himself* knew 'nothing of the time of my coming; 'neither can he have received my letter 'of yesterday: and so ill, 'tis impossible 'she should go out.

'Where is her servant? Call her ser-'vant to me.'

'Her servant, Sir, is her nurse: she 'has no other. And *she* is gone with her.'

'Well, friend, I must not believe 'you. You'll excuse me; but I must 'go up stairs myself.' And was step-ping up.

John hereupon put on a serious, and a less respectful face—'Sir, this house 'is mine; and—'

'*And* what, friend?' not doubting then but she was above.—'I must and will see 'her. I have authority for it. I am 'a justice of peace. I have a search-'warrant.'

And up I went; they following me, muttering, and in a plaguy flutter.

The first door I came to was locked. I tapped at it.

'The lady, Sir, has the key of her 'own apartment.'

'On the inside, I question not, my 'honest friend;' tapping again. And being assured, if she heard my voice that her timorous and soft temper would make her betray herself by some flutters, to my listening ear, I said aloud, 'I am 'confident Miss Harlowe is here:—'dearest Madam, open the door: ad-'mit me, but for one moment, to your 'presence.'

But neither answer nor fluttering saluted my ear; and the people being very quiet, I led on to the next apartment; 'and the key being on the outside, I opened it, and looked all round it, and into the closet.

The man said he never saw so uncivil a gentleman in his life.

'Hark thee, friend,' said I; 'let me 'advise thee to be a little decent; or I 'shall teach thee a lesson thou never 'learnedst in all thy life.'

'Sir,' said he, '*'tis* not like a gentle-'man, to affront a man in his own house.'

'Then pr'ythee, man,' replied I, 'don't 'crow upon thine own dunghill.'

I stepped back to the locked door: 'My 'dear Miss Harlowe, I beg of you to 'open the door, or I'll break it open;'—pushing hard against it, that it crack-ed again.

The man looked pale; and trembling with his fright, made a plaguy long face; and called to one of his bodice-makers above, '*Joseph, come down quickly.*'

Joseph came down: a lion's-face grin-ning fellow; thick, and short, and bushy-headed, like an old oak-pollard. Then did master John put on a sturdier look. But I only hummed a tune, traversed all the other apartments, sounded the pas-sages with my knuckles, to find whether there were private doors, and walked up the next pair of stairs singing all the way; John and Joseph, and Mrs. Smith, following me trembling.

I looked round me there, and went into two open-door bed-chambers; searched the closets, the passages, and

peeped through the key-hole of another: 'No Miſs Harlowe, by Jupiter! 'What 'ſhall I do!—What ſhall I do!' as the girls ſay.—'Now will ſhe be grieved that 'ſhe is out of the way.'

I ſaid this on purpoſe to find out whether theſe people knew the lady's ſtory; and had the anſwer I expected from Mrs. Smith—'I believe not, Sir.'

'Why ſo, Mrs. Smith? Do you know 'who I am?'

'I can gueſs, Sir.'

'Whom do you gueſs me to be?'

'Your name is Mr. Lovelace, Sir, I 'make no doubt.'

'The very ſame. But how came 'you to gueſs ſo well, dame Smith? You 'never ſaw me before—Did you?'

Here, Jack, I laid out for a compliment, and miſſed it.

'Tis eaſy to gueſs, Sir; for there 'cannot be two ſuch gentlemen as you.'

'Well ſaid, dame Smith—But mean 'you *good* or *bad?*'—*Handſome* was the leaſt I thought ſhe would have ſaid.'

'I leave you to gueſs, Sir.'

'Condemned,' thought I, 'by my-'ſelf, on this appeal.'

'Why, father Smith, thy wife is a 'wit, man!——Didſt thou ever find 'that out before?—But where is widow 'Lovick, dame Smith? My couſin John 'Belford ſays ſhe is a very good wo-'man. Is ſhe within? Or is ſhe gone 'with the lady too?'

'She will be within by-and-by, Sir. 'She is not with the lady.'

'Well, but my good dear Mrs. 'Smith, whither is the lady gone? And 'when will ſhe return?'

'I can't tell, Sir.'

'Don't tell fibs, Dame Smith; don't 'tell fibs,' chucking her under the chin: which made John's upper-lip, with chin ſhortened, riſe to his noſe.—'I am ſure 'you know!—But here's another pair 'of ſtairs: let us ſee; who lives up there? '—But hold, here's another room lock-'ed up,' tapping at the door—'Who's 'at home?' cried I.

'That's Mrs. Lovick's apartment. 'She is gone out, and has the key with 'her.'

'Widow Lovick!' rapping again, 'I 'believe you are at home: pray open 'the door.'

John and Joſeph muttered and whiſpered together.

'No whiſpering, honeſt friends: 'tis 'not manners to whiſper.—Joſeph, 'what ſaid John to thee?'

'JOHN, Sir!' diſdainfully repeated the good woman.

'I beg pardon, Mrs. Smith: but you 'ſee the force of example. Had you 'ſhewed your huſband more reſpect, I 'ſhould. Let me give you a piece of 'advice—Women who treat their huſ-'bands irreverently, teach ſtrangers to 'uſe them with contempt.—There, ho-'neſt maſter John; why doſt not pull 'off thy hat to me?—O, ſo thou wouldſt, 'if thou hadſt it on: but thou never 'weareſt thy hat in thy wife's preſence, 'I believe; doſt thou?'

'None of your ſneers and your jeers, 'Sir,' cried John; 'I wiſh every mar-'ried pair lived as happily as we do.'

'I wiſh ſo, too, honeſt friend. But 'I'll be hanged if thou haſt any chil-'dren.'

'Why ſo, Sir?'

'Haſt thou?—Anſwer me, man: haſt 'thou, or not?'

'Perhaps not, Sir. But what of that?'

'What of that?—Why I'll tell thee: 'the man who has no children by his 'wife muſt put up with plain John. 'Hadſt thou a child or two, thou'dſt 'be called Mr. Smith, with a curtſey, 'or a ſmile at leaſt, at every word.'

'You are very pleaſant, Sir,' replied my dame. 'I fancy, if either my huſ-'band or I had as much to anſwer for 'as I know whom, we ſhould not be ſo 'merry.'

'Why then, dame Smith, ſo much 'the worſe for thoſe who were obliged 'to keep you company.—But I am not 'merry—I am ſad!—Hey-ho!—Where 'ſhall I find my dear Miſs Harlowe?

'My beloved Miſs Harlowe!' [calling at the foot of the third pair of ſtairs] 'if you are above, for Heaven's ſake 'anſwer me. I am coming up.'

'Sir,' ſaid the good man, 'I wiſh 'you'd walk down. The ſervants rooms, 'and the working rooms, are up thoſe 'ſtairs, and another pair; and nobody's 'there that you want.'

'Shall I go up and ſee if Miſs Har-'lowe be there, Mrs. Smith?'

'You may, Sir, if you pleaſe.'

'Then I won't go; for, if ſhe was, 'you would not be ſo obliging.

'I am aſhamed to give you all this 'attendance: you are the politeſt traders 'I ever knew.—Honeſt Joſeph,' ſlap-ping him upon the ſhoulders on a ſud-den, which made him jump, 'didſt 'ever grin for a wager, man?' For the raſcal ſeemed not diſpleaſed with me; and, cracking his flat face from ear to ear, with a diſtended mouth, ſhewed his teeth, as broad and as black as his thumb nails.—'But don't I hinder thee?

'What

'What canſt earn a-day, man?'

'Half-a-crown, I can earn a-day;' with an air of pride and petulance, at being ſtartled.

'There, then, is a day's wages for 'thee. But thou needeſt not attend me 'farther.

'Come, Mrs. Smith—Come, John, '(Maſter Smith I ſhould ſay) let's walk 'down, and give me an account where 'the lady] is gone, and when ſhe will 'return.'

So down ſtairs led I. John and Joſeph, (though I had diſcharged the latter) and my dame, following me, to ſhew their complaiſance to a ſtranger.

I re-entered one of the firſt-floor rooms. 'I have a great mind to be your 'lodger: for I never ſaw ſuch obliging 'folks in my life. What rooms have 'you to lett?'

'None at all, Sir.'

'I am ſorry for that. But whoſe is 'this?'

'Mine, Sir,' chuffly ſaid John.

'Thine, man! Why then I will take 'it of thee. This, and a bed-chamber, 'and a garret for one ſervant, will con-'tent me. I will give thee thine own 'price, and half a guinea a day over, 'for thoſe conveniences.'

'For ten guineas a day, Sir—'

'Hold, John! (Maſter Smith I ſhould 'ſay)—Before thou ſpeakeſt, conſider—'I won't be affronted man.

'Sir, I wiſh you'd walk down,' ſaid the good woman. 'Really, Sir, you 'take—'

'Great liberties, I hope you would 'not ſay, Mrs. Smith?'

'Indeed, Sir, I was going to ſay ſome-'thing like it.'

'Well, then, I am glad I prevented 'you; for ſuch words better become 'my mouth than yours. But I muſt 'lodge with you till the lady returns. 'I *believe* I muſt. However, you may 'be wanted in the ſhop; ſo we'll talk 'that over there.'

Down I went, they paying diligent attendance on my ſteps.

When I came into the ſhop, ſeeing no chair or ſtool, I went behind the compter, and ſat down under an arched kind of canopy of carved work, which theſe proud traders, emulating the *royal rich fillers*, often give themſelves, while a joint ſtool, perhaps, ſerves thoſe, by whom they get their bread: ſuch is the dignity of trade in this mercantile nation!

I looked about me, and above me; and told them, I was very proud of my ſeat; aſking, if John were ever permitted to fill this ſuperb nich?

Perhaps he was, he ſaid, very ſurlily.

'That is it, that makes thee look ſo 'like a ſtatue, man.'

John looked plaguy glum upon me. But his man Joſeph and my man Will, turned round with their backs to us, to hide their grinning, with each his fiſt in his mouth.

I aſked, What it was they ſold?

'Powder, and waſh-balls, and ſnuff,' they ſaid; 'and gloves and ſtockings.'

'O, come, I'll be your cuſtomer.—'Will, do I want waſh-balls?'

'Yes, and pleaſe your honour, you 'can diſpenſe with one or two.'

'Give him half a dozen, dame Smith.'

She told me ſhe muſt come where I was, to ſerve them.—'Pray, Sir, walk 'from behind the compter.'

'Indeed, but I won't. The ſhop 'ſhall be mine. Where are they, if a 'cuſtomer ſhould come in?'

She pointed over my head, with a purſe-mouth, as if ſhe would not have ſimpered, could ſhe have helped it. I reached down the glaſs, and gave Will ſix. 'There—put 'em up, ſirrah.'

He did, grinning with his teeth out before; which touching my conſcience, as the loſs of them was owing to me, 'Joſeph,' ſaid I, 'come hither. Come 'hither, man, when I bid thee."

He ſtalked towards me, his hands behind him, half willing, and half unwilling.

I ſuddenly wrapped my arm round his neck. 'Will, thy penknife, this mo-'ment. D—n the fellow, where's thy 'penknife?'

'O Lord!' ſaid the pollard headed dog, ſtruggling to get his head looſe from under my arm, while my other hand was muzzling about his curſed chaps, as if I would take his teeth out.

'I will pay thee a good price, man; 'don't ſtruggle thus!—The penknife, 'Will!'

'O Lord,' cried Joſeph, ſtruggling ſtill more and more: and out comes Will's pruning knife; for the raſcal is a gardener in the country. 'I have 'only this, Sir.'

'The beſt in the world to lance a 'gum.—D—n the fellow, why doſt 'ſtruggle thus?'

Maſter and Miſtreſs Smith being afraid, I ſuppoſe, that I had a deſign upon Joſeph's throat becauſe he was their champion, (and this, indeed, made me take the more notice of him) coming towards

me with countenances tragi-comical, I let him go.

'I only wanted,' ſaid I, 'to take out 'two or three of this raſcal's broad 'teeth, to put them into my ſervant's 'jaws—And I would have paid him his 'price for them.—I would, by my ſoul, 'Joſeph.'

Joſeph ſhook his ears; and with both hands ſtroaked down, ſmooth as it would lie, his buſhy hair; and looked at me, as if he knew not whether he ſhould laugh or be angry: but, after a ſtupid ſtare or two, ſtalked off to the other end of the ſhop, nodding his head at me as he went, ſtill ſtroaking down his hair; and took his ſtand by his maſter; facing about, and muttering, that I was plaguy ſtrong in the arms, and he thought would have throttled him. Then folding his arms, and ſhaking his briſtled head, added, 'Twas well I was a gentleman, or he would not have taken ſuch an affront.

I demanded where their rappee was? The good woman pointed to the place; and I took up a ſcollop ſhell of it, refuſing to let her weigh it, and filled my box. 'And now, Mrs. Smith,' ſaid I, 'where are your gloves?'

She ſhewed me; and I choſe four pair of them, and ſet Joſeph, who looked as if he wanted to be taken notice of again, to open the fingers.

A female cuſtomer, who had been gaping at the door, came in for ſome Scots ſnuff; and I would ſerve her. The wench was plaguy homely; and I told her ſo; or elſe, I ſaid, I would have treated her. She in anger [No woman is homely in her own opinion] threw down her penny; and I put it in my pocket.

Juſt then, turning my eye to the door, I ſaw a pretty, genteel lady, with a footman after her, peeping in with a 'What's the matter, good folks?' to the ſtarers; and I ran to her from behind the compter, and, as ſhe was making off, took her hand, and drew her into the ſhop, begging that ſhe would be my cuſtomer; for that I had but juſt began trade.

'What do you ſell, Sir?' ſaid ſhe, ſmiling; but a little ſurprized.

'Tapes, ribbands, ſilk-laces, pins, 'and needles; for I am a pedlar: pow-'der, patches, waſh-balls, ſtockings, 'garters, ſnuffs, and pin-cuſhions—'Don't we, Goody Smith?'

So in I gently drew her to the compter, running behind it myſelf, with an air of great diligence and obligingneſs, 'I have excellent gloves and waſh-balls, 'Madam; Rappee, Scots, Portugal, 'and all ſorts of ſnuff.'

'Well,' ſaid ſhe, in a very good humour, 'I'll encourage a young begin-'ner for once.—Here, Andrew,' [to her footman] 'you want a pair of 'gloves, don't you?'

I took down a parcel of gloves, which Mrs. Smith pointed to, and came round to the fellow to fit them on myſelf.

'No matter for opening them,' ſaid I: 'thy fingers, friend, are as ſtiff as 'drum-ſticks. Puſh!—Thou'rt an 'aukward dog; I wonder ſuch a pretty 'lady will be followed by ſuch a clumſy 'varlet.'

The fellow had no ſtrength for laughing: and Joſeph was mightily pleaſed, in hopes, I ſuppoſe, I would borrow a few of Andrew's teeth, to keep him in countenance! and, father and mother Smith, like all the world, as the jeſt was turned from themſelves, ſeemed diverted with the humour.

The fellow ſaid, the gloves were too little.

'Thruſt, and be d—n'd to thee,' ſaid I: why, fellow, thou haſt not the 'ſtrength of a cat.'

'Sir, Sir,' ſaid he, laughing, 'I 'ſhall hurt your honour's ſide.'

'D—n thee, thruſt, I ſay.'

He did; and burſt out the ſides of the glove.

'Will,' ſaid I, 'where's thy pruning-'knife?—By my ſoul, friend, I have a 'good mind to pare thy curſed paws. 'But come, here's a larger pair: try 'them, when thou gett'ſt home; and 'let thy ſweetheart, if thou haſt one, 'mend the other, ſo take both.'

The lady laughed at the humour; as did my fellow and Mrs. Smith, and Joſeph: even John laughed, though he ſeemed, by the force put upon his countenance, to be but half pleaſed with me neither.

'Madam,' ſaid I, and ſtept behind the compter, bowing over it, 'now I 'hope you will buy ſomething for your-'ſelf. Nobody ſhall uſe you better, nor 'ſell you cheaper.'

'Come,' ſaid ſhe, 'give me ſix-pen-'ny-worth of Portugal ſnuff.'

They ſhewed me where it was, and I ſerved her; and ſaid, when ſhe would have paid me, I took nothing at my opening.

If I treated her footman, ſhe told me, I ſhould not treat her.

'Well, with all my heart,' ſaid I: 'Tis not for us tradeſmen to be ſaucy

'—Is

'—Is it, Mrs. Smith?'

I put her sixpence in my pocket; and, seizing her hand, took notice to her of the crowd that had gathered about the door, and besought her to walk into the back-shop with me.

She struggled her hand out of mine, and would stay no longer.

So I bowed, and bid her kindly welcome, and thanked her, and hoped I should have her custom another time.

She went away smiling; and Andrew after her; who made me a fine bow.

I began to be out of countenance at the crowd, which thickened apace; and bid Will order the chair to the door.

'Well, Mrs. Smith,' with a grave air, 'I am heartily sorry Miss Harlowe 'is abroad. You don't tell me where 'she is?'

'Indeed, Sir, I cannot.'

'You *will* not, you mean.—She could 'have no notion of my coming. I came 'to town but last night. I have been 'very ill. She has almost broken my 'heart by her cruelty. You know my 'story, I doubt not. Tell her, I must 'go out of town to-morrow morning. 'But I will send my servant, to know if 'she will favour me with one half-hour's 'conversation; for as soon as I get 'down, I shall set out for Dover, in my 'way to France, if I have not a coun-'termand from *her* who has the sole dis-'posal of my fate.'

And so, flinging down a Portugal six-and-thirty, I took Mr. Smith by the hand, telling him, I was sorry we had not more time to be better acquainted; and bidding farewel to honest Joseph, (who pursed up his mouth as I passed by him, as if he thought his teeth still in jeopardy) and Mrs. Smith adieu, and to recommend me to her fair lodger, hummed an air, and, the chair being come, whipt into it; the people about the door seeming to be in good-humour with me; one crying 'A pleasant gentleman, I 'warrant him!' And away I was carried to White's according to direction.

As soon as I came thither, I ordered Will to go and change his cloaths, and to disguise himself by putting on his black wig, and keeping his mouth shut; and then to dodge about Smith's, to inform himself of the lady's motions.

I GIVE thee this impudent account of myself, that thou mayest rave at me, and call me hardened, and what thou wilt. For, in the first place, I, who had been so lately ill, was glad I was alive; and then I was so baulked by my charmer's unexpected absence, and so ruffled by that, and by the bluff treatment of father John, that I had no other way to avoid being out of humour with all I met with. Moreover I was rejoiced to find, by the lady's absence, and by her going out at six in the morning, that it was impossible she should be so ill as thou representest her to be; and this gave me still higher spirits. Then I know the sex always love cheerful and humorous fellows. The dear creature herself used to be pleased with my gay temper and lively manner; and had she been told, that I was blubbering for her in the back-shop, she would have despised me still more than she does.

Furthermore, I was sensible, that the people of the house must needs have a terrible notion of me, as a savage, bloody-minded, obdurate fellow; a perfect woman-eater; and, no doubt, expected to see me with the claws of a lion, and the fangs of a tyger; and it was but policy to shew them, what a harmless, pleasant fellow, I am, in order to familiarize the John's and the Joseph's to me. For it was evident to me, by the good woman's calling them down, that she thought me a dangerous man. Whereas now, John and I have shaken hands together, and dame Smith having seen that I have the face, and hands, and looks of a man, and walk upright, and prate, and laugh, and joke, like other people; and Joseph, that I can talk of taking his teeth out of his head, without doing him the least hurt; they will all, at my next visit, be much more easy and pleasant to me than Andrew's gloves were to him; and we shall be as thoroughly acquainted, as if we had known one another a twelvemonth.

When I returned to our mother's, I again cursed her, and all her nymphs together; and still refused to see either Sally or Polly. I raved at the horrid arrest; and told the old dragon, that it was owing to her and hers, that the fairest virtue in the world was ruined; my reputation for ever blasted; and that I was not married, and happy in the love of the most excellent of her sex.

She, to pacify, said, she would shew me a new face that would please me; since I would not see my Sally, who was dying for grief.

'Where is this new face?' cried I: 'let me see her, though I shall never 'see any face with pleasure but Miss 'Harlowe's.'

'She won't come down,' replied she.

'She

'She will not be at the word of com-
'mand yet. She is but juſt in the
'tramels: and muſt be waited upon,
'I'll aſſure you; and courted much
'beſides.'

'Aye,' ſaid I, 'that looks well.
'Lead me to her this inſtant.'

I followed her up: and who ſhould ſhe be, but that little toad Sally!

'O curſe you,' ſaid I, 'for a devil!
'Is it you? Is yours the new face?'

'O my dear, dear Mr. Lovelace!' cried ſhe, 'I am glad any-thing will
'bring you to me!'—And ſo the little beaſt threw herſelf about my neck, and there clung like a cat. Come,' ſaid ſhe, 'what will you give me, and I'll
'be virtuous for a quarter of an hour,
'and mimick your Clariſſa to the life.'

I was *Belforded* all over. I could not bear ſuch an inſult upon the dear creature; (for I have a ſoft and generous nature in the main, whatever thou thinkeſt) and curſed her moſt devoutly for taking my beloved's name in her mouth in ſuch a way. But the little devil was not to be baulked; but fell a crying, ſobbing, praying, begging, exclaiming, fainting, that I never ſaw my lovely girl ſo well aped. Indeed I was almoſt taken in; for I could have fancied I had her before me once more.

O this ſex! this artful ſex! There's no minding them. At firſt, indeed, their grief, and their concern may be real: but give way to the hurricane, and it will ſoon die away in ſoft murmurs, trilling upon your ears like the notes of a well-tuned viol. And, by Sally, one ſees, that art will generally ſo well ſupply the place of nature, that you ſhall not eaſily know the difference. Miſs Clariſſa Harlowe indeed is the only woman in the world I believe that can ſay, in the words of her favourite Job, (for I can quote a text as well as ſhe) '*But it is not ſo with me.*'

They were very inquiſitive about my fair-one. They told me, that you ſeldom came near them; that, when you did, you put on plaguy grave airs; would hardly ſtay five minutes; and did nothing but praiſe Miſs Harlowe, and lament her hard fate. In ſhort, that you deſpiſed them; was full of ſentences; and they doubted not, in a little while, would be a loſt man, and marry.

A pretty character for thee, is it not? Thou art in a bleſſed way; yet haſt nothing to do but to *go on in it*; and then what a work haſt thou to go through! If thou turneſt back, theſe ſorcereſſes will be like the Czar's coſſacks, [at Pultowa, I think it was] who were planted with ready primed and cocked pieces, behind the regulars, in order to ſhoot them dead, if they did not puſh on and conquer; and then wilt thou be moſt lamentably deſpiſed by every harlot thou haſt made—And, O Jack, how formidable, in that caſe, will be the number of thy enemies!

I intend to regulate my motions by Will's intelligence; for ſee this dear creature I muſt and will. Yet I have promiſed Lord M. to be down in two or three days, at fartheſt; and he is grown plaguy fond of me ſince I was ill.

I am in hopes, that the word I left, that I am to go out of town to-morrow morning, will ſoon bring the lady back again.

Mean time I thought I would write to divert thee, while thou art of ſuch importance about the dying; and as thy ſervant, it ſeems, comes backward and forward every day, perhaps I may ſend thee another letter to-morrow, with the particulars of the interview between the dear creature and me, after which my ſoul thirſteth.

## LETTER LVI.

### MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

TUESDAY, AUG. 22.

I Muſt write on to divert myſelf: for I can get no reſt; no refreſhing reſt. I awaked juſt now in a curſed fright. How a man may be affected by dreams!

Methought I had an interview with my beloved. I found her all goodneſs, condeſcenſion, and forgiveneſs. She ſuffered herſelf to be overcome in my favour by the joint interceſſions of Lord M. Lady Sarah, Lady Betty, and my two couſins Montague, who waited upon her in deep mourning; the ladies in long trains ſweeping after them; Lord M. in a long black mantle trailing after *him*. They told her, they came in theſe robes to expreſs their ſorrow for my ſins againſt her, and to implore her to forgive me.

I myſelf, I thought, was upon my knees, with a ſword in my hand, offering either to put it up in the ſcabbard, or to thruſt it into my heart, as ſhe ſhould command the one or the other.

At that moment her couſin Morden, I thought, all of a ſudden, flaſhed in through a window, with his drawn ſword —'Die, Lovelace!' ſaid he; 'this in-
'ſtant die, and be damned, if in earneſt
'thou

'thou repaireſt not by marriage my 'couſin's wrongs!'

I was riſing to reſent this inſult, I thought, when Lord M. ran between us with his great black mantle, and threw it over my face: and inſtantly, my charmer, with that ſweet voice which has ſo often played upon my raviſhed ears, wrapped her arms round me, muffled as I was in my lord's mantle: 'O, 'ſpare, ſpare my Lovelace!—And ſpare, 'O Lovelace, my beloved couſin Mor-'den!—Let me not have my diſtreſſes 'augmented by the fall of either or both 'of thoſe who are ſo dear to me!'

At this, charmed with her ſweet mediation, I thought I would have claſped her in my arms: when immediately the moſt angelick form I had ever beheld, all clad in tranſparent white, deſcended in a cloud, which opening, diſcovered a firmament above it, clouded with golden cherubs, and glittering ſeraphs, all addreſſing her with, 'Welcome, 'welcome, welcome!' and, encircling my charmer, aſcended with her to the region of ſeraphims; and inſtantly, the opened cloud cloſing, I loſt ſight of *her*, and of the *bright form* together, and found wrapt in my arms her azure robe, (all ſtuck thick with ſtars of emboſſed ſilver) which I had caught hold of in hopes of detaining her; but was all that was left me of my beloved Clariſſa. And then (horrid to relate!) the floor ſinking under *me*, as the firmament had opened for *her*, I dropt into a hole more frightful than that of Elden; and, tumbling over and over down it, without view of a bottom, I awaked in a panick; and was as effectually diſordered for half an hour, as if my dream had been a reality.

Wilt thou forgive me troubling thee with ſuch viſionary ſtuff? Thou wilt ſee by it, only, that, ſleeping or waking, my Clariſſa is always preſent with me.

But here this moment is Will come running hither to tell me, that his lady actually returned to her lodgings laſt night between eleven and twelve; and is now there, though very ill.

I haſten to her. But, that I may not add to her indiſpoſition, by any rough or boiſterous behaviour, I will be as ſoft and as gentle as the dove herſelf in my addreſſes to her.

'That I do love her, O all ye hoſt of Heaven
'Be witneſs—That ſhe is dear to me!
'Dearer than day, to one whom ſight muſt
'leave;
'Dearer than life, to one who fears to die.'

The chair is come. I fly to my beloved.

## LETTER LVII.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

CURSE upon my ſtars!—Diſappointed again!—It was about eight when I arrived at Smith's.—The woman was in the ſhop.

'So, old acquaintance, how do you 'now? I know my love is above.—'Let her be acquainted that I am here, 'waiting for admiſſion to her preſence, 'and can take no denial. Tell her, 'that I will approach her with the moſt 'reſpectful duty, and in whoſe company 'ſhe pleaſes; and I will not touch 'the hem of her garment, without her 'leave.'

'Indeed, Sir, you are miſtaken. The 'lady is not in this houſe, nor near it.'

'I'll ſee that.—Will!'—beckoning 'him to me, and whiſpering—'See if 'thou canſt any way find out (without 'loſing ſight of the door, leſt ſhe ſhould 'be below-ſtairs) if ſhe be in the neigh-'bourhood, if not within.'

Will bowed, and went off. Up went I, without further ceremony; attended now only by the good woman.

I went into each apartment, except that which was locked before, and was now alſo locked: and I called to my Clariſſa in the voice of love; but by the ſtill ſilence was convinced ſhe was not there. Yet, on the ſtrength of my intelligence, I doubted not but ſhe was in the houſe.

I then went up two pair of ſtairs, and looked round the firſt room; but no Miſs Harlowe.

'And who, pray, is in this room?' ſtopping at the door of another.

'A widow gentlewoman, Sir.—Mrs. 'Lovick.'

'O my dear Mrs. Lovick!' ſaid I, 'I am intimately acquainted with Mrs. 'Lovick's character, from my couſin 'John Belford. I muſt ſee Mrs. Lovick 'by all means.—Good Mrs. Lovick, 'open the door.'

She did.

'Your ſervant, Madam. Be ſo good 'as to excuſe me.—You have heard my 'ſtory. You are an admirer of the moſt 'excellent woman in the world.—Dear 'Mrs. Lovick, tell me what is become 'of her?'

'The poor lady, Sir, went out yeſter-'day, on purpoſe to avoid you.'

'How ſo? She knew not that I would 'be here.'

'She was afraid you would come, 'when ſhe heard you were recovered 'from your illneſs.—Ah, Sir! what 'pity is it that ſo fine a gentleman ſhould 'make ſuch ill returns for God's good-'neſs to him!'

'You are an excellent woman, Mrs. 'Lovick: I know that, by my couſin 'John Belford's account of you: and 'Miſs Clariſſa Harlowe is an angel.'

'Miſs Harlowe is indeed an angel,' replied ſhe; 'and ſoon will be compa-'ny for angels.'

No jeſting with ſuch a woman as this, Jack.

'Tell me of a truth, good Mrs. Lo-'vick, where I may ſee this dear lady. 'Upon my ſoul, I will neither fright 'nor offend her. I will only beg of her 'to hear me ſpeak for one half-quarter 'of an hour; and, if ſhe will have it ſo, 'I will never trouble her more.'

'Sir,' ſaid the widow, 'it would be 'death for her to ſee you. She was at 'home laſt night; I'll tell you truth: 'but fitter to be in bed all day. She 'came home, ſhe ſaid, to die; and, if 'ſhe could not avoid your viſit, ſhe was 'unable to fly from you; and believed 'ſhe ſhould die in your preſence.'

'And yet go out again this morning 'early! How can that be, widow?'

'Why, Sir, ſhe reſted not two hours, 'for fear of you. Her fear gave her 'ſtrength, which ſhe'll ſuffer for, when 'that fear is over. And finding her-'ſelf, the more ſhe thought of your vi-'ſit, the leſs able to ſtay to receive it, 'ſhe took chair, and is gone nobody 'knows whither. But, I believe, ſhe 'intended to be carried to the water-'ſide, in order to take boat; for ſhe 'cannot bear a coach. It extremely in-'commoded her yeſterday.'

'But before we talk any further,' ſaid I, 'if ſhe be gone abroad, you can 'have no objection to my looking into 'every apartment above and below; 'becauſe I am told ſhe is actually in the 'houſe.

'Indeed, Sir, ſhe *is not*. You may 'ſatisfy yourſelf, if you pleaſe: but 'Mrs. Smith and I waited on her to 'her chair. We were forced to ſup-'port her, ſhe was ſo weak. She ſaid, "Whither *can* I go, Mrs. Lovick?— "Whither *can* I go, Mrs. Smith?— "Cruel, cruel man!—Tell him I called "him ſo, if he come again!—God "give him that peace which he denies "me!"

'Sweet creature!' cried I, and look-ed down, and took out my handker-chief.

The widow wept. 'I wiſh,' ſaid ſhe, 'I had never known ſo excellent a lady, 'and ſo great a ſufferer! I love her as 'my own child!'

Mrs. Smith wept.

I then gave over the hope of ſeeing her for this time. I was extremely chagrined at my diſappointment, and at the account they gave of her ill health.

'Would to Heaven,' ſaid I, 'ſhe 'would put it in my power to repair her 'wrongs! I have been an ungrateful 'wretch to her. I need not tell you, 'Mrs. Lovick, how much I have in-'jured her, nor how much ſhe ſuffers 'by her relations implacableneſs. 'Tis 'that, Mrs. Lovick—'tis that implaca-'bleneſs, Mrs. Smith—that cuts her to 'the heart. Her family is the moſt 'implacable family on earth; and the 'dear creature, in refuſing to ſee me, 'and to be reconciled to me, ſhews her 'relationſhip to them a little too 'plainly.'

'O Sir!' ſaid the widow, 'not one 'ſyllable of what you ſay belongs to this 'lady. I never ſaw ſo ſweet a crea-'ture; ſo edifying a piety! and one of 'ſo forgiving a temper: ſhe is always 'accuſing herſelf, and excuſing her re-'lations. And, as to you, Sir, ſhe for-'gives you: ſhe wiſhes you well, and 'happier than you will let her be. Why 'will you not, Sir, why will you not let 'her die in peace? 'Tis all ſhe wiſhes 'for. You don't look like a hard-heart-'ed gentleman!—How can you thus 'hunt and perſecute a poor lady, whom 'none of her relations will look upon? '—it makes my heart bleed for her.'

And then ſhe wept again. Mrs. Smith wept alſo. My ſeat grew uneaſy to me, I ſhifted to another ſeveral times; and what Mrs. Lovick farther ſaid, and ſhewed me, made me ſtill more uneaſy.

'Bad as the poor lady was laſt night,' ſaid ſhe, 'ſhe tranſcribed into her book 'a meditation on your perſecuting her 'thus. I have a copy of it. If I thought 'it would have any effect, I would read 'it to you.'

'Let me read it myſelf, Mrs. Lovick.'

She gave it to me. It has an Harlowe-ſpirited title: and from a forgiving ſpi-rit, intolerable. I deſired to take it with me. She conſented, on condition that I ſhewed it to Squire Belford. So here, Mr. Squire Belford, thou mayeſt read it, if thou wilt.

'ON

'ON BEING HUNTED AFTER BY THE 'ENEMY OF MY SOUL.

MONDAY, AUG. 21.

'DELIVER *me, O Lord, from the evil* 'man,

'*Preserve me from the violent man,*

'Who *imagines miſchief in his heart.*

'*He hath ſharpened his tongue like a ſer-* 'pent. *Adders poiſon is under* his *lips.*

'*Keep me, O Lord, from the hands of the* 'wicked. *Preſerve me from the violent* 'man *who has purpoſed to overthrow my go-* 'ings.

'He hath *hid a ſnare for me.* He hath 'ſpread *a net by the way-ſide.* He hath 'ſet *gins for me in the way wherein I* 'walked.

'*Keep me from the ſnares which* he hath 'laid *for me, and the gins of this worker of* 'iniquity.

'*The enemy hath perſecuted my ſoul. He* 'hath *ſmitten my life down to the ground.* 'He *hath made me dwell in darkneſs, as* 'thoſe *that have been long dead.*

'*Therefore is my ſpirit overwhelmed with-* 'in *me. My heart within me is deſolate.*

'*Hide not thy face from me in the day* 'when *I am in trouble.*

'*For my days are conſumed like ſmoke;* 'and *my bones are burnt as the hearth.*

'*My heart is ſmitten and withered like* 'graſs: *ſo that I forget to eat my bread.*

'*By reaſon of the voice of my groaning,* 'my *bones cleave to my ſkin.*

'*I am like a pelican of the wilderneſs. I* 'am *like an owl of the deſart.*

'*I watch; and am as a ſparrow alone* 'upon *the houſe-top.*

'*I have eaten aſhes like bread; and min-* 'gled *my drink with weeping:*

'*Becauſe of thine indignation, and thy* 'wrath: *for thou haſt lifted me up, and* 'caſt *me down.*

'*My days are like a ſhadow that declineth,* 'and *I am withered like graſs.*

'*Grant not, O Lord, the deſires of the* 'wicked: *further not his devices, leſt he* 'exalt *himſelf.*'

'Why now, Mrs. Lovick,' ſaid I, when I had read this meditation, as ſhe called it, 'I think I am very ſeverely 'treated by the lady, if ſhe mean *me* in 'all this. For how is it that I am the 'enemy *of her ſoul,* when I love her both 'ſoul and body?

'She ſays, that I am a *violent* man, and 'a *wicked* man.—That I have been ſo, I 'own: but I repent, and only wiſh to 'have it in my power to repair the in-'juries I have done her.

'The *gin,* the *ſnare,* the *net,* mean 'matrimony, I ſuppoſe—But is it a 'crime in me to wiſh to marry her? 'Would any other woman think it ſo! 'and chuſe to become a *pelican in the* 'wilderneſs, or a *lonely ſparrow on the* 'houſe-top, rather than to have a mate 'that would chirp about her all day 'and all night!

'She ſays, ſhe has *eaten aſhes like* 'bread—A ſad miſtake, to be ſure!— 'and *mingled her drink with weeping*— 'Sweet maudlin ſoul! ſhould I ſay of 'any body confeſſing this, but Miſs 'Harlowe.

'She concludes with praying, that 'the *deſires of the wicked* (meaning poor 'me, I doubt) *may not be granted*; that 'my *devices may not be furthered, leſt I* 'exalt *myſelf.* I ſhould undoubtedly 'exalt myſelf, and with reaſon, could 'I have the honour and the bleſſing of 'ſuch a wife. And if my *deſires* have 'ſo honourable an end, I know not why 'I ſhould be called wicked, and why 'I ſhould not be allowed to hope, that 'my honeſt *devices* may be *furthered,* 'that I MAY exalt myſelf.

'But here, Mrs. Lovick, let me aſk, 'as ſomething is undoubtedly meant 'by the *lonely ſparrow on the houſe-top,* is 'not the dear creature at this very in-'ſtant (tell me truly) concealed in Mrs. 'Smith's cock-loft?—What ſay you, 'Mrs. Lovick?—what ſay you, Mrs. 'Smith—to this?'

They aſſured me to the contrary; and that ſhe was actually abroad, and they knew not where.

Thou ſeeſt, Jack, that I would fain have diverted the chagrin given me not only by the women's talk, but by this collection of Scripture-texts drawn up in array againſt me. Several *other* whimſical and light things I ſaid, [All I had for it!] with the ſame view: but the widow would not let me come off ſo. She ſtuck to me; and gave me, as I told thee, a good deal of uneaſineſs, by her ſenſible and ſerious expoſtulations. Mrs. Smith put in now-and-then; and the two Jack-pudden fellows, John and Joſeph, not being preſent, I had no provocation to turn the converſation into a farce; and at laſt, they both joined warmly to endeavour to prevail upon me to give up all thoughts of ſeeing the lady. But I could not hear of that. On the contrary, I beſought Mrs. Smith to let me have one of her rooms but till I could ſee her; and were it but for one, two or three days, I would pay a year's rent for it; and quit it the moment the interview was over. But they deſired to be excuſed;

cuſed; and were ſure the lady would not come to the houſe till I was gone, were it for a *month*.

This pleaſed me; for I found they did not think her ſo very ill as they would have me believe her to be; but I took no notice of the ſlip, becauſe I would not guard them againſt more of the like.

In ſhort, I told them, I *muſt* and *would* ſee her: but that it ſhould be with all the reſpect and veneration that heart could pay to excellence like hers: and that I would go round to all the churches in London and Weſtminſter, where there were prayers or ſervice, from ſun-riſe to ſun-ſet, and haunt their houſe like a ghoſt, till I had the opportunity my ſoul panted after.

This I bid them tell her. And thus ended our ſerious converſation.

I took leave of them; and went down; and ſtepping into my chair, cauſed myſelf to be carried to Lincoln's Inn; and walked in the gardens till chapel was opened: and then I went in, and ſtaid prayers, in hopes of ſeeing the dear creature enter: but to no purpoſe; and yet I prayed moſt devoutly that ſhe might be conducted thither, either by my good angel or her own. And indeed I burn more than ever with impatience to be once more permitted to kneel at the feet of this adorable woman. And had I met her, or eſpied her in the chapel, it is my firm belief, that I ſhould not have been able (though it had been in the midſt of the ſacred office, and in the preſence of thouſands) to have forborne proſtration to her, and even clamorous ſupplication for her *forgiveneſs:* a Chriſtian act; the exerciſe of it therefore worthy of the place.

After ſervice was over, I ſtepped into my chair again, and once more was carried to Smith's, in hopes I might have ſurprized her there: but no ſuch happineſs for thy friend. I ſtaid in the back-ſhop an hour and a half by my watch; and again underwent a good deal of preachment from the women. John was mainly civil to me now; won over a little by my ſerious talk, and the honour I profeſſed for the lady. They all three wiſhed matters could be made up between us; but ſtill inſiſted that ſhe could never get over her illneſs; and that her heart was broken. A cue, I ſuppoſe, they had from you.

While I was there, a letter was brought by a particular hand. They ſeemed very ſolicitous to hide it from me; which made me ſuſpect it was for her. I deſired to be ſuffered to caſt an eye upon the ſeal, and the ſuperſcription; promiſing to give it back to them unopened.

Looking upon it, I told them, I knew the hand and ſeal. It was from her ſiſter. And I hoped it would bring her news that ſhe would be pleaſed with.

They joined moſt heartily in the ſame hope: and giving the letter to them again, I civilly took my leave, and went away.

But I will be there again preſently; for I fancy my courteous behaviour to theſe women, will on their report of it, procure me the favour I ſo earneſtly covet. And ſo I will leave my letter unſealed, to tell thee the event of my next viſit at Smith's.

THY ſervant juſt calling, I ſend thee this: and will ſoon follow it by another. Mean time, I long to hear how poor Belton is; to whom my beſt wiſhes.

## LETTER LVIII.

### MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

TUESDAY, AUG. 22.

I Have been under ſuch concern for the poor man, whoſe exit I almoſt hourly expect, and at the ſhocking ſcenes his illneſs and his agonies exhibit, that I have been only able to make memoranda of the melancholy paſſages, from which to draw up a more perfect account, for the inſtruction of us all, when the writing appetite ſhall return.

IT is returned! Indignation has revived it, on receipt of thy letters of Sunday and yeſterday, by which I have reaſon to reproach thee in very ſerious terms that thou haſt not kept thy honour with me: and if the breach of it be attended with ſuch effects as I fear it will be, I ſhall let thee know more of my mind on this head.

If thou wouldſt be thought in earneſt in thy wiſhes to move the poor lady in thy favour, thy ludicrous behaviour at Smith's, when it comes to be repreſented to her, will have a very *conſiſtent* appearance, will it not?—I will, indeed, confirm her in her opinion, that the *grave* is more to be wiſhed for, by one of her ſerious and pious turn, than a *huſband* either incapable of reflection or remorſe; juſt recovered as thou art from a dangerous, at leaſt a ſharp illneſs.

I am

I am extremely concerned for the poor unprotected lady. She was so exceſſively low and weak on Saturday, that I could not be admitted to her ſpeech: and to be driven out of her lodgings, when it was fitter for her to be in bed, is ſuch a piece of cruelty, as he only could be guilty of, who could act as thou haſt done, by ſuch an angel.

Canſt thou thyſelf ſay, on reflection, that it has not the look of a wicked and hardened ſportiveneſs, in thee, for the ſake of a wanton humour only, (ſince it can anſwer no end that thou propoſeſt to thyſelf, but the direct contrary) to hunt from place to place a poor lady, who, like a harmleſs deer, that has already a barbed ſhaft in her breaſt, ſeeks only a refuge from thee, in the ſhades of death.

But I will leave this matter upon thy own conſcience, to paint thee ſuch a ſcene from my memoranda, as thou perhaps wilt be moved by more effectually than by any other: becauſe it is ſuch a one, as thou thyſelf muſt one day be a principal actor in, and, as I thought, hadſt very lately in apprehenſion: and is the laſt ſcene of one of thy moſt intimate friends, who has been for the four paſt days labouring in the agonies of death. For, Lovelace, let this truth, this undoubted truth, be engraven on thy memory, in all thy gaities, That the life we are ſo fond of, is hardly life; a mere breathing-ſpace only; and that at the end of it's longeſt date,

THOU MUST DIE AS WELL AS BELTON.

Thou knoweſt by Tourville what we had done as to the poor man's worldly affairs; and that we had got his unhappy ſiſter to come and live with him, (little did we think him ſo very near his end:) and ſo I will proceed to tell thee, that when I arrived at his houſe on Saturday night, I found him exceſſively ill: but juſt raiſed, and in his elbow chair, held up by his nurſe and Mowbray, (the roughеſt and moſt untouched creature that ever entered a ſick man's chamber;) while the maid-ſervants were trying to make that bed eaſier which he was to return to; his mind ten times uneaſier than that could be, and the true cauſe that the down was no ſofter to him.

He had ſo much longed to ſee me, as I was told by his ſiſter, (whom I ſent for down to enquire how he was) that they all rejoiced when I entered:—'Here,' ſaid Mowbray, 'here, Tommy, is honeſt 'Jack Belford!'

'Where, where!' ſaid the poor man.

'I hear his voice,' cried Mowbray: 'he is coming up ſtairs.'

In a tranſport of joy, he would have raiſed himſelf at my entrance, but had like to have pitched out of the chair: and when recovered, called me his beſt friend! his kindeſt friend! but burſt out into a flood of tears; 'O Jack! O 'Belford!' ſaid he, 'ſee the way I am 'in! See how weak! So *much*, and ſo '*ſoon* reduced! do you know me? Do 'you know your poor friend Belton?'

'You are not ſo much altered, my 'dear Belton, as you think you are. But 'I ſee you are weak; very weak—And 'I am ſorry for it.'

'Weak, weak, indeed, my deareſt 'Belford! ſaid he, 'and weaker in 'mind, if poſſible, than in body:' and wept bitterly—'or I ſhould not thus 'unman myſelf. I, who never feared '*any-thing*, to be forced to ſhew myſelf 'ſuch a *nurſling!*—I am quite aſhamed 'of myſelf!—but don't deſpiſe me; dear 'Belford, don't deſpiſe me, I beſeech 'thee.'

'I ever honoured a man that could 'weep for the diſtreſſes of others; and 'ever ſhall,' ſaid I; 'and ſuch a one 'cannot be inſenſible of *his own*.'

However, I could not help being *viſibly* moved at the poor fellow's emotion.

'Now,' ſaid the brutal Mowbray, 'do 'I think thee inſufferable, Jack. Our 'poor friend is already a peg too low; 'and here thou art letting him down 'lower and lower ſtill. This ſoothing 'of him in his dejected moments, and 'joining thy womaniſh tears with his, is 'not the way; I am ſure it is not. If 'our Lovelace were here, he'd tell thee 'ſo.'

'Thou art an impenetrable creature,' replied I; 'unfit to be preſent at a ſcene, 'the terrors of which thou wilt not be 'able to feel, till thou feeleſt them in 'thyſelf; and then, if thou haſt *time for* '*feeling*, my life for thine, thou behaveſt 'as pitifully, as thoſe thou thinkeſt *moſt* 'pitiful.'

Then turning to the poor ſick man, 'Tears, my dear Belton, are no ſigns of 'an *unmanly*, but, contrarily, of an humane nature; they eaſe the over-'charged heart, which would burſt but 'for that kindly and natural relief.'

"Give

" Give ſorrow *words*," (ſays *Shakeſpeare*)
" ---The grief that does not ſpeak,
" Whiſpers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it
" break."

'I know, my dear Belton, thou uſedſt 'to take pleaſure in repetitions from 'the poets; but thou muſt be taſteleſs 'of their beauties now: yet be not diſ-'countenanced by this uncouth and un-'reflecting Mowbray; for, as Juvenal 'ſays, *Tears are the prerogative of man-'hood.*'

''Tis, at leaſt, ſeaſonably ſaid, my 'dear Belford. It is kind to keep me 'in countenance for this *womaniſh weak-'neſs*, as Mowbray has been upbraid-'ingly calling it, ever ſince he has been 'with me: and in ſo doing, (whatever 'I might have thought in ſuch high 'health as he enjoys) has convinced me, 'that bottle-friends feel nothing but 'what moves in that little circle.'

'Well, well, proceed in your own 'way, Jack. I love my friend Belton 'as well as you can do; yet, for the 'blood of me, I cannot but think, that 'ſoothing a man's weakneſs is increaſ-'ing it.'

'If it be a weakneſs, to be touched 'at great and concerning events, in 'which our humanity is concerned,' ſaid I, 'thou mayeſt be right.'

'I have ſeen many a man,' ſaid the rough creature, 'going up Holborn Hill, 'that has behaved more like a man than 'either of you.'

'Aye, but, Mowbray,' replied the poor man, 'thoſe wretches have not had 'their minds enervated by ſuch infirmi-'ties of body as I have long laboured 'under. Thou art a ſhocking fellow, , and ever wert—But to be able to re-'member nothing in theſe moments, but 'what reproaches me, and to know that 'I cannot hold it long, and what may '*then* be my lot, if ——' But interrupt-ing himſelf, and turning to me, 'Give 'me thy pity, Jack; 'tis balm to my 'wounded ſoul; and let Mowbray ſit 'indifferent enough to the pangs of a 'dying friend, to laugh at us both.'

The hardened fellow then retired, with the air of a Lovelace; only more ſtupid; yawning and ſtretching, inſtead of humming a tune, as thou didſt at Smith's.

I aſſiſted to get the poor man into bed. He was ſo weak and low, that he could not bear the fatigue, and fainted away; and I verily thought was quite gone. But recovering, and his doctor coming, and adviſing him to keep quiet, I retired and joined Mowbray in the garden; who took more delight to talk of the living Lovelace and his levities, than of the dying Belton and his re-pentance.

I juſt ſaw him again on Saturday night before I went to bed; which I did early; for I was ſurfeited with Mowbray's frothy inſenſibility, and could not bear him.

It is ſuch a horrid thing to think of, that a man who had lived in ſuch ſtrict terms of—what ſhall I call it?—with another; the proof does not come out ſo, as to ſay, *friendſhip*; who had pre-tended ſo much love for him: could not bear to be out of his company; would ride an hundred miles an end to enjoy it; and would fight for him, be the cauſe right or wrong: yet now could be ſo little moved to ſee him in ſuch miſery of body and mind, as to be able to re-buke him, and rather ridicule than pity him, becauſe he was more affected by what he felt, than he had ſeen a male-factor (hardened perhaps by liquor, and not ſoftened by previous ſickneſs) on his going to execution.

This put me ſtrongly in mind of what the divine Miſs HARLOWE once ſaid to me, talking of friendſhip, and what my friendſhip to *you* required of me:—'Depend upon it, Mr. Belford,' ſaid ſhe, 'that one day you will be convin-'ced, that what *you* call friendſhip is 'chaff and ſtubble; and that nothing 'is worthy of that ſacred name,

'THAT HAS NOT VIRTUE FOR IT'S 'BASE.'

Sunday morning, I was called up at ſix o'clock, at the poor man's earneſt requeſt, and found him in a terrible agony. 'O, Jack! Jack!' ſaid he, looking wildly as if he had ſeen a ſpec-tre—'Come nearer me!' reaching out both arms—'Come nearer me!—Dear, 'dear Belford, ſave me!' Then claſp-ing my arm with both his hands, and rearing up his head towards me, his eyes ſtrangely rolling, 'Save me! dear 'Belford, ſave me!' repeated he.

I put my other arm about him—'Save 'you from what, my dear Belton!' ſaid I; 'ſave you from what? Nothing 'ſhall hurt us. What muſt I ſave you 'from?'

Recovering from his terror, he ſunk down again. 'O ſave me from my-'ſelf!' ſaid he; 'ſave me from my own 'reflections. O, dear Jack! what a 'thing it is to die; and not to have 'one comfortable reflection to revolve!

'What would I give for one year of 'my paſſed life?—only *one* year—and to 'have the ſame ſenſe of things that I 'now have?'

I tried to comfort him as well as I could: but free-livers to free-livers are ſorry death-bed comforters. And he broke in upon me: 'O, my dear Bel-'ford,' ſaid he, 'I am told (and have 'heard you ridiculed for it) that the 'excellent Miſs Harlowe has wrought a 'converſion in you. May it be ſo! You 'are a man of ſenſe: O may it be ſo! 'Now is your time! Now, that you are 'in full vigour of mind and body!—But 'your poor Belton, alas! your poor 'Belton kept his vices till they left him '—And ſee the miſerable effects in de-'bility of mind and deſpondency! Were 'Mowbray here, and were he to *laugh* 'at me, I would own, that this is the 'cauſe of my deſpair—That God's *juſ-'tice* cannot let his *mercy* operate for my 'comfort: for, oh! I have been very, '*very* wicked; and have deſpiſed the 'offers of his grace, till he has with-'drawn it from me for ever.'

I uſed all the arguments I could think of to give him conſolation: and what I ſaid, had ſuch an effect upon him, as to quiet his mind for the greateſt part of the day; and in a lucid hour his memory ſerved him to repeat thoſe lines of Dry-den, graſping my hand and looking wiſt-fully upon me—

'O that I leſs could fear to loſe this being,
'Which, like a ſnow-ball, in my coward
'hand,
'The more 'tis graſp'd, the faſter melts
'away!'

In the afternoon of Sunday, he was inquiſitive after you, and your preſent behaviour to Miſs Harlowe. I told him how you had been, and how light you made of it. Mowbray was pleaſed with your impenetrable hardneſs of heart, and ſaid, 'Bob Lovelace was a good 'edged-tool, and ſteel to the back;' and ſuch coarſe but hearty praiſes he gave you, as an abandoned man might *give*, and only an abandoned man could wiſh to *deſerve*.

But hadſt thou heard what the poor dying Belton ſaid on this occaſion, per-haps it would have made thee ſerious an *hour or two*, at leaſt.

'When poor Lovelace is brought,' ſaid he, 'to a ſick-bed, as I am now, and 'his mind foreBodes, that it is impoſſi-'ble he ſhould recover, (which *his* could 'not do in his late illneſs; if it had, he 'could not have behaved ſo lightly in 'it) when he revolves his paſt miſ-ſpent 'life; his actions of offence to helpleſs 'innocents; in Miſs Harlowe's caſe par-'ticularly; what then will he think of 'himſelf, or of his paſt actions? His 'mind debilitated; his ſtrength turned 'into weakneſs; unable to ſtir or to move 'without help; not one ray of hope dart-'ing in upon his benighted ſoul; his con-'ſcience ſtanding in the place of a thou-'ſand witneſſes; his pains excruciating! 'weary of the poor remnant of life he 'drags, yet dreading that, in a few 'ſhort hours, his bad will be changed 'to worſe, nay, to worſt of all; and 'that worſt of all, to laſt beyond time and 'to all eternity! O Jack! what will he 'then think of the poor tranſitory gra-'tifications of ſenſe, which now engage 'all his attention? Tell him, dear Bel-'ford, tell him, how happy he is, if he 'know his own happineſs; how happy, 'compared to his poor dying friend, 'that he has recovered from his illneſs, 'and has ſtill an opportunity lent him, 'for which I would give a thouſand 'worlds, had I them to give!'

I approved exceedingly of his reflec-tions, as ſuited to his preſent circum-ſtances; and inferred conſolations to him from a mind ſo properly touched.

He proceeded in the like penitent ſtrain. 'I have lived a very wicked life; 'ſo have we all. We have never made 'a conſcience of doing whatever miſ-'chief either force or fraud enabled us 'to do. We have laid ſnares for the in-'nocent heart; and have not ſcrupled, 'by the too-ready ſword, to extend, as 'occaſions offered, the wrongs we did to 'the perſons whom we had before in-'jured in their deareſt relations. But 'yet I flatter myſelf ſometimes, that I 'have leſs to anſwer for than either 'Lovelace or Mowbray; for I, by tak-'ing to myſelf that accurſed deceiver 'from whom thou haſt freed me, (and 'who for years, unknown to me, was '*retaliating upon my own head* ſome of the 'evils I had brought upon others) and 'retiring, and living with her as a wife, 'was not party to half the miſchiefs, 'that I doubt they and Tourville, and 'even you, Belford, committed. As to 'the ungrateful Thomaſine, I hope I 'have met with my puniſhment in her. 'But notwithſtanding this, doſt thou not 'think, that *ſuch* an action—and *ſuch* an 'action—and *ſuch* an action;' [and then he recapitulated ſeveral enormities, in the perpetration of which (led on by falſe bravery, and the heat of youth and wine) we have all been concerned] 'doſt 'thou not think that theſe villainies, (Let 'me call them *now* by their proper name)

'joined

'joined to the wilful and gloried-in neglect of every duty that our better ſenſe 'and education gave us to know were 'required of us as men and Chriſtians, 'are not enough to weigh down my ſoul 'into deſpondency?—Indeed, indeed, 'they are! and now to hope for *mercy*; 'and to depend upon the efficacy of that 'gracious attribute when that no leſs 'ſhining one of *juſtice* forbids me to hope; 'how can I!—I, who have deſpiſed all 'warnings, and taken no advantage of 'the benefit I might have reaped from 'the lingering conſumptive illneſs I have 'laboured under, but left all to the laſt 'ſtake; hoping for recovery againſt hope, 'and driving off repentance, till that 'grace is denied me; for, oh! my dear 'Belford! I can now neither repent, nor 'pray, as I ought; my heart is harden-'ed, and I can do nothing but deſpair!'

More he would have ſaid; but, overwhelmed with grief and infirmity, he bowed his head upon his painful boſom, endeavouring to hide from the ſight of the hardened Mowbray, who juſt then entered the room, thoſe tears which he could not reſtrain.

Prefaced by a phlegmatick hem; 'Sad, 'very ſad, truly!' cried Mowbray; who ſat himſelf down on one ſide of the bed, as I ſat on the other: his eyes half cloſed, and his lips pouting out to his turned-up noſe, his chin curled; [to uſe one of thy deſcriptions] leaving one at a loſs to know, whether ſtupid drowzineſs or intenſe contemplation had got moſt hold of him.

'An excellent, however uneaſy leſſon, 'Mowbray!' ſaid I.—'By my faith, it 'is! It may one day, who knows how 'ſoon? be our own caſe!'

I thought of thy yawning fit, as deſcribed in thy letter of Auguſt 13. For up ſtarted Mowbray, writhing and ſhaking himſelf as in an ague-fit; his hands ſtretched over his head—with thy 'Hoy! 'hoy! hoy!' yawning. And then recovering himſelf, with another ſtretch and a ſhake, 'What's a clock?' cried he; pulling out his watch—And ſtalking by long tip-toe ſtrides through the room, down ſtairs he went; and meeting the maid in the paſſage, I heard him ſay—'Betty, bring me a bumper of claret; 'thy poor maſter, and this damned Bel-'ford, are enough to throw a Hercules 'into the vapours.'

Mowbray, after this, amuſing himſelf in our friend's library, which is, as thou knoweſt, chiefly claſſical and dramatical, found out a paſſage in Lee's Oedipus, which he would needs have to be extremely apt; and in he came full fraught with the notion of the courage it would give the dying man, and read it to him. 'Tis poetical and pretty. This is it.

'When the *ſun ſets*, ſhadows that ſhew'd as
'*noon*
'But ſmall, appear moſt long and terrible:
'So when we think fate hovers o'er our heads,
'Our apprehenſions ſhoot beyond all bounds:
'Owls, ravens, crickets, ſeem the watch of
'death;
'Nature's worſt vermin ſcare her godlike ſons:
'Echoes, the very leavings of a voice,
'Grow babbling ghoſts, and call us to our
'graves.
'Each mole-hill thought ſwells to a huge
'Olympus;
'While we, fantaſtick dreamers, heave and
'puff,
'And ſweat with our imagination's weight.'

He expected praiſes for finding this out. But Belton, turning his head from him, 'Ah, Dick!' [ſaid he] 'theſe are 'not the reflections of a dying man!—'What thou wilt one day feel, if it be 'what I now feel, will convince thee, 'that the evils *before* thee, and *with* thee, 'are more than the effects of imagina-'tion.'

I was called twice on Sunday night to him; for the poor fellow, when his reflections on his paſt life annoy him moſt, is afraid of being left with the women; and his eyes, they tell me, hunt and roll about for me, 'Where's Mr. Belford? '—But I ſhall tire him out,' cries he—'yet beg of him to ſtep to me—yet don't '—yet do;' were at once the doubting and changeful orders he gave: and they called me accordingly.'

But, alas! what could Belford do for him? Belford, who had been but too often the companion of his guilty hours; who wants mercy as much as he does; and is unable to promiſe it to himſelf, though 'tis all he can bid his poor friend *rely* upon.

What miſcreants are we! What figures ſhall we make in theſe terrible hours!

If Miſs HARLOWE's glorious *example*, on one hand, and the terrors of this poor man's *laſt ſcene* on the other, affect me not, I muſt be abandoned to perdition; as I fear thou wilt be, if thou beneſiteſt not thyſelf from both.

Among the conſolatory things I urged, when I was called up the laſt time on Sunday night, I told him, That he muſt not abſolutely give himſelf up to deſpair: that many of the apprehenſions he was under, were ſuch as the beſt men muſt have, on the dreadful uncertainty of

of what was to ſucceed to this life. 'Tis 'well obſerved,' ſaid I, 'by a poetical 'divine, who was an excellent Chriſ-'tian, [Mr. Norris] That—

" Death could not a more ſad retinue find,
" Sickneſs and pain before, and darkneſs all
" behind."

About eight o'clock yeſterday (Monday) morning, I found him a little calmer. He aſked me, who was the author of the two lines I had repeated to him; and made me ſpeak them over again. 'A *ſad retinue*, indeed!' ſaid the poor man. And then expreſſing his hopeleſſneſs of life, and his terrors at the thoughts of dying; and drawing from thence terrible concluſions with regard to his future ſtate; 'There is,' ſaid I, 'ſuch a *natural* averſion to death in 'human nature, that you are not to ima-'gine, that you, my dear Belton, are 'ſingular in the fear of it, and in the ap-'prehenſions that fill the thoughtful 'mind upon it's approach; but you 'ought, as much as poſſible, to ſeparate 'thoſe *natural* fears which all men muſt 'have on ſo ſolemn an occaſion from 'thoſe *particular* ones which your juſtly-'apprehended unfitneſs fills you with. 'Mr. Pomfret, in his *Proſpect of Death*, 'which I dipped into laſt night from a 'collection in your cloſet, which I put 'into my pocket, ſays,'—[And I turned to the place]

" Merely to die no man of reaſon fears;
" For certainly we muſt,
" As we are born, return to duſt;
" 'Tis the laſt point of many ling'ring years:
" But whither then we go,
" Whither we fain would know;
" But human underſtanding cannot ſhew.
" This makes US tremble."

'Mr. Pomfret, therefore,' proceeded I, 'had ſuch apprehenſions of this 'dark ſtate as you have: and the excel-'lent divine I hinted at laſt night, who 'had very little elſe but human frailties 'to reproach himſelf with, and whoſe 'miſcellanies fell into my hands among 'my uncle's books in my attendance 'upon him in his laſt hours, ſays—

" It muſt be done, my ſoul: but 'tis a ſtrange,
" A diſmal and myſterious change,
" When thou ſhalt leave this tenement of clay,
" And to an unknown—ſomewhere—wing
" away;
" When time ſhall be eternity, and thou
" Shalt be—thou know'ſt not what—and
" live—thou know'ſt not how!
" Amazing ſtate! no wonder that we dread
" To think of death, or view the dead!
" Thou'rt all wrapt up in clouds, as if to thee
" Our very knowledge had antipathy."

'Then follows, what I repeated—

" Death could not a more ſad retinue find,
" Sickneſs and pain before, and darkneſs all
" behind."

'Alas! my dear Belford,' [inferred the unhappy deep-thinker] 'what poor 'creatures does this convince me we 'mortals are *at beſt!*—But what then 'muſt be the caſe of ſuch a profligate as 'I, who by a paſt wicked life have ad-'ded greater force to theſe natural ter-'rors? If death be ſo repugnant a thing 'to human nature, that *good* men will 'be ſtartled at it, what muſt it be to one 'who has lived a life of ſenſe and appe-'tite; nor ever reflected upon the end 'which I now am within view of?'

What could I ſay to an inference ſo fairly drawn? Mercy, mercy, *unbounded* mercy, was ſtill my plea, though his repeated oppoſition of *juſtice* to it, in a manner ſilenced that plea: and what would I have given to have had riſe to my mind, one good, one eminently good action to have remembered him of, in order to combat his fears with it?

I believe, Lovelace, I ſhall tire thee, and that more with the ſubject of my letter, than even with the length of it. But, really, I think thy ſpirits are ſo offenſively up ſince thy recovery, that I ought, as the melancholy ſubjects offer, to endeavour to reduce thee to the ſtandard of humanity, by expatiating upon them. And then thou canſt not but be curious to know every thing that concerns the poor man, for whom thou haſt always expreſſed a great regard. I will therefore proceed as I have begun. If thou likeſt not to read it now, lay it by, if thou wilt, till the like circumſtances befal thee, till like reflections from thoſe circumſtances ſeize thee; and then take it up, and compare the two caſes together.

At his earneſt requeſt, I ſat up with him laſt night; and, poor man! it is impoſſible to tell thee, how eaſy and ſafe he thought himſelf in my company, for the firſt part of the night: '*A drowning man will catch at a ſtraw*,' the proverb well ſays: and a ſtraw was I, with reſpect to any real help I could give him. He often awaked in terrors; and once calling out for me, 'Dear Belford,' ſaid he, 'where are you?—Oh! There you 'are!—Give me your friendly hand!' Then graſping it, and putting his clam-

my, half-cold lips to it—'How kind!—'I fear every-thing when you are abſent. 'But the preſence of a friend, a ſym-'pathizing friend—Oh! how comfort-'able!'

But about four in the morning he frighted me much: he waked with three terrible groans; and endeavoured to ſpeak, but could not preſently—and when he did—'Jack, Jack, Jack,' five or ſix times repeated he as quick as thought, 'now, now, now, ſave me, ſave 'me, ſave me—I am going—going, in-'deed!'

I threw my arms about him, and raiſ-ed him upon his pillow, as he was ſink-ing (as if to hide himſelf) in the bed-cloaths—And ſtaring wildly, 'Where 'am I?' ſaid he, a little recovering. 'Did you not ſee him?' turning his head this way and that; horror in his counte-nance; 'Did you not ſee him?'

'See whom, ſee what, my dear Bel-'ton!'

'O lay me upon the bed again!' cried he.—'Let me not die upon the floor!—'Lay me down gently; and ſtand by me! '—Leave me not!—All, all will ſoon 'be over!'

'You are already, my dear Belton, 'upon the bed. You have not been upon 'the floor. This is a ſtrong delirium; 'you are faint for want of refreſhment:' [for he had refuſed ſeveral times to take any-thing] 'let me perſuade you to 'take ſome of this cordial julap. I will 'leave you, if you will not oblige me.'

He then readily took it; but ſaid he could have ſworn that Tom Metcalfe had been in the room, and had drawn him out of bed by the throat, upbraiding him with the injuries he had firſt done his ſiſter, and then him, in the duel to which he owed that fever which coſt him his life.

Thou knoweſt the ſtory, Lovelace too well, to need my repeating it: but, mercy on us, if in theſe terrible mo-ments all the evils we do, riſe to our af-frighted imaginations!—if ſo, what ſhocking ſcenes have I, but ſtill what more ſhocking ones haſt thou, to go through, if, as the noble poet ſays,

'If any ſenſe at that ſad time remains!'

The doctor ordered him an opiate, this morning early, which operated ſo well, that he doſed and ſlept ſeveral hours more quietly than he had done for the two paſt days and nights, though he had ſleeping draughts given him be-fore. But it is more and more evident every hour, that nature is almoſt worn out in him.

MOWBRAY, quite tired with this houſe of mourning, intends to ſet out in the morning to find you. He was not a little rejoiced to hear you were in town; I believe to have a pretence to leave us.

HE has juſt taken leave of his poor friend, intending to go away early: an everlaſting leave, I may venture to ſay; for I think he will hardly live till to-morrow night.

I believe the poor man would not have been ſorry had he left him when I ar-rived; for 'tis a ſhocking creature, and enjoys too ſtrong health to know how to pity the ſick. Then (to borrow an ob-ſervation from thee) he has, by nature, ſtrong bodily organs, which thoſe of his ſoul are not likely to whet out; and he, as well as the wicked friend he is going to, may laſt a great while from the ſtrength of their conſtitutions, though ſo greatly different in their talents: if nei-ther the ſword nor the halter interpoſe.

I muſt *repeat*, that I cannot but be very uneaſy for the poor lady whom you ſo cruelly perſecute; and that I do not think you have kept your honour with me. I was apprehenſive, indeed, that you would attempt to ſee her, as ſoon as you got well enough to come up; and I told her as much, making uſe of it as an argument to prepare her for your viſit, and to induce her to ſtand it. But ſhe could not, it is plain, bear the ſhock of it: and indeed ſhe told me, that ſhe would not ſee you, though but for one half hour, for the world.

Could ſhe have prevailed upon her-ſelf, I know that the ſight of her would have been as affecting to you, as your viſit could have been to her; when you had ſeen to what a lovely ſkeleton (for ſhe is really lovely ſtill, nor can ſhe, with ſuch a form and features, be other-wiſe) you have, in a few weeks, reduc-ed one of the moſt charming women in the world; and that in the full bloom of her youth and beauty.

Mowbray undertakes to carry this, that he may be more welcome to you, he ſays. Were it to be ſent unſealed, the characters we write in would be He-brew to the dunce. I deſire you to re-turn it; and I'll give you a copy of it upon demand; for I intend to keep it by me, as a guard againſt the infection of your company, which might otherwiſe, perhaps, ſome time hence, be apt to

weaken

weaken the impreſſions I always deſire to have of the awful ſcene before me. God convert us both!

## LETTER LIX.

### MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

WEDNESDAY MORN. 11 O'CLOCK.

I Believe no man has two ſuch ſervants as I have. Becauſe I treat them with kindneſs, and do not lord it over my inferiors, and damn and curſe them by looks and words like Mowbray; or beat their teeth out like Lovelace; but cry, 'Pr'ythee, Harry, do this,' and, 'Pr'ythee, Jonathan, do that;' the fellows purſue their own devices and regard nothing I ſay, but what falls in with theſe.

Here, this vile Harry, who might have brought your letter of yeſterday in good time, came not in with it till paſt eleven laſt night, (drunk, I ſuppoſe;) and concluding that I was in bed, as he pretends, (becauſe he was told I ſat up the preceding night) brought it not to me; and having overſlept himſelf, juſt as I had ſealed up my letter, in comes the villain with the forgotten one, ſhaking his ears, and looking as if he himſelf did not believe the excuſes he was going to make. I queſtioned him about it, and heard his pitiful pleas; and though I never think it becomes a gentleman to treat people inſolently who by their ſtations are humbled beneath his feet, yet could I not forbear to *Lovelace* and *Mowbray* him moſt cordially.

And this detaining Mowbray (who was ready to ſet out to you before) while I write a few lines upon it, the fierce fellow, who is impatient to exchange the company of a dying Belton for that of a too lively Lovelace, affixed a *ſupplement* of curſes upon the ſtaring fellow, that was larger than my *book*—Nor did I offer to take off the bear from ſuch a mongrel, ſince, on this occaſion, he deſerved not of me the protection which every maſter owes to a good ſervant.

He has not done curſing him yet; for ſtalking about the court-yard with his boots on, (the poor fellow dreſſing his horſe, and unable to get from him) he is at him without mercy; and I will heighten his impatience (ſince being juſt under the window where I am writing, he will not let me attend to my pen) by telling you, how he fills my ears as well as the fellow's, with his—'Hay, Sir!' 'And, G—d damn ye, Sir!' And, 'Were you my ſervant, ye dog ye!' And, 'Muſt I ſtay here till the mid-'day ſun ſcorches me to a parchment, 'for ſuch a mangey dog's drunken 'neglect?—Ye lye, Sirrah!—Ye lye, I 'tell you!'—[I hear the fellow's voice in an humble excuſatory tone, though not articulately] 'Ye lye, ye dog!—I'd 'a good mind to thruſt my whip down 'your drunken throat: d—mn me, if I 'would not flay the ſkin from the back 'of ſuch a raſcal, if thou wert mine, and 'have dog's-ſkin gloves made of it, for 'thy brother ſoundrels to wear in re-'membrance of thy abuſes of ſuch a 'maſter.'

The poor horſe ſuffers for this, I doubt not; for, 'What now;' and, 'Stand ſtill, and be damn'd to ye,' cries the fellow, with a kick, I ſuppoſe, which he better deſerves himſelf; for theſe varlets, where they can, are Mowbrays and Lovelaces to man or beaſt; and not daring to anſwer *him*, is flaying the poor *horſe*.

I hear the fellow is juſt eſcaped, the horſe (better curried than ordinary, I ſuppoſe, in half the uſual time) by his clanking ſhoes, and Mowbray's ſilence, letting me know, that I may now write on: and ſo, I will tell thee, that in the firſt place, (little as I, as well as you, regard dreams) I would have thee lay thine to heart; for I could give thee ſuch an interpretation of it, as would ſhock thee, perhaps: and if thou aſkeſt me for it, I will.

Mowbray calls to me from the court-yard, that 'tis a curſed hot day, and he ſhall be fried by riding in the noon of it: and that poor Belton longs to ſee me. So I will only add my earneſt deſire, that you will give over all thoughts of ſeeing the lady, if, when this comes to your hand, you have not ſeen her: and, that it would be kind, if you'd come, and, for the laſt time you will ever ſee your poor friend, ſhare my concern for him; and, in him, ſee what, in a little time will be your fate and mine, and that of Mowbray, Tourville, and the reſt of us—For what are ten, fifteen, twenty, or thirty years, to look back to; in the longeſt of which periods forward we ſhall all perhaps be mingled with the duſt from which we ſprung?

## LETTER LX.

### MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

WEDNESDAY MORN. AUG. 22.

ALL alive, dear Jack, and in extaſy—Likely to be once more a

happy man! For I have received a letter from my beloved Miſs HARLOWE; in conſequence, I ſuppoſe, of that which I mentioned in my laſt to be left for her from her ſiſter. And I am ſetting out for Berks directly, to ſhew the contents to my Lord M. and to receive the congratulations of all my kindred upon it.

I went laſt night, as I intended, to Smith's: but the dear creature was not returned at near ten o'clock. And, lighting upon Tourville, I took him home with me, and made him ſing me out of my megrims. I went to bed tolerably eaſy at two; had bright and pleaſant dreams; (not ſuch a frightful one as that I gave thee an account of) and at eight this morning, as I was dreſſing, to be in readineſs againſt the return of my fellow, whom I had ſent to enquire after the lady, I had this letter brought me by a chairman.

'TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

'TUESDAY NIGHT, 11 O'CLOCK (AUG. 8.)

'SIR,

'I Have good news to tell you. I am 'ſetting out with all diligence for 'my father's houſe. I am bid to hope 'that he will receive his poor penitent 'with a goodneſs peculiar to himſelf; 'for I am overjoyed with the aſſurance 'of a thorough reconciliation, through 'the interpoſition of a dear bleſſed 'friend, whom I always loved and ho-'noured. I am ſo taken up with my 'preparation for this joyful and long 'wiſhed for journey, that I cannot ſpare 'one moment for any other buſineſs, 'having ſeveral matters of the laſt im-'portance to ſettle firſt. So, pray, Sir, 'don't diſturb or interrupt me—I be-'ſeech you, don't. You may poſſibly 'in time ſee me at my father's; at leaſt 'if it be not your own fault

'I will write a letter, which ſhall be 'ſent you when I am got thither and 'received: till when, I am, &c.

'CLARISSA HARLOWE.'

I diſpatched inſtantly a letter to the dear creature, aſſuring her, with the moſt thankful joy, That I would directly ſet out for Berks, and wait the iſſue of the happy reconciliation, and the charming hopes ſhe had filled me with. I poured out upon her a thouſand bleſſings. I declared that it ſhould be the ſtudy of my whole life to merit ſuch tranſcendent goodneſs: and that there was nothing which her father or friends ſhould require at my hands, that I would not for *her* ſake comply with, in order to promote and complete ſo deſirable a reconciliation.

I hurried it away without taking a copy of it; and I have ordered the chariot-and-ſix to be got ready; and hey for M. Hall! Let me but know how Belton does. I hope a letter from thee is on the road. And if the poor fellow can ſpare thee, make haſte, I command thee, to attend this truly divine lady. Thou mayeſt not elſe ſee her of months perhaps; at leaſt not while ſhe is Miſs HARLOWE. And oblige me, if poſſible, with one letter before ſhe ſets out, confirming to me, and accounting for this generous change.

But what accounting for it is neceſſary? The dear creature cannot receive conſolation herſelf but ſhe muſt communicate it to others. How noble!—She would not ſee me in her adverſity; but no ſooner does the ſun of proſperity begin to ſhine upon her, than ſhe forgives me.

I know to whoſe mediation all this is owing. It is to Colonel Morden's. She always, as ſhe ſays, loved and honoured him! And he loved her above all his relations.

I ſhall now be convinced that there is ſomething in dreams. The opening cloud is the reconciliation in view. The bright form, lifting up my charmer through it to a firmament ſtuck round with golden cherubims and ſeraphims, indicates the charming little boys and girls, that will be the fruits of this happy reconciliation. The welcomes, thrice repeated, are thoſe of her family, now no more to be deemed implacable. Yet are they a family too, that my ſoul cannot mingle with.

But then what is my tumbling over and over through the floor in a frightful hole, *deſcending* as ſhe *aſcends*?—Ho! only this!—it alludes to my diſreliſh to matrimony: which is a bottomleſs-pit, a gulph, and I know not what. And I ſuppoſe, had I not awoke in ſuch a plaguy fright, I had been ſouſed into ſome river at the bottom of the hole, and then been carried (mundified or purified from my paſt iniquities) by the ſame bright form, (waiting for me upon the moſſy banks) to my beloved girl; and we ſhould have gone on cherubiming of it and carolling to the end of the chapter.

But what are the black ſweeping mantles and robes of Lord M. thrown over

thy face?—and what are thoſe of the ladies?—Oh, Jack! I have theſe two:—they indicate nothing in the world but that my lord will be ſo good as to die, and leave me all he has. So, reſt to thy good-natured ſoul, honeſt Lord M.

Lady Sarah Sadleir, and Lady Betty Lawrance, will alſo die and leave me ſwinging legacies.

Miſs Charlotte and her ſiſter—what will become of them?—O! they will be in mourning of courſe for their uncle and aunts—that's right!

As to Morden's flaſhing through the window, and crying, 'Die, Lovelace, 'and be damn'd, if thou wilt not re-'pair my couſin's wrongs!'—That is only, that he would have ſent me a challenge, had I not been diſpoſed to do the lady juſtice.

All I diſlike is this part of the dream: for, even in a dream, I would not be thought to be threatened into any meaſure, though I liked it ever ſo well.

And ſo much for my prophetick dream.

Dear charming creature! What a meeting will there be between her and her father and mother and uncles! What tranſports, what pleaſure, will this happy long-wiſhed-for reconciliation give her dutiful heart! And indeed now methinks I am glad ſhe *is* ſo dutiful to them; for her duty to her parents is a conviction to me that ſhe will be *as* dutiful to her huſband; ſince duty upon principle is an uniform thing.

Why, pr'ythee now, Jack, I have not been ſo much to blame as thou thinkeſt: for had it not been for me, who have led her into ſo much diſtreſs, ſhe could neither have *received* nor *given* the joy that will now overwhelm them all. So here riſes great and durable good out of temporary evil!

I knew they loved her (the pride and glory of their family) too well to hold out long.

I wiſh I could have ſeen Arabella's letter. She has always been ſo much eclipſed by her ſiſter, that, I dare ſay, ſhe has ſignified this reconciliation to herwith intermingled phlegm and worm-wood; and her invitation moſt certainly runs all in the rock-water ſtile.

I ſhall long to ſee the promiſed letter too when ſhe is got to her father's, which I hope will give an account of the reception ſhe will meet with.

There is a ſolemnity, however, I think, in the ſtile of her letter, which pleaſes and affects me at the ſame time. But as it is evident ſhe loves me ſtill, and hopes ſoon to ſee me at her father's, ſhe could not help being a little ſolemn, and half-aſhamed, (dear bluſhing pretty rogue!) to own her love, after my uſage of her.

And then her ſubſcription: 'Till 'when I am, CLARISSA HARLOWE:' as much as to ſay, 'After that, I ſhall be, 'if not *your own fault*, CLARISSA 'LOVELACE'

'O my beſt love! My ever-generous 'and adorable creature! How much 'does this thy forgiving goodneſs exalt 'us both!—Me, for the occaſion given 'thee!—Thee, for turning it ſo glori-'ouſly to thy advantage, and to the ho-'nour of both!

'And if, my beloved creature, you 'will but connive at the imperfections 'of your adorer, and not play the *wife* 'upon me: if, while the charms of no-'velty have their force with me, I ſhould 'happen to be drawn aſide by the love 'of intrigue, and of plots that my ſoul 'delights to form and purſue; and if 'thou wilt not be open-eyed to the fol-'lies of my youth, [a tranſitory ſtate!] 'every excurſion ſhall ſerve but the 'more to endear thee to me, till in time, 'and in a very little time too, I ſhall 'get above ſenſe; and then charmed 'by thy ſoul-attracting converſe, and 'brought to deſpiſe my former courſes, 'what I now, at diſtance, conſider as a 'painful duty, will be my joyful choice, 'and all my delight will centre in 'thee!'

MOWBRAY is juſt arrived with thy letters. I therefore cloſe my agreeable ſubject, to attend to one, which I doubt will be very ſhocking.

I have engaged the rough varlet to bear me company in the morning to Berks; where I ſhall file off the ruſt he hath contracted in his attendance upon the poor fellow.

He tells me, that between the dying Belton, and the preaching Belford, he ſhan't be his own man theſe three days: and ſays, that thou addeſt to the unhappy fellow's weakneſs, inſtead of giving him courage to help him to bear his deſtiny.

I am ſorry he takes the unavoidable lot ſo heavily. But he has been long ill; and ſickneſs enervates the mind, as well as the body; as he himſelf very ſignificantly obſerved to thee.

LETTER

## LETTER LXI.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

WEDN. EVENING.

I Have been reading thy ſhocking letter—Poor Belton! what a multitude of lively hours have we paſſed together! He was a tearleſs cheerful fellow! Who'd have thought that all ſhould end in ſuch dejected whimpering and terror?

But why didſt thou not comfort the poor man about the rencounter between him and that poltroon Metcalfe? He acted in that affair like a man of true honour, and as I ſhould have acted in the ſame circumſtances. Tell him I ſay ſo; and that what happened, he could neither help nor foreſee.

Some people are as ſenſible of a ſcratch from a pin's-point, as others from the puſh of a ſword: and who can ſay anything for the ſenſibility of ſuch fellows?—Metcalfe would reſent for his ſiſter, when his ſiſter reſented not for herſelf. Had ſhe demanded her brother's protection and reſentment, that would have been *another man's matter*, to ſpeak in Lord M.'s phraſe; but ſhe herſelf thought her brother a coxcomb to buſy himſelf, undeſired, in her affairs, and wiſhed for nothing but to be provided for decently and privately in her lying-in; and was willing to take the chance of *Maintenon-ing* his conſcience in her favour, and getting him to marry when the little ſtranger came; for ſhe knew what an eaſy, good-natured fellow he was. And indeed if ſhe *had* prevailed upon him, it might have been happy for both; as then he would not have fallen in with his curſed Thomaſine. But truly this officious brother of her's muſt interpoſe. This made a trifling affair important: and what was the iſſue? Metcalfe challenged; Belton met him; diſarmed him; gave him his life: but the fellow, more ſenſible in his *ſkin* than in his *head*, having received a ſcratch, was frighted; it gave him firſt a puke, then a fever, and then he died. *That was all.* And how could Belton help that?—But ſickneſs, a long tedious ſickneſs, will make a bug-bear of any thing to a languiſhing heart, I ſee that. And ſo far was Mowbray *apropos* in the verſes from *Nat Lee* which thou haſt tranſcribed.

*Merely to die, no man of reaſon fears*; is a miſtake, ſay thou, or ſay thy author, what ye will. And thy ſolemn parading about the natural repugnance between life and death, is a proof that it is.

Let me tell thee, Jack, that ſo much am I pleaſed with this world, in the main; though, in ſome points too, the world (to make a *perſon* of it) has been a raſcal to me; ſo delighted am I with the joys of youth; with my worldly proſpects as to fortune; and now, newly, with the charming hopes given me by my dear, thrice dear, and for ever dear CLARISSA! that were I even ſure that nothing bad would come hereafter, I ſhould be very loth (very much *afraid*, if thou wilt have it ſo) to lay down my life and them together; and yet, upon a call of honour, no man fears death leſs than myſelf.

But I have not either inclination or leiſure to weigh thy *leaden* arguments, except in the *pig*, or, as thou wouldſt ſay, in the *lump*.

If I return thy letters, let me have them again ſome time hence, that is to ſay, when I am married, or when poor Belton is half-forgotten; or when time has enrolled the honeſt fellow among thoſe whom we have *ſo long* loſt, that we may remember them with more pleaſure than pain; and then I may give them a ſerious peruſal, and enter with thee as deeply as thou wilt into the ſubject.

*When I am married*, ſaid I?—What a ſound has that!

I muſt wait with patience for a ſight of this charming creature, till ſhe is at her father's. And yet, as the but bloſſoming beauty, as thou telleſt me, is reduced to a ſhadow, I ſhould have been exceedingly delighted to ſee her now, and every day till the happy one; that I might have the pleaſure of beholding how ſweetly, hour by hour, ſhe will riſe to her priſtine glories, by means of that ſtate of eaſe and contentment, which will take place of the ſtormy *paſt* upon her reconciliation with her friends, and our happy nuptials.

## LETTER LXII.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

WELL, but now my heart is a little at eaſe, I will condeſcend to take brief notice of ſome other paſſages in thy letters.

I find, I am to thank *thee*, that the dear creature has avoided my viſit. Things are now in ſo good a train, that I muſt forgive thee; elſe thou ſhouldſt have heard more of this new inſtance of diſloyalty to thy general.

Thou art continually giving thyſelf high

high praiſe, by way of *oppoſition*, as I may ſay, to others; gently and artfully blaming thyſelf for qualities thou wouldſt, at the ſame time, have to be thought, and which generally are thought, praiſe-worthy.

Thus, in the airs thou aſſumeſt about thy ſervants, thou wouldſt paſs for a mighty humane mortal; and that at the expence of Mowbray and me, whom thou repreſenteſt as kings and emperors to our menials. Yet art thou always unhappy in thy attempts of this kind, and never canſt make us, who know thee, believe that to be a virtue in thee, which is but the effect of conſtitutional phlegm and abſurdity.

Knoweſt thou not, that ſome men have a native dignity in their manner, that makes them more regarded by a look, than either thou canſt be in thy low ſtyle, or Mowbray in his high?

I am fit to be a prince, I can tell thee; for I reward well, and I puniſh ſeaſonably and properly; and I am generally as well ſerved as any man.

The art of governing theſe underbred varlets lies more in the dignity of looks than in words; and thou art a ſorry fellow, to think humanity conſiſts in acting by thy ſervants, as men muſt act who are not able to pay them their wages; or had made them maſters of ſecrets, which, if divulged, would lay them at the mercy of ſuch wretches.

Now to me, who never did any-thing I was aſhamed to own, and who have more ingenuouſneſs than ever man had; who can call a villainy by it's right name, though practiſed by myſelf, and (by my own readineſs to reproach myſelf) anticipate all reproach from others; who am not ſuch a hypocrite, as to wiſh the world to think me other or better than I am—It is my part, to *look* a ſervant into his duty, if I can: nor will I keep one, who knows not how to take me by a nod, or a wink; and who, when I ſmile, ſhall not be all tranſport; when I frown, all terror.

If, indeed, I am out of the way a little, I always take care to reward the varlets for patiently bearing my diſpleaſure. But this I hardly ever am, but when a fellow is egregiouſly ſtupid in any plain point of duty, or will be wiſer than his maſter; and when he ſhall tell me, that he thought acting contrary to my orders was the way to ſerve me beſt.

One time or other I will enter the liſts with thee upon thy conduct and mine to ſervants: and I will convince thee, that what thou wouldeſt have paſs for humanity, if it be indiſcriminately practiſed to all tempers, will perpetually ſubject thee to the evils thou complaineſt of; and *juſtly* too; and that *he* only is fit to be a maſter of ſervants, who can command their attention as much by a *nod*, as if he were to *pr'ythee* a fellow to do his duty, on one hand, or to talk of *flaying* and *horſe-whipping*, like Mowbray, on the other: for the ſervant, who being *uſed* to *expect* the creeping ſtyle, will always be maſter of his maſter, and he who deſerves to be treated as the other, is not fit to be any man's ſervant; nor would I keep ſuch a fellow to rub my horſe's heels.

I ſhall be the readier to enter the liſts with thee upon this argument, becauſe I have preſumption enough to think, that we have not in any of our dramatick poets, that I can at preſent call to mind, one character of a ſervant, of either ſex, that is juſtly hit off. So abſurdly wiſe *ſome*, and ſo ſottiſhly fooliſh *others*; and *both* ſometimes in the *ſame* perſon. *Foils* drawn from the lees or dregs of the people to ſet off the characters of their maſters and miſtreſſes; nay, ſometimes, which is ſtill more abſurd, introduced with more wit than the poet has to beſtow upon their principals.—Mere *flints* and *ſteels* to ſtrike fire with.—Or, to vary the metaphor, to ſerve for whetſtones to wit, which *otherwiſe* could not be made apparent—Or for engines to be made uſe of like the *machinery* of the ancient poets, (or the ſtill *more* unnatural ſoliloquy) to help on a ſorry plot, or to bring about a neceſſary eclairciſſement, to ſave the poet the trouble of thinking deeply for a better way to wind up his bottoms.

Of this I am perſuaded, (whatever my *practice* be to my own ſervants) that thou wilt be benefited by my *theory*, when we come to controvert the point. For then I ſhall convince thee that the *dramatick* as well as *natural* characteriſticks of a good ſervant ought to be fidelity, common ſenſe, cheerful obedience, and ſilent reſpect: that wit in his ſtation, except to his companions, would be ſaucineſs: that he ſhould never preſume to give his advice: that if he ventured to expoſtulate upon any unreaſonable command, or ſuch a one as appeared to him to be ſo, he ſhould do it with humility and reſpect, and take a proper ſeaſon for it. But ſuch leſſons do moſt of the dramatick performances I have ſeen give, where ſervants are introduced as characters eſſential to the play, or to act very ſignificant or long

parts

parts in it; (which, of itſelf, I think a fault) ſuch leſſons, I ſay, do they give to the footmen's gallery, that I have not wondered we have ſo few modeſt or good men-ſervants among thoſe who often attend their maſters or miſtreſſes to plays. Then how miſerably evident muſt that poet's conſcious want of genius be, who can ſtoop to raiſe or give force to a clap by the indiſcriminate roar of the party-coloured gallery!

But this ſubject I will ſuſpend to a better opportunity; that is to ſay, to the happy one, when my nuptials with my Clariſſa will oblige me to increaſe the number of my ſervants, and of conſequence to enter more nicely into their qualifications.

ALTHOUGH I have the higheſt opinion that man can have of the generoſity of my dear Miſs Harlowe, yet I cannot, for the heart of me, account for this agreeable change in her temper, but one way. Faith and troth, Belford, I verily believe, laying all circumſtances together, that the dear creature unexpectedly finds herſelf in the way I have ſo ardently wiſhed her to be in; and that this makes her, at laſt, incline to favour me, that ſhe may ſet the better face upon her geſtation, when at her father's.

If this be the caſe, all her falling away, and her fainting fits, are charmingly accounted for. Nor is it ſurprizing, that ſuch a ſweet novice in theſe matters ſhould not, for ſome time, have known to what to attribute her frequent indiſpoſitions. If this ſhould be the caſe, how ſhall I laugh at *thee!* and (when I am ſure of her) at the dear novice *herſelf*, that all her grievous diſtreſſes ſhall end in a man-child; which I ſhall love better than all the cherubims and ſeraphims that may come after; though there were to be as many of them as I beheld in my dream; in which a vaſt expanſe of firmament was ſtuck as full of them as it could hold.

I ſhall be afraid to open thy next, leſt it bring me the account of poor Belton's death. Yet, as there are no hopes of his recovery—But what ſhould I ſay, unleſs the poor man were better fitted—But thy heavy ſermon ſhall not affect me too much neither.

I incloſe thy papers: and do thou tranſcribe them for me, or return them; for there are ſome things in them, which, at a proper ſeaſon, a *mortal* man ſhould not avoid attending to: and thou ſeemeſt to have entered deeply into the ſhocking ſubject—But here I will end, leſt I grow too ſerious.

THY ſervant called here about an hour ago, to know if I had any commands: I therefore hope that thou wilt have this early in the morning. And if thou *canſt* let me hear from thee, do. I'll ſtretch an hour or two in expectation of it. Yet I muſt be at Lord M.'s to-morrow night, if poſſible, though ever ſo late.

Thy fellow tells me the poor man is much as he was when Mowbray left him.

Wouldſt thou think that this varlet Mowbray is ſorry that I am ſo near being happy with Miſs Harlowe? And, egad, Jack, I know not what to ſay to it, now the fruit ſeems to be within my reach—But let what will come, I'll ſtand to't: for I find I can't live without her.

## LETTER LXIII.

MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

WEDNESDAY, THREE O'CLOCK.

I Will proceed where I left off in my laſt.

As ſoon as I had ſeen Mowbray mounted, I went to attend upon poor Belton; whom I found in dreadful agonies, in which he awoke, as he generally does.

The doctor came in preſently after; and I was concerned at the ſcene that paſſed between them.

It opened with the dying man's aſking him, with melancholy earneſtneſs, If nothing, if nothing at all, could be done for him?

The doctor ſhook his head, and told him, He doubted not.

'I *cannot* die,' ſaid the poor man: 'I 'cannot *think* of dying. I am very de-'ſirous of living a little longer, if I could 'but be free from theſe horrible pains 'in my ſtomach and head. Can you 'give me nothing to make me paſs one 'week, but *one* week, in tolerable eaſe, 'that I may die like a man?—If I *muſt* 'die!

'But, doctor, I am *yet* a young man; 'in the prime of my years—Youth is a 'good ſubject for a phyſician to work 'upon: can you do nothing, nothing '*at-all* for me, doctor?'

'Alas! Sir,' replied his phyſician, 'you have been long in a bad way. I 'fear, I fear, nothing in phyſick can 'help you.'

He

He was then out of all patience. 'What, then, is your art, Sir!—I have 'been a paſſive machine for a whole 'twelvemonth, to be wrought upon at 'the pleaſure of you people of the fa-'culty. I verily believe, had I not 'taken ſuch doſes of naſty ſtuff, I had 'been now a well man—But who the 'plague would regard phyſicians, whoſe 'art is to cheat us with hopes, while 'they help to deſtroy us? And who, not 'one of you, know any-thing but by 'gueſs!

'Sir,' continued he fiercely, (and with more ſtrength of voice, and cohe-rence, than he had ſhewn for ſeveral hours before) 'if you give *me* over, I 'give *you* over.—The only honeſt and 'certain part of the art of healing is ſur-'gery. A good ſurgeon is worth a 'thouſand of you. I have been in ſur-'geons hands often, and have always 'found reaſon to depend upon their 'ſkill: but *your* art, Sir, what is it?—'but to dawb, dawb, dawb; load, load, 'load; plaſter, plaſter, plaſter; till ye 'utterly deſtroy the appetite firſt, and 'the conſtitution afterwards, which you 'are called in to help. I had a com-'panion once—My dear Belford, thou 'knoweſt honeſt Blomer—as pretty a 'phyſician he would have made as any 'in England, had he kept himſelf from 'exceſs in wine and women; and he 'always uſed to ſay, there was nothing 'at all but pick-pocket parade in the 'phyſician's art; and that the beſt gueſ-'ſer was the beſt phyſician: and I uſed 'to believe him too: and yet, fond of 'life, and fearful of death, what do we 'do, when we are taken ill, but call *ye* 'in? And what do *ye* do, when called 'in, but nurſe our diſtempers, till from 'pygmies you make giants of them?—'And then ye come creeping with ſo-'lemn faces, when *ye* are aſhamed to 'preſcribe, or when the ſtomach won't 'bear it's natural food, by reaſon of 'your poiſonous potions, "*Alas! I am 'afraid phyſick can do no more for him!*"—'Nor need it, when it has brought to 'the brink of the grave, the poor wretch 'who placed all his reliance in your 'curſed ſlops, and the flattering hopes 'you give him.'

The doctor was out of countenance; but ſaid, 'If we could make mortal 'men *immortal*, and *would not*, all this 'might be juſt.'

I blamed the poor man; yet excuſed him to the phyſician. 'To die, dear 'doctor, when, like my poor friend, we 'are ſo deſirous of life, is a melancholy 'thing. We are apt to hope too much, 'not conſidering that the ſeeds of death 'are ſown in us when we begin to live, 'and grow up, till, like rampant weeds, 'they choak the tender flower of life; 'which declines in us, as thoſe weeds 'flouriſh. We ought therefore to be-'gin early to ſtudy what our conſtitutions 'will bear, in order to root out, by 'temperance, the weeds which the ſoil 'is moſt apt to produce; or, at leaſt, to 'keep them down as they riſe; and not, 'when the flower or plant is withered 'at the root, and the weed in it's full 'vigour, expect, that the medical art 'will reſtore the one, or deſtroy the 'other; when that other, as I hinted, 'has been rooting itſelf in the habit 'from the time of our birth.'

This ſpeech, Bob, thou wilt call a *prettineſs*; but the allegory is juſt; and thou haſt not quite cured me of the me-taphorical.

'Very true,' ſaid the doctor; 'you have 'brought a good metaphor to illuſtrate 'the thing. I am ſorry I can do nothing 'for the gentleman; and can only re-'commend patience, and a better frame 'of mind.'

'Well, Sir,' ſaid the poor angry man, vexed at the doctor, but more at death; 'you will perhaps recommend 'the next in ſucceſſion to the phyſician, 'when *he* can do no more; and, I ſup-'poſe, will ſend your brother to pray 'by me for thoſe virtues which you 'wiſh me.'

It ſeems the phyſician's brother is a clergyman in the neighbourhood.

I was greatly concerned to ſee the gentleman thus treated; and ſo I told poor Belton when he was gone. But he continued impatient, and would not be denied, he ſaid, the liberty of talking to a man, who had taken ſo many gui-neas of him for doing nothing, or worſe than nothing, and never declined one, though he knew all the time he could do him no good.

It ſeems the gentleman, though rich, is noted for being greedy after fees; and poor Belton went on, raving at the extravagant fees of Engliſh phyſicians, compared with thoſe of the moſt emi-nent foreign ones. But, poor man! he, like the Turks, who judge of a general by his ſucceſs, (out of patience to think he muſt die) would have worſhipped the doctor, and not grudged three times the ſum, could he have given him hopes of recovery.

But nevertheleſs, I muſt needs ſay, that gentlemen of the faculty ſhould be

more moderate in their fees, or take more pains to deſerve them; for, generally, they only come into a room, feel the ſick man's pulſe, aſk the nurſe a few queſtions, inſpect the patient's tongue, and perhaps his water; then ſit down, look plaguy wiſe; and *write*. The golden fee finds the ready hand, and they hurry away, as if the ſick man's room were infectious. So to the next they troll, and to the next, if men of great practice; valuing themſelves upon the number of viſits they make in a morning, and the little time they make them in. They go to dinner, and unload their pockets; and ſally out again to refill them. And, thus, in a little time, they raiſe vaſt eſtates; for, as Ratcliffe ſaid, when firſt told of a great loſs which befel him, It was only going up and down a hundred pair of ſtairs to fetch it up.

Mrs. Sambre (Belton's ſiſter) had ſeveral times propoſed to him a miniſter to pray by him; but the poor man could not, he ſaid, bear the thoughts of one; for that he certainly ſhould die in an hour or two after: and he was willing to hope ſtill, againſt all probability, that he might recover; and was often aſking his ſiſter, If ſhe had not ſeen people as bad as he was, who, almoſt to a miracle, when every-body gave them over, had got up again?

She, ſhaking her head, told him, ſhe had: but, once ſaying, that *their* diſorders were of an acute kind, and ſuch as had a criſis in them, he called her *Small hopes*, and *Job's comforter*; and bid her ſay *nothing*, if ſhe could not ſay more to the purpoſe, and what was *fitter* for a ſick man to hear. And yet, poor fellow! he has no hopes himſelf, as is plain by his deſponding terrors; one of which he fell into, and a very dreadful one, ſoon after the doctor went.

WEDNESDAY, NINE O'CLOCK AT NIGHT.

THE poor man has been in convulſions, terrible convulſions! for an hour paſt. O Lord, Lovelace! death is a ſhocking thing!—By my faith it is!—I wiſh thou wert preſent on this occaſion. It is not merely the concern a man has for his friend; but, as death is the common lot, we ſee, in *his* agonies, how it will be one day with ourſelves. I am all over as if cold water were poured down my back, or if I had a ſtrong ague-fit upon me. I was obliged to come away. And I write, hardly knowing what—I wiſh *thou* wert here.

THOUGH I left him, becauſe I could ſtay no longer, I can't be eaſy by myſelf, but muſt go to him again.

ELEVEN O'CLOCK.

POOR Belton!—Drawing on apace! Yet was he ſenſible when I went in—too ſenſible, poor man! He has ſomething upon his mind to reveal, he tells me, that is the worſt action of his life; worſe than ever you or I knew of him, he ſays. It *muſt* be then very bad!

He ordered every-body out; but was ſeized with another convulſion-fit, before he could reveal it: and in it he lies ſtruggling between life and death. But I'll go in again.

ONE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING.

ALL now muſt ſoon be over with him:—poor! poor fellow! he has given me ſome hints of what he wanted to ſay; but all incoherent, interrupted by dying hiccoughs and convulſions.

Bad enough it muſt be, Heaven knows, by what I can gather!—Alas, Lovelace! I fear, I fear, he came *too ſoon* into his uncle's eſtate.

If a man were to live always, he might have ſome temptation to do baſe things, in order to procure to himſelf, as it would then be *everlaſting* eaſe, plenty, or affluence: but for the ſake of ten, twenty, thirty years of poor life, to be a villain—Can that be worth while? With a conſcience ſtinging him all the time too! And when he comes to wind up all, ſuch agonizing reflections upon his paſt guilt! All then appearing as nothing! What he moſt valued, moſt diſguſtful! And not one thing to think of, as the poor fellow ſays twenty and twenty times over, but what is attended with anguiſh and reproach!

To hear the poor man wiſh he had never been born! To hear him pray to be nothing after death! Good God! how ſhocking!

By his incoherent hints, I am afraid 'tis very bad with him. No pardon, no mercy, he repeats, can lie for him!

I hope I ſhall make a proper uſe of this leſſon. Laugh at me, if thou wilt; but never, never more, will I take the liberties I have taken; but whenever I am tempted, will think of Belton's dying agonies, and what my own may be.

THURSDAY, THREE IN THE MORNING.

HE is now at his laſt gaſp—Rattles in the throat—Has a new convulſion every minute almoſt!—What horror is he

he in! His eyes look like breath-ſtained glaſs! They roll ghaſtly no more; are quite ſet: his face diſtorted, and drawn out, by his ſinking jaws, and erected ſtaring eye-brows, with his lengthened furrowed forehead, to double it's uſual length, as it ſeems. It is not, it cannot be, the face of Belton, thy Belton, and my Belton, whom we have beheld with ſo much delight over the ſocial bottle, comparing notes, that one day may be brought againſt us, and make *us* groan, as they very lately did *him*—that is to ſay, while he had ſtrength to groan; for now his voice is not to be heard; all inward, loſt; not ſo much as ſpeaking by his eyes: yet, ſtrange! how can it be?—the bed rocking under him like a cradle!

FOUR O'CLOCK.

'Alas! he's gone! That groan, that *dreadful*
'groan,
'Was the laſt farewel of the parting mind!
'The ſtruggling ſoul has bid a long adieu
'To it's late manſion---Fled! ah! whither
'fled?'

Now is all indeed over!—Poor, poor Belton! By this time thou knoweſt if thy crimes were above the ſize of God's mercies! Now are every one's cares and attendance at an end! Now do we, thy friends—poor Belton!—know the worſt of thee, as to this life! Thou art releaſed from inſufferable tortures, both of body and mind! May thoſe tortures, and thy repentance, expiate for thy offences, and mayſt thou be happy to all eternity!

We are told, that God deſireth not the death, the *ſpiritual* death, of a ſinner: and 'tis certain, that thou didſt deeply repent! I hope, therefore, as thou wert not cut off in the midſt of thy ſins, by the ſword of injured friendſhip, which more than once thou hadſt braved, [the dreadfulleſt of all deaths, next to ſuicide, becauſe it gives no opportunity for repentance] that this is a merciful earneſt that thy penitence is accepted; and that thy long illneſs, and dreadful agonies in the laſt ſtages of it, were thy only puniſhment.

I wiſh, indeed, I *heartily* wiſh, we could have ſeen one ray of comfort darting in upon his benighted mind, before he departed. But all, alas! to the very laſt gaſp, was horror and confuſion. And my only fear ariſes from this, that, till within the four laſt days of his life, he could not be brought to think he ſhould die, though in a viſible decline for months; and, in that preſumption, was too little inclined to ſet about a ſerious preparation for a journey, which he hoped he ſhould not be obliged to take; and when he began to apprehend that he could not put it off, his impatience, and terror, and apprehenſion, ſhewed too little of that reliance and reſignation which afford the moſt comfortable reflections to the *friends* of the dying, as well as to the *dying* themſelves.

But we muſt leave poor Belton to that mercy, of which we have all ſo much need; and for my own part, (do you, Lovelace, and the reſt of the fraternity, as ye will) I am reſolved I will endeavour to begin to repent of my follies while my health is ſound, my intellects untouched, and while it is in my power to make ſome atonement, as near to reſtitution or reparation as is poſſible, to thoſe I have wronged or miſled. And do ye *outwardly*, and from a point of *falſe bravery*, make as light as ye will of my reſolution, as ye are none of ye of the claſs of abandoned and ſtupid ſots, who endeavour to diſbelieve the future exiſtence of which ye are afraid, I am ſure you will juſtify me in your *hearts*, if not by your *practices*; and one day you will wiſh you had joined with me in the ſame reſolution, and will confeſs there is more good-ſenſe in it, than now perhaps you will own.

SEVEN O'CLOCK, THURSDAY MORNING.

You are very earneſt, by your laſt letter juſt given me, to hear again from me, before you ſet out for Berks. I will therefore cloſe with a few words upon the *only* ſubject in your letter which I can at preſent touch upon: and this is the letter of which you give me a copy from the lady.

Want of reſt, and the ſad ſcene I have before my eyes, have rendered me altogether incapable of accounting for the contents of it in any ſhape. You are in ecſtacies upon it. You have reaſon to be ſo, if it be as you think. Nor would I rob you of your joy: but I muſt ſay that I am amazed at it.

Surely, Lovelace, this ſurprizing letter cannot be a forgery of thy own, in order to carry on ſome view, and to impoſe upon me. Yet by the ſtile of it, it cannot; though thou art a perfect Proteus, too.

I will not, however, add another word, after I have deſired the return of this, and have told you, that I am, *your true friend and well-wiſher*,

J. BELFORD.

## LETTER LXIV.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

AUG. 24. THURSDAY MORN.

I Received thy letter in ſuch good time, by the fellow's diſpatch, that it gives me an opportunity of throwing in a few paragraphs upon it. I read a paſſage or two of it to Mowbray; and we both agree, that thou art an abſolute maſter of the lamentable.

Poor Belton, what terrible conflicts were thy laſt conflicts!—I hope, however, that he is happy: and I have the more hope, becauſe the hardneſs of his death is likely to be ſuch a warning to *thee*. If it have the effect thou declareſt it ſhall have, what a world of miſchief will it prevent! How much good will it do! How many poor wretches will rejoice at the *occaſion*, (if they know it) however melancholy in itſelf, which ſhall bring them in a compenſation for injuries they had been forced to ſit down contented with!—But, Jack, though thy uncle's death hath made thee a rich fellow, art thou ſure, that the making good of ſuch a vow will not totally bankrupt thee?

Thou ſayeſt I may laugh at thee, if I will. Not I, Jack; I do not take it to be a laughing ſubject: and I am heartily concerned at the loſs we all have in poor Belton: and when I get a little ſettled, and have leiſure to contemplate the vanity of all ſublunary things, (a ſubject that will now-and-then, in my gayeſt hours, obtrude itſelf upon me) it is very likely, that I may talk ſeriouſly with thee upon theſe topicks; and, if thou haſt not got too much the ſtart of me in the repentance thou art entering upon, will go hand-in-hand with thee in it. If thou haſt, thou wilt let me juſt keep thee in my eye; for it is an up-hill work; and I ſhall ſee thee, at ſetting out, at a great diſtance; but as thou art a much heavier and clumſier fellow than myſelf, I hope that without much puffing and ſweating, only keeping on a good round dog-trot, I hope I ſhall be able to overtake thee.

Mean time, take back thy letter, as thou deſireſt. I would not have it in my pocket upon any account at preſent; nor read it once more.

I am going down without ſeeing my beloved. I was a haſty fool to write her a letter, promiſing that I would not come near her till I ſaw her at her father's. For as ſhe is now actually at Smith's, and I ſo near her, one ſhort viſit could have done no harm.

I ſent Will, two hours ago, with my grateful compliments, and to know how ſhe does.

How muſt I adore this charming creature! For I am ready to think my ſervant a happier fellow than myſelf, for having been within a pair of ſtairs and an apartment of her.

Mowbray and I will drop a tear a-piece, as we ride along, to the memory of poor Belton:—*as we ride along*, I ſay; for we ſhall have ſo much joy when we arrive at Lord M's, and when I communicate to him and my couſins the dear creature's letter, that we ſhall forget every-thing grievous: ſince now their family hopes in my reformation (the point which lies ſo near their hearts) will all revive; it being an article of their faith, that if I marry, repentance and mortification will follow of courſe.

Neither Mowbray nor I ſhall accept of thy *verbal* invitation to the funeral. We like not theſe diſmal formalities. And as to the reſpect that is ſuppoſed to be ſhewn to the memory of a deceaſed friend in ſuch an attendance, why ſhould we do any thing to reflect upon thoſe who have made it a faſhion to leave this parade to people whom they *hire for that purpoſe?*

Adieu, and be cheerful. Thou canſt now do no more for poor Belton, wert thou to howl for him to the end of thy life.

## LETTER LXV.

MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

SAT. AUG. 26.

ON Thurſday afternoon I aſſiſted at the opening of poor Belton's will, in which he has left me his ſole executor, and bequeathed me a legacy of an hundred guineas; which I ſhall preſent to his unfortunate ſiſter, to whom he has not been ſo kind as I think he ought to have been. He alſo left twenty pounds a-piece to Mowbray, Tourville, thyſelf, and me, for a ring to be worn in remembrance of him.

After I had given ſome particular orders about the preparations to be made for his funeral, I went to town; but having made it late before I got in on Thurſday night, and being fatigued for want of reſt ſeveral nights before, and low in my ſpirits, [I could not help it, Lovelace] I contented myſelf to ſend my

my compliments to the innocent ſufferer, to enquire after her health.

My ſervant ſaw Mrs. Smith, who told him, ſhe was very glad I was come to town; for that the lady was worſe than ſhe had been yet.

It is impoſſible to account for the contents of her letter to you; or to reconcile thoſe contents to the facts I have to communicate.

I was at Smith's by ſeven yeſterday (Friday) morning, and found that the lady was gone in a chair to St. Dunſtan's to prayers: ſhe was too ill to get out by ſix to Covent Garden church; and was forced to be ſupported to her chair by Mrs. Lovick. They would have perſuaded her againſt going; but ſhe ſaid ſhe knew not but that it might be her laſt opportunity. Mrs. Lovick, dreading that ſhe would be taken worſe at church, walked thither before her.

Mrs. Smith told me, ſhe was ſo ill on Wedneſday night, that ſhe had deſired to receive the ſacrament; and accordingly it was adminiſtered to her by the parſon of the pariſh: whom ſhe beſought to take all opportunities of aſſiſting her in her ſolemn preparation.

This the gentleman promiſed: and called in the morning to enquire after her health: and was admitted at the firſt word. He ſtaid with her about half an hour; and when he came down, with his face turned aſide, and a faltering accent, 'Mrs. Smith,' ſaid he, 'you 'have an angel in your houſe.—I will 'attend her again in the evening, as ſhe 'deſires, and as often as I think it will 'be agreeable to her.'

Her increaſed weakneſs ſhe attributed to the fatigues ſhe had undergone by your means; and to a letter ſhe had received from her ſiſter, which ſhe anſwered the ſame day.

Mrs. Smith told me, that two different perſons had called there, one on Thurſday morning, one in the evening, to enquire after her ſtate of health; and ſeemed as if commiſſioned from her relations for that purpoſe; but aſked not to ſee her, only were very inquiſitive after her viſitors, (particularly, it ſeems, after *me*: what could they mean by that?) after her way of life, and expences; and one of them enquired after her manner of ſupporting them; to the latter of which, Mrs. Smith ſaid, ſhe had anſwered as the truth was, that ſhe had been obliged to ſell ſome of her cloaths, and was actually about parting with more; at which the inquiriſt (a grave old farmer-looking man) held up his hands. and ſaid, 'Good God!—this 'will be ſad, ſad news to ſomebody! I 'believe I muſt not mention it.' But Mrs. Smith ſays, ſhe deſired he *would*, let him come from whom he would. He ſhook his head, and ſaid, If ſhe died, the flower of the world would be gone, and the family ſhe belonged to would be no more than a common family*. I was pleaſed with the man's expreſſion.

You may be curious to know how ſhe paſſed her time when ſhe was obliged to leave her lodging to avoid you.

Mrs. Smith tells me, that ſhe was very ill when ſhe went out on Monday morning, and ſighed as if her heart would break as ſhe came down ſtairs, and as ſhe went through the ſhop into the coach, her nurſe with her, as you had informed me before: that ſhe ordered the coachman (whom ſhe hired for the day) to drive any-whither, ſo it was in the air: he accordingly drove her to Hampſtead, and thence to Highgate. There at the Bowling-green Houſe ſhe alighted, extremely ill, and having breakfaſted, ordered the coachman to drive very ſlowly any-whither. He crept along to Muſwell Hill, and put up at a publick houſe there; where ſhe employed herſelf two hours in writing, though exceedingly weak and low; till the dinner ſhe had ordered was brought in: ſhe endeavoured to eat, but could not: her appetite was gone, quite gone, ſhe ſaid. And then ſhe wrote on for three hours more: after which, being heavy, ſhe dozed a little in an elbow-chair. When ſhe awoke ſhe ordered the coachman to drive her very ſlowly to town, to the houſe of a friend of Mrs. Lovick; whom, as agreed upon, ſhe met there: but, being extremely ill, the would venture home at a late hour, although ſhe heard from the widow, that you had been there; and had reaſon to be ſhocked at your behaviour. She ſaid, ſhe found there was no avoiding you: ſhe was apprehenſive ſhe ſhould not live many hours, and it was not impoſſible but the ſhock the ſight of you muſt give her would determine her fate in your preſence.

She accordingly went home. She heard the relation of your aſtoniſhing

* This man came from her couſin Morden; as will be ſeen hereafter, Letter XCIV. of this Volume, and Letter I. of Vol. VIII.

vagaries,

vagaries, with hands and eyes often lifted up; and with theſe words intermingled, 'Shocking creature! Incorrigible 'wretch!' and, 'Will nothing make 'him ſerious?' And not being able to bear the thoughts of an interview with a man ſo hardened, ſhe took to her uſual chair early in the morning, and was carried to the Temple Stairs, whither ſhe had ordered her nurſe before her, to get a pair of oars in readineſs; (for her fatigues the day before made her unable to bear a coach) and then ſhe was rowed to Chelſea, where ſhe breakfaſted; and after rowing about, put in at the Swan at Brentford-Aight, where ſhe dined; and would have written, but had no conveniency either of tolerable pens, or ink, or a private room: and then proceeding to Richmond, they rowed her back to Mortlake; where ſhe put in, and drank tea at a houſe her waterman recommended to her. She wrote there for an hour; and returned to the Temple; and when ſhe landed, made one of the watermen get her a chair, and ſo was carried to the widow's friend, as the night before; where ſhe again met the widow, who informed her, that you had been after her twice that day.

Mrs. Lovick gave her there her ſiſter's letter; and ſhe was ſo much affected with the contents of it, that ſhe was twice very nigh fainting away; and wept bitterly, as Mrs. Lovick told Mrs. Smith; dropping ſome warmer expreſſions than ever they had heard proceed from her lips, in relation to her friends; calling them cruel, and complaining of ill offices done her, and of vile reports raiſed againſt her.

While ſhe was thus diſturbed, Mrs. Smith came to her, and told her that you had been there a third time, and was juſt gone, (at half an hour after nine) having left word, how civil and reſpectful you would be; but that you was determined to ſee her at all events.

She ſaid, it was hard ſhe could not be permitted to die in peace: that her lot was a ſevere one: that ſhe began to be afraid ſhe ſhould not forbear repining, and to think her puniſhment greater than her fault: but recalling herſelf immediately, ſhe comforted herſelf that her life would be ſhort, and with the aſſurance of a better.

By what I have mentioned, you will conclude with me, that the letter brought her by Mrs. Lovick (the ſuperſcription of which you ſaw to be written in her ſiſter's hand) could not be the letter on the contents of which ſhe grounded *that* ſhe wrote to you, on her return home. And yet neither Mrs. Lovick, nor Mrs. Smith, nor the ſervant of the latter, know of any other brought her. But as the woman aſſured me, that ſhe actually *did* write to you, I was eaſed of a ſuſpicion which I had begun to entertain, that you, (for ſome purpoſe I could not gueſs at) had forged the letter from her of which you ſent me a copy.

On Wedneſday morning, when ſhe received your letter in anſwer to hers, ſhe ſaid, 'Neceſſity may well be called 'the mother of invention—But cala-'mity is the teſt of integrity.—I hope I 'have not taken an inexcuſable ſtep—' And there ſhe ſtopt a minute or two; and then ſaid, 'I ſhall now, perhaps, 'be allowed to die in peace.'

I ſtaid till ſhe came in. She was glad to ſee me; but, being very weak, ſaid, ſhe muſt ſit down before ſhe could go up ſtairs: and ſo went into the back-ſhop, leaning upon Mrs. Lovick: and when ſhe had ſat down, 'I am glad to 'ſee you, Mr. Belford,' ſaid ſhe; 'I '*muſt* ſay ſo—let miſ-reporters ſay what 'they will.'

I wondered at this expreſſion; but would not interrupt her.

'Oh! Sir,' ſaid ſhe, 'I have been 'grievouſly harraſſed. Your friend, 'who would not let me live with re-'putation, will not permit me to die in 'peace. You ſee how I am. Is there 'not a great alteration in me within 'this week? But 'tis all for the better. 'Yet were I to wiſh for life, I muſt 'ſay that your friend, your barbarous 'friend, has *hurt* me greatly.'

She was ſo very weak, ſo ſhort-breathed, and her words and her actions ſo very moving, that I was forced to walk from her; the two women and her nurſe turning away their faces alſo weeping.

'I have had, Madam,' ſaid I, 'ſince 'I ſaw you, a moſt ſhocking ſcene be-'fore my eyes, for days together. My 'poor friend Belton is no more. He 'quitted the world yeſterday morning 'in ſuch dreadful agonies, that the im-'preſſion they have left upon me, has '*ſo weakened* my mind—'

I was loth to have her think, that my grief was owing to the weak ſtate I ſaw her in, for fear of diſpiriting her.

'This is only, Mr. Belford,' interrupted ſhe, 'in order to *ſtrengthen* it, if 'a proper uſe be made of the impreſſion. 'But I ſhould be glad, ſince you are ſo 'humanely affected with the ſolemn 'circumſtance, that you could have 'written on account of it to your gay

'friend

'friend, in the ſtile and manner you 'are maſter of. Who knows, as it 'would have come *from* an aſſociate and '*of* an aſſociate, how it might have af-'fected him?'

That I *had* done, I told her, in ſuch a manner as had, I believed, ſome effect upon you.

'His behaviour in this honeſt family 'ſo lately,' ſaid ſhe, 'and his cruel pur-'ſuit of me, give but little hope that 'any thing ſerious or ſolemn will affect 'him.'

We had ſome talk about Belton's dying behaviour, and I gave her ſeveral particulars of the poor man's impatience and deſpair; to which ſhe was very attentive: and made fine obſervations upon the ſubject of procraſtination.

A letter and packet were brought her by a man on horſeback from Miſs Howe, while we were talking. She retired up ſtairs to read it; and while I was in diſcourſe with Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Lovick, the doctor and apothecary both came in together. They confirmed to me my fears, as to the dangerous way ſhe is in. They had both been apprized of the new inſtances of implacableneſs in her friends, and of your perſecutions: and the doctor ſaid, he would not for the world be either the unforgiving father of that lady, or the man who had brought her to this diſtreſs. 'Her heart's broken: ſhe'll 'die,' ſaid he: 'there is no ſaving her. 'But how, were I either the one or the 'other of the people I have named, I 'ſhould ſupport myſelf afterwards I 'cannot tell.'

When ſhe was told we were all three together, ſhe deſired us to walk up. She aroſe to receive us, and after anſwering two or three general queſtions relating to her health, ſhe addreſſed herſelf to us to the following effect.

'As I may not,' ſaid ſhe, 'ſee you 'three gentlemen together again, let 'me take this opportunity to acknow-'ledge my obligations to you all.—I 'am inexpreſſibly obliged to you, Sir—'and to you, Sir,' [curtſeying to the doctor and to Mr. Goddard] 'for your '*more* than friendly, your *paternal* care 'and concern for me. Humanity in your 'profeſſion, I dare ſay, is far from be-'ing a rare qualification, becauſe you are 'gentlemen *by* your profeſſion: but ſo 'much kindneſs, ſo much humanity, 'did never deſolate creature meet with, 'as I have met with from you both. But 'indeed I have always obſerved, that 'where a perſon relies upon Providence, 'it never fails to raiſe up a new friend 'for every old one that falls off.

'This gentleman,' [bowing to me] 'who, ſome people think, ſhould have 'been one of the laſt I ſhould have 'thought of for my executor—is never-'theleſs (ſuch is the ſtrange turn that 'things have taken!) the only one I can 'chuſe; and therefore I have choſen 'him for that charitable office, and he 'has been ſo good as to accept of it: for, 'rich as I may boaſt myſelf to be, I am 'rather ſo in *right*, than in *fact*, at this 'preſent. I repeat therefore my hum-'ble thanks to you all three, and beg 'of God to return to you and yours,' [looking to each] 'an hundred fold, the 'kindneſs and favour you have ſhewn 'me; and that it may be in the power 'of you and of yours, to the end of time, 'to *confer* benefits, rather than to be 'obliged to *receive* them. This is a god-'like power, gentlemen: I once rejoic-'ed in it in ſome little degree; and much 'more in the proſpect I had of it's be-'ing enlarged to me; though I have had 'the mortification to experience the re-'verſe, and to be obliged almoſt to 'every-body I have ſeen or met with: '—but all, originally, through my own 'fault; ſo I ought to bear the puniſh-'ment without repining: and I hope I 'do—Forgive theſe impertinences: a 'grateful heart, that wants the power it 'wiſhes for, to expreſs itſelf ſuitably to 'it's own impulſes, will be at a loſs what 'properly to dictate to the tongue; and 'yet, unable to reſtrain it's overflow-'ings, will force the tongue to ſay weak 'and ſilly things, rather than appear un-'gratefully ſilent. Once more then, I 'thank you all three for your kindneſs 'to me: and God Almighty make you 'that amends which at preſent I cannot!'

She retired from us to her cloſet with her eyes full; and left us looking upon one another.

We had hardly recovered ourſelves, when ſhe, quite eaſy, cheerful, and ſmiling, returned to us. 'Doctor,' ſaid ſhe, (ſeeing we had been moved) 'you 'will excuſe me for the concern I give 'you—and ſo will you, Mr. Goddard—'and you, Mr. Belford—for 'tis a con-'cern that only generous natures can 'ſhew; and to ſuch natures *ſweet* is the 'pain, if I may ſo ſay, that attends ſuch 'a concern. But as I have ſome few 'preparations ſtill to make, and would 'not (though in eaſe of Mr. Belford's 'future cares, which is, and ought to 'be, part of my ſtudy) undertake more

'than

'than it is likely I ſhall have time lent
'me to perform, I would beg of you to
'give me your opinions, [You ſee my
'way of living; and you may be aſſured,
'that I will do nothing wilfully to ſhor-
'ten my life] how long it may poſſibly
'be, before I may hope to be releaſed
'from all my troubles.'

They both heſitated, and looked upon each other. 'Don't be afraid to anſwer
'me,' ſaid ſhe, each ſweet hand preſſ-
ing upon the arm of each gentleman, with that mingled freedom and reſerve, which virgin modeſty, mixed with conſcious dignity, can only expreſs, and with a look ſerenely earneſt, 'Tell me
'how long you think I may hold it! And
'believe me, gentlemen, the ſhorter
'you tell me my time is likely to be, the
'more comfort you will give me.'

'With what pleaſing woe,' ſaid the doctor, 'do you fill the minds of thoſe
'who have the happineſs to converſe
'with you, and ſee the happy frame you
'are in! What you have undergone
'within a few days paſt, has much hurt
'you: and ſhould you have freſh trou-
'bles of thoſe kinds, I could not be an-
'ſwerable for your holding it—' And there he pauſed.

'How long, doctor?—I believe I *ſhall*
'have a little more ruffling—I am afraid
'I ſhall—But there can happen only one
'thing that I ſhall not be tolerably eaſy
'under—How long then, Sir?'

He was ſilent.

'A fortnight, Sir?'

He was ſtill ſilent.

'Ten days?—A week?—How long,
'Sir?' with ſmiling earneſtneſs.

'If I *muſt* ſpeak, Madam, if you have
'not better treatment than you have
'lately met with, I am afraid—' There again he ſtopt.

'Afraid of what, doctor? Don't be
'afraid—How long, Sir?'

'That a fortnight or three weeks may
'deprive the world of the fineſt flower
'in it.'

'A fortnight or three weeks yet, doc-
'tor?—But, God's will be done! I ſhall,
'however, by this means, have full
'time, if I have but ſtrength and intel-
'lect, to do all that is now upon my
'mind to do.—And ſo, Sirs, I can but
'once more thank you' [turning to each of us] 'for all your goodneſs to me;
'and, having letters to write, will take
'up no more of your time—Only, doc-
'tor, be pleaſed to order me ſome more
'of thoſe drops: they cheer me a little
'when I am low;' and putting a fee into his unwilling hand—'You know the
'terms, Sir!'—Then, turning to Mr. Goddard, 'You'll be ſo good, Sir, as
'to look in upon me to-night, or to-
'morrow, as you have opportunity—
'and you, Mr. Belford, I know, will
'be deſirous to ſet out to prepare for
'the laſt office of your late friend: ſo I
'wiſh you a good journey, and hope to
'ſee you when that is performed.'

She then retired, with a cheerful and ſerene air. The two gentlemen went away together. I went down to the women, and, enquiring, found, that Mrs. Lovick was this day to bring her twenty guineas more, for ſome other of her apparel.

The widow told me, that ſhe had taken the liberty to expoſtulate with her, upon the *occaſion* ſhe had for raiſing this money, to ſuch great diſadvantage; and it produced the following ſhort and affecting converſation between them.

'None of my friends will wear any-
'thing of mine,' ſaid ſhe. 'I ſhall leave
'a great many good things behind me.
'—And as to what I want the money for
'—don't be ſurprized:—but ſuppoſe I
'want it to purchaſe a houſe.'

'You are all myſtery, Madam. I don't
'comprehend you.'

'Why, then, Mrs Lovick, I will ex-
'plain myſelf.—I have a man, not a
'woman, for my executor: and think
'you that I will leave to his care any-
'thing that concerns my own perſon?
'—Now, Mrs. Lovick,' ſmiling, 'do
'you comprehend me?'

Mrs. Lovick wept.

'O fie!' proceeded the lady, drying up her tears with her own handkerchief, and giving her a kiſs—'Why this
'kind weakneſs for one, with whom you
'have been ſo little a while acquainted?
'Dear, good Mrs. Lovick, don't be
'concerned for me on a proſpect with
'which I have occaſion to be pleaſed;
'but go to-morrow to your friends, and
'bring me the money they have agreed
'to give you.'

Thus, Lovelace, it is plain, that ſhe means to beſpeak her *laſt* houſe! Here's preſence of mind; here's tranquillity of heart, on the moſt affecting occaſion!—This is magnanimity, indeed!—Couldſt thou, or could I, with all our boiſterous bravery, and offenſive falſe courage, act thus?—Poor Belton! how unlike was thy behaviour!

Mrs. Lovick tells me, that the lady ſpoke of a letter ſhe had received from her favourite divine Dr. Lewen, in the

time

time of my abſence; and of an anſwer ſhe had returned to it. But Mrs. Lovick knows not the contents of either.

When thou receiveſt the letter I am now writing, thou wilt ſee what will ſoon be the end of all thy injuries to this divine lady. I ſay, *when thou receiveſt it*; for I will delay it for ſome little time, leſt thou ſhouldeſt take it into thy head (under pretence of reſenting the diſappointment her letter muſt give thee) to moleſt her again.

This letter having detained me by it's length, I ſhall not now ſet out for Epſom till to-morrow.

I ſhould have mentioned, that the lady explained to me what the *one thing* was, that ſhe was afraid might happen to ruffle her. It was the apprehenſion of what may reſult from a viſit which Colonel Morden, ſhe is informed, deſigns to make *you*.

## LETTER LXVI.

THE REV. DR. LEWEN, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

FRIDAY, AUG. 18.

PRESUMING, deareſt and ever-reſpectable young lady, upon your former favour, and upon your opinion of my judgment and ſincerity, I cannot help addreſſing you by a few lines, on your preſent unhappy ſituation.

I will not look back upon the meaſures into which you have either been *led* or *driven*: but will only ſay as to *thoſe*, that I think you are the leaſt to blame of any young lady that was ever reduced from happy to unhappy circumſtances; and I have not been wanting to ſay as much, where I hoped my freedom would have been better received than I have had the mortification to find it to be.

What I principally write for now, is, to put you upon doing a piece of juſtice to yourſelf, and to your ſex, in the proſecuting for his life (I am aſſured his life is in your power) the moſt profligate and abandoned of men, as *he* muſt be, who could act ſo baſely, as I underſtand Mr. Lovelace has acted by you.

I am very ill; and am now forced to write upon my pillow; my thoughts confuſed; and incapable of method: I ſhall not therefore aim at method: but to give you in general my opinion.—And that is, that your religion, your duty to your family, the duty you owe to your honour, and even charity to your ſex, oblige you to give publick evidence againſt this very wicked man.

And let me add another conſideration: the prevention, by this means, of the miſchiefs that may otherwiſe happen between your brother and Mr. Lovelace, or between the latter and your couſin Morden, who is now, I hear, arrived, and reſolves to have juſtice done you.

A conſideration which ought to affect your conſcience; [Forgive me, deareſt young lady, I think I am now in the way of my duty] and to be of more concern to you, than that hard preſſure upon your modeſty which I know the appearance againſt him in an open court muſt be of to ſuch a lady as you; and which, I conceive, will be your great difficulty. But I know, Madam, that you have dignity enough to *become* the bluſhes of the moſt naked truth, when neceſſity, juſtice, and honour, exact it from you. Rakes and raviſhers would meet with encouragement *indeed*, and moſt from thoſe who had the greateſt abhorrence of their actions, if violated modeſty were never to complain of the injury it received from the villainous attempters of it.

In a word, the reparation of your family diſhonour now reſts in your own boſom: and which only one of theſe two alternatives *can* repair; to wit, either to marry the offender, or to proſecute him at law. Bitter expedients for a ſoul ſo delicate as yours!

He, and all his friends, I underſtand, ſolicit you to the firſt: and it is certainly now, all the amends within his power to make. But I am aſſured, that you have rejected *their* ſolicitations, and *his*, with the indignation and contempt that his foul actions have deſerved: but yet, that you refuſe not to extend to him the Chriſtian forgiveneſs he has ſo little reaſon to expect, provided he will not diſturb you further.

But, Madam, the proſecution I adviſe, will not let your preſent and future exemption from freſh diſturbance from ſo vile a moleſter depend upon his *courteſy*: I ſhould think ſo noble and ſo rightly-guided a ſpirit as yours, would not permit that it ſhould, if you could help it.

And can indignities of any kind be *properly pardoned* till we have it in *our power to puniſh them*? To pretend to pardon, while we are labouring under the pain or diſhonour of them, will be thought by ſome to be but the vaunted mercy of a puſillanimous heart, trembling

bling to reſent them. The remedy I propoſe, is a ſevere one; but what pain can be more ſevere than the injury? or how will injuries be believed to grieve us, that are never honourably complained of?

I am ſure, Miſs Clariſſa Harlowe, however injured and oppreſſed, remains unſhaken in her ſentiments of honour and virtue: and although ſhe would ſooner die than *deſerve* that her modeſty ſhould be drawn into queſtion; yet ſhe will think no truth immodeſt that is to be uttered in the vindicated cauſe of innocence and chaſtity. Little, very little difference is there, my dear young lady, between a *ſuppreſſed* evidence, and a *falſe* one.

It is a terrible circumſtance, I once more own, for a young lady of your delicacy, to be under the obligation of telling ſo ſhocking a ſtory in publick court: but it is ſtill a worſe imputation, that ſhe ſhould paſs over ſo mortal an injury unreſented.

Conſcience, honour, juſtice, are on your ſide: and modeſty would, by ſome, be thought but an empty name, ſhould *you* refuſe to obey their dictates.

I have been conſulted, I own, on this ſubject. I have given it as my opinion, that you ought to proſecute the abandoned man—But without my reaſons. Theſe I reſerved, with a reſolution to lay them before you unknown to anybody, that the reſult, if what I wiſh, may be *your own*.

I will only add, that the misfortunes which have befallen you, had they been the lot of a child of my own, could not have affected me *more* than yours have done. My own child I love: but I both love and honour you: ſince to love you, is to love virtue, good ſenſe, prudence, and every-thing that is good and noble in woman.

Wounded as I think all theſe are by the injuries you have received, you will believe that the knowledge of your diſtreſſes muſt have afflicted, beyond what I am able to expreſs, *your ſincere admirer, and humble ſervant*,

ARTHUR LEWEN.

I juſt now underſtand, that your ſiſter will, by proper authority, propoſe this proſecution to you. I humbly preſume, that the reaſon why you reſolved not upon this ſtep *from the firſt*, was, that you did not know, that it would have the *countenance and ſupport of your relations*.

## LETTER LXVII.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO THE REV. DR. LEWEN.

SAT. AUG. 19.

REV. AND DEAR SIR,

I Thought, till I received your affectionate and welcome letter, that I had neither father, uncle, brother left; nor hardly a friend among my former favourers of your ſex. Yet knowing *you* ſo well, and having no reaſon to upbraid myſelf with a faulty will, I was to blame (even although I had doubted the continuance of your good opinion) to decline the trial whether I had forfeited it or not; and if I had, whether I could not, *honourably*, reinſtate myſelf in it.

But, Sir, it was owing to different cauſes that I did not; partly to *ſhame*, to think how high, in my happier days, I ſtood in your eſteem, and how much I muſt be ſunk in it, ſince thoſe ſo much nearer in relation to me gave me up; partly to *deep diſtreſs*, which makes the humbled heart diffident; and made mine afraid to claim the kindred mind in yours, which would have ſupplied to me, in ſome meaſure, all the dear and loſt relations I have named.

Then, ſo loth, as I ſometimes was, to be thought to want to make a *party* againſt thoſe whom both duty and inclination bid me reverence: ſo long *trailed* on between *hope and doubt*: ſo *little my own miſtreſs* at one time; ſo fearful of *making or cauſing miſchief*, at another; and not being encouraged to hope, by *your kind notice*, that my application to you would be acceptable:—apprehending, that my relations had engaged your *ſilence* at leaſt.

THESE—But why theſe unavailing retroſpections now?—I *was* to be happy—In order to *be* happy; that is my hope!—Reſigning therefore to that hope, I will, without any further preamble, write a few lines (if writing to *you*, I can write *but* a few) in anſwer to the ſubject of your kind letter.

Permit me, then, to ſay, That I believe your arguments would have been unanſwerable in almoſt every *other* caſe of this nature, but in that of the unhappy *Clariſſa Harlowe*.

It is certain, that creatures who cannot ſtand the ſhock of *publick ſhame*, ſhould be doubly careful how they expoſe themſelves to the danger of incurring *private guilt*, which may poſſibly bring them to it. But as to *myſelf*, ſuppoſe there were no objections from the declining

declining way I am in as to my health; and ſuppoſing I could have prevailed upon myſelf to appear againſt this man; were there not room to apprehend, that the end ſo much wiſhed for by my friends (to wit, his condign puniſhment) would not have been obtained, when it came to be ſeen, that I had conſented to give him a clandeſtine meeting; and, in conſequence of that, had been weekly tricked out of myſelf; and further ſtill, had not been able to avoid living under one roof with him for ſeveral weeks; which I did (not only without complaint, but) without *cauſe* of complaint?

Little advantage *in a court* (perhaps, bandied about, and jeſted profligately with) would ſome of thoſe pleas in my favour have been, which *out of court*, and to a *private* and *ſerious* audience, would have carried the greateſt weight againſt him—Such, particularly, as the infamous methods to which he had recourſe.

It would, no doubt, have been a ready retort from every mouth, that I ought not to have thrown myſelf into the power of ſuch a man, and that I ought to take for my pains what had befallen me.

But had the proſecution been carried on to *effect*, and had he even been *ſentenced to death*, can it be ſuppoſed, that his family would not have had intereſt enough to obtain his pardon, for a crime thought too lightly of, though one of the greateſt that can be committed againſt a creature valuing her honour above her life?—While I had been cenſured as purſuing, with ſanguinary views, a man who offered me early all the reparation in his power to make?

And had he been *pardoned*, would he not then have been at liberty to do as much miſchief as ever?

I dare ſay, Sir, ſuch is the aſſurance of the man upon whom my unhappy deſtiny threw me; and ſuch his inveteracy to my family, (which would then have appeared to be juſtified by their known inveteracy to *him*, and by their earneſt endeavours to take away his life;) that he would not have been ſorry to have had an opportunity to confront me, and my father, uncles, and brother, at the bar of a court of juſtice, on ſuch an occaſion. In which caſe, would not (on his acquittal, or pardon) reſentments have been reciprocally heightened? And then would my brother, or my couſin Morden, have been more ſecure than now?

How do theſe conſiderations aggravate my fault!—My motives, at firſt, were not indeed blameable: but I had forgotten the excellent caution, which yet I was not ignorant of, *That we ought not to do evil that good may come of it.*

In full conviction of the purity of my heart, and of the firmneſs of my principles, [Why may I not, thus called upon, ſay what I am conſcious of, and yet without the imputation of faulty pride; ſince all is but a *duty*, and I ſhould be utterly inexcuſeable, could I not juſtly ſay what I do?—In this full conviction] he had offered me marriage. He has avowed his penitence: a *ſincere* penitence I have reaſon to think it, though perhaps not a *Chriſtian* one. And his noble relations, (kinder to the poor ſufferer than her own) on the ſame conviction, and his own not ungenerous acknowledgments, have joined to intercede with me to *forgive* and *accept* of him. Although I cannot comply with the latter part of their interceſſion, have not you, Sir, from the *beſt* rules, and from the *divineſt* example, taught me to forgive injuries?

The injury I have received from him is indeed of the higheſt nature, and it was attended with circumſtances of unmanly baſeneſs, and premeditation; yet, I bleſs God, it has not tainted my mind; it has not hurt my morals. No thanks indeed to the wicked man that it has not. No vile courſes have followed it. My will is unviolated. The evil (reſpecting *myſelf*, and not my *friends*) is merely perſonal. No credulity, no weakneſs, no want of vigilance, have I to reproach myſelf with. I have, through grace, triumphed over the deepeſt machinations. I have eſcaped from him. I have renounced him. The man whom once I could have loved, I have been enabled to deſpiſe: and ſhall not *charity* complete my triumph? And ſhall I not *enjoy* it?—And where would be my triumph, if he *deſerved* my forgiveneſs?—Poor man! He has had a loſs in loſing me! I have the pride to think ſo, becauſe I think I know my own heart. I have had none in loſing him!

But I have *another* plea to make, which alone would have been enough (as I preſume) to anſwer the contents of your very kind and friendly letter.

I know, my dear and reverend friend, the ſpiritual guide and director of my happier days! I know, that you will allow of my endeavour to bring myſelf to this charitable diſpoſition, when I tell you how near I think myſelf to that

great and awful moment, *in* which, and even in the ardent preparation *to* which, every ſenſe of indignity or injury that concerns not the immortal ſoul, ought to be abſorbed in higher and more important contemplations.

Thus much for *myſelf*.

And for the ſatisfaction of my *friends* and *favourers*, Miſs Howe is ſolicitous to have all thoſe letters and materials preſerved, which will ſet my whole ſtory in a true light. The good Dr. Lewen is one of the principal of thoſe friends and favourers.

The warning that may be given from thoſe papers to all ſuch young creatures as may have known or heard of me, may be of more efficacy to the end wiſhed for, as I humbly preſume to think, than my appearance could have been in a court of juſtice, purſuing a doubtful event, under the diſadvantages I have mentioned. And if, my dear and good Sir, you are now, on conſidering every thing, of *this* opinion, and I could *know* it, I ſhould conſider it as a particular felicity; being as ſolicitous as ever to be juſtified in what I may in your eyes.

I am ſorry, Sir, that your indiſpoſition has reduced you to the neceſſity of writing upon your pillow. But how much am I obliged to that kind and generous concern for me, which has *impelled* you, as I may ſay, to write a letter, containing ſo many paternal lines, with ſuch inconvenience to yourſelf!

May the Almighty bleſs you, dear and reverend Sir, for all your goodneſs to me of long time paſt, as well as for that which engages my preſent gratitude! Continue to eſteem me to the laſt, as I do and will venerate you! And let me beſpeak your prayers, the *continuance*, I ſhould ſay, of your prayers; for I doubt not, that I have always had them: and to them, perhaps, has in part been owing, (as well as to your pious precepts inſtilled through my earlier youth) that I have been able to make the ſtand I have made; although every-thing that you prayed for has not been granted to me by that Divine Wiſdom, which knows what is beſt for it's poor creatures.

My prayers for *you* are, That it will pleaſe God to reſtore you to your affectionate flock; and after as many years of life as ſhall be for *His* ſervice, and to *your own* comfort, give us a happy meeting in thoſe regions of bleſſedneſs, which you have taught me, as well by *example*, as by *precept*, to aſpire to!

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

## LETTER LXVIII.

MISS ARABELLA HARLOWE, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

[IN ANSWER TO HERS TO HER UNCLE ANTONY, OF AUG. 13.]

MONDAY, AUG. 21.

SISTER CLARY,

I Find, by your letters to my uncles, that they, as well as I, are in great diſgrace with you for writing our minds to you.

We can't help it, ſiſter Clary.

You don't think it worth your while, I find, a ſecond time to preſs for the bleſſing you pretend to be ſo earneſt about. You think, no doubt, that you have done your duty in aſking for it: ſo you'll ſit down ſatisfied with that, I ſuppoſe, and leave it to your wounded parents to repent hereafter that they have not done *theirs*, in giving it to you, at the *firſt* word; and in making ſuch enquiries about you, as you think ought to have been made. Fine encouragement to enquire after a run-away daughter! living with her fellow, as long as he would live with her! You repent alſo (with your *full mind*, as you modeſtly call it) that you wrote to me.

So we are not likely to be applied to any more, I find, in this way.

Well, then, ſince this is the caſe, ſiſter Clary, let me, *with all humility*, addreſs myſelf with a propoſal or two to you; to which you will be *graciouſly* pleaſed to give an anſwer.

Now you muſt know that we have had hints given us from ſeveral quarters, that you have been uſed in ſuch a manner by the villain you ran away with, that his life would be anſwerable for his crime, if it were fairly to be proved. And by your own hints, ſomething like it appears to us.

If, Clary, there be any thing but jingle and affected period in what proceeds from your *full mind*, and your *dutiful conſciouſneſs*; and if there be truth in what Mrs. Norton and Mrs. Howe have acquainted us with, you may yet juſtify your character to us, and to the world, in every-thing but your ſcandalous elopement; and the law may reach the villain: and could we but bring him to the gallows, what a meritorious revenge would that be to our whole injured family, and to the innocents he has deluded, as well as the ſaving from ruin many others!

Let me, therefore, know, *(if you pleaſe)* whether you are willing to appear to do *yourſelf*, and *us*, and your ſex, this

this juſtice? If *not*, ſiſter Clary, we ſhall know what to think of you; for neither *you* nor *we* can ſuffer more than we have done from the ſcandal of your fall: and if *you will*, Mr. Ackland and Counſellor Derham will both attend you to make *proper enquiries*, and to take minutes of your ſtory, to found a proceſs upon, if it will bear one, with as great a probability of ſucceſs as we are told it may be proſecuted with.

But by what Mrs. Howe intimates, this is not likely to be complied with; for it is what ſhe hinted to you, it ſeems, by her lively daughter, but without effect; and then, again, poſſibly, you may not at preſent behave ſo prudently in ſome certain points, as to entitle yourſelf to publick juſtice; which, if true, the Lord have mercy upon you.

One word only more as to the above propoſal:—Your admirer, Dr. Lewen, is clear in his opinion that you ſhould proſecute the villain.

But if you will not agree to this, I have another propoſal to make to you; and that in the name of every-one in the family; which is, that you will think of going to Penſylvania to reſide there for ſome few years till all is blown over: and, if it pleaſe God to ſpare you, and your unhappy parents, till they can be ſatisfied that you behave like a true and uniform penitent; at leaſt till you are one-and-twenty; you may then come back to your own eſtate, or have the produce of it ſent you thither, as you ſhall chuſe. A period which my father fixes, becauſe it is the *cuſtom*; and becauſe he thinks your *grandfather* ſhould have fixed it; and becauſe, let *me* add, you have fully proved, by your fine conduct, that you were not at years of diſcretion at *eighteen*. Poor doating, though good old man!—Your grandfather, he thought—But I would not be too ſevere.

Mr. Hartley has a widow-ſiſter at Penſylvania, with whom he will undertake you may board, and who is a ſober, ſenſible, well-read woman. And if you were once well there, it would rid your father and mother of a world of cares and fears, and ſcandal; and I think is what you ſhould wiſh for of all things.

Mr. Hartley will engage for all accommodations in your paſſage ſuitable to your rank and fortune; and he has a concern in a ſhip, which will ſail in a month; and you may take your ſecret-keeping Hannah with you, or whom you will of your *newer* acquaintance. 'Tis preſumed that your companions will be of your own ſex.

Theſe are what I had to communicate to you; and if you'll oblige me with an anſwer, (which the hand that conveys this will call for on Wedneſday morning) it will be very condeſcending.

ARABELLA HARLOWE.

## LETTER LXIX.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS ARABELLA HARLOWE.

TUESDAY, AUG. 22.

WRITE to me, my hard-hearted ſiſter, in what manner you pleaſe, I ſhall always be thankful to you for your notice. But (think what you will of me) I cannot ſee Mr. Ackland and the counſellor on ſuch a buſineſs as you mention.

*The Lord have mercy upon me, indeed!* For none elſe will.

Surely I am believed to be a creature paſt all ſhame, or it could not be thought of ſending two *gentlemen* to me on ſuch an errand.

Had my *mother* required of me (or would *modeſty* have permitted *you* to enquire into) the particulars of my ſad ſtory, or had *Mrs. Norton* been directed to receive them from me, methinks it had been more fit: and I preſume to think, that it would have been more in every-one's character too, had they been required of me before ſuch heavy judgment had been paſſed upon me, as has been paſſed.

I *know* that this is Dr. Lewen's opinion. He has been ſo good as to enforce it in a kind letter to me. I have anſwered his letter; and given ſuch reaſons as I hope will ſatisfy *him*. I could wiſh it were thought worth while to requeſt of him a ſight of my anſwer.*

To your other propoſal, of going to Penſylvania; this is my anſwer—If nothing happen within a month which may full as effectually rid my parents and friends of that world of cares, and fears, and ſcandals, which you mention, and if I am *then* able to be carried on board a ſhip, I will cheerfully obey my father and mother, although I were ſure to die in the paſſage. And, if I

* Her letter containing the reaſons ſhe refers to, was not aſked for; and Dr. Lewen's death, which fell out ſoon after he had received it, was the reaſon that it was not communicated to the family, till it was too late to do the ſervice that might have been hoped for from it.

may be forgiven for ſaying ſo, (for indeed it proceeds not from a ſpirit of repriſal) you ſhall ſet over me, inſtead of my poor obliging, but really unculpable Hannah, your Betty Barnes; to whom I will be anſwerable for all my conduct. And I will make it worth her while to accompany me.

I am equally ſurprized and concerned at the hints which both you and my uncle Antony give of *new* points of miſbehaviour in me!—What can be meant by them?

I will not tell you, Miſs Harlowe, how much I am afflicted at your ſeverity, and how much I ſuffer by it, and by your hard-hearted levity of ſtile, becauſe what I ſhall ſay may be conſtrued into *jingle* and *period*, and becauſe I know it is *intended*, very poſſibly, for *kind* ends, to mortify me. All I will therefore ſay, is, that it does not loſe it's end, if that be it.

But, nevertheleſs, (diveſting myſelf as much as poſſible of all reſentment) I will only pray, that Heaven will give you, for *your own* ſake, a kinder heart than at preſent you ſeem to have; ſince a kind heart, I am convinced, is a greater bleſſing to it's poſſeſſor, than it can be to any other perſon. Under this conviction, I ſubſcribe myſelf, my dear Bella, *your ever-affectionate ſiſter*,

CL. HARLOWE.

## LETTER LXX.

MRS. NORTON, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

[IN ANSWER TO HERS OF THURSDAY, AUGUST 17.]

TUESDAY, AUG. 22.

MY DEAREST YOUNG LADY,

THE letters you ſent me, I now return by the hand that brings you this.

It is impoſſible for me to expreſs how much I have been affected by them, and by your laſt of the 17th. Indeed, my dear Miſs Clary, you are very harſhly uſed; indeed you are! And if you ſhould be taken from us, what grief and what puniſhment are they not treaſuring up againſt themſelves in the heavy reflections which their raſh cenſures and unforgivingneſs will occaſion them!

But I find to what your uncle Antony's cruel letter is owing, as well as one you will be ſtill more afflicted by, [God help you, my poor dear child!] when it comes to your hand, written by your ſiſter, with propoſals to you.

It was finiſhed to ſend you yeſterday, I know; and I apprize you of it, that you ſhould fortify your heart againſt the contents of it.

The motives, which incline them all to this ſeverity, if well grounded, would authorize any ſeverity they could expreſs, and which, while they believe them to be ſo, both they and you are to be equally pitied.

They are owing to the information of that officious Mr. Brand, who has acquainted them, (from ſome enemy of yours in the neighbourhood about you) that viſits are made you, highly cenſurable, by a man of a free character, and an intimate of Mr. Lovelace; who is often in private with you; ſometimes twice or thrice a-day.

Betty gives herſelf great liberties of ſpeech upon this occaſion, and all your friends are too ready to believe, that things are not as they ſhould be; which makes me wiſh, that, let the gentleman's views be ever ſo honourable, you could entirely drop acquaintance with him.

Something of this nature was hinted at by Betty to me before, but ſo darkly, that I could not tell what to make of it; and this made me mention it to you ſo *generally*, as I did in my laſt.

Your couſin Morden has been among them. He is exceedingly concerned for your misfortunes; and as they will not believe Mr. Lovelace would marry you, he is determined to go to Lord M.'s, in order to inform himſelf, from Mr. Lovelace's own mouth, whether he intends to do you that juſtice or not.

He was extremely careſſed by everyone at his firſt arrival; but I am told there is ſome little coldneſs between them and him at preſent.

I was in hopes of getting a ſight of this letter of Mr. Brand, (a raſh officious man!) but it ſeems Mr. Morden had it given him yeſterday to read, and he took it away with him.

God be your comfort, my dear Miſs! But indeed I am exceedingly diſturbed at the thoughts of what may ſtill be the iſſue of all theſe things. I am, my beloved young lady, *your moſt affectionate and faithful*

JUDITH NORTON.

## LETTER LXXI.

MRS. NORTON, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

TUESDAY, AUG. 22.

AFTER I had ſealed up the incloſed, I had the honour of a private viſit from

from your aunt Hervey; who has been in a very low-ſpirited way, and kept her chamber for ſeveral weeks paſt; and is but juſt got abroad.

She longed, ſhe ſaid, to ſee me, and to weep with me, on the hard fate that had befallen her beloved niece.

I will give you a faithful account of what paſſed between us; as I expect that it will, upon the whole, adminiſter hope and comfort to you.

She pitied very much your good mother, who, ſhe aſſured me, is obliged to act a part entirely contrary to her inclinations; as ſhe herſelf, ſhe owns, had been in a great meaſure.

She ſaid, that the poor lady was with great difficulty withheld from anſwering your letter to her; which had (as was your aunt's expreſſion) almoſt broken the heart of every-one: that ſhe had reaſon to think, that ſhe was neither conſenting to your two uncles writing, nor approving of what they wrote.

She is ſure they all love you dearly; but have gone ſo far, that they know not how to recede.

That, but for the *abominable league* which your brother had got every-body into, (he refuſing to ſet out for Scotland till it was renewed, and till they had all promiſed to take no ſtep towards a reconciliation in his abſence but by his conſent; and to which your ſiſter's reſentments kept them up;) all would, before now, have happily ſubſided.

That nobody knew the pangs which their inflexible behaviour gave them, ever ſince you had begun to write to them in ſo affecting and humble a ſtile.

That, however, they were not inclined to believe that you were either ſo ill, or ſo penitent, as you really are; and ſtill leſs, that Mr. Lovelace is in earneſt in his offers of marriage.

She is ſure, however, ſhe ſays, that all will ſoon be well: and the ſooner for Mr. Morden's arrival: who is very zealous in your behalf.

She wiſhed to Heaven, that you would accept of Mr. Lovelace, wicked as he has been, if he were now in earneſt.

It had always, ſhe ſaid, been matter of aſtoniſhment to her, that ſo weak a pride in her couſin James, of making himſelf the *whole family*, ſhould induce them all to refuſe an alliance with ſuch a family as Mr. Lovelace's was.

She would have it, that your going off with Mr. Lovelace, was the unhappieſt ſtep for your honour and your intereſt that could have been taken; for that although you would have had a ſevere trial the next day, yet it would probably have been the *laſt*; and your pathetick powers muſt have drawn you off ſome friends—hinting at your mother, at your uncle Harlowe, at your uncle Hervey, and herſelf.

But here (that the regret that you did not truſt to the event of that meeting, may not, in your preſent low way, too much afflict you) I muſt obſerve, that it ſeems a little too evident, even from this opinion of your aunt's, that it was not abſolutely determined that all compulſion was deſigned to be avoided, ſince your freedom from it muſt have been owing to the party to be made among them by your perſuaſive eloquence and dutiful expoſtulation.

She owned, that ſome of them were as much afraid of meeting you, as you could be of meeting them:—but why ſo, if they deſigned, in the laſt inſtance, to give you your way?

Your aunt told me, that Mrs. Williams had been with her, and aſked her opinion if it would be taken amiſs, if ſhe deſired leave to go up, to attend her *deareſt young lady in her calamity*. Your aunt referred her to your mother: but had heard no more of it.

Her daughter, (Miſs Dolly) ſhe ſaid, had been frequently earneſt with her on the ſame ſubject; and renewed her requeſt with the greateſt fervour when your firſt letter came to hand.

Your aunt ſays, that ſhe then being very ill, wrote to your mother upon it, hoping it would not be taken amiſs, if ſhe permitted Miſs Dolly to go; but that your ſiſter, as from your mother, anſwered her, that now you ſeemed to be coming to, and to have a due ſenſe of your faults, you muſt be left entirely to their own management.

Miſs Dolly, ſhe ſaid, had pined ever ſince ſhe had heard of Mr. Lovelace's baſeneſs; being doubly mortified by it: firſt, on account of your ſufferings; next, becauſe ſhe was one who rejoiced in your getting off, and vindicated you for it: and had incurred cenſure and ill-will on that account; eſpecially from your brother and ſiſter; ſo that ſhe ſeldom went to Harlowe Place.

Make the beſt uſe of theſe intelligences, my deareſt young lady, for your conſolation.

I will only add, that I am, with the moſt fervent prayers for your recovery and reſtoration to favour, *your ever-faithful*

JUDITH NORTON.

LETTER

## LETTER LXXII.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MRS. JUDITH NORTON.

THURSDAY, AUG. 24.

THE relation of ſuch a converſation as paſſed between my aunt and you, would have given me pleaſure, had it come ſome time ago; becauſe it would have met with a ſpirit more induſtrious than mine *now* is, to pick out remote comfort in the hope of a favourable turn that might one day have rewarded my patient duty.

I did not doubt my aunt's good-will to me. Her affection I did not doubt. But ſhall we wonder that kings and princes meet with ſo little controul in their paſſions, be they ever ſo violent, when in a private family, an aunt, nay even a mother in that family, ſhall chuſe to give up a once favoured child againſt their own inclinations, rather than oppoſe an aſpiring young man, who had armed himſelf with the authority of a father, who, when once determined, never would be expoſtulated with?

And will you not *blame* me, if I ſay, that good ſenſe, that kindred indulgence, muſt be a little offended at the treatment I have met with; and if I own, that I think, that great rigour has been exerciſed towards me! And yet I am now authorized to call it *rigour* by the judgment of two excellent ſiſters, my mother and my aunt, who acknowledge (as you tell me from my aunt) that they have been obliged to join againſt me, contrary to their inclinations; and that, even in a point which might ſeem to concern my eternal welfare.

But I muſt not go on at this rate. For may not the inclination my mother has given up, be the effect of a too fond indulgence, rather than that I merit the indulgence? And yet ſo petulantly perverſe am I, that I muſt tear myſelf from the ſubject.

All then that I will ſay further to it, at this time, is, that were the intended goodneſs to be granted to me but a week hence, it would poſſibly be too late—Too late, I mean, to be of the conſolation to me, that I would wiſh from it: for what an inefficacious preparation muſt I have been making, if it has not, by this time, carried me above—But above what?—Poor miſtaken creature! Unhappy ſelf-deluder! that finds herſelf above nothing! Not able to ſubdue her own faulty impatience!

But in-*deed* to have done with a ſubject, that I dare not truſt myſelf with; if it comes in your way, let my aunt Hervey, let my dear couſin Dolly, let the worthy Mrs. Williams, know, how exceedingly grateful to me their kind intentions and concern for me are: and, as the beſt warrant or juſtification of their good opinions, (ſince I know that their favour of me is founded on the belief that I loved virtue) tell them, that I *continued* to love virtue to my laſt hour, as I preſume to hope it may be ſaid; and aſſure them, that I never made the leaſt *wilful* deviation, however unhappy I became for one faulty ſtep; which nevertheleſs was not owing to unworthy or perverſe motives.

I am very ſorry, that my couſin Morden has taken a reſolution to ſee Mr. Lovelace.

My apprehenſions on this intelligence are a great abatement to the pleaſure I have in knowing that he ſtill loves me.

My ſiſter's letter to me is a moſt affecting one—So *needleſsly*, ſo *ludicrouſly* taunting!—But for that part of it that is ſo, I ought rather to pity her, than to be ſo much concerned at it as I am.

I wonder what I have done to Mr. Brand—I pray God to forgive both him and his informants, whoever they be. But if the ſcandal ariſe ſolely from Mr. Belford's viſits, a very little time will confute it. Meanwhile the packet I ſhall ſend you, which I ſent to Miſs Howe, will, I hope, ſatisfy *you*, my dear Mrs. Norton, as to my reaſons for admitting his viſits.

My ſiſter's taunting letter, and the inflexibleneſs of my dear friends—But how do remoter-begun ſubjects tend to the point which lies neareſt the heart! —As new-caught bodily diſorders all croud to a fractured or diſtempered part.

I will break off, with requeſting your prayers, that I be bleſſed with patience and due reſignation; and with aſſuring you, that I am, and will be, to the laſt hour of my life, *your equally grateful and affectionate* CL. HARLOWE.

## LETTER LXXIII.

MISS HOWE, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

[IN REPLY TO HERS OF FRIDAY, AUG. 11.]

YARMOUTH, ISLE OF WIGHT, AUG. 23.

MY DEAREST FRIEND,

I Have read the letters, and copies of letters, you favoured me with: and I return them by a particular hand.

I am

I am extremely concerned at your indifferent ſtate of health: but I approve of all your proceedings and precautions in relation to the appointment of Mr. Belford for an office, in which, I hope, neither he nor any-body elſe will be wanted to act, for many, very many years.

I admire, and ſo we do all, that greatneſs of mind which can make you ſo ſtedfaſtly deſpiſe (through ſuch inducements as no other woman could reſiſt, and in ſuch deſolate circumſtances as you have been reduced to) the wretch that ought to be ſo heartily deſpiſed and deteſted.

What muſt the contents of thoſe letters from your relations be, which you will not communicate to me!—Fie upon them! How my heart riſes!—But I dare ſay no more—Though you yourſelf now begin to think they uſe you with great ſeverity.

Every-body here is ſo taken with Mr. Hickman, (and the more from the horror they conceive at the character of the deteſtable Lovelace) that I have been teazed to death almoſt to name a day. This has given him airs; and, did I not keep him to it, he would behave as careleſsly and as inſolently as if he were ſure of me. I have been forced to mortify him no leſs than four times ſince we have been here.

I made him lately undergo a ſevere penance for ſome negligences that were not to be paſſed over: not *deſigned* ones, he ſaid: but that was a poor excuſe, as I told him: for, had they been *deſigned*, he ſhould never have come into my preſence more: that they were *not*, ſhewed his want of thought and attention; and thoſe were inexcuſable in a man only in his probatory ſtate.

He hoped he had been more than in a *probatory* ſtate, he ſaid.

'And therefore, Sir, might be more '*careleſs!*—So you add *ingratitude* to '*negligence*, and make what you plead as '*accident*, that *itſelf* wants an excuſe, *de*'*ſign*, which deſerves none.'

I would not ſee him for two days, and he was ſo penitent, and ſo humble, that I had like to have loſt myſelf, to make him amends: for, as you have ſaid, a reſentment carried too high, often ends in an amends too humble.

I long to be nearer to you: but that muſt not yet be, it ſeems. Pray, my dear, let me hear from you as often as you can.

May Heaven increaſe your comforts, and reſtore your health, are the prayers of *your ever faithful and affectionate*

ANNA HOWE.

*P. S.* Excuſe me that I did not write before: it was owing to a little coaſting voyage I was obliged to give into.

## LETTER LXXIV.

### MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE.

FRIDAY, AUG. 25.

YOU are very obliging, my dear Miſs Howe, to account to me for your ſilence. I was eaſy in it, as I doubted not, that among ſuch near and dear friends as you are with, you was diverted from writing by ſome ſuch agreeable excurſion, as that you mention.

I was in hopes that you had given over, at this time of day, thoſe very ſprightly airs, which I have taken the liberty to blame you for, as often as you have given me occaſion to do ſo; and that has been *very* often.

I was always very grave with you upon this ſubject: and while your own and a worthy man's future happineſs are in the queſtion, I muſt enter into it, whenever you forget yourſelf, although I had not a day to live: and indeed I am very ill.

I am ſure it was not your intention to take your future huſband with you to the little iſland, to make him look weak and ſilly among thoſe of your relations, who never before had ſeen him. Yet do you think it poſſible for them (however prepared and reſolved they may be to like him) to forbear ſmiling at him, when they ſee him ſuffering under your whimſical penances? A modeſt man ſhould no more be made little in *his own eyes*, than in the eyes of *others*. If he be, he will have a diffidence, which will give an aukwardneſs to everything he ſays or does: and this will be no more to the credit of your choice, than to that of the approbation he meets with from your friends, or to his own credit.

I love an obliging, and even an *humble* deportment in a man to the woman he addreſſes. It is a mark of his politeneſs, and tends to give her that opinion of herſelf, which it may be ſuppoſed baſhful merit wants to be inſpired with. But if the woman exacts it with an high hand, ſhe ſhews not either her

own politeneſs or gratitude; although I muſt confeſs ſhe does her courage. I gave you expectation that I would be very ſerious with you.

O, my dear, that it had been my lot (as I was not permitted to live ſingle) to have met with a man by whom I could have acted generouſly and unreſervedly!

Mr. Lovelace, it is now plain, in order to have a pretence againſt me, taxed my behaviour to him with ſtiffneſs and diſtance. You, at one time, thought me guilty of ſome degree of prudery. Difficult ſituations ſhould be allowed for; which often make ſeeming occaſions for cenſure unavoidable. I deſerved not blame from *him* who made mine difficult. And you, my dear, had I had any other man to deal with, or had he had but half the merit which Mr. Hickman has, would have found that my doctrine on this ſubject ſhould have governed my practice.

But to put myſelf out of the queſtion —I'll tell you what I ſhould think, were I an indifferent by-ſtander, of thoſe high airs of yours, in return for Mr. Hickman's humble demeanour. 'The lady thinks of having the gen-'tleman, I ſee plainly,' would I ſay. 'But I ſee, *as* plainly, that ſhe has a 'very great indifference to him. And 'to what may this indifference be ow-'ing? To one or all of theſe conſidera-'tions, no doubt: that ſhe receives his 'addreſſes rather from motives of con-'venience than choice: that ſhe thinks 'meanly of his endowments and intel-'lects; at leaſt more highly of *her own*: 'or, ſhe has not the generoſity to uſe 'that power with moderation, which his 'great affection for her puts into her 'hands.'

How would you like, my dear, to have any of theſe things ſaid?

Then to give but the ſhadow of a reaſon for free-livers and free-ſpeakers to ſay; or to imagine, that Miſs Howe gives her hand to a man who has no reaſon to expect any ſhare in her heart, I am ſure you would not wiſh that ſuch a thing ſhould be ſo much as ſuppoſed. Then all the regard from you to come *afterwards*; none to be ſhewn *before*; muſt, I ſhould think, be capable of being conſtrued as a compliment to the *huſband* made at the expence of the *wife's* and even of the ſex's *delicacy*.

There is no fear that attempts could be formed by the moſt audacious [Two Lovelace's there cannot be!] upon a character ſo revered for virtue, and ſo charmingly ſpirited, as Miſs Howe's; yet, to have any man encouraged to deſpiſe a huſband by the example of one who is moſt concerned to do him honour; what, my dear, think you of that? It is but too natural for envious men (and who that knows Miſs Howe, will not envy Mr. Hickman!) to ſcoff at, and to jeſt upon, thoſe who are treated with, or will bear indignity from a woman.

If a man ſo treated have a true and ardent love for the woman he addreſſes, he will be eaſily over-awed by her diſpleaſure: and this will put him upon acts of ſubmiſſion, which will be called *meanneſs*. And what woman of true ſpirit would like to have it ſaid, that ſhe would impoſe any-thing upon the man from whom ſhe one day expects protection and defence, that ſhould be capable of being conſtrued as a meanneſs, or unmanly abjectneſs in his behaviour, even to herſelf?—Nay, I am not ſure, and I aſk it of you, my dear, to reſolve me, whether, in your own opinion, it is not likely, that a woman of ſpirit will *deſpiſe* rather than *value* more, the man who will take patiently an inſult at her hands; eſpecially *before company*.

I have always obſerved, that prejudices in *diſfavour* of a perſon at his firſt appearance, fix deeper, and are much more difficult to be removed *when* fixed, than prejudices in *favour*: whether owing to envy, or to that malignant principle ſo eminently viſible in little minds, which makes them wiſh to bring down the more worthy characters to their own low level, I pretend not to determine. When once, therefore, a woman of your good ſenſe gives room to the world to think ſhe has not an high opinion of the *lover*, whom, nevertheleſs, ſhe *entertains*, it will be very difficult for her afterwards, to make that world think ſo well as ſhe would have it, of the *huſband* ſhe has choſen.

Give me leave to obſerve, that to condeſcend with *dignity*, and to command with ſuch *kindneſs*, and *ſweetneſs of manners*, as ſhould let the condeſcenſion, while in a ſingle ſtate, be ſeen and acknowledged, are points, which a wiſe woman, *knowing her man*, ſhould aim at: and a wiſe woman, I ſhould think, would chuſe to live ſingle all her life rather than give herſelf to a man whom ſhe thinks unworthy of a treatment ſo noble.

But when a woman lets her lover ſee, that ſhe has the generoſity to approve

prove of and reward a well-meant ſervice; that ſhe has a mind that lifts her above the little captious follies, which ſome (too licentiouſly, I hope) attribute to the ſex in general: that ſhe reſents not (if ever ſhe thinks ſhe has reaſon to be diſpleaſed) with petulance, or through pride: nor thinks it neceſſary to inſiſt upon little points, to come at or ſecure great ones, perhaps not proper to be aimed at: nor leaves room to ſuppoſe ſhe has ſo much cauſe to doubt her own merit, as to put the love of the man ſhe intends to favour, upon diſagreeable or arrogant trials: but lets reaſon be the principal guide of her actions—She will then never fail of that true reſpect, of that ſincere veneration, which ſhe wiſhes to meet with; and which will make her judgment after marriage conſulted, ſometimes with a *preference* to a man's own; at other times, as a delightful *confirmation* of his.

And ſo much, my beloved Miſs Howe, for this ſubject *now*, and I dare ſay *for ever!*

I will begin another letter by-and-by, and ſend both together. Mean time, I am, *&c.*

## LETTER LXXV.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE.

*IN this letter the lady acquaints Miſs Howe with Mr. Brand's report; with her ſiſter's propoſals either that ſhe will go abroad, or proſecute Mr. Lovelace. She complains of the ſevere letters of her uncle Antony and her ſiſter; but in milder terms than they deſerved.*

*She ſends her Dr. Lewen's letter, and the copy of her anſwer to it.*

*She tells her of the difficulties ſhe had been under to avoid ſeeing Mr. Lovelace. She gives her the contents of the letter ſhe wrote to him to divert him from his propoſed viſit: ſhe is afraid, ſhe ſays, that it is a ſtep that is not ſtrictly right, if allegory or metaphor be not allowable to one in her circumſtances.*

*She informs her of her couſin Morden's arrival and readineſs to take her part with her relations; of his deſigned interview with Mr. Lovelace; and tells her what her apprehenſions are upon it.*

*She gives her the purport of the converſation between her aunt Hervey and Mrs. Norton. And then adds:*

BUT were they ever ſo favourably inclined to me now, what can they do for me? I wiſh, and that for their ſakes more than for my own, that they would yet relent—But I am very ill—I muſt drop my pen—A ſudden faintneſs overſpreads my heart—Excuſe my crooked writing!—Adieu, my dear!—Adieu!

THREE O'CLOCK, FRIDAY.

ONCE more, I reſume my pen. I thought I had taken my laſt farewel of you. I never was ſo very oddly affected: ſomething that ſeemed totally to overwhelm my faculties—I don't know how to deſcribe it—I believe I do amiſs in writing ſo much, and taking too much upon me: but an active mind, though clouded by bodily illneſs, cannot be idle.

I'll ſee if the air, and a diſcontinued attention, will help me. But if it will not, don't be concerned for me, my dear. I ſhall be happy. Nay, I am more ſo already, than of late I thought I could ever be in this life.—Yet how this *body* clogs!—How it encumbers!

SEVEN O'CLOCK.

I COULD not ſend this letter away with ſo melancholy an ending, as *you* would have thought it. So I deferred cloſing it, till I ſaw how it ſhould be on my return from my airing: and now I muſt ſay, I am quite another thing: ſo alert!—that I could proceed with as much ſpirit as I began, and add more preachment to your lively ſubject, if I had not written more than enough upon it already.

I wiſh you would let me give you and Mr. Hickman joy. Do, my dear. I ſhould take ſome to *myſelf*, if you would.

My reſpectful compliments to all your friends, as well to thoſe I have the honour to know, as to thoſe I do not know.

I HAVE juſt now been ſurpriſed with a letter from one whom I long ago gave up all thoughts of hearing from. From Mr. Wyerley. I will incloſe it. You'll be ſurpriſed at it, as much as I was. This ſeems to be a man whom I *might* have reclaimed. But I could not love him. Yet I hope I never treated him with arrogance. Indeed, my dear, if I am not too partial to myſelf, I think I refuſed him with more gentleneſs, than you retain ſomebody elſe. And this recollection gives me leſs pain than I ſhould have had in the other caſe, on receiving this inſtance of a generoſity that affects me. I will alſo incloſe the

rough draught of my anſwer, as ſoon as I have tranſcribed it.

If I begin another ſheet, I ſhall write to the end of it: wherefore I will only add, my prayers for your honour and proſperity, and for a long, long, happy life; and that, when it comes to be wound up, you may be as calm and as eaſy at quitting it, as I hope in God I ſhall be. I am, and will be, to the lateſt moment, *your truly affectionate and obliged ſervant,*

CL. HARLOWE.

## LETTER LXXVI.

MR. WYERLEY, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 23.

DEAREST MADAM,

YOU will be ſurpriſed to find renewed, at this diſtance of time, an addreſs ſo poſitively, though ſo politely diſcouraged: but, however it be received, I *muſt* renew it. Every-body has heard, that you have been vilely treated by a man, who, to treat *you* ill, muſt be the vileſt of men. Every-body knows your juſt reſentment of his baſe treatment: that you are determined never to be reconciled to him: and that you perſiſt in theſe ſentiments againſt all the entreaties of his noble relations, againſt all the prayers and repentance of his ignoble ſelf. And all the world that have the honour to know *you*, or have heard of *him*, applaud your reſolution, as worthy of yourſelf; worthy of your virtue, and of that ſtrict honour which was always attributed to you by every one who ſpoke of you.

But, Madam, were all the world to have been of a different opinion, it could never have altered mine. I ever loved you; I ever *muſt* love you. Yet have I endeavoured to reſign to my hard fate. When I had ſo many ways, in vain, ſought to move you in my favour, I ſat down ſeemingly contented. I even wrote to you, that I *would* ſit down contented. And I endeavoured to make all my friends and companions think I was. But nobody knows what pangs this ſelf-denial coſt me! In vain did the chace, in vain did travel, in vain did lively company offer themſelves, and were embraced in their turn; with redoubled force did my paſſion for you renew my unhappineſs, when I looked into myſelf, into my own heart; for there did your charming image ſit enthroned; and you engroſſed me all.

I truly deplore thoſe misfortunes, and thoſe ſufferings, for your *own* ſake! which, nevertheleſs, encourage *me* to renew my bold hope. I know not particulars. I dare not enquire after them; becauſe my ſufferings would be increaſed with the knowledge of what *yours* have been. I therefore deſire not to know more than what common report wounds my ears with; and what is given me to know, by your abſence from your cruel family, and from the ſacred place, where I, among numbers of your rejected admirers, uſed to be twice a week ſure to behold you doing credit to that ſervice of which your example gave me the higheſt notions. But whatever be thoſe misfortunes, of whatſoever nature thoſe ſufferings, I ſhall bleſs the occaſion for *my own* ſake, (though for *yours* curſe the author of them) if they may give me the happineſs to know, that this my renewed addreſs may not be abſolutely rejected.—Only give me hope, that it may one day meet with encouragement, if in the interim nothing happen, either in my morals or behaviour, to give you freſh offence. Give me but hope of this—Not abſolutely to *reject* me is all the hope I aſk for; and I will love you, if poſſible, ſtill more than I ever loved you—And that for your ſufferings; for well you deſerve to be loved, even to adoration, who can, for honour's and for virtue's ſake, ſubdue a paſſion which common ſpirits [I ſpeak by cruel experience] find invincible; and this at a time when the black offender kneels and ſupplicates, as I am well aſſured he does, (all his friends likewiſe ſupplicating for him) to be forgiven.

That you cannot forgive him, not forgive him ſo as to receive him again into favour, is no wonder. His offence is againſt virtue: this is a part of your eſſence. What magnanimity is this! How juſt to yourſelf, and to your ſpotleſs character! Is it any merit to admire more than ever a lady who can ſo exaltedly diſtinguiſh? It is not. I cannot plead it.

What hope have I left, may it be ſaid, when my addreſs was *before* rejected, now, that your ſufferings, ſo *nobly borne*, have, with all *good judges*, exalted your character? Yet, Madam, I have to pride myſelf in this, that while your friends (not looking upon you in the juſt light I do) perſecute and baniſh you; while your eſtate is withheld from you, and threatened (as I *know*) to *be* witheld, as long as the chicaning

chicaning law, or rather the chicaneries of it's practiſers, can keep it from you. While you are deſtitute of protection; every-body ſtanding aloof, either through fear of the injurer of one family, or of the hard-hearted of the other; I pride myſelf, I ſay, to ſtand forth, and offer my fortune, and my life, at your devotion. With a *ſelfiſh* hope, indeed: I ſhould be too great an hypocrite not to own this! And I know how much you abhor inſincerity.

But, whether you encourage that hope or not, accept my beſt ſervices, I beſeech you, Madam: and be pleaſed to excuſe me for a piece of honeſt art, which the nature of the caſe (doubting the honour of your notice otherwiſe) makes me chuſe to conclude with —It is this:

If I am ſtill to be the moſt unhappy of men, let your pen by *one line* tell me ſo. If I am permitted to indulge a hope, however diſtant, your *ſilence* ſhall be deemed by me, the happieſt indication of it that you can give—Except that *ſtill* happier—(the happieſt that *can* befal me) a ſignification that you will accept the tender of that life and fortune, which it would be my pride and my glory to ſacrifice in your ſervice, leaving the reward to *yourſelf*.

Be your determination as it may, I muſt for ever admire and love you. Nor will I ever change my condition, while you live, whether you change yours or not: for, having once had the preſumption to addreſs *you*, I cannot ſtoop to think of any other woman: and this I ſolemnly declare in the preſence of that God, whom I daily pray to bleſs and protect you, be your determination what it will with regard to, deareſt Madam, *your moſt devoted and ever-affectionate and faithful ſervant*,

ALEXANDER WYERLEY.

## LETTER LXXVII.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO ALEXANDER WYERLEY, ESQ.

SIR, SATURDAY, AUG. 26.

THE generoſity of your purpoſe would have commanded not only my notice, but my thanks, although you had *not* given me the alternative you are pleaſed to call *artful*. And I do therefore give you my thanks for your kind letter.

At the time you diſtinguiſhed me by your favourable opinion, I told you, Sir, that my choice was the ſingle life. And moſt *truly* did I tell you ſo.

When that was not permitted me, and I looked round upon the ſeveral gentlemen who had been propoſed to me, and had reaſon to believe that there was not one of them againſt whoſe morals or principles there lay not *ſome* exception, it would not have been *much* to be wondered at, if FANCY *had* been allowed to give a preference, where JUDGMENT was at a loſs to determine.

Far be it from me to ſay this with a deſign to upbraid you, Sir, or to reflect upon you. I always wiſhed you well. You had reaſon to think I did. You had the generoſity to be pleaſed with the frankneſs of my behaviour to you; as I had with that of yours to me: and I am ſorry, very ſorry, to be now told, that the acquieſcence you obliged me with, gave you ſo much pain.

Had the option I have mentioned been allowed me *afterwards*, (as I not only wiſhed but propoſed) things had not happened that did happen. But there was a kind of fatality by which our whole family was impelled, as I may ſay; and which none of us were permitted to avoid. But this is a ſubject that cannot be dwelt upon.

As matters are, I have only to wiſh, for your own ſake, that you will encourage and cultivate thoſe good motions in your mind, to which many paſſages in your kind and generous letter, now before me, muſt be owing. Depend upon it, Sir, that ſuch motions wrought into habit, will yield you pleaſure at a *time* when nothing elſe can. And at *preſent*, ſhining out in your actions and converſation, will commend you to the worthieſt of our ſex. For, Sir, the man who is good upon *choice*, as well as by *education*, has that in himſelf, which ennobles the human race, and without which the moſt dignified by birth or rank are ignoble.

As to the reſolution you ſolemnly make not to marry while I live, I ſhould be concerned at it, were I not morally ſure, that you may keep it and yet not be detrimented by it: ſince a few, a very few days, will convince you, that I am got above all human dependence; and that there is no need of that protection and favour, which you ſo generouſly offer to, Sir, *your obliged well-wiſher, and humble ſervant*,

CL. HARLOWE.

LETTER

## LETTER LXXVIII.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

MONDAY NOON, AUG. 28.

ABOUT the time of poor Belton's interment laſt night, as near as we could gueſs, Lord M. Mowbray, and myſelf, toaſted once, '*To the memory of* '*honeſt Tom Belton*;' and by a quick tranſition to the living, '*Health to Miſs Har-*'*lowe*;' which Lord M. obligingly began, and, '*To the happy reconciliation*;' and then we ſtuck in a remembrance, '*To honeſt Jack Belford*,' who, of late, we all agreed, is become an uſeful and humane man; and one who prefers his friend's ſervice to his own.

But what is the meaning I hear nothing from thee? And why doſt thou not let me into the grounds of the ſudden reconciliation between my beloved and her friends, and the cauſe of the generous invitation which ſhe gives us of attending her at her father's ſome time hence?

Thou muſt certainly have been let into the ſecret by this time; and I can tell thee, I ſhall be plaguy jealous if there be any one thing paſs between my angel and thee, that is to be concealed from me. For either I am a principal in this cauſe, or I am nothing.

I have diſpatched Will to know the reaſon of thy neglect.

But, let me whiſper a word or two in thy ear. I begin to be afraid, after all, that this letter was a ſtratagem to get me out of town, and for nothing elſe: for, in the firſt place, Tourville, in a letter I received this morning, tells me, that the lady is actually very ill. [I am ſorry for it with all my ſoul!] This, thou'lt ſay, I may think a reaſon why ſhe cannot *ſet out as yet*: but then I have heard, on the other hand, but laſt night, that the family is as implacable as ever; and my lord and I expect this very afternoon a viſit from Colonel Morden; who undertakes, it ſeems, to queſtion me as to my intention with regard to his couſin.

This convinces me, that if ſhe *has* apprized her friends of my offers to her, they will not believe me to be in earneſt, till they are aſſured that I am ſo from my own mouth. But then I underſtand, that the intended viſit is an officiouſneſs of Morden's own, without the deſire of any of her friends.

Now, Jack, what can a man make of all this? My intelligence as to the continuance of her family's implacableneſs is not to be doubted; and yet when I read her letter, what can one ſay!—Surely, the dear little rogue will not lye!

I never knew her diſpenſe with her word, but once: and that was, when ſhe promiſed to forgive me after the dreadful fire that had like to have happened at our mother's, and yet would not ſee me the next day, and afterwards made her eſcape to Hampſtead, in order to avoid forgiving me: and as ſhe ſeverely ſmarted for this departure from her honour given, (for it is a ſad thing for good people to break their word when it is in their power to keep it) one would not expect, that ſhe ſhould ſet about deceiving again; more eſpecially by the *premeditation of writing*. Thou, perhaps, wilt aſk, 'What honeſt man 'is obliged to keep his promiſe with a 'highwayman!' for well I know thy unmannerly way of making compariſons: but I ſay, *every* honeſt man is—And I will give thee an illuſtration.

Here is a marauding varlet, who demands your money, with a piſtol at your breaſt. You have neither money nor valuable effects about you; and promiſe ſolemnly, if he will ſpare your life, that you will ſend him an agreed upon ſum, by ſuch a day, to ſuch a place.

The queſtion is, if your life is not in the fellow's power?

How he came by the power is another queſtion; for which he muſt anſwer with *his* life when caught—So he runs riſque for riſque.

Now if he give you *your life*, does he not give, think you, a valuable conſideration for the money you engage your honour to ſend him! If not, the ſum muſt be exorbitant, or your life is a very paltry one, even in your own opinion.

I need not make the application; and I am ſure, that even thou thyſelf, who never ſpareſt me, and thinkeſt thou knoweſt *my* heart by *thy own*, canſt not poſſibly put the caſe in a ſtronger light againſt me.

Then, why do good people take upon themſelves to cenſure, as they do, perſons *leſs* ſcrupulous than themſelves? Is it not becauſe the latter allow themſelves in *any* liberty, in order to carry a point? And can my not doing *my* duty, warrant another for not doing *his*?—Thou wilt not ſay it can.

And how would it ſound, to put the caſe as ſtrongly, once more, as my greateſt enemy would put it, both as to *fact* and in *words*—'Here has that pro-'fligate wretch Lovelace broken his vow 'with and deceived Miſs Clariſſa Har-'lowe.—A vile fellow!' would an ene-

my

my ſay: 'but it is *like* him.' But when it comes to be ſaid, that the pious Clariſſa has broken her word with and deceived Lovelace; 'Good Lord!' would every one ſay, 'Sure it cannot be!'

Upon my ſoul, Jack, ſuch is the veneration I have for this admirable woman, that I am ſhocked barely at putting the caſe—And ſo wilt thou, if thou reſpecteſt her as thou oughteſt: for thou knoweſt, that men and women, all the world over, form their opinions of one another, by each perſon's profeſſions and known practices. In this lady, therefore, it would be as unpardonable to tell a wilful untruth, as it would be ſtrange if I keep my word.—In love-caſes, I mean; for as to the reſt, I am an honeſt moral man, as all who know me can teſtify.

And what, after all, would this lady deſerve if ſhe has deceived me in this caſe? For did ſhe not ſet me prancing away upon Lord M's beſt nag, to Lady Sarah's, and to Lady Betty's, with an erect and triumphing countenance, to ſhew them her letter to me?

And let me tell thee, that I have received their congratulations upon it! 'Well, and now, couſin Lovelace,' cries one; 'Well, and now, couſin 'Lovelace,' cries t'other; 'I hope 'you'll make the beſt of huſbands to 'ſo excellent and ſo forgiving a lady! 'And now we ſhall ſoon have the plea'ſure of looking upon you as a reform'ed man!' added one—'And now we 'ſhall ſee you in the way we have ſo 'long wiſhed you to be in!' cried out the other.

My couſins Montague alſo have been ever ſince rejoicing in the new relationſhip. Their charming couſin, and their lovely couſin, at every word! And how dearly they will love her! What leſſons they will take from her! And yet Charlotte, who pretends to have the eye of an eagle, was for finding out ſome myſtery in the ſtyle and manner, till I overbore her, and laughed her out of it.

As for Lord M. he has been in hourly expectation of being ſent to with propoſals of one ſort or other from the Harlowes: and ſtill we have it, that ſuch propoſals will be made by Colonel Morden when he comes; and that the Harlowes only put on a face of irreconcileableneſs, till they know the iſſue of Morden's viſit, in order to make the better terms with us.

Indeed, if I had not undoubted reaſon, as I ſaid, to believe the continuance of their antipathy to *me*, and implacableneſs to *her*, I ſhould be apt to think there might be ſome foundation for my lord's conjectures; for there is a curſed deal of low cunning in all that family, except in the angel of it; who has ſo much generoſity of ſoul, that ſhe deſpiſes cunning, both name and thing.

What I mean by all this, is, to let thee ſee, what a ſtupid figure I ſhall make to all my own family, if my Clariſſa has been capable, as Gulliver in his abominable Yahoo ſtory phraſes it, of ſaying the *thing that is not*. By my ſoul, Jack, if it were only that I ſhould be *outwitted* by ſuch a novice at plotting, and that it would make me look ſilly to my kinſwomen here, who know I value myſelf upon my contrivances, it would vex me to the heart; and I would inſtantly clap a feather-bed into a coach-and-ſix, and fetch her away, ſick or well, and marry her at my leiſure.

But Colonel Morden is come, and I muſt break off.

## LETTER LXXIX.

MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

MONDAY NIGHT, AUG. 28.

I Doubt you will be all impatience, that you have not heard from me ſince mine of Thurſday laſt. You would be ſtill more ſo, if you knew that I had by me a letter ready-written.

I went early yeſterday morning to Epſom; and found every-thing diſpoſed according to the directions I had left on Friday; and at night the ſolemn office was performed. Tourville was there; and behaved very decently, and with greater concern than I thought he would ever have expreſſed for anybody.

Thomaſine, they told me, in a kind of diſguiſe, was in an obſcure pew, out of curioſity, (for it ſeems, ſhe was far from ſhewing any tokens of grief) to ſee the laſt office performed for the man whoſe heart ſhe had already contributed to break.

I was obliged to ſtay till this afternoon, to ſettle ſeveral neceſſary matters, and to direct inventories to be taken, in order for appraiſement; for every-thing is to be turned into money, by his will. I preſented his ſiſter with the hundred guineas the poor man left me as his executor, and deſired her to continue in the houſe, and take the direction of every-thing till I could hear from his nephew at Antigua, who is *heir at law*. He had left her but fifty pounds, although

though he knew her indigence; and that it was owing to a vile husband, and not to herself, that *she* was indigent.

The poor man left about two hundred pounds in money; and two hundred pounds in two East India bonds; and I will contrive, if I can, to make up the poor woman's fifty pounds, and my hundred guineas, two hundred pounds to her; and then she will have some little matter coming in certain, which I will oblige her to keep out of the hands of a son, who has compleated that ruin which his father had very near effected.

I gave Tourville his twenty pounds, and will send you and Mowbray yours by the first order.

And so much for poor Belton's affairs till I see you.

I got to town in the evening, and went directly to Smith's. I found Mrs. Lovick and Mrs. Smith in the back-shop, and I saw they had been both in tears. They rejoiced to see me, however; and told me that the doctor and Mr. Goddard were but just gone; as was also the worthy clergyman, who often comes to pray by her; and all three were of opinion, that she would hardly live to see the entrance of another week. I was not so much surprized as grieved; for I had feared as much when I left her on Saturday.

I sent up my compliments; and she returned, that she would take it for a favour if I would call upon her in the morning, by eight o'clock. Mrs. Lovick told me, that she had fainted away on Saturday, while she was writing, as she had done likewise the day before; and having received benefit then by a little turn in a chair, she was carried abroad again. She returned somewhat better; and wrote till late; yet had a pretty good night; and went to Covent Garden church in the morning: but came home so ill, that she was obliged to lay down.

When she arose, seeing how much grieved Mrs. Lovick and Mrs. Smith were for her, she made apologies for the trouble she gave them—'You were 'happy,' said she, 'before I came hi-'ther. It was a cruel thing in me to 'come among honest strangers, and to 'be sick and die with you.'

When they touched upon the irreconcileableness of her friends, 'I have 'had ill offices done me to them,' said she, 'and they do not know how ill I 'am; nor will they believe any-thing 'I should write. But yet I cannot 'sometimes forbear thinking it a little 'hard, that out of so many near and 'dear friends as I have living, not one 'of them will vouchsafe to look upon 'me.—No old servant, no old friend,' proceeded she, 'to be permitted to come 'near me, without being sure of incur-'ring displeasure! And to have such 'a great work to go through by my-'self, a young creature as I am, and to 'have every-thing to think of as to my 'temporal matters, and to order, to my 'very interment!—No dear mother,' said the sweet sufferer, 'to pray by me 'and bless me!—No kind sister to soothe 'and comfort me!—But come,' recollected she, 'how do I know but all is 'for the best—If I can but make a right 'use of my discomforts?—Pray for me, 'Mrs. Lovick—Pray for me, Mrs. 'Smith that I may—I have great need 'of your prayers—This cruel man has 'discomposed me. His persecutions 'have given me a pain just here,' [put-'ing her hand to her heart]—'What a 'step has he made me take to avoid 'him!—Who can *touch pitch, and not 'be defiled?*—He has made a bad spirit 'take possession of me, I think—Broken 'in upon all my duties. And will not 'yet, I doubt, let me be at rest. Indeed 'he is very cruel.—But, this is one of 'my trials, I believe. By God's grace, 'I shall be easier to-morrow, and espe-'cially if I have no more of his tormen-'tings, and if I can get a tolerable night. 'And I will sit up till eleven, that I 'may.'

She said, That though this was so heavy a day with her, she was at other times, within these few days past especially, blessed with bright hours; and particularly, that she had now-and-then such joyful assurances, (which she hoped were not presumptuous ones) that God would receive her to his mercy, that she could hardly contain herself, and was ready to think herself above this earth while she was in it:—'And what,' inferred she to Mrs. Lovick, 'must be the 'state itself, the very aspirations after 'which have often cast a beamy light 'through the thickest darkness, and 'when I have been at the lowest ebb, 'have dispelled the black clouds of des-'pondency?—as I hope they soon will 'this spirit of repining.'

She had a pretty good night, it seems: and this morning went in a chair to St. Dunstan's church.

The chairmen told Mrs. Smith, that after prayers, (for she did not return till between nine and ten) they carried the

her to a houſe in Fleet Street, whither they never waited on her before. And where doſt think this was?—Why to an undertaker's!—Good Heaven! what a woman is this!—She went into the back-ſhop, and talked with the maſter of it about half an hour, and came from him with great ſerenity; he waiting upon her to her chair with a reſpectful countenance, but full of curioſity and ſerioufneſs.

'Tis evident, that ſhe then went to beſpeak her *houſe* that ſhe talked of—'*As* '*ſoon as you can*, Sir,' were her words to him as ſhe got into the chair. Mrs. Smith told me this with the ſame ſurprize and grief that I heard it.

She was very ill in the afternoon, having got cold either at St. Dunſtan's, or at chapel, and ſent for the clergyman to pray by her; and the women, unknown to her, ſent both for Dr. H. and Mr. Goddard; who were juſt gone, as I told you, when I came to pay my reſpects to her this evening.

And thus have I recounted from the good women what paſſed to this night ſince my abſence.

I long for to-morrow, that I may ſee her: and yet 'tis ſuch a melancholy longing, as I never experienced, and know not how to deſcribe.

TUESDAY, AUG. 29.

I was at Smith's at half an hour after ſeven. They told me that the lady was gone in a chair to St. Dunſtan's; but was better than ſhe had been on either of the two preceding days; and that ſhe ſaid to Mrs. Lovick and Mrs. Smith, as ſhe went into the chair—'I have a good 'deal to anſwer for to you, my good 'friends, for my vapouriſh converſation 'of laſt night.

'If, Mrs. Lovick,' ſaid ſhe, ſmiling, 'I 'have no new matters to diſcompoſe me, 'I believe my ſpirits will hold out 'purely.'

She returned immediately after prayers.

'Mr. Belford,' ſaid ſhe, as ſhe entered the back-ſhop where I was, (and upon my approaching her) 'I am very 'glad to ſee you. You have been performing for your poor friend a kind 'laſt office. 'Tis not long ago ſince you 'did the ſame for a near relation. Is it 'not a little hard upon you, that theſe 'troubles ſhould fall ſo thick to your 'lot? But they are charitable offices: 'and it is a praiſe to your humanity, 'that poor dying people know not where 'to chuſe ſo well.'

I told her I was ſorry to hear ſhe had been ſo ill ſince I had the honour to attend her; but rejoiced to find, that now ſhe ſeemed a good deal better.

'It will be ſometimes better and ſome-'times worſe,' replied ſhe, 'with poor 'creatures, when they are balancing 'between life and death. But no more 'of theſe matters juſt now. I hope, 'Sir, you'll breakfaſt with me. I was 'quite vapouriſh yeſterday. I had a very 'bad ſpirit upon me.—Had I not, Mrs. 'Smith?—But I hope I ſhall be no more 'ſo. And to-day I am perfectly ſe-'rene. This day riſes upon me as if it 'would be a bright one.'

She deſired me to walk up, and invited Mr. Smith and his wife, and Mrs. Lovick alſo, to breakfaſt with her. I was better pleaſed with her livelineſs than with her looks.

The good people retiring after breakfaſt, the following converſation paſſed between us.

'Pray, Sir, let me aſk you,' ſaid ſhe, 'if you think I may promiſe myſelf that 'I ſhall no more be moleſted by your 'friend?'

I heſitated: for how could I anſwer for ſuch a man?

'What ſhall I do if he comes again? '—You ſee how I am.—I cannot fly 'from him now.—If he has any pity 'left for the poor creature whom he has 'thus reduced, let him not come.—But 'have you heard from him lately? And 'will he come?'

'I hope not, Madam. I have not 'heard from him ſince Thurſday laſt, 'that he went out of town, rejoicing in 'the hopes your letter gave him of a re-'conciliation between your friends and 'you, and that he might in good time 'ſee you at your father's; and he is 'gone down to give all his friends joy 'of the news, and is in high ſpirits up-'on it.'

'Alas for me! I ſhall then ſurely have 'him come up to perſecute me again! 'As ſoon as he diſcovers that that was 'only a ſtratagem to keep him away, 'he will come up; and who knows but 'even *now* he is upon the road? I thought 'I was ſo bad, that I ſhould have been 'out of his and every-body's way before 'now; for I expected not, that this 'contrivance would ſerve me above two 'or three days; and by this time he muſt 'have found out, that I am not ſo hap-'py as to have any hope of a reconcilia-'tion with my family; and then he will 'come, if it be only in revenge for what 'he will think a deceit, but is not, I 'hope, a wicked one.'

I believe I looked ſurprized, to hear her confeſs that her letter was a ſtratagem only; for ſhe ſaid, 'You wonder, 'Mr. Belford, I obſerve, that I could 'be *guilty of ſuch an artifice. I doubt it 'is not right:* it was done in a hurry of 'ſpirits. How could I ſee a man who 'had ſo mortally injured me; yet, pre-'tending ſorrow for his crimes, (and 'wanting to ſee me) could behave with 'ſo much ſhocking levity, as he did, to 'the honeſt people of the houſe? Yet, 'tis ſtrange too, that neither you nor 'he found out my meaning on peruſal 'of my letter. You have ſeen what I 'wrote, no doubt?'

'I have, Madam. And then I be-'gan to account for it as an *innocent* ar-'tifice.'

'Thus far, indeed, Sir, it is *innocent*, 'that I meant him no hurt, and had a '*right* to the effect I hoped for from it; 'and he had *none* to invade me. But 'have you, Sir, that letter of his, in 'which he gives you (as I ſuppoſe he 'does) the copy of mine?'

'I have, Madam.' And pulled it out of my letter-caſe: but heſitating—'Nay, Sir,' ſaid ſhe, 'be pleaſed to 'read my letter to yourſelf—I deſire 'not to ſee *his*—and ſee if you can be 'longer a ſtranger to a meaning ſo ob-'vious.'

I read it to myſelf—'Indeed, Madam, 'I can find nothing but that you are 'going down to Harlowe Place, to be 'reconciled to your father, and other 'friends: and Mr. Lovelace preſumed, 'that a letter from your ſiſter, which he 'ſaw brought when he was at Mr. 'Smith's, gave you the welcome news 'of it.'

She then explained all to me, and, that, as I may ſay, in ſix words—A *religious* meaning is couched under it, and that's the reaſon that neither you nor I could find it out.

'Read but for my *father's houſe*, '*Heaven*,' ſaid ſhe, 'and for the inter-'poſition of my dear bleſſed friend, 'ſuppoſe the *mediation* of my *Saviour*, '(which I humbly rely upon;) and all 'the reſt of the letter will be accounted 'for.—I hope,' (repeated ſhe) 'that it 'is a pardonable artifice. But I am a-'fraid it is not ſtrictly right.'

I read it ſo, and ſtood aſtoniſhed for a minute at her invention, her piety, her charity, and at thine and mine own ſtupidity, to be thus taken in.

And now, thou vile Lovelace, what haſt thou to do, (the lady all conſiſtent with herſelf, and no hopes left for thee) but to hang, drown, or ſhoot thyſelf, for an outwitted boaſter?

My ſurprize being a little over, ſhe proceeded, 'As to the letter that came 'from my ſiſter, while your friend was 'here, you will *ſoon* ſee, Sir, that it is 'the cruelleſt letter ſhe ever wrote me.'

And then ſhe expreſſed a deep concern for what might be the conſequence of Colonel Morden's intended viſit to you; and beſought me, that if now, or at any time hereafter, I had opportunity to prevent any further miſchief, without any detriment or danger to myſelf, I would do it.

I aſſured her of the moſt particular attention to this and to all her commands; and that in a manner ſo agreeable to her, that ſhe invoked a bleſſing upon me for my goodneſs, as ſhe called it, to a deſolate creature, who ſuffered under the *worſt of orphanage*; thoſe were her words.

She then went back to her firſt ſubject, her uneaſineſs for fear of your moleſting her again; and ſaid, 'If you 'have any influence over him, Mr. Bel-'ford, prevail upon him, that he will 'give me the aſſurance, that the ſhort 'remainder of my time ſhall be all my 'own. I have *need* of it. Indeed I 'have. Why will he wiſh to interrupt 'me in my duty? Has he not puniſhed 'me enough for my preference of him 'to all his ſex? Has he not deſtroyed 'my fame and fortune? And will not 'his cauſeleſs vengeance upon me be 'complete, unleſs he ruin my ſoul too? '—Excuſe me, Sir, for this vehemence! 'But, indeed, it greatly imports me, to 'know that I ſhall be no more diſturbed 'by him. And yet, with all this aver-'ſion, I would ſooner give way to his 'viſit, though I were to expire the mo-'ment I ſaw him, than to be the cauſe 'of any fatal miſunderſtanding between 'you and him.'

I aſſured her, that I would make ſuch a repreſentation of the matter to you, and of the ſtate of her health, that I would undertake to *anſwer for you*, that you would not attempt to come near her.

And for this reaſon, Lovelace, do I lay the whole matter before you, and deſire you will authorize me, as ſoon as this, and mine of Saturday laſt, come to your hands, to diſſipate her fears.

This gave her a little ſatisfaction; and then ſhe ſaid, that had I not told her, that I *could* promiſe for you, ſhe was determined, ill as ſhe was, to remove ſomewhere out of my knowledge, as well

well as out of yours. 'And yet, to 'have been obliged to leave people I 'am but juſt got acquainted with,' ſaid the poor lady, 'and to have died among 'perfect ſtrangers, would have com-'pleted my hardſhips.'

This converſation, I found, as well from the length, as the nature of it, had fatigued her; and ſeeing her change colour once or twice, I made that my excuſe, and took leave of her: deſiring her permiſſion, however, to attend her in the evening; and as often as poſſible; for I could not help telling her, that every time I ſaw her, I more and more conſidered her as a beatified ſpirit, and as one ſent from Heaven to draw me after her, out of the miry gulph in which I had been ſo long immerſed.

And laugh at me, if thou wilt; but it is true, that every time I approach her, I cannot but look upon her, as one juſt entering into a companionſhip with ſaints and angels. This thought ſo wholly poſſeſſed me, that I could not help begging, as I went away, her prayers and her bleſſing; with the reverence due to an angel.

In the evening ſhe was ſo low and weak, that I took my leave of her, in leſs than a quarter of an hour. I went directly home. Where, to the pleaſure and wonder of my couſin and her family, I now paſs many honeſt evenings: which they impute to your being out of town.

I ſhall diſpatch my packet to-morrow morning early, by my own ſervant, to make thee amends for the ſuſpence I muſt have kept thee in: thou'lt thank me for that, I hope; but wilt not, I am ſure, for ſending thy ſervant back without a letter.

I long for the particulars of the converſation between you and Mr. Morden: the lady, as I have hinted, is full of apprehenſions about it. Send me back this packet when peruſed; for I have not had either time or patience to take a copy of it.—And I beſeech you, enable me to make good my engagements to the poor lady, that you will not invade her again.

## LETTER LXXX.

MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ELQ.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 30.

I Have a converſation to give you, that paſſed between this admirable lady, and Dr. H. which will furniſh a new inſtance of the calmneſs and ſerenity with which ſhe can talk of death, and prepare for it, as if it were an occurrence as familiar to her as dreſſing and undreſſing.

As ſoon as I had diſpatched my ſervant to you with my letters of the 26th, 28th, and yeſterday the 29th, I went to pay my duty to her, and had the pleaſure to find her, after a tolerable night, pretty lively and cheerful. She was but juſt returned from her uſual devotions. And Doctor H. alighted as ſhe entered the door.

After enquiring how ſhe did, and hearing her complaints of ſhortneſs of breath, (which he attributed to inward decay, precipitated by her late harraſſes, as well from her friends as from you) he was for adviſing her to go into the air.

'What will that do for me?' ſaid ſhe: 'tell me truly, good Sir,' with a cheerful aſpect, '(you know you cannot diſ-'turb me by it) whether now you do 'not put on the *true* phyſician; and, de-'ſpairing that any-thing in medicine will 'help me, adviſe me to the air, as the 'laſt reſource?—Can you think the air 'will avail in ſuch a malady as mine?'

He was ſilent.

'I aſk,' ſaid ſhe, 'becauſe my friends '(who will poſſibly ſome time hence en-'quire after the means I uſed for my re-'covery) may be ſatisfied that I omitted 'nothing which ſo worthy and ſo ſkilful 'a phyſician preſcribed?'

'The air, Madam, may poſſibly help 'the difficulty of breathing which has ſo 'lately attacked you.'

'But, Sir, you ſee how weak I am. 'You muſt ſee that I have been con-'ſuming from day to day; and now, if 'I can judge by what I feel in myſelf,' putting her hand to her heart, 'I can-'not continue long. If the air would 'very probably add to my days, though 'I am far from being *deſirous* to have 'them lengthened, I would go into it; 'and the rather, as I know Mrs. Lovick 'would kindly accompany me. But if 'I were to be at the trouble of remov-'ing into new lodgings, (a trouble 'which I think now would be too much 'for me) and this only to *die* in the 'country, I had rather the ſcene were 'to be ſhut up here. For here have I 'meditated the ſpot, and the manner, 'and every-thing, as well of the minu-'teſt as of the higheſt conſequence, that 'can attend the ſolemn moments. So, 'doctor, tell me truly, may I ſtay here, 'and be clear of any imputations of cur-'tailing, through wilfulneſs or impati-

'ence, or through reſentments which I 'hope I am got above, a life that might 'otherwiſe be prolonged?—Tell me, 'Sir; you are not talking to a coward 'in this reſpect; indeed you are not!'—Unaffectedly ſmiling.

The doctor turning to me, was at a loſs what to ſay, lifting up his eyes only in admiration of her.

'Never had any patient,' ſaid ſhe, 'a 'more indulgent and more humane phy-'ſician—But ſince you are loth to an-'ſwer my queſtion directly, I will put it 'in other words—You don't *enjoin* me to 'go into the air, doctor, do you?'

'I do *not*, Madam. Nor do I now 'viſit you as a phyſician; but as a per-'ſon whoſe converſation I admire, and 'whoſe ſufferings I condole. And to 'explain myſelf more directly, as to the 'occaſion of this day's viſit in particu-'lar, I muſt tell you, Madam, that, un-'derſtanding how much you ſuffer by 'the diſpleaſure of your friends; and 'having no doubt, but that if they knew 'the way you are in, they would alter 'their conduct to you; and believing it 'muſt cut them to the heart, when, too 'late, they ſhall be informed of every-'thing; I have reſolved to apprize 'them by letter, (ſtranger as I am to 'their perſons) how neceſſary it is for 'ſome of them to attend you very ſpee-'dily. For *their* ſakes, Madam, let me 'preſs for your approbation of this 'meaſure.'

She pauſed; and at laſt ſaid, 'This 'is kind, very kind, in you, Sir. But 'I hope that you do not think me ſo per-'verſe, and ſo obſtinate, as to have left 'till now any means uneſſayed, which 'I thought likely to move my friends in 'my favour. But now, doctor,' ſaid ſhe, 'I ſhould be too much diſturbed at 'their grief, if they were any of them 'to come or to ſend to me: and per-'haps, if I found they ſtill loved me, 'wiſh to live; and ſo ſhould quit un-'willingly that life, which I am now 'really ſond of quitting, and hope to 'quit, as becomes a perſon who has had 'ſuch a weaning-time as I have been fa-'voured with.'

'I hope, Madam,' ſaid I, 'you are 'not ſo near as you apprehend, to that 'deplorable cataſtrophe you hint at with 'ſuch an amazing preſence of mind. 'And therefore I preſume to ſecond the 'doctor's motion, if it were only for 'the ſake of your father and mother, 'that they may have the ſatisfaction, if 'they *muſt* loſe you, to think, they were 'firſt reconciled to you.'

'It is very kindly, very humanely 'conſidered,' ſaid ſhe. 'But, if you 'think me not ſo *very* near my laſt hour; 'let me deſire this may be poſtponed till 'I ſee what effect my couſin Morden's 'mediation may have. Perhaps he 'may vouchſafe to make me a viſit yet, 'after his intended interview with Mr. 'Lovelace is over; of which, who 'knows, Mr. Belford, but your next 'letters may give an account? I hope it 'will not be a fatal one to *any*-body.—'Will you promiſe me, doctor, to for-'bear writing for two days only, and I 'will communicate to you any-thing 'that occurs in that time; and then you 'ſhall take your own way? Mean time, 'I repeat my thanks for your goodneſs 'to me.—Nay, dear doctor, hurry not 'away from me ſo precipitately,' [for he was going, for fear of an offered fee:] 'I will no more affront you with tenders 'that have pained you for ſome time 'paſt: and ſince I muſt now, from this 'kindly offered favour, look upon you 'only as a friend, I will aſſure you 'henceforth, that I will give you no 'more uneaſineſs on that head: and 'now, Sir, I know I ſhall have the 'pleaſure of ſeeing you oftener than 'heretofore.'

The worthy gentleman was pleaſed with this aſſurance, telling her, that he had always come to ſee her with great pleaſure, but parted with her, on the account ſhe hinted at, with as much pain; and that he ſhould not have forborne to double his viſits, could he have had this kind aſſurance as early as he wiſhed for it.

There are few inſtances of like diſintereſtedneſs, I doubt, in this tribe. Till now I always held it for goſpel, that *friendſhip* and *phyſician* were incompatible things; and little imagined, that a man of medicine, when he had given over his patient to death, would think of any viſits but thoſe of ceremony, that he might ſtand well with the family, againſt it came to their turns to go through his turnpike.

After the doctor was gone, ſhe fell into a very ſerious diſcourſe of the vanity of life, and the wiſdom of preparing for death, while health and ſtrength remained, and before the infirmities of body impaired the faculties of the mind, and diſabled them from acting with the neceſſary efficacy and clearneſs: the whole calculated for every one's meridian, but particularly, as it was eaſy to obſerve, for thine and mine.

She was very curious to know further

ther particulars of the behaviour of poor Belton in his laſt moments. 'You muſt 'not wonder at my enquiries, Mr. Bel-'ford,' ſaid ſhe; 'for who is it that is 'to undertake a journey into a country 'they never travelled to before, that 'enquires not into the difficulties of the 'road, and what accommodations are 'to be expected in the way?'

I gave her a brief account of the poor man's terrors, and unwillingneſs to die: and when I had done: 'Thus, Mr. 'Belford,' ſaid ſhe, 'muſt it always be 'with poor ſouls, who have never 'thought of their long voyage till the 'moment they are to embark for it.'

She made ſuch other obſervations upon this ſubject, as coming from the mouth of a perſon who will ſo ſoon be a companion for angels, I ſhall never forget. And indeed, when I went home, that I might engraft them the better on my memory, I entered them down in writing: but I will not let you ſee them until you are in a frame more proper to benefit by them, than you are likely to be in one while.

Thus far I had written, when the unexpected early return of my ſervant with your packet, (yours and he meeting at Slough, and exchanging letters) obliged me to leave off to give it's contents a reading.—Here, therefore, I cloſe this letter.

## LETTER LXXXI.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

TUESDAY MORN. AUG. 29.

NOW, Jack, will I give thee an account of what paſſed on occaſion of the viſit made us by Colonel Morden.

He came on horſeback, attended by one ſervant; and Lord M. received him, as a relation of Miſs Harlowe's, with the higheſt marks of civility and reſpect.

After ſome general talk of the times, and of the weather, and ſuch nonſenſe as Engliſhmen generally make their introductory topicks to converſation, the colonel addreſſed himſelf to Lord M. and to me, as follows:

'I need not, my lord—and Mr. 'Lovelace—as you know the relation I 'bear to the Harlowe family, make any 'apology for entering upon a ſubject, 'which, on account of that relation, 'you muſt think is the principal reaſon 'of the honour I have done myſelf in 'this viſit.'

'Miſs Harlowe, Miſs Clariſſa Har-'lowe's affair,' ſaid Lord M. with his uſual forward bluntneſs. 'That, Sir, 'is what you mean. She is, by all ac-'counts, the moſt excellent woman in 'the world.'

'I am glad to hear that is your lord-'ſhip's opinion of her. It is every-'one's.'

'It is not only my opinion, Colonel 'Morden,' (proceeded the prating peer) 'but it is the opinion of all my family. 'Of my ſiſters, of my nieces, and of 'Mr. Lovelace himſelf.'

*Col.* 'Would to Heaven it had been 'always Mr. Lovelace's opinion of 'her!'

*Lovel.* 'You have been out of Eng-'land, colonel, a good many years. 'Perhaps you are not yet fully apprized 'of all the particulars of this caſe.'

*Col.* 'I have been out of England, 'Sir, about ſeven years. My couſin 'Clary was then about *twelve* years of 'age: but never was there at *twenty* ſo 'diſcreet, ſo prudent, and ſo excellent 'a creature. All that knew her, or ſaw 'her, admired her. Mind and perſon, 'never did I ſee ſuch promiſes of per-'fection in any young lady: and I am 'told, nor is it to be wondered at, that 'as ſhe advanced to maturity, ſhe more 'than juſtified and made good thoſe pro-'miſes.—Then as to fortune—what her 'father, what her uncles, and what I 'myſelf, intended to do for her, be-'ſides what her grandfather had done—'There is not a finer fortune in the 'county.'

*Lovel.* 'All this, colonel, and more 'than this, is Miſs Clariſſa Harlowe; 'and had it not been for the implacable-'neſs and violence of her family, (all 'reſolved to puſh her upon a match as 'unworthy *of* her, as hateful *to* her) ſhe 'had ſtill been happy.'

*Col.* 'I own, Mr. Lovelace, the truth 'of what you obſerved juſt now, that I 'am not thoroughly acquainted with all 'that has paſſed between you and my 'couſin. But permit me to ſay, that 'when I firſt heard that you made your 'addreſſes to her, I knew but of one 'objection againſt you. That, indeed, 'a very great one: and upon a letter 'ſent me, I gave her my free opinion 'upon the ſubject. But had it not been 'for that, I own, that in my private 'mind, there could not have been a 'more ſuitable match: for you are a 'gallant gentleman, graceful in your 'perſon, eaſy and genteel in your de-'portment, and in your family, for-

'tune

'tunes, and expectations, happy as a 'man can wish to be. Then the know-'ledge I had of you in Italy, (although, 'give me leave to say, your conduct 'there was not wholly unexceptionable) 'convinces me that you are brave: and 'few gentlemen come up to you in wit 'and vivacity. Your education has 'given you great advantages; your 'manners are engaging, and you have 'travelled; and I know, if you'll ex-'cuse me, you make better observations 'than you are governed by. All these 'qualifications make it not at all sur-'prizing, that a young lady should love 'you: and that this love, joined to that 'indiscreet warmth wherewith my cou-'sin's friends would have forced her in-'clinations in favour of men who are far 'your inferiors in the qualities I have 'named, should throw her upon your 'protection. But then, if there were 'these two strong motives, the one to '*induce*, and the other to *impel* her, let 'me ask you, Sir, if she were not dou-'bly entitled to generous usage from a 'man whom she chose for her protec-'tor; and whom, let me take the li-'berty to say, she could so amply reward 'for the protection he was to afford 'her?'

*Lovel.* 'Miss Clarissa Harlowe was en-'titled, Sir, to the best usage that man 'could give her. I have no scruple to 'own it. I will always do her the jus-'tice she so well deserves. I know what 'will be your inference; and have only 'to say, that time past cannot be recall-'ed. Perhaps I wish it could.'

The colonel, then, in a very manly strain, set forth the wickedness of attempting a woman of virtue and character. He said, that men had generally too many advantages from the weakness, credulity, and inexperience of the fair sex: that their early learning, which chiefly consisted in inflaming novels, and idle and improbable romances, contributed to enervate and weaken their minds: that his cousin, however, he was sure, was above the reach of common seduction, and not to be influenced to the rashness her parents accused her of, by weaker motives than *their* violence, and the most solemn promises on *my part*: but, nevertheless, *having* those motives, and her prudence (eminent as it was) being rather the effect of *constitution* than *experience*, (a fine advantage, however, he said, to ground an unblameable future life upon) she might not be apprehensive of bad designs in a man she loved: it was, therefore, a very heinous thing to abuse the confidence of such a woman.

He was going on in this trite manner; when interrupting him, I said; 'These 'general observations, colonel, suit not 'perhaps this particular case. But you 'yourself are a man of gallantry; and, 'possibly, were you to be put to the 'question, might not be able to vindi-'cate every action of your life, any 'more than me.'

*Col.* 'You are welcome, Sir, to put 'what questions you please to me. And, 'I thank God, I can both *own* and be '*ashamed* of my errors.'

Lord M. looked at *me*; but as the colonel did not by his manner seem to intend a reflection, I had no occasion to take it for one; especially as I can as readily *own* my errors, as he, or any man, can his, whether *ashamed* of them or not.

He proceeded. 'As you seem to call 'upon me, Mr. Lovelace, I will tell you '(without boasting of it) what has been 'my general practice, till lately, that I 'hope I have reformed it a good deal.

'I have taken liberties, which the 'laws of morality will by no means jus-'tify; and once I should have thought 'myself warranted to cut the throat of 'any young fellow, who should make as 'free with a sister of mine, as I have 'made with the sisters and daughters of 'others. But then I took care never to 'promise any-thing I intended not to 'perform. A modest ear should as soon 'have heard downright obscenity from 'my lips, as matrimony, if I had not 'intended it. Young ladies are gene-'rally ready enough to believe we mean 'honourably, if they love us; and it 'would look like a strange affront to 'their virtue and charms, that it should 'be supposed *needful* to put the question 'whether, in your address, you mean 'a wife. But when once a man makes 'a promise, I think it ought to be per-'formed; and a woman is well war-'ranted to appeal to every-one against 'the perfidy of a deceiver; and is al-'ways sure to have the world on her 'side.

'Now, Sir,' continued he, 'I be-'lieve you have so much honour as to 'own, that you could not have made 'way to so eminent a virtue, without 'promising marriage; and that very ex-'plicitly and solemnly.'

'I know very well, colonel,' interrupted I, 'all you would say. You

'will

'will excuſe me, I am ſure, that I 'break in upon you, when you find it 'is to anſwer the end you drive at.

'I own to you, then, that I have act-'ed very unworthily by Miſs Clariſſa 'Harlowe; and I'll tell you further, 'that I heartily repent of my ingratitude 'and baſeneſs to her. Nay, I will ſay 'ſtill further, that I am ſo groſsly cul-'pable, *as to her*, that even to plead, 'that the abuſes and affronts I daily re-'ceived from her implacable relations, 'were in any manner a provocation to 'me to act vilely by her, would be a 'mean and low attempt to excuſe my-'ſelf—So low and ſo mean, that it would 'doubly condemn me. And if you can 'ſay worſe, ſpeak it.'

He looked upon Lord M. and then upon me, two or three times. And my lord ſaid, 'My kinſman ſpeaks what he 'thinks, I'll anſwer for him.'

*Lovel.* 'I do, Sir; and what can I 'ſay more?—And what further, in your 'opinion, can be done?'

*Col.* 'Done! Sir? Why, Sir,' [in a haughty tone he ſpoke] 'I need not tell 'you that reparation follows repentance. 'And I hope you make no ſcruple of 'juſtifying your ſincerity as to the one, 'by the other.'

I heſitated (for I reliſhed not the manner of his ſpeech, and his haughty accent) as undetermined whether to take proper notice of it or not.

*Col.* 'Let me put this queſtion to you, 'Mr. Lovelace: Is it true, as I have 'heard it is, That you would marry my 'couſin, if ſhe would have you?—What 'ſay you, Sir?'

This wound me up a peg higher.

*Lovel.* 'Some queſtions, as they may 'be put, imply *commands*, colonel. I 'would be glad to know how I am to 'take yours? And what is to be the end 'of your interrogatories?'

*Col.* 'My queſtions are not meant by 'me as commands, Mr. Lovelace. The 'end is, to prevail upon a gentleman to 'act *like* a gentleman, and a man of 'honour.'

*Lovel. (Briſkly)* 'And by what argu-'ments, Sir, do you propoſe to prevail 'upon me?'

*Col.* 'By what arguments, Sir, pre-'vail upon a gentleman to act like a 'gentleman!—I am ſurprized at that 'queſtion from Mr. Lovelace.'

*Lovel.* 'Why ſo, Sir?'

*Col.* 'WHY SO, Sir!' (*Angrily.*)—'Let me—'

*Lovel. (Interrupting)* 'I don't chuſe, 'colonel, to be repeated upon in that 'accent.'

*Lord M.* 'Come, come, gentlemen, I 'beg of you to be willing to underſtand 'one another. You young gentlemen 'are ſo warm—'

*Col.* 'Not I, my lord—I am neither 'very young, nor unduly warm. Your 'nephew, my lord, can make me be 'every-thing he would have me to be.'

*Lovel.* 'And that ſhall be, whatever 'you pleaſe to be, colonel.'

*Col. (Fiercely)* 'The choice be yours, 'Mr. Lovelace. Friend or foe! as you 'do or are willing to do juſtice to one of 'the fineſt women in the world.'

*Lord M.* 'I gueſſed from both your 'characters what would be the caſe 'when you met. Let me interpoſe, gen-'tlemen, and beg you but to underſtand 'one another. You *both ſhoot at one mark*; 'and if you are patient, will both *hit it*. '—Let me beg of you, colonel, to give 'no challenges.'

*Col.* 'Challenges, my lord!—They 'are things I ever was readier to accept 'than to offer. But does your lordſhip 'think, that a man, ſo nearly related 'as I have the honour to be to the moſt 'accompliſhed woman on earth—'

*Lord M. (Interrupting)* 'We all allow 'the excellences of the lady—And we 'ſhall all take it as the greateſt honour 'to be allied to her that can be confer-'red upon us.'

*Col.* 'So you ought, my lord!'

'A perfect *Chamont!*' thought I.

*Lord M.* 'So we ought, colonel! And 'ſo we *do!*—And pray let *every-one* do 'as he ought!—and no *more* than he 'ought; and you, colonel, let me tell 'you, will not be ſo haſty.'

*Lovel. (Coolly)* 'Come, come, Colo-'nel Morden, don't let this diſpute, 'whatever you intend to make of it, go 'farther than with you and me. You 'deliver yourſelf in very high terms. 'Higher than ever I was talked to in 'my life. But here, beneath this roof, 'twould be inexcuſeable for me to take 'that notice of it, which perhaps it 'would become me to take elſewhere.'

*Col.* 'This is ſpoken as I wiſh the 'man to ſpeak, whom I ſhould be pleaſ-'ed to call my friend, if all his actions 'were of a piece, and as I would have 'the man ſpeak, whom I would think 'it worth my while to call my foe. I love 'a man of ſpirit, as I love my ſoul. 'But, Mr. Lovelace, as my lord thinks 'we aim at *one mark*, let me ſay, that 'were we permitted to be alone for ſix

'minutes, I dare say, we should soon 'understand one another perfectly well.' —And he moved to the door.

*Lovel.* 'I am entirely of your opinion, 'Sir: and will attend you.'

My lord rung, and stept between us: 'Colonel, return, I beseech you, re- 'turn,' said he: for he had stept out of the room, while my lord held me— 'Nephew, you shall not go out.'

The bell and my lord's raised voice brought in Mowbray, and Clements, my lord's gentleman; the former in his careless way, with his hands behind him, 'What's the matter, Bobby?—What's 'the matter, my lord?'

'Only, only, only,' stammered the agitated peer, 'these young gentlemen 'are, are, are—*are* young gentlemen, 'that's all.—Pray, Colonel Morden,' [who again entered the room with a se- dater aspect] 'let this cause have a fair 'trial, I beseech you.'

*Col.* 'With all my heart, my lord.'

Mowbray whispered me, 'What is 'the cause, Bobby?—Shall I take the 'gentleman to task for thee, my boy?'

'Not for the world,' whispered I. 'The colonel is a gentleman, and I de- 'sire you'll not say one word.'

'Well, well, well, Bobby, I have 'done. I can turn thee loose to the best 'man upon God's earth; that's all, 'Bobby;' strutting off to the other end of the room.

*Col.* 'I am sorry, my lord, I should 'give your lordship the least uneasiness. 'I came not with such a design.'

*Lord M.* 'Indeed, colonel, I thought 'you did, by your taking fire so quick- 'ly. I am glad to hear you say you did 'not. How soon a little *spark kindles into 'a flame*; especially when it meets with 'such combustible spirits!'

*Col.* 'If I had had the least thought of 'proceeding to extremities, I am sure 'Mr. Lovelace would have given me the 'honour of a meeting where I should 'have been less an intruder: but I came 'with an amicable intention—To re- 'concile differences, rather than to 'widen them.'

*Lovel.* 'Well then, Colonel Morden, 'let us enter upon the subject in your 'own way. I don't know the man I 'should sooner chuse to be upon terms 'with, than one whom Miss Clarissa 'Harlowe so much respects. But I can- 'not bear to be treated, either in word 'or accent, in a menacing way.'

*Lord M.* 'Well, well, well, well, 'gentlemen, this is somewhat like. '*Angry men make to themselves beds of net- 'tles*, and when they lay down in them, 'are uneasy with every body. But I 'hope you are friends. Let me hear you 'say you are.—I am persuaded, colonel, 'that you don't know all this unhappy 'story. You don't know how desirous 'my kinsman is, as well as all of us, to 'have this matter end happily. You don't 'know, do you, colonel, that Mr. 'Lovelace, at all our requests, is dis- 'posed to marry the lady?'

*Col.* '*At all your requests*, my lord?— 'I should have hoped, that Mr. Love- 'lace was disposed to do justice for the '*sake* of justice; and when at the same 'time the doing of justice was doing 'himself the highest honour.'

Mowbray lifted up his before half-closed eyes to the colonel, and glanced them upon me.

*Lovel.* 'This is in very high language, 'colonel.'

*Mowbr.* 'By my soul, I thought so.'

*Col.* '*High* language, Mr. Lovelace? 'Is it not *just* language?'

*Lovel.* 'It is, colonel. And I think, 'the man that does honour to Miss 'Clarissa Harlowe, does me honour. 'But, nevertheless, there is a manner 'in speaking, that may be liable to ex- 'ception, where the words, without 'that manner, can bear none.'

*Col.* 'Your observation in the general 'is undoubtedly just: but *if* you have 'the value for my cousin, that you say 'you have, you must needs think—'

*Lovel.* 'You must allow me, Sir, to 'interrupt you.—IF I have the value *I 'say* I have—I hope, Sir, when *I say* 'I *have* that value, there is no room 'for that *if*, pronounced as you pro- 'nounced it with an emphasis.'

*Col.* 'You have broken in upon me 'twice, Mr. Lovelace. I am as little 'accustomed to be broken in upon, as 'you are to be *repeated* upon.'

*Lord M.* 'Two barrels of gunpow- 'der, by my conscience! What a devil 'will it signify talking, if thus you are 'to blow one another up at every wry 'word?'

*Lovel.* 'No man of honour, my lord, 'will be easy to have his veracity called 'in question, though but by implica- 'tion.'

*Col.* 'Had you heard me out, Mr. 'Lovelace, you would have found, that 'my *if* was rather an *if* of *inference*, than 'of *doubt*. But 'tis, really, a strange 'liberty gentlemen of free principles 'take; who at the same time that they 'would resent unto death the imputa- 'tion of being capable of telling an un-

'truth

truth to a man, will not ſcruple to break through the moſt ſolemn oaths and promiſes to a woman. I muſt aſſure you, Mr. Lovelace, that I always made a conſcience of my vows and promiſes.'

*Lovel.* 'You did right, colonel. But let me tell you, Sir, that you know not the man you talk to, if you imagine he is not able to riſe to a proper reſentment, when he ſees his generous conceſſions taken for a mark of baſe-ſpiritedneſs.'

*Col.* (*Warmly and with a ſneer*) 'Far be it from me, Mr. Lovelace, to impute to you the baſeneſs of ſpirit you ſpeak of; for what would that be, but to imagine, that a man who has done a very flagrant injury, is not ready to ſhew his *bravery* in defending it?'

*Mowbr.* 'This is damn'd ſevere, colonel. It is, by Jove. I could not take ſo much at the hands of any man breathing as Mr. Lovelace before this took at yours.'

*Col.* 'Who are you, Sir? What pretence have you to interpoſe in a cauſe where there is an acknowledged guilt on one ſide, and the honour of a conſiderable family, wounded in the tendereſt part by that guilt, on the other?'

*Mowbr.* (*Whiſpering to the colonel*) 'My dear child, you will oblige me highly, if you will give me the opportunity of anſwering your queſtion.' And was going out.

The colonel was held in by my lord. And I brought in Mowbray.

*Col.* 'Pray, my good lord, let me attend this officious gentleman, I beſeech you do. I will wait upon your lordſhip in three minutes, depend upon it.'

*Lovel.* 'Mowbray, is this acting like a friend by me, to ſuppoſe me incapable of anſwering for myſelf? And ſhall a man of honour and bravery, as I know Colonel Morden to be, (raſh as perhaps in this viſit he has ſhewn himſelf) have it to ſay, That he comes to my Lord M.'s houſe, in a manner naked as to attendants and friends, and ſhall not for that reaſon be rather borne with, than inſulted? This moment, my dear Mowbray, leave us. You have really no concern in this buſineſs; and if you are my friend, I deſire you'll aſk the colonel pardon for interfering in it in the manner you have done.'

*Mowbr.* 'Well, well, Bob; thou ſhalt be arbiter in this matter. I know I have no buſineſs in it—And, colonel,' (*holding out his hand*) 'I leave you to one who knows how to defend his own cauſe as well as any man in England.'

*Col.* (*Taking Mowbray's hand, at Lord M.'s requeſt*) 'You need not tell me *that*, Mr. Mowbray. I have no doubt of Mr. Lovelace's ability to defend his own cauſe, were it a cauſe to be defended.—And let me tell you, Mr. Lovelace, that I am aſtoniſhed to think, that a brave man, and a generous man, as you have appeared to be in two or three inſtances that you have given in the little knowledge I have of you, ſhould be capable of acting as you have done by the moſt excellent of her ſex.'

*Lord M.* 'Well, but, gentlemen, now Mr. Mowbray is gone, and you have both ſhewn inſtances of courage and generoſity to boot, let me deſire you to lay your heads together amicably, and think whether there be any-thing to be done to make all end happily for the lady.'

*Lovel.* 'But hold, my lord, let me ſay one thing, now Mowbray *is* gone; and that is, that I think a gentleman ought not to put up tamely one or two ſevere things that the colonel has ſaid.'

*Lord M.* 'What the devil canſt thou mean? I thought all had been over. Why thou haſt nothing to do, but to confirm to the colonel, that thou art willing to marry Miſs Harlowe, if ſhe will have thee.'

*Col.* 'Mr. Lovelace will not ſcruple to ſay *that*, I ſuppoſe, notwithſtanding all that has paſſed.—But if you think, Mr. Lovelace, I have ſaid any-thing I ſhould *not* have ſaid, I ſuppoſe it is this, That the man who has ſhewn ſo little of the *thing* honour, to a defenceleſs unprotected woman, ought not to ſtand ſo nicely upon the *empty name* of it, with a man who is expoſtulating with him upon it. I am ſorry to have cauſe to ſay this, Mr. Lovelace; but I would on the ſame occaſion repeat it to a king upon his throne, and ſurrounded by all his guards.'

*Lord M.* 'But what is all this, but more *ſacks upon the mill?* more *coals upon the fire?* You have a mind to quarrel, both of you, I ſee that.—Are you not willing, nephew, are you not *moſt* willing, to marry this lady, if ſhe can be prevailed upon to have you?'

*Lovel.* 'Damn me, my lord, if I'd marry an empreſs upon ſuch treatment as this!'

*Lord M.* 'Why now, Bob, thou art 'more cholerick than the colonel. It 'was *his* turn juſt now. And now 'you ſee he is cool, you are all gun-'powder.'

*Lovel.* 'I own the colonel has many 'advantages over me; but, perhaps, 'there is one advantage he has not if 'it were put to the trial.'

*Col.* 'I came not hither, as I ſaid be-'fore, to ſeek the occaſion: but if it be 'offered me, I won't refuſe it—And 'ſince we find we diſturb my good Lord 'M. I'll take my leave, and will go 'home by the way of St. Alban's.'

*Lovel.* 'I'll ſee you part of the way, 'with all my heart, colonel.'

*Col.* 'I accept your civility very cheer-'fully, Mr. Lovelace.'

*Lord M. (Interpoſing again, as we were both for going out)* 'And what will this 'do, gentlemen? Suppoſe you kill one 'another, will the matter be bettered 'or worſted by that? Will the lady be 'made happier or unhappier, do you 'think, by either or both of your deaths? 'Your characters are too well known 'to make freſh inſtances of the courage 'of either needful.—And, I think, if 'the honour of the lady is your view, 'colonel, it can be no other way ſo ef-'fectually promoted, as by marriage. 'And, Sir, if *you* would uſe your intereſt 'with her, it is very probable, that *you* 'may ſucceed, though nobody elſe can.'

*Lovel.* 'I think, my lord, I have ſaid 'all that a man can ſay; (ſince what is 'paſſed cannot be recalled) and you ſee 'Colonel Morden riſes in proportion to 'my coolneſs, till it is neceſſary for me 'to aſſert myſelf, or even *he* would de-'ſpiſe me.'

*Lord M.* 'Let me aſk you, colonel; 'Have you any way, any method, that 'you think reaſonable and honourable 'to propoſe, to bring about a reconci-'liation with the lady? That is what 'we all wiſh for. And I can tell you, 'Sir, it is not a little owing to her fa-'mily, and to their implacable uſage of 'her, that her reſentments are height-'ened againſt my kinſman; who, how-'ever, has uſed her vilely; but is willing 'to repair her wrongs.'

*Lovel.* 'Not, my lord, for the ſake of 'her family; nor for this gentleman's 'haughty behaviour; but for *her own* 'ſake, and in full ſenſe of the wrongs I 'have done her.'

*Col.* 'As to my haughty behaviour, 'as you call it, Sir, I am miſtaken if 'you would not have gone beyond it 'in the like caſe, of a relation ſo meri-'torious, and ſo unworthily injured. 'And, Sir, let me tell you, that if your 'motives are not love, honour, and 'juſtice, and if they have the leaſt tinc-'ture of mean compaſſion for *her*, or of 'an uncheerful aſſent on *your part*, I am 'ſure it will neither be deſired nor ac-'cepted by a perſon of my couſin's merit 'and ſenſe, nor ſhall I wiſh that it 'ſhould.'

*Lovel.* 'Don't think, colonel, that I 'am meanly compounding off a debate, 'that I ſhould as willingly go through 'with you as to eat or drink, if I have 'the occaſion given me for it: but 'thus much I will tell you, that my 'lord, that Lady Sarah Sadleir, Lady 'Betty Lawrance, my two couſins Mon-'tague, and myſelf, have written to her 'in the moſt ſolemn and ſincere man-'ner, to offer her ſuch terms, as no one 'but herſelf would refuſe, and this long 'enough before Colonel Morden's ar-'rival was dreamt of.'

*Col.* 'What reaſon, Sir, may I aſk, 'does ſhe give, againſt liſtening to ſo 'powerful a mediation, and to ſuch 'offers?'

*Lovel.* 'It looks like capitulating, or 'elſe——'

*Col.* 'It looks not like any ſuch thing 'to *me*, Mr. Lovelace, who have as good 'an opinion of your ſpirit as man can 'have. And what, pray, is the part I 'act, and my motives for it? Are they 'not, in deſiring that juſtice may be 'done to my couſin Clariſſa Harlowe, 'that I ſeek to eſtabliſh the honour of 'Mrs. *Lovelace*, if matters can once be 'brought to bear?'

*Lovel.* 'Were ſhe to honour me with 'her acceptance of that name, Mr. 'Morden, I ſhould not want you or 'any man to aſſert the honour of Mrs. 'Lovelace.'

*Col.* 'I believe it. But till ſhe has 'honoured you with that acceptance, 'ſhe is nearer to me than to you, Mr. 'Lovelace. And I ſpeak this, only to 'ſhew you, that in the part I take, I 'mean rather to deſerve your thanks 'than your diſpleaſure, though againſt 'yourſelf, were there occaſion. Nor 'ought you to take it amiſs, if you 'rightly weigh the matter: for, Sir, 'whom does a lady want protection 'againſt but her injurers? And who 'has been her *greateſt* injurer?—Till, 'therefore, ſhe becomes entitled to your 'protection, as *your wife*, you yourſelf 'cannot refuſe me ſome merit in wiſh-'ing to have juſtice done *my couſin*. But, 'Sir, you were a going to ſay, that if it

'were

'were not to look like capitulating, 'you would hint the reaſons my couſin 'gives againſt accepting ſuch an honour-'able mediation?'

I then told him of my ſincere offers of marriage: I made no difficulty, I ſaid, to own my apprehenſions, that my unhappy behaviour to her had greatly affected her: but that it was the implacableneſs of her friends that had thrown her into deſpair, and given her a contempt for life. I told him, That ſhe had been ſo good, as to ſend me a letter to divert me from a viſit my heart was ſet upon making her: a letter, on which I built great hopes, becauſe ſhe aſſured me in it, that ſhe was *going to her father's*; and that *I might ſee her there, when ſhe was received, if it were not my own fault.*

*Col.* 'Is it poſſible? And were you, 'Sir, thus earneſt? And did ſhe ſend 'you ſuch a letter?'

Lord M. confirmed both; and alſo, that, in obedience to her deſire, and that intimation, I had come down without the ſatisfaction I had propoſed to myſelf in ſeeing her.

'It is very true, colonel,' ſaid I: 'and 'I ſhould have told you this before: 'but your heat made me decline it; for, 'as I ſaid, it had an appearance of mean-'ly capitulating with you. An abject-'neſs of heart, of which had I been ca-'pable, I ſhould have deſpiſed *myſelf* as 'much as I might have expected *you* 'would deſpiſe me.'

Lord M. propoſed to enter into the proof of all this: he ſaid, in his phraſeological way, *That one ſtory was good, till another was heard:* that the Harlowe family and I, 'twas true, had behaved like ſo many *Orſons* to one another; and that they had been very free with all our family beſides: that, nevertheleſs, for the lady's ſake, more than for theirs, or even for *mine*, (he could tell me) he would do greater things for me, than they could aſk, if ſhe could be brought to have me: and that this he *wanted* to declare, and would *ſooner* have declared, if he could have brought us ſooner to patience, and a good underſtanding.

The colonel made excuſes for his warmth, on the ſcore of his affection to his couſin.

My regard for her made me readily admit them: and ſo a freſh bottle of Burgundy, and another of Champagne, being put upon the table, we ſat down in good humour, after all this bluſtering, in order to enter cloſer into the particulars of the caſe: which I undertook, at both their deſires, to do.

But theſe things muſt be the ſubject of another letter, which ſhall immediately follow this, if it do not accompany it.

Mean time you will obſerve, That a bad cauſe gives a man great diſadvantages: for I myſelf think, that the interrogatories put to me with ſo much ſpirit by the colonel, made me look curſedly mean; at the ſame time that it gave him a ſuperiority which I know not how to allow to the beſt man in Europe. So that, literally ſpeaking, as a *good man* would infer, guilt is it's own puniſher; in that it makes the moſt lofty ſpirit look like the miſcreant he is.—A *good man*, I ſay: ſo, Jack, *proleptically* I add, *thou* haſt no right to make the obſervation.

## LETTER LXXXII.

### MR. LOVELACE, IN CONTINUATION.

TUESDAY AFTERNOON AUG. 29.

I Went back in this part of our converſation to the day that I was obliged to come down to attend my lord, in the dangerous illneſs which *ſome* feared would have been his laſt.

I told the colonel, What earneſt letters I had written to a particular friend, to engage him to prevail upon the lady not to ſlip a day that had been propoſed for the private celebration of our nuptials; and of my letters written to herſelf on that ſubject; for I had ſtept to my cloſet, and fetched down all the letters, and draughts, and copies of letters relating to this affair.

I read to him ſeveral paſſages in the copies of thoſe letters, which thou wilt remember make not a little to my honour. And I told him, That I wiſhed I had kept copies of thoſe to my friend on the ſame occaſion; by which he would have ſeen how much in earneſt I was in my profeſſions to her, although ſhe would not anſwer one of them. And thou mayſt remember, that one of thoſe four letters accounted to herſelf, why I was deſirous ſhe ſhould remain where I had left her.

I then proceeded to give him an account of the viſit made by Lady Sarah and Lady Betty to Lord M. and me, in order to induce me to do her juſtice: of my readineſs to comply with their deſires; and of their high opinion of her merit: of the viſit made to Miſs Howe by my couſins Montague, in the name

of us all, to engage her intereſt with her friend in my behalf: of my converſation with Miſs Howe, at a private aſſembly, to whom I gave the ſame aſſurances, and beſought her intereſt with her friend.

I then read the copy of the letter (though ſo much to my diſadvantage) which was written to her by Miſs Charlotte Montague, Auguſt 1, entreating her alliance in the names of all our family.

This made him ready to think, that his fair couſin carried her reſentment againſt me too far. He did not imagine, he ſaid, that either myſelf or our family had been ſo much in earneſt.

So thou ſeeſt, Belford, that it is but gloſſing over *one* part of a ſtory, and omitting *another*, that will make a bad cauſe a good one at any time. What an admirable lawyer ſhould I have made! And what a poor hand would this charming creature, with all her innocence, have made of it in a court of juſtice, againſt a man who had ſo much to *ſay*, and to *ſhew* for himſelf!

I then hinted at the generous annual tender which Lord M. and his ſiſters made to his fair couſin, in apprehenſion that ſhe might ſuffer by her friends implacableneſs.

And this alſo the colonel highly applauded, and was pleaſed to lament the unhappy miſunderſtanding between the two families, which had made the Harlowes leſs fond of an alliance with a family of ſo much honour, as this inſtance ſhewed ours to be.

I then told him, That having, by my friend, [meaning thee] who was admitted into her preſence, (and who had always been an admirer of her virtues, and had given me ſuch advice from time to time in relation to her as I wiſhed I had followed) been aſſured, that a viſit from me would be very diſagreeable to her, I once more reſolved to try what a letter would do; and that, accordingly, on the 7th of Auguſt I wrote her one.

'This, colonel, is the copy of it. I 'was then out of humour with my Lord 'M. and the ladies of my family. You 'will therefore read it to yourſelf.'

This letter gave him high ſatisfaction. 'You write here, Mr. Lovelace, 'from your heart. 'Tis a letter full of 'penitence and acknowledgment. Your 'requeſt is reaſonable—To be forgiven 'only as you ſhall appear to deſerve it 'after a time of probation, which you 'leave to her to fix.—Pray, Sir, did ſhe 'return an anſwer to this letter?'

'She did, but with *reluctance*, I own, 'and not till I had declared by my 'friend, that if I could not procure one, 'I would go up to town, and throw 'myſelf at her feet.'

'I wiſh I might be permitted to ſee 'it, Sir, or to hear ſuch parts of it read, 'as you ſhall think proper.'

Turning over my papers, 'Here it 'is, Sir. I will make no ſcruple to put 'it into your hands.'

'This is very obliging, Mr. Love-'lace.'

He read it.—'My charming couſin! '—How ſtrong her reſentments!—Yet, 'how charitable her wiſhes!—Good 'Heaven! that ſuch an excellent crea-'ture—But, Mr. Lovelace, it is to your 'regret, as much as to mine, I doubt 'not——'

Interrupting him, I ſwore that it was.

'So it ought,' ſaid he. 'Nor do I 'wonder that it ſhould be ſo. I ſhall 'tell you, by-and by,' proceeded he, 'how much ſhe ſuffers with her friends 'by falſe and villainous reports. But, 'Sir, will you permit me to take with 'me theſe two letters? I ſhall make uſe 'of them to the advantage of you both.'

I told him, I would oblige him with all my heart. And this he took very kindly, (as he had reaſon;) and put them in his pocket-book, promiſing to return them in a few days.

I then told him, That upon this her refuſal, I took upon myſelf to go to town, in hopes to move her in my favour; and that, though I went without giving her notice of my intention, yet had ſhe got ſome notion of my coming, and ſo contrived to be out of the way: 'And at laſt, when ſhe found I 'was fully determined at all events to 'ſee her, before I went abroad, (which 'I *ſhall* do,' ſaid I, 'if I cannot prevail 'upon her) ſhe ſent me the letter I have 'already mentioned to you, deſiring me 'to ſuſpend my purpoſed viſit: and that 'for a reaſon which amazes and con-'founds me; becauſe I don't find there 'is any-thing in it: and yet I never 'knew her once diſpenſe with her word; 'for ſhe always made it a maxim, that 'it was not lawful to do evil, that good might 'come of it: and yet in this letter, for 'no reaſon in the world but to avoid 'ſeeing me, (to gratify an humour only) 'has ſhe ſent me out of town, depend-'ing upon the aſſurance ſhe had given 'me.'

*Col.* 'This is indeed ſurpriſing. But 'I cannot believe that my couſin, for 'ſuch an end *only*, or indeed for *any* end,

'according to the character I hear of 'her, would ſtoop to make uſe of ſuch 'an artifice.'

*Lovel.* 'This, colonel, is the thing 'that aſtoniſhes me; and yet, ſee here! '—This is the letter ſhe wrote me— 'Nay, Sir, 'tis her own hand.'

*Col.* 'I ſee it is; and a charming hand 'it is.'

*Lovel.* 'You obſerve, colonel, that all 'her hopes of reconciliation with her 'parents are from you. You are her '*dear bleſſed friend!* She always talked 'of you with delight.'

*Col.* 'Would to Heaven I had come 'to England before ſhe left Harlowe 'Place!—Nothing of this had then hap-'pened. Not a man of thoſe whom I 'have heard that her friends propoſed 'for her, ſhould have had her. Nor 'you, Mr. Lovelace, unleſs I had found 'you to be the man every one who ſees 'you, muſt wiſh you to be: and if you '*had* been that man, no one living 'ſhould I have preferred to you for ſuch 'an excellence.'

My lord and I both joined in the wiſh: and 'faith I wiſhed it moſt cordially.

The colonel read the letter twice over, and then returned it to me. 'Tis all 'a myſtery,' ſaid he. 'I can make no-'thing of it. For, alas! her friends 'are as averſe to a reconciliation as 'ever.'

*Lord M.* 'I could not have thought 'it. But don't you think there is ſome-'thing very favourable to my nephew in 'this letter—Something that looks as if 'the lady would comply at laſt?'

*Col.* 'Let me die if I know what to 'make of it. This letter is very dif-'ferent from her preceding one.—You 'returned an anſwer to it, Mr. Love-'lace?'

*Lovel.* 'An anſwer, colonel! No doubt 'of it. And an anſwer full of tranſ-'port. I told her, I would directly ſet 'out for Lord M.'s, in obedience to her 'will. I told her, that I would conſent 'to any-thing ſhe ſhould command, in 'order to promote this happy reconci-'liation. I told her, that it ſhould be 'my hourly ſtudy to the end of my life, 'to deſerve a goodneſs ſo tranſcendent. 'But I cannot forbear ſaying, that I am 'not a little ſhocked and ſurpriſed, if 'nothing more be meant by it than to 'get me into the country without ſee-'ing her.'

*Col.* 'That can't be the thing, depend 'upon it, Sir: there muſt be more 'in it than that. For were that all, ſhe 'muſt think you would ſoon be unde-'ceived, and that you would then moſt 'probably reſume your intention—Un-'leſs, indeed, ſhe depended upon ſeeing '*me* in the interim, as ſhe knew I was 'arrived. But I own, I know not what 'to make of it. Only that ſhe does me 'a great deal of honour, if it be me that 'ſhe calls her *bleſſed friend*, *whom ſhe al-'ways loved and honoured.* Indeed, I 'ever loved her: and if I die unmar-'ried, and without children, ſhall ſhe as 'kind to her as her grandfather was: 'and the rather, as I fear that there is 'too much of envy and ſelf-love in the 'reſentments her brother and ſiſter en-'deavour to keep up in her father and 'mother againſt her. But I ſhall know 'better how to judge of this, when my 'couſin James comes from Edinburgh; 'and he is every hour expected.

'But let me aſk you, Mr. Lovelace, 'What is the name of your friend, 'who is admitted ſo eaſily into my cou-'ſin's preſence? Is it not Belford, pray?'

*Lovel.* 'It is, Sir; and Mr. Belford's 'a man of honour; and a great admirer 'of your fair couſin.'

Was I right, as to the *firſt*, Jack? The *laſt* I have ſuch ſtrong proof of, that it makes me queſtion the *firſt*; ſince ſhe would not have been out of the way of my intended viſit but for thee.

*Col.* 'Are you ſure, Sir, that Mr. 'Belford is a man of honour?'

*Lovel.* 'I can ſwear for him, colo-'nel. What makes you put this queſ-'tion?'

*Col.* 'Only this: that an officious prag-'matical novice has been ſent up to en-'quire into my couſin's life and conver-'ſation: and, would you believe it? the 'frequent viſits of this gentleman have 'been interpreted baſely to her diſrepu-'tation.—Read that letter, Mr. Love-'lace; and you will be ſhocked at every 'part of it.'

This curſed letter, no doubt, is from the young Levite, whom thou, Jack, deſcribedſt, as making enquiry of Mrs. Smith about Miſs Harlowe's character and viſitors.

I believe I was a quarter of an hour in reading it: for I made it, though not a ſhort one, ſix times as long as it is, by the additions of oaths and curſes to every pedantick line. Lord M. too helped to lengthen it, by the like execrations. And thou, Jack, wilt have as much rea-ſon to curſe as we.

'You cannot but ſee,' ſaid the co-lonel, when I had done reading it, 'that 'this fellow has been *officious* in his ma-'levolence; for what he ſays is mere

hearſay,

'hearſay, and that hearſay conjectural 'ſcandal without fact, or the appear-'ance of fact, to ſupport it; ſo that 'an unprejudiced eye, upon the face of 'the letter, would condemn the writer 'of it, as I did, and acquit my couſin. 'But yet, ſuch is the ſpirit by which the 'reſt of my relations are governed, that 'they run away with the belief of the 'worſt it inſinuates, and the dear crea-'ture has had ſhocking letters upon it; 'the pedant's hints are taken; and a 'voyage to one of the colonies has 'been propoſed to her, as the only way 'to avoid Mr. Belford and you. I have 'not ſeen theſe letters, indeed; but 'they took a pride in repeating ſome of 'their contents, which muſt have cut the 'poor ſoul to the heart; and theſe, 'joined to her former ſufferings—What 'have you not, Mr. Lovelace, to an-'ſwer for?'

*Lovel.* 'Who the devil could have 'expected ſuch conſequences as theſe? 'Who could have believed there could 'be parents ſo implacable? Brother and 'ſiſter ſo envious? And, give me leave 'to ſay, a lady ſo immoveably fixed a-'gainſt the only means that could be 'taken to put all right with every-'body?—And what now can be done?'

*Lord M.* 'I have great hopes that 'Colonel Morden may yet prevail upon 'his couſin. And by her laſt letter, it 'runs in my mind, that ſhe has ſome 'thoughts of forgiving all that's paſt.—'Do you think, colonel, if there ſhould '*not* be ſuch a thing as reconciliation 'going forward at preſent, that her 'letter may not imply, that if we *could* 'bring ſuch a thing to bear with her 'friends, ſhe would be reconciled with 'Mr. Lovelace?'

*Col.* 'Such an artifice would better 'become the Italian ſubtilty than the 'Engliſh ſimplicity.—Your lordſhip has 'been in Italy, I preſume?'

*Lovel.* 'My lord has read Boccacio, 'perhaps; and that's as well, as to the 'hint he gives, which may be borrowed 'from one of that author's ſtories. But 'Miſs Clariſſa Harlowe is above all ar-'tifice. She muſt have ſome meaning 'I cannot fathom.'

*Col.* 'Well, my lord, I can only ſay, 'that I will make ſome uſe of the let-'ters Mr. Lovelace has obliged me 'with: and after I have had ſome talk 'with my couſin James, who is hourly 'expected; and when I have diſpatched 'two or three affairs that preſs upon 'me, I will pay my reſpects to my dear 'couſin; and ſhall be then able to form 'a better judgment of things. Mean 'time I will write to her; for I have 'ſent to enquire about her, and find ſhe 'wants conſolation.'

*Lovel.* 'If you favour me, colonel, 'with the damn'd letter of that fellow 'Brand, for a day or two, you will o-'blige me.'

*Col.* 'I will. But remember, the 'man is a parſon, Mr. Lovelace; an 'innocent one too, they ſay. Elſe I 'had been at him before now. And 'theſe college novices, who think they 'know every-thing in their cloiſters, 'and that all learning lies in *books*, make 'diſmal figures when they come into the 'world among *men* and *women*.'

*Lord M.* '*Brand! Brand!* It ſhould 'have been *Firebrand*, I think, in my 'conſcience!'

Thus ended this doughty conference.

I cannot ſay, Jack, but I am greatly taken with Colonel Morden. He is brave and generous, and knows the world; and then his contempt of the parſons is a certain ſign that he is one of *us*.

We parted with great civility: Lord M. (not a little pleaſed that we did, and as greatly taken with the colonel) repeated his wiſh, after the colonel was gone, that he had arrived in time to ſave the lady; if that would have done it.

I wiſh ſo too. For by my ſoul, Jack, I am every day more and more uneaſy about her. But I hope ſhe is not ſo ill as I am told ſhe is.

I have made Charlotte tranſcribe the letter of this *Firebrand*, as my lord calls him; and will incloſe her copy of it. All thy phlegm, I know, will be rouzed into vengeance when thou readeſt it.

I know not what to adviſe as to ſhewing it to the lady. Yet, perhaps, ſhe will be able to reap more ſatisfaction than concern from it, knowing her own innocence; in that it will give her to hope that her friends treatment of her is owing as much to miſrepreſentation as to their own natural implacableneſs. Such a mind as hers, I know, would be glad to find out the ſhadow of a reaſon for the ſhocking letters the colonel ſays they have ſent her, and for their propoſal to her of going to ſome one of the colonies. [Confound them all—But if I begin to curſe, I ſhall never have done]—Then it may put her upon ſuch a defence as ſhe might be glad of an opportunity to make, and to ſhame

them

them for their monſtrous credulity—But this I leave to thy own fat-headed prudence—Only it vexes me to the heart, that even ſcandal and calumny ſhould dare to ſurmiſe the bare poſſibility of any man's ſharing the favours of a woman, whom now methinks I could worſhip with a veneration due only to a divinity.

Charlotte and her ſiſter could not help weeping at the baſe aſperſion: 'When, 'when,' ſaid Patty, lifting up her hands, 'will this ſweet lady's ſufferings be at an 'end?—O couſin Lovelace!'

And thus am I blamed for every-one's faults!—When her brutal father curſes her, it is I. I upbraid her with her ſevere mother. The implacableneſs of her ſtupid uncles is all mine. The virulence of her brother, and the ſpite and envy of her ſiſter, are entirely owing to me. The letter of this raſcal Brand is of my writing—O Jack, what a wretch is thy Lovelace!

RETURNED without a letter!—This damn'd fellow Will is returned without a letter!—Yet the raſcal tells me that he hears you have been writing to me theſe two days!

Plague confound thee, who knoweſt my impatience, and the reaſon for it! To ſend a man and horſe on purpoſe; as I did! My imagination chained to the belly of the beaſt, in order to keep pace with him!—Now he is got to this place; now to that; now to London; now to thee!

Now [a letter given him] whip and ſpur upon the return. This town juſt entered, not ſtaying to bait: that village paſſed by: leaves the wind behind him: in a foaming ſweat man and horſe.

And in this way did he actually enter Lord M's court-yard.

The reverberating pavement brought me down—The letter, Will! The let-'ter, dog!—The letter, ſirrah!'

'No letter, Sir!'—Then wildly ſtaring round me, fiſts clenched, and grinning like a maniack, 'Confound thee 'for a dog, and him that ſent thee with-'out one!—This moment out of my 'ſight, or I'll ſcatter thy ſtupid brains 'through the air.' I ſnatched from his holſters a piſtol, while the raſcal threw himſelf from the foaming beaſt, and ran to avoid the fate which I wiſhed with all my ſoul thou hadſt been within the reach of me to have met with.

But to be as meek as a lamb to one who has me at his mercy, and can wring and torture my ſoul as he pleaſes, *what canſt thou mean* to ſend back my varlet without a letter?—I will ſend away by day-dawn another fellow upon another beaſt for what thou haſt written; and I charge thee, on thy allegiance, that thou diſpatch him not back empty-handed.

*POSTSCRIPT.*

Charlotte, in a whim of delicacy, is diſpleaſed that I ſend the incloſed letter to you—That her hand-writing, forſooth! ſhould go into the hands of a ſingle man!

There's encouragement for thee, Belford! This is a certain ſign that thou may'ſt have her if thou wilt. And yet, till ſhe had given me this unerring demonſtration of her glancing towards thee, I could not have thought it. Indeed I have often in pleaſantry told her that I would bring ſuch an affair to bear. But I never intended it; becauſe ſhe really is a dainty girl: And thou art ſuch a clumſy fellow in thy perſon, that I ſhould as ſoon have wiſhed her a rhinoceros for an huſband, as thee. But, poor little dears! they muſt ſtay till their times come! They won't have this man, and they won't have that man, from ſeventeen to twenty-five: but then, afraid as the ſaying is, that *God has forgot them*, and finding their bloom departing, they are glad of whom they can get, and verify the fable of the Parſon and the Pears.

## LETTER LXXXIII.

MR. BRAND, TO JOHN HARLOWE, ESQ.

[INCLOSED IN THE PRECEDING.]

WORTHY SIR, MY VERY GOOD FRIEND AND PATRON.

I Arrived in town yeſterday, after a tolerably pleaſant journey, (conſidering the hot weather, and duſty roads.) I put up at the Bull and Gate in Holborn, and haſtened to Covent Garden. I ſoon found the houſe where the unhappy lady lodgeth. And, in the back-ſhop, had a good deal of diſcourſe with Mrs. Smith (her landlady) whom I found to be ſo *highly prepoſſeſſed* in her *favour*, that I ſaw it would not anſwer your deſires to take my informations *altogether* from her: and being obliged to attend my patron, who (to my ſorrow.

*Miſerum eſt aliena vivere quadra)*

I find wanteth much waiting upon, and is *another* ſort of a man than he was at college;

college: for, Sir, *inter nos*, *honours change manners*. For the *aforeſaid cauſes*, I thought it would beſt anſwer all the ends of the commiſſion with which you honoured me, to engage, in the deſired ſcrutiny, the wife of a *particular friend*, who liveth almoſt over-againſt the houſe where ſhe lodgeth, and who is a gentlewoman of *character* and *ſobriety*, a *mother of children*, and one who *knoweth* the *world* well.

To her I applied myſelf therefore, and gave her a ſhort hiſtory of the caſe, and deſired ſhe would very particularly enquire into the *conduct* of the unhappy young lady; her *preſent way of life* and *ſubſiſtence*; her *viſitors*, her *employments*, and ſuch like: for theſe, Sir, you know, are the things whereof you wiſhed to be informed.

Accordingly, Sir, I waited upon the gentlewoman aforeſaid, this day; and, to *my* very great trouble (becauſe I know it will be to *yours*, and likewiſe to all your worthy family's) I muſt ſay, that I do find things look a little more *darkly*, than I hoped they would. For, alas! Sir, the gentlewoman's report turneth not out ſo *favourable* for Miſs's reputation, as *I* wiſhed, as *you* wiſhed, and as *every-one* of her friends wiſhed, But ſo it is throughout the world, that *one falſe ſtep* generally brings on *another*; and peradventure, *a worſe*, and *a ſtill worſe*; till the poor ſoul is quite *entangled*, and (without infinite *mercy*) loſt for ever.

It ſeemeth, Sir, ſhe is, notwithſtanding, in a very *ill ſtate of health*. In this, *both* gentlewomen (that is to ſay, Mrs. Smith her landlady, and my friend's wife) agree. Yet ſhe goeth often out in a chair, to *prayers* (as it is ſaid.) But my friend's wife told me, that nothing is more common in London, than that the frequenting of the church at morning prayers is made the *pretence* and *cover* for *private aſſignations*. What a ſad thing is this! that what was deſigned for *wholeſome nouriſhment* to the *poor ſoul*, ſhould be turned into *rank poiſon!* But, as Mr. Daniel de Foe (an ingenious man, though a *diſſenter*) obſerveth, (But indeed it is an old proverb; only I think he was the firſt that put it into verſe)—

'God never had a houſe of prayer,
'But Satan had a chapel there.'

Yet, to do the lady *juſtice*, nobody cometh home with her: nor indeed *can* they, becauſe ſhe goeth forward and backward in a *ſedan*, or *chair*, (as they call it.) But then there is a gentleman of *no good character* (an *intimado* of Mr. Lovelace) who is a *conſtant* viſitor of her, and of the people of the houſe, whom he *regaleth* and *treateth*, and hath (of conſequence) their *high good words*.

I have thereupon taken the trouble (for I love to be *exact* in any *commiſſion* I undertake) to inquire *particularly* about this *gentleman*, as he is called: (albeit I hold no man ſo but by his actions: for, as Juvenal ſaith—

'—*Nobilitas ſola eſt, atque unica virtus.*')

And this I did *before* I would ſit down to write to you.

His name is Belford. He hath a paternal eſtate of upwards of one thouſand pounds by the year; and is now in mourning for an uncle, who left him very conſiderably beſides. He beareth a very profligate character as to *women*, (for I enquired particularly about *that*) and is Mr. Lovelace's more eſpecial *privado*, with whom he holdeth a *regular correſpondence*; and hath been often ſeen with Miſs (*tête-à-tête*) at the *window*—In no *bad way*, indeed: but my friend's wife is of opinion, that all is not *as it ſhould be*. And, indeed, it is mighty ſtrange to me, if Miſs be ſo *notable a penitent*, (as is repreſented) and if ſhe have ſuch an *averſion* to Mr. Lovelace, that ſhe will admit his *privado* into *her retirements*, and ſee *no other company*.

I underſtand from Mrs. Smith, that Mr. Hickman was to ſee her ſome time ago, from Miſs Howe; and I am told by *another* hand, (You ſee, Sir, how diligent I have been to execute the *commiſſions* you gave me) that he had no *extraordinary opinion* of this Belford, at firſt; though they were ſeen together one morning by the oppoſite neighbour, at *breakfaſt*: and another time this Belford was obſerved to *watch* Mr. Hickman's coming from her; ſo that, as it ſhould ſeem, he was mighty zealous to *ingratiate* himſelf with Mr. Hickman; no doubt, to engage him to make a *favourable report to Miſs Howe* of the *intimacy* he was admitted into by her unhappy friend; who (*as ſhe is very ill*) may *mean no harm* in allowing his viſits: (for he, it ſeemeth, brought to her, or recommended at leaſt, the doctor and apothecary that attend her) but I think (upon the whole) *it looketh not well*.

I am ſorry, Sir, I cannot give you a better account of the young lady's *prudence*. But what ſhall we ſay?—

'*Uvaque conſpectâ livorum ducit ab uvâ,*'

as Juvenal obſerveth.

One

One thing I am afraid of; which is, that Miſs may be under *neceſſities*; and that this Belford (who, as Mrs. Smith owns, hath *offered her money*, which ſhe, *at the time*, refuſed) may find an opportunity to *take advantage* of thoſe *neceſſities*: and it is well obſerved by that poet, that—

'*Ægrè formoſam pateris ſervare puellam:*
'*Nunc prece, nunc pretio, forma petita ruit.*'

And this Belford (who is a *bold man*, and hath, as they ſay, the *look* of one) may make good that of Horace; (with whoſe writings you are ſo well acquainted; nobody better)—

'*Audax omnia perpeti,*
'*Gens humana ruit per vetitum nefas.*'

Forgive me, Sir, for what I am going to write! But if you could prevail upon the reſt of your family to join in the ſcheme which *you*, and her *virtuous ſiſter* Miſs Arabella, and the archdeacon, and I, once talked of, (which is to perſuade the unhappy young lady to go, in ſome *creditable* manner, to ſome one of the foreign colonies) it might ſave not only her *own credit* and *reputation*, but the *reputation* and *credit* of all her *family*, and a great deal of *vexation* moreover. For it is my humble opinion, that you will hardly (any of you) enjoy yourſelves while this (*once* innocent) young lady is in the way of being ſo frequently heard of by you: and this would put her *out of the way* both of *this Belford* and of *that Lovelace*, and it might, peradventure, prevent as much *evil* as *ſcandal*.

You will forgive me, Sir, for this my *plainneſs*. Ovid pleadeth for me—

'*Adulator nullus amicus erit.*'

And I have no view but that of approving myſelf a *zealous well-wiſher* to all your worthy family, (whereto I owe a great number of obligations) and very particularly, Sir, *your obliged and humble ſervant*,

ELIAS BRAND.

WEDN. AUG. 9.

P. S. I ſhall give you *further hints* when I come down; (which will be in a few days) and who my *informants* were; but by *theſe* you will ſee, that I have been very aſſiduous (for the time) in the taſk you ſet me upon.

The *length* of my letter you will excuſe; for I need not tell you, Sir, what *narrative*, *complex*, and *converſation* letters, (ſuch a one as *mine*) require. Every one to his *talent*. Letter-writing is mine, I will be bold to ſay; and that my *correſpondence* was much coveted at the univerſity, on that account, by *Tyros*, and even by *Sophs*, when I was hardly a *Soph* myſelf. But this I ſhould not have taken upon me to mention, but only in defence of the *length* of my letter; for nobody writeth *ſhorter*, or *pithier*, when the ſubject requireth *common forms* only—But in apologizing for my *prolixity*, I am *adding* to the *fault*: (if it were one, which, however, I cannot think it to be, the *ſubject* conſidered: but this I have ſaid before in other words) ſo, Sir, if you will excuſe my *poſtſcript*, I am ſure you will not find fault with my *letter*.

One word more, as to a matter of *erudition*, which you greatly love to hear me *ſtart*, and *dwell upon*. Dr. Lewen once, in *your* preſence, (as you, *my good patron*, cannot but remember) in a *ſmartiſh* kind of debate between *him* and *me*, took upon him to cenſure the *parenthetical* ſtyle, as I call it. He was a very learned and judicious man, to be ſure; and an ornament to *our function*: but yet I muſt needs ſay, that it is a ſtyle which I greatly like; and the good doctor was then paſt his *youth*, and that time of life, of conſequence, when a *fertile imagination*, and *rich fancy*, pour in ideas ſo faſt upon a writer, that parentheſes are often wanted (and that for the ſake of *brevity*, as well as *perſpicuity*) to ſave the reader the trouble of reading a paſſage *more than once*. Every man to his talent (as I ſaid before.) We are all ſo apt to ſet up our *natural biaſſes* for *general ſtandards*, that I wondered *the leſs* at the worthy doctor's *ſtiffneſs* on this occaſion. He *ſmiled at me*, you may remember, Sir—And, whether I was right or not, I am ſure I *ſmiled at him*. And *you*, my *worthy patron*, (as I had the ſatisfaction to obſerve) ſeemed to be of *my party*. But was it not ſtrange, that the *old gentleman* and *I* ſhould ſo widely differ, when the *end* with *both* (that is to ſay, *proſpicuity* or *clearneſs*) was the ſame?—But what ſhall we ſay?—

'*Errare eſt hominis, ſed non perſiſtere.*'

I think I have nothing to add, until I have the honour of attending you in *perſon*; but that I am (as above) &c. &c. &c.

E. B.

## LETTER LXXXIV.

MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

WEDNESDAY NIGHT, AUG. 30.

IT was lucky enough that our two ſervants met at Hannah's, which gave them ſo good an opportunity of exchanging their letters time enough for each to return to his maſter early in the day.

Thou doſt well to boaſt of thy capacity for managing ſervants, and to ſet up for correcting our poets in their characters of this claſs of people, when, like a madman, thou canſt beat their teeth out, and attempt to ſhoot them through the head, for not bringing to thee what they had no power to obtain.

You well obſerve, that you would have made a thorough-paced lawyer. The whole of the converſation-piece between you and the colonel, affords a convincing proof, that there is a black and a white ſide to every cauſe: but what muſt the conſcience of a partial whitener of his *own* cauſe, or blackener of *another's*, tell him, while he is throwing duſt in the eyes of his judges, and all the time knows his own guilt?

The colonel, I ſee, is far from being a faultleſs man: but while he ſought not to carry his point by breach of faith, he has an excuſe which thou haſt not. But with reſpect to him, and to us all, I can now, with deteſtation of ſome of my own actions, ſee, that the taking advantage of another perſon's good opinion of us, to injure (perhaps to ruin) that other, is the moſt ungenerous wickedneſs that can be committed.

*Man* acting thus by *man*, we ſhould not be at a loſs to give ſuch actions a name: but is it not doubly and trebly aggravated, when ſuch advantage is taken of an unexperienced and innocent young creature, whom we pretend to love above all the women in the world; and when we ſeal our pretence by the moſt ſolemn vows and proteſtations of inviolable honour, that we can invent.

I ſee that this gentleman is the beſt match thou ever couldſt have had, upon all accounts: his ſpirit ſuch another impetuous one as thy own; ſoon taking fire; vindictive; and only differing in this, that the cauſe he engages in is a juſt one. But, commend me to honeſt brutal Mowbray, who, before he *knew* the cauſe, offers his ſword in thy behalf againſt a man who had taken the injured ſide, and whom he had never ſeen before.

As ſoon as I had run through your letters, and the copy of that of the incendiary Brand's, (by the latter of which I ſaw to what cauſe a great deal of this laſt implacableneſs of the Harlowe family is owing) I took coach to Smith's, although I had been come from thence but about an hour, and had taken leave of the lady for the night.

I ſent down for Mrs. Lovick, and deſired her, in the firſt place, to acquaint the lady, (who was buſied in her cloſet) that I had letters from Berks: in which I was informed, that the interview between Colonel Morden and Mr. Lovelace had ended without ill conſequences; that the colonel intended to write to her very ſoon, and was intereſting himſelf mean while in her favour, with her relations; that I hoped, that this agreeable news would be the means of giving her good reſt; and I would wait upon her in the morning, by the time ſhe ſhould return from prayers, with all the particulars.

She ſent me word, that ſhe ſhould be glad to ſee me in the morning; and was highly obliged to me for the good news I had ſent her up.

I then, in the back-ſhop, read to Mrs. Lovick and to Mrs. Smith, the copy of Brand's letter, and aſked them, If they could gueſs at the man's informant?—They were not at a loſs; Mrs. Smith having ſeen the ſame fellow Brand who had talked with her, as I mentioned in a former, come out of a milliner's ſhop over-againſt them; which milliner, ſhe ſaid, had alſo lately been very inquiſitive about the lady.

I wanted no further hint; but, bidding them take no notice to the lady of what I had read, I ſhot over the way, and aſking for the miſtreſs of the houſe, ſhe came to me.

Retiring with her, at her invitation, into her parlour, I deſired to know, if ſhe were acquainted with a young country clergyman of the name of *Brand*. She heſitatingly, ſeeing me in ſome emotion, owned, that ſhe had ſome ſmall knowledge of the gentleman. Juſt then came in her huſband, who is, it ſeems, a petty officer in the exciſe, (and not an ill-behaved man) who owned a fuller knowledge of him.

'I have the copy of a letter,' ſaid I, 'from this Brand, in which he has taken 'greater liberties with my character, 'and with that of the moſt unblameable 'lady in the world, which he grounds 'upon informations that you, Madam, 'have given him.' And then I read to them

them ſeveral paſſages in his letter; and aſked, What foundation ſhe had for giving that fellow ſuch impreſſions of either of us?

They knew not what to anſwer: but at laſt ſaid, that he had told them how wickedly the young lady had run away from her parents: what worthy and rich people they were: in what favour *he* ſtood with them; and that they had employed him to enquire after her behaviour, viſitors, &c.

They ſaid, That indeed they knew very little of the young lady; but that [Curſe upon their cenſoriouſneſs!] it was but too natural to think, that where a lady had given way to a deluſion, and taken ſo wrong a ſtep, ſhe would not ſtop there: that the moſt ſacred places and things were but too often made cloaks for bad actions: that Mr. Brand had been informed (perhaps by ſome enemy of mine) that I was a man of very free principles, and an *intimado*, as he calls it, of the man who had ruined her. And that their couſin Barker, a mantua-maker, who lodged up one pair of ſtairs, (and who, at their deſire, came down and confirmed what they ſaid) had often, from her window, ſeen me with the lady, in her chamber, and both talking very earneſtly together: and that Mr. Brand being unable to account for her admitting my viſits, and knowing I was but a new acquaintance of hers, and an old one of Mr. Lovelace, thought himſelf obliged to lay theſe matters before her friends.

This was the ſum and ſubſtance of their tale.—O how I curſed the cenſoriouſneſs of this plaguy triumvirate! A parſon, a milliner, and a mantua-maker! The two latter, not more by *buſineſs* led to adorn the perſons, than generally by *ſcandal* to deſtroy the *reputations*, of thoſe they have a mind to exerciſe their talents upon!

The two women took great pains to perſuade me, that they themſelves were people of conſcience:—Of conſequence, I told them, too much addicted, I feared, to cenſure other people who pretended not to their ſtrictneſs; for that I had ever found cenſoriouſneſs, narrowneſs, and uncharitableneſs, to prevail too much with thoſe who affected to be thought more pious than their neighbours.

They anſwered, That that was not their caſe; and that they had ſince enquired into the lady's character and manner of life, and were very much concerned to think any-thing they had ſaid ſhould be made uſe of againſt her: and as they heard from Mrs. Smith, that ſhe was not likely to live long, they ſhould be ſorry ſhe ſhould go out of the world a ſufferer by their means, or with an ill opinion of them, though ſtrangers to her. The huſband offered to write, if I pleaſed, to Mr. Brand, in vindication of the lady; and the two women ſaid, they ſhould be glad to wait upon her in perſon, to beg her pardon for any-thing ſhe had reaſon to take amiſs from them; becauſe they were now convinced that there was not ſuch another young lady in the world.

I told them, That the leaſt ſaid of the affair to the lady, in her preſent circumſtances, was beſt. That ſhe was an heavenly creature, and fond of taking all occaſions to find excuſes for her relations on their implacableneſs to her: that therefore I ſhould take ſome notice to her of the uncharitable and weak ſurmiſes which gave birth to ſo vile a ſcandal: but that I would have him, Mr. Walton; (for that is the huſband's name) write to his acquaintance Brand as ſoon as poſſible, as he had offered—And ſo I left them.

As to what thou ſayeſt of thy charming couſin, let me know, if thou haſt any meaning in it. I have not the vanity to think myſelf deſerving of ſuch a lady as Miſs Montague: and ſhould not therefore care to expoſe myſelf to her ſcorn, and to thy deriſion. But were I aſſured I might avoid both theſe, I would ſoon acquaint thee, that I ſhould think no pains nor aſſiduity too much, to obtain a ſhare in the good graces of ſuch a lady.

But I know thee too well to depend upon any-thing thou ſayeſt on this ſubject. Thou loveſt to make thy friends the objects of ridicule to ladies; and imagineſt, from the vanity (and in this reſpect, I will ſay littleneſs) of thine own heart, that thou ſhineſt the brighter for the foil.

Thus didſt thou once play off the rough Mowbray with Miſs Hatton, till the poor fellow knew not how to go either backward or forward.

## LETTER LXXXV.

MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

THURSDAY, 11 O'CLOCK, AUG. 31.

I Am juſt come from the lady, whom I left cheerful and ſerene.

She thanked me for my communication of the preceeding night. I read to

her ſuch parts of your letters as I *could* read to her; and I thought it was a good teſt to diſtinguiſh the froth and whipt-ſyllabub in them from the cream in what one *could* and *could not* read to a woman of ſo fine a mind; ſince four parts out of ſix of thy letters, which I thought entertaining as I read them to myſelf, appeared to me, when I ſhould have read them to her, moſt abominable ſtuff, and gave me a very contemptible idea of thy talents, and of my own judgment.

She was far from rejoicing, as I had done, at the diſappointment her letter gave you when explained.

She ſaid, She meant only an innocent allegory, which might carry inſtruction and warning to you, when the meaning was taken, as well as anſwer her own hopes for the time. It was run off in a hurry. She was afraid, it was not quite right in *her*. But hoped the end would excuſe (if it could not juſtify) the means. And then ſhe again expreſſed a good deal of apprehenſion, leſt you ſhould ſtill take it into your head to moleſt her, when her time, ſhe ſaid, was ſo ſhort, that ſhe wanted every moment of it; repeating what ſhe had ſaid once before, that when ſhe wrote, ſhe was ſo ill, that ſhe believed ſhe ſhould not have lived till now. If ſhe had thought ſhe ſhould, ſhe muſt have ſtudied for an expedient that would have better anſwered her intentions. Hinting at a removal out of the knowledge of us both.

But ſhe was much pleaſed that the conference between you and Colonel Morden, after two or three ſuch violent ſallies, as I acquainted her you had between you, ended ſo amicably; and ſaid ſhe muſt abſolutely depend upon the promiſe I had given her to uſe my utmoſt endeavours to prevent further miſchief on her account.

She was pleaſed with the juſtice you did her character to her couſin.

She was glad to hear, that he had ſo kind an opinion of her, and that he would write to her.

I was under an unneceſſary concern, how to break to her, that I had the copy of Brand's vile letter: *unneceſſary*, I ſay; for ſhe took it juſt as you thought ſhe would, as an excuſe ſhe wiſhed to have for the implacableneſs of her friends; and begged I would let her read it herſelf; 'For,' ſaid ſhe, 'the 'contents cannot diſturb me, be they 'what they will.'

I gave it to her, and ſhe read it to herſelf; a tear now-and-then being ready to ſtart, and a ſigh ſometimes interpoſing.

She gave me back the letter with great and ſurpriſing calmneſs, conſidering the ſubject.

'There was a time,' ſaid ſhe, 'and 'that not long ſince, when ſuch a letter 'as this would have greatly pained me. 'But I hope I have now got above all 'theſe things: and I can refer to your 'kind offices, and to thoſe of Miſs Howe, 'the juſtice that will be done to my me-'mory among my friends. There is a 'good and a bad light in which every-'thing that befals us may be taken. If 'the human mind will buſy itſelf to 'make the worſt of every diſagreeable 'occurrence, it will never want woe. 'This letter, affecting as the ſubject of 'it is to my reputation, gives me more 'pleaſure than pain, becauſe I can ga-'ther from it, that had not my friends 'been prepoſſeſſed by miſinformed or 'raſh and officious perſons, who are al-'ways at hand to flatter or ſoothe the 'paſſions of the affluent, they could not 'have been ſo immoveably determined 'againſt me. But now they are ſuffi-'ciently cleared from every imputation 'of unforgivingneſs; for, while I ap-'peared to them in the character of a 'vile hypocrite, pretending to true pe-'nitence, yet giving up myſelf to pro-'fligate courſes, how could I expect 'either their pardon or bleſſing?'

'But, Madam,' ſaid I, 'you'll ſee 'by the date of this letter, *Auguſt* 9, that 'their ſeverity, *previous* to that, cannot 'be excuſed by it.'

'It imports me much,' replied ſhe, 'on account of my preſent wiſhes, as 'to the office you are ſo kind to under-'take, that you ſhould not think harſh-'ly of my friends. I muſt own to you, 'that I have been apt ſometimes myſelf 'to think them not only ſevere, but 'cruel. Suffering minds will be par-'tial to their own cauſe and merits. 'Knowing their own hearts, if ſincere, 'they are apt to murmur when harſhly 'treated: but if they are not *believed* 'to be innocent, by perſons who have 'a right to decide upon their conduct 'according to their own judgments, 'how can it be helped? Beſides, Sir, 'how do you know, that there are not 'about my friends as well-meaning miſ-'repreſenters as Mr. Brand really ſeems 'to be? But be this as it will, there is 'no doubt that there are and have been 'multitudes of perſons, as innocent as 'myſelf, who have ſuffered upon ſur-'miſes as little probable as thoſe on 'which

'which Mr. Brand founds his judg-
'ment.—Your intimacy, Sir, with Mr.
'Lovelace, and (may I say?) a character
'which, it seems, you have been less
'solicitous formerly to justify, than per-
'haps you will be for the future, and
'your frequent visits to me, may well
'be thought to be questionable circum-
'stances in my conduct.'

I could only admire her in silence.

'But you see, Sir,' proceeded she,
'how necessary it is for young people
'of our sex to be careful of our com-
'pany. And how much, at the same
'time, it behoves young persons of
'yours, to be chary of their own repu-
'tation, were it only for the sake of such
'of ours, as they may mean honourably
'by; and who otherwise may suffer in
'their good names for being seen in their
'company.

'As to Mr. Brand,' continued she,
'he is to be pitied; and let me enjoin
'you, Mr. Belford, not to take up any
'resentments against him, which may
'be detrimental either to his person or
'his fortunes. Let his function and his
'good meaning plead for him. He will
'have concern enough, when he finds
'every-body, whose displeasure I now
'labour under, acquitting my memory
'of perverse guilt, and joining in a ge-
'neral pity for me.'

This, Lovelace, is the woman whose life thou hast curtailed in the blossom of it!—How many opportunities must thou have had of admiring her inestimable worth, yet couldst have thy senses so much absorbed in the WOMAN in her charming person, as to be blind to the ANGEL that shines out in such full glory in her mind!—Indeed, I have ever thought myself, when blest with her conversation, in the company of a real angel: and I am sure it would be impossible for me, were she to be as beautiful, and as crimsoned over with health, as I have seen her, to have the least thought of sex, when I heard her talk.

THURSDAY, THREE O'CLOCK, AUG. 31.

ON my re-visit to the lady, I found her almost as much a sufferer from joy, as she had sometimes been from grief: for she had just received a very kind letter from her cousin Morden; which she was so good as to communicate to me. As she had already begun to answer it, I begged leave to attend her in the evening, that I might not interrupt her in it.

The letter is a very tender one * * * * *Here Mr. Belford gives the substance of it upon his memory; but this is omitted; as the letter is given at length,* [*See the next letter.*] *And then adds:*

But, alas! all will be now too late. For the decree is certainly gone out—The world is unworthy of her.

## LETTER LXXXVI.

### COLONEL MORDEN, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

TUESDAY, AUG. 29.

I Should not, my dearest cousin, have been a fortnight in England, without either doing myself the honour of waiting upon you in person, or of writing to you; if I had not been busying myself almost all the time in your service, in hopes of making my visit or letter still more acceptable to you—acceptable as I have reason to presume either will be, from the unquestionable love I ever bore you, and from the esteem you always honoured me with.

Little did I think, that so many days would have been required to effect my well-intended purpose, where there used to be a love so ardent on one side, and where there still is, as I am thoroughly convinced, the most exalted merit on the other!

I was yesterday with Mr. Lovelace and Lord M. I need not tell *you*, it seems, how very desirous the whole family and all the relations of that nobleman are of the honour of an alliance with you; nor how exceedingly earnest the ungrateful man is to make you all the reparation in his power.

I think, my dear cousin, that you cannot now do better than to give him the honour of your hand. He says such just and great things of your virtue, and so heartily condemns himself, that I think there is honourable room for you to forgive him: and the more room, as it seems you are determined against a legal prosecution.

Your effectual forgiveness of Mr. Lovelace, it is evident to me, will accelerate a general reconciliation: for, at present, my other cousins cannot persuade themselves, that he is in earnest to do you justice; or that you would refuse him, if you believed he was.

But, my dear cousin, there may possibly be something in this affair, to which I may be a stranger. If there be, and you will acquaint me with it, all that a *naturally* warm heart can do in your behalf shall be done.

I hope

I hope I ſhall be able, in my next viſits to my ſeveral couſins, to ſet all right with them. Haughty ſpirits, when convinced they have carried reſentments too high, want but a good excuſe to condeſcend: and parents muſt *always* love the child they *once* loved.

But if I find them inflexible, I will ſet out, and attend you without delay; for I long to ſee you after ſo many years abſence.

Meanwhile, I beg the favour of a few lines to know if you have reaſon to doubt Mr. Lovelace's ſincerity. For my part, I can have none, if I am to judge from the converſation that paſſed between us yeſterday, in preſence of Lord M.

You will be pleaſed to direct for me at your uncle Antony's.

Permit me, my deareſt couſin, till I can procure a happy reconciliation between you and your father, and brother, and uncles, to ſupply the place to you of all thoſe near relations, as well as that of *your affectionate kinſman, and humble ſervant,*

WM. MORDEN.

## LETTER LXXXVII.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO WILLIAM MORDEN, ESQ.

THURSDAY, AUG. 21.

I Moſt heartily congratulate you, dear Sir, on your return to your native country.

I heard with much pleaſure that you were come; but I was both afraid and aſhamed, till you encouraged me by a firſt notice, to addreſs myſelf to you.

How conſoling it is to my wounded heart to find, that you have not been carried away by that tide of reſentment and diſpleaſure with which I have been ſo unhappily overwhelmed—But that, while my ſtill nearer relations have not thought fit to examine into the truth of vile reports raiſed againſt me, you have informed yourſelf of my innocence, and generouſly *credited* the information!

I have not the leaſt reaſon to doubt Mr. Lovelace's ſincerity in his offers of marriage: nor that all his relations are heartily deſirous of ranking me among them. I have had noble inſtances of their eſteem for me, on their apprehending that my father's diſpleaſure muſt have ſubjected me to difficulties: and this, after I had abſolutely refuſed *their* preſſing ſolicitations in their kinſman's favour, as well as *his own*.

Nor think me, my dear couſin, blameable for refuſing him. I had given Mr. Lovelace no reaſon to think me a weak creature. If I *had*, a man of his character might have thought himſelf warranted to endeavour to take ungenerous advantage of the weakneſs he had been able to inſpire. The conſciouſneſs of *my own* weakneſs (in that caſe) might have brought me to a compoſition with *his* wickedneſs.

I can indeed forgive him. But that is, becauſe I think his crimes have ſet me above him. Can I be above the man, Sir, to whom I ſhall give my hand and my vows; and with them a ſanction to the moſt premeditated baſeneſs? No, Sir! Let me ſay, that your couſin Clariſſa, were ſhe likely to live many years, and *that* (if ſhe married not this man) in penury or want, deſpiſed and forſaken by all her friends, puts not ſo high a value upon the conveniences of life, nor upon life itſelf, as to ſeek to re-obtain the one, or to preſerve the other, by giving *ſuch* a ſanction: a ſanction, which (*were ſhe to perform her duty*) would reward the violator.

Nor is it ſo much from pride as from principle, that I ſay this. What, Sir! when virtue, when chaſtity, is the crown of a woman, and particularly of a wife, ſhall your couſin ſtoop to marry the man who could not form an attempt upon *hers*, but upon a preſumption, that ſhe was capable of receiving his offered hand, when he had found himſelf miſtaken in the vile opinion he had conceived of her? Hitherto he has not had reaſon to think me weak. Nor will I give an inſtance ſo flagrant, that weak I am, in a point in which it would be criminal to be *found* weak.

One day, Sir, you will perhaps know all my ſtory. But, whenever it is known, I beg that the author of my calamities may not be vindictively ſought after. He could not have been the author of them, but for a ſtrange concurrence of unhappy cauſes. As the law will not be able to reach him when I am gone, the apprehenſion of any other ſort of vengeance terrifies me: ſince, in ſuch a caſe, ſhould my friends be *ſafe*, what honour would his death bring to my memory?—If any of them ſhould come to misfortune, how would my fault be aggravated!

God long preſerve you, my deareſt couſin, and bleſs you but in *proportion* to the conſolation you have given me, in letting me know that you ſtill love me; and that I have one near and dear relation who can pity and forgive me, (and then will you be *greatly* bleſſed—) is

the

the prayer of *your ever grateful and affectionate*

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

## LETTER LXXXVIII.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

[IN ANSWER TO HIS LETTERS LXV. LXXIX.]

THURSDAY, AUG. 31.

I Cannot but own, that I am cut to the heart by *this* Miss Harlowe's interpretation of her letter. She ought never to be forgiven. *She*, a meek person, and a penitent, and innocent, and pious, and I know not what, who can deceive with a foot in the grave!

'Tis evident, that she sat down to write this letter with a design to mislead and deceive. And if she be capable of that, at such a crisis, she has as much need of *Heaven's* forgiveness, as I have of *hers:* and, with all her cant of *charity* and *charity*, if she be not more sure of it than I am of her *real pardon*, and if she take the thing in the light she ought to take it in, she will have a few darker moments yet to come than she seems to expect.

Lord M. himself, who is not one of those (to speak in his own phrase) *who can penetrate a mill-stone*, sees the deceit, and thinks it unworthy of her; though my cousins Montague vindicate her. And no wonder: this cursed partial sex [I hate 'em all—by my soul, I hate 'em all!] will never allow any thing against an individual of it, where ours is concerned. And why, because, if they censure deceit in another, they must condemn their own hearts.

She is to send me a letter after she is in Heaven, is she? The devil take such *allegories*; and the devil take thee for calling this absurdity an *innocent* artifice!

I insist upon it, that if a woman of her character, at such a critical time, is to be justified in such a deception, a man in full health and vigour of body and mind, as I am, may be excused for all his stratagems and attempts against her. And, thank my stars, I can now sit me down with a quiet conscience on that score. By my soul, I can, Jack. Nor has any-body, who can acquit *her*, a right to blame *me*. But with some, indeed, every-thing *she* does must be good, every-thing *I* do must be bad—And why? Because she has always taken care to coax the stupid mis-judging world, like a *woman:* while I have constantly defied and despised it's censures, like a *man*.

But, notwithstanding all, you may let her know from me, that I will *not* molest her, since my visits would be so shocking to her: and I hope she will take this into her consideration as a piece of generosity, which she could hardly expect after the deception she has put upon me. And let her further know, that if there be any-thing in my power that will contribute either to her ease or honour, I will obey her, at the very first intimation, however disgraceful or detrimental to myself. All this, to make her unapprehensive, and that she may have nothing to pull her back.

If her cursed relations could be brought as cheerfully to perform *their* parts; I'd answer life for life for her recovery.

But who, that has so many ludicrous images raised in his mind by thy awkward penitence, can forbear laughing at thee? Spare, I beseech thee, dear Belford, for the future, all thine own aspirations, if thou wouldst not dishonour those of an angel indeed.

When I came to that passage where thou sayest, that thou considerest her as one sent from Heaven to draw thee after her—for the heart of me, I could not for an hour put thee out of my head, in the attitude of Dame Elizabeth Carteret, on her monument in Westminster Abbey. If thou never observedst it, go thither on purpose; and there wilt thou see this dame in effigie, with uplifted head and hand, the latter taken hold of by a Cupid every inch of stone, one clumsy foot lifted up also, aiming, as the sculptor designed it, to ascend; but so executed, as would rather make one imagine, that the figure (without shoe or stocking, as it is, though the rest of the body is robed) was looking up to it's corn-cutter: the other rivetted to it's native earth, bemired, like thee, (*immersed* thou callest it) beyond the possibility of unsticking itself. Both figures, thou wilt find, seem to be in a contention, the bigger, whether it should pull down the lesser about it's ears—the lesser, (a chubby fat little varlet, of a fourth part of the other's bigness, with wings not much larger than those of a butterfly) whether it should raise the larger to a Heaven it points to, hardly big enough to contain the great toes of either.

Thou wilt say, perhaps, that the dame's figure in *stone* may do credit, in

in the compariſon, to thine, both in grain and ſhape, *wooden* as thou art all over: but that the lady, who, in everything but in the trick ſhe has played me ſo lately, is truly an angel, is but ſorrily repreſented by the fat-flanked Cupid. This I allow thee. But yet there is enough in thy aſpirations, to ſtrike my mind with a reſemblance of thee and the lady to the figures on the wretched monument; for thou oughteſt to remember, that, prepared as ſhe may be to mount to her natives ſkies, it is impoſſible for her to draw after her a heavy fellow who has ſo much to repent of as thou haſt.

But now, to be ſerious once more, let me tell you, Belford, that if the lady be really ſo ill as you write ſhe is, it will become you, [*No Roman ſtyle here!*] in a caſe ſo very affecting, to be a little leſs pointed and ſarcaſtick in your reflections. For, upon my ſoul, the matter begins to grate me moſt confoundedly.

I am now ſo impatient to hear oftener of her, that I take the hint accidentally given me by our two fellows meeting at Slough, and reſolve to go to our friend Doleman's at Uxbridge; whoſe wife and ſiſter, as well as he, have ſo frequently preſſed me to give them my company for a week or two. There ſhall I be within two hours ride, if anything ſhould happen to induce her to ſee me: for it will well become her piety, and avowed charity, ſhould the worſt happen, [The Lord of Heaven and earth, however, avert that worſt!] to give me that pardon from her *lips*, which ſhe has not denied me by *pen and ink*. And as ſhe wiſhes my reformation, ſhe knows not what good effects ſuch an interview may have upon me.

I ſhall accordingly be at Doleman's to-morrow morning, by eleven at furtheſt. My fellow will find me there at his return from you, (with a letter, I hope.) I ſhall have Joel with me likewiſe, that I may ſend the oftener, as matters fall out. Were I to be *ſtill nearer*, or in town, it would be impoſſible to with-hold myſelf from ſeeing her.

But, if the worſt happen!—as, by your continual knelling, I know not what to think of it!—[Yet, once more, Heaven avert that worſt!—How natural is it to pray, when one cannot help one's ſelf!]—THEN ſay not, in ſo many dreadful words, what the event is—Only, that you adviſe me to take a trip to Paris—And that will ſtab me to the heart.

I ſo well approve of your generoſity to poor Belton's ſiſter, that I have made Mowbray give up his legacy, as I do mine, towards her India bonds. When I come to town, Tourville ſhall do the like; and we will buy each a ring, to wear in memory of the honeſt fellow, with our own money, that we may perform *his* will, as well as our *own*.

My fellow rides the reſt of the night. I charge you, Jack, if you would ſave his life, that you ſend him not back empty-handed.

## LETTER LXXXIX.

MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

TUESDAY NIGHT, AUG. 28.

WHEN I concluded my laſt, I hoped, that my next attendance upon this *ſurpriſing* lady would furniſh me with ſome particulars as agreeable as now could be hoped for from the declining way ſhe is in, by reaſon of the welcome letter ſhe had received from her couſin Morden. But it proved quite otherwiſe to *me*, though not to *herſelf*; for I think I never was more ſhocked in my life than on the occaſion I ſhall mention preſently.

When I attended her about ſeven in the evening, ſhe told me, that ſhe found herſelf in a very petulant way, after I had left her. 'Strange,' ſaid ſhe, 'that the pleaſure I received from 'my couſin's letter ſhould have ſuch 'an effect upon me! But I could not 'help giving way to a *comparative* hu'mour, as I may call it, and to think 'it very hard, that my nearer relations 'did not take the methods which my 'couſin Morden kindly took, by en'quiring into my merit or demerit, 'and giving my cauſe a fair audit, be'fore they proceeded to condemnation.'

She had hardly ſaid this, when ſhe ſtarted, and a bluſh overſpread her ſweet face, on hearing, as I alſo did, a ſort of lumbering noiſe upon the ſtairs, as if a large trunk were bringing up between two people; and, looking upon me with an eye of concern, 'Blunder'ers!' ſaid ſhe, 'they have brought in '*ſomething* two hours before the time.—'Don't be ſurprized, Sir—It is all to 'ſave *you* trouble.'

Before I could ſpeak, in came Mrs. Smith: 'O, Madam,' ſaid ſhe, 'what 'have you done?'—Mrs. Lovick, entering, made the ſame exclamation!—'Lord have mercy upon me, Madam,' cried I, 'what have you done!'—For, ſhe

ſhe ſtepping at the inſtant to the door, the women told me, it was a coffin.—O, Lovelace! that thou hadſt been there at the moment!—Thou, the cauſer of all theſe ſhocking ſcenes! Surely thou couldſt not have been leſs affected than I, who have no guilt, as to *her*, to anſwer for.

With an intrepidity of a piece with the preparation, having directed them to carry it into her bed-chamber, ſhe returned to us: 'They were not to 'have brought it in till after dark,' ſaid ſhe—'Pray, excuſe me, Mr. Bel-'ford—and don't you, Mrs. Lovick, 'be concerned—nor you, Mrs. Smith. '—Why ſhould you? There is nothing 'more in it, than the unuſualneſs of 'the thing. Why may we not be as 'reaſonably ſhocked at going to the 'church where are the monuments of 'our anceſtors, with whoſe duſt we 'even *hope* our duſt ſhall be one day 'mingled, as to be moved at ſuch a ſight 'as this?'

We all remaining ſilent, the women having their aprons at their eyes, 'Why 'this concern for nothing at all?' ſaid ſhe: 'if I am to be blamed for any 'thing, it is for ſhewing too much ſo-'licitude, as it may be thought, for 'this earthly part. I love to do every-'thing for myſelf that I can do. I 'ever did. Every other material point 'is ſo far done, and taken care of, 'that I have had *leiſure* for things of 'leſſer moment. Minuteneſſes may be 'obſerved, where greater articles are 'not neglected for them. I might have 'had this to order, perhaps, when leſs 'fit to order it. I have no mother, no 'ſiſter, no Mrs. Norton, no Miſs Howe, 'near me. Some of you muſt have 'ſeen *this* in a few days, if not now; 'perhaps have had the friendly trouble 'of directing it. And what is the dif-'ference of a few days to *you*, when *I* am 'gratified, rather than diſcompoſed by 'it? I ſhall not die the ſooner for ſuch 'preparation. Should not every-body 'that has any-thing to bequeathe make 'their will? And who, that makes a 'will, ſhould be afraid of a coffin?—'My dear friends.' [To the women] 'I have conſidered theſe things; do 'not, with ſuch an object before you 'as you have had in *me* for weeks, give 'me reaſon to think you have not.'

How reaſonable was all this!—It ſhewed, indeed, that ſhe herſelf had well conſidered it. But yet we could not help being ſhocked at the thoughts of the coffin thus brought in; the lovely perſon before our eyes, who is in all likelihood ſo ſoon to fill it.

We were all ſilent ſtill, the women in grief, I in a manner ſtunned. She would not aſk *me*, ſhe ſaid; but would be glad, ſince it had thus earlier than ſhe had intended been brought in, that her two good friends would walk in and look upon it. They would be leſs ſhocked, when it was made more familiar to their eye: 'Don't you lead 'back,' ſaid ſhe, 'a ſtarting ſteed to 'the object he is apt to ſtart at, in or-'der to familiarize him to it, and cure 'his ſtarting? The ſame reaſon will 'hold in this caſe.—Come, my good 'friends, I will lead you in.'

I took my leave; telling her ſhe had done wrong, very wrong; and ought not, by any means, to have ſuch an object before her.

The women followed her in.—'Tis a ſtrange ſex! Nothing is too ſhocking for them to look upon, or ſee acted, that has but novelty and curioſity in it.

Down I poſted; got a chair; and was carried home, extremely ſhocked and diſcompoſed: yet, weighing the lady's arguments, I know not why I was ſo affected—except, as ſhe ſaid, at the unuſualneſs of the thing.

While I waited for a chair, Mrs. Smith came down, and told me, that there were devices and inſcriptions upon the lid. Lord bleſs me! Is a coffin a proper ſubject to diſplay fancy upon?—But theſe great minds cannot avoid doing extraordinary things!

## LETTER XC.

### MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

FRIDAY MORN. SEPT. 2.

IT is ſurpriſing, that I, a *man*, ſhould be ſo much affected as I was, at ſuch an object as is the ſubject of my former letter; who, alſo, in my late uncle's caſe, and poor Belton's, had the like before me, and the directing of it: when ſhe, a *woman*, of ſo weak and tender a frame, who was to fill it, (ſo ſoon perhaps to fill it!) could give orders about it, and draw out the devices upon it, and explain them with ſo little concern, as the women tell me ſhe did to them laſt night after I was gone.

I really was ill, and reſtleſs all night. Thou wert the ſubject of my execration, as ſhe of my admiration, all the time I was quite awake: and, when I dozed, I dreamt of nothing but of flying hour-glaſſes, deaths-heads, ſpades, mattocks,

mattocks, and eternity; the hint of her devices (as given me by Mrs. Smith) running in my head.

However, not being able to keep away from Smith's, I went thither about seven. The lady was just gone out: she had slept better, I found, than I, though her solemn repository was under her window not far from her bedside.

I was prevailed upon by Mrs. Smith and her nurse Shelburne, (Mrs. Lovick being abroad with her) to go up and look at the devices. Mrs. Lovick has since shewn me a copy of the draught by which all was ordered. And I will give thee a sketch of the symbols.

The principal device, neatly etched, on a plate of white metal, is a crowned serpent, with it's tail in it's mouth, forming a ring, the emblem of eternity: and in the circle made by it is this inscription:

'*CLARISSA HARLOWE.*
'APRIL X.
[Then the year]
'ÆTAT. XIX.'

For ornaments: at top, an Hour-glass winged. At bottom, an Urn.

Under the Hour-glass, on another plate, this inscription:

'HERE *the wicked cease from troubling:*
'*and* HERE *the weary be at rest.*' Job.
'iii. 17.

Over the urn, near the bottom:

'*Turn again unto thy rest, O my soul!*
'*For the Lord hath rewarded thee: and*
'*why? Thou hast delivered my soul from*
'*death; mine eyes from tears; and my*
'*feet from falling.*' Ps. cxvi. 7, 8.

Over this text is the head of a white Lily snapt short off, and just falling from the stalk; and this inscription over that, between the principal plate and the Lily:

'*The days of man are but as grass. For*
'*he flourisheth as a flower of the field:*
'*for, as soon as the wind goeth over it,*
'*it is gone; and the place thereof shall*
'*know it no more.*' Ps. ciii. 15, 16.

She excused herself to the women, on the score of her youth, and being used to draw for her needle-works, for having shewn more fancy than would perhaps be thought suitable on so solemn an occasion.

The date, April 10, she accounted for, as not being able to tell what her *closing-day* would be; and as that was the fatal day of her leaving her father's house.

She discharged the undertaker's bill after I went away, with as much cheerfulness as she could ever have paid for the cloaths she sold to purchase this her *palace:* for such she called it; reflecting upon herself for the expensiveness of it, saying, That they might observe in *her*, that pride left not poor mortals to the last: but indeed she did not know but her father would permit it, *when furnished*, to be carried down to be deposited with her ancestors; and, in that case, she ought not to discredit those ancestors in her *appearance among them.*

It is covered with fine black cloth, and lined with white sattin; soon, she said, to be tarnished by viler earth than any it could be covered by.

The burial-dress was brought home with it. The women had curiosity enough, I suppose, to see her open that, if she did open it.—And, perhaps, thou wouldest have been glad to have been present, to have admired it too!

Mrs. Lovick said, she took the liberty to blame her; and wished the removal of such an object—from her *bed-chamber*, at least: and was so affected with the noble answer she made upon it, that she entered it down the moment she left her.

'To persons in health,' said she, 'this 'sight may be shocking; and the prepa-'ration, and my unconcernedness in it, 'may appear affected: but to me, who 'have had so gradual a weaning-time 'from the world, and so much reason 'not to love it, I must say, I dwell on '—I indulge—(and, strictly speaking, I 'enjoy)—the thoughts of death. For, 'believe me,' [looking stedfastly at the awful receptacle;] 'believe what at 'this instant I feel to be most true, that 'there is such a vast superiority of 'weight and importance in the thought 'of death, and it's hoped-for happy 'consequences, that it in a manner an-'nihilates all other considerations and 'concerns. Believe me, my good friends, 'it does what nothing else can do: it 'teaches me, by strengthening in me the 'force of the divinest example, to for-'give the injuries I have received; and 'shuts out the remembrance of past 'evils from my soul.'

And now let me ask thee, Lovelace, Dost thou think, that, when the time shall come that thou shalt be obliged to launch into the boundless ocean of eternity, thou wilt be able (any more than

than poor Belton) to act thy part with such true heroism, as this sweet and tender blossom of a woman has manifested, and continues to manifest!

O no! it cannot be!—And why can't it be?—The reason is evident: she has no *wilful* errors to look back upon with self-reproach—and her mind is strengthened by the consolations which flow from that *religious rectitude* which has been the guide of her actions; and which has taught her rather to chuse to be a sufferer, than an aggressor!

This was the support of the divine Socrates, as thou hast read. When led to execution, his wife lamenting that he should suffer, being innocent, 'Thou 'fool,' said he, 'wouldst thou wish me 'to be guilty!'

## LETTER XCI.

MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

FRIDAY, SEPT. 1.

HOW astonishing, in the midst of such affecting scenes, is thy mirth on what thou callest *my own aspirations!* —Never, surely, was there such another man in this world, thy talents and thy levity taken together!—Surely, what I shall send thee with this will affect thee. If not, nothing can, till *thy own hour* come:—And heavy will then thy reflections be!

I am glad, however, that thou enablest me to assure the lady, that thou wilt no more molest her; that is to say, in other words, that, after having ruined her fortunes, and all her worldly prospects, thou wilt be so gracious, as to let her lie down and die in peace.

Thy giving up to poor Belton's sister the little legacy, and thy undertaking to make Mowbray and Tourville follow thy example, are, I must say, to thy honour, of a piece with thy generosity to thy Rosebud and her Johnny; and to a number of other good actions, in pecuniary matters; although thy Rosebud's is, I believe, the only instance, where a pretty woman was concerned, of such a disinterested bounty.

Upon my faith, Lovelace, I love to praise thee; and often and often, as thou knowest, have I *studied* for occasions to do it: insomuch that when for the life of me I could not think of anything done by thee that deserved praise, I have taken pains to applaud the not ungraceful manner in which thou hast performed actions that merited the gallows.

Now thou art so near, I will dispatch *my* servant to thee, if occasion requires But, I fear, I shall soon give thee the news thou art apprehensive of. For I am just now sent for by Mrs. Smith; who has ordered the messenger to tell me, that she knew not if the lady will be alive when I come.

FRIDAY, SEPT. 1. TWO O'CLOCK, AT SMITH'S.

I COULD not close my letter in such an uncertainty as must have added to your impatience. For you have, on several occasions, convinced me, that the suspence you love to *give*, would be the greatest torment to you that you could *receive*. A common case with all aggressive and violent spirits, I believe. I will just mention then (your servant waiting here till I have written) that the lady has had two very severe fits: in the last of which, while she lay, they sent to the doctor and Mr. Goddard, who both advised, that a messenger should be dispatched for me, as her executor: being doubtful whether, if she had a third, it would not carry her off.

She was tolerably recovered by the time I came; and the doctor made her promise before me, that, while she was so weak, she would not attempt any more to go abroad; for, by Mrs. Lovick's description, who attended her, the shortness of her breath, her extreme weakness, and the fervour of her devotions when at church, were contraries, which, pulling different ways, (the soul aspiring, the body sinking) tore her tender frame in pieces.

So much for the present. I shall detain Will no longer, than just to beg, that you will send me back this packet, and the last.

A letter from Miss Howe is just now brought by a particular messenger, who says he must carry back a few lines in return. But, as the lady is just retired to lie down, the man is to call again by-and-by.

## LETTER XCII.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

UXBRIDGE, SEPT. 1. TWELVE O'CLOCK AT NIGHT.

I Send you the papers with this. Whatever thou dost, don't let the wonderful creature leave us!—Set before her the sin of her preparation, as if she thought she could depart when she pleased. She'll persuade herself, at this rate, that she has nothing to do, when

all is ready, but to lie down, and go to ſleep: and ſuch a lively fancy as hers will make a reality of a jeſt at any time.

A *jeſt*, I call all that has paſſed between her and me; a mere jeſt to die for—For has not her triumph over me, from firſt to laſt, been infinitely greater than her ſufferings from me?

Would the ſacred regard I have for her purity, even for her *perſonal* as well as *intellectual* purity, permit, I could prove this as clear as the ſun. Tell, therefore, the dear creature, that ſhe muſt not be wicked in her piety. There is a *too much*, as well as a *too little*, even in righteouſneſs. Perhaps ſhe does not think of that.—O that ſhe would have permitted my attendance, as obligingly as ſhe does thine!—The dear ſoul uſed to love humour. And, let me tell thee, a ſmile upon the lips, or a ſparkling in the eye, muſt have had it's correſpondent cheerfulneſs in a heart ſo ſincere as hers.

Tell the doctor, I will make over all my poſſeſſions, and all my reverſions, to him, if he will but prolong her life for one twelvemonth to come. But for one twelvemonth, Jack.—He will loſe all his reputation with me, and I ſhall treat him as Belton did his doctor, if he cannot do this for me, on ſo young a ſubject. But *nineteen*, Belford!—*Nineteen* cannot ſo ſoon die of grief, if the doctor deſerve that title; and ſo blooming and ſo fine a conſtitution as ſhe had but three or four months ago!

But what need the doctor to aſk her leave to write to her friends? Could he not have done it, without letting her know any-thing of the matter? That was one of the likelieſt means that could be thought of, to bring ſome of them about her, ſince ſhe is ſo deſirous to ſee them. At leaſt, it would have induced them to ſend up her favourite Norton. But theſe plaguy ſolemn fellows are great traders in parade. They'll cram down your throat their poiſonous drugs by wholeſale, without aſking you a queſtion; and have the aſſurance to *own* it to be *preſcribing*: but, when they are to do good, they are to require your conſent.

How the dear creature's character riſes in every line of thy letters! But it is owing to the uncommon occaſions ſhe has met with that ſhe blazes out upon us with ſuch a meridian luſtre. How, but for thoſe occaſions, could her noble ſentiments, her prudent conſideration, her forgiving ſpirit, her exalted benevolence, and her equanimity in view of the moſt ſhocking proſpects, (which ſet her in a light ſo ſuperior to all her ſex, and even to the philoſophers of antiquity) have been manifeſted?

I know thou wilt think I am going to claim ſome merit to myſelf, for having given her ſuch opportunities of ſignalizing her virtues. But I am not; for, if I did, I muſt ſhare that merit with her implacable relations, who would juſtly be entitled to *two-thirds* of it, at leaſt: and my ſoul diſdains a partnerſhip in any-thing with ſuch a family.

But this I mention as an anſwer to thy reproaches, that I could be ſo little edified by perfections, to which, thou ſuppoſeſt, I was for ſo long together daily and hourly a perſonal witneſs—When, admirable as ſhe was in all ſhe ſaid, and in all ſhe did, occaſion had not at that time ripened, and called forth, thoſe amazing perfections which now aſtoniſh and confound me.

Hence it is, that I admire her more than ever; and that my love for her is leſs *perſonal*, as I may ſay, and more *intellectual*, than ever I thought it could be to woman.

Hence alſo it is, that I am confident, (would it pleaſe the Fates to ſpare her, and make her mine) I could love her with a purity that would draw on *my own* FUTURE, as well as enſure *her* TEMPORAL happineſs.—And hence, by neceſſary conſequence, ſhall I be the moſt miſerable of all men, if I am deprived of her.

Thou ſeverely reflecteſt upon me for my levity: the abbey inſtance in thine eye, I ſuppoſe. And I will be ingenuous enough to own, that as thou ſeeſt not my heart, there may be paſſages, in every one of my letters, which (the melancholy occaſion conſidered) deſerve thy moſt pointed rebukes. But, faith, Jack, thou art ſuch a tragi-comical mortal, with thy leaden aſpirations at one time, and thy flying hour-glaſſes, and dreaming terrors, at another, that, as Prior ſays, '*What ſerious is, thou turneſt* '*to farce*;' and it is impoſſible to keep within the bounds of decorum or gravity, when one reads what thou writeſt.

But to reſtrain myſelf, (for my conſtitutional gaiety was ready to run away with me again) I will repeat, I muſt *ever* repeat, that I am moſt egregiouſly affected with the circumſtances of the caſe: and were this paragon actually to quit the world, ſhould never enjoy myſelf one hour together, though I were to live to the age of Methuſelah.

Indeed it is to this *deep concern*, that my

my *levity* is owing: for I ſtruggle and ſtruggle, and try to buffet down my cruel reflections as they riſe; and when I cannot, I am forced, as I have often ſaid, to try to make myſelf laugh, that I may not cry; for one or other I muſt do: and is it not philoſophy carried to the higheſt pitch, for a man to conquer ſuch tumults of ſoul as I am ſometimes agitated by, and in the very height of the ſtorm, to be able to quaver out an horſe-laugh?

Your Seneca's, your Epictetus's, and the reſt of your Stoical tribe, with all their apathy-nonſenſe, could not come up to this. They could forbear wry faces: bodily pains they could well enough *ſeem* to ſupport; and that was all: but the pangs of their own ſmitten-down ſouls they could not *laugh* over, though they could at the follies of others. They read grave lectures; but they *were* grave. This high point of philoſophy, to laugh and be merry in the midſt of the moſt ſoul-harrowing woes, when the heart-ſtrings are juſt burſting aſunder, was reſerved for thy Lovelace.

There is ſomething owing to conſtitution, I own; and that this is the laughing-time of my life. For what a woe muſt that be, which for an hour together can mortify a man of ſix or ſeven-and-twenty, in high blood and ſpirits, of a naturally gay diſpoſition, who can ſing, dance, and ſcribble, and take and give delight to them all?—But then my grief, as my joy, is ſharper-pointed than moſt other mens; and, like what Dolly Welby once told me, deſcribing the parturient throes, if there were not lucid intervals, if they did not come and go, there would be no bearing them.

AFTER all, as I am ſo little diſtant from the dear creature, and as ſhe is ſo very ill, I think I cannot excuſe myſelf from making her *one* viſit. Nevertheleſs, if I thought her ſo near—[What word ſhall I uſe, that my ſoul is not ſhocked at!]—and that ſhe would be *too much diſcompoſed* by a viſit; I would not think of it.—Yet how can I bear the recollection, that, when ſhe laſt went from me, (her innocence ſo triumphant over my premeditated guilt, as was enough to reconcile her to life, and to ſet her above the ſenſe of injuries ſo nobly ſuſtained, that) ſhe ſhould then depart with an incurable fracture in her heart; and that *that* ſhould be the laſt time I ſhould ever ſee her!—How, how, can I bear this reflection!

O Jack! how my conſcience, that gives edge even to thy blunt reflections, tears me!—Even this moment would I give the world to puſh the cruel reproacher from me by one ray of my uſual gaiety!—Sick of myſelf!—Sick of the remembrance of my vile plots; and of my *light*, my momentary extaſy. [Villainous burglar, felon, thief, that I was!] which has brought upon me ſuch *durable* and ſuch *heavy* remorſe! What would I give that I had not been guilty of ſuch barbarous and ungrateful perfidy to the moſt excellent of God's creatures!

I would end, methinks, with one ſprightlier line!—But it will not be.—Let me tell then, and rejoice at it if thou wilt, that I am *inexpreſſibly miſerable!*

## LETTER XCIII.

### MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

SAT. MORN. SEPT. 2.

I Have ſome little pleaſure given me by thine, juſt now brought me. I ſee now that thou haſt a little humanity left. Would to Heaven, for the dear lady's ſake, as well as for thy own, that thou hadſt rummaged it up from all the dark forgotten corners of thy ſoul a little ſooner!

The lady is alive, and ſerene, and calm, and has all her noble intellects clear and ſtrong: but *nineteen* will not however ſave her. She ſays, ſhe will now content herſelf with her cloſet duties, and the viſits of the pariſh-miniſter; and will not attempt to go out. Nor, indeed, will ſhe, I am afraid, ever walk up or down a pair of ſtairs again.

I am ſorry at my ſoul to have this to ſay: but it would be a folly to flatter thee.

As to thy ſeeing her, I believe the leaſt hint of that ſort, now, would cut off ſome hours of her life.

What has contributed to her ſerenity, it ſeems, is, that, taking the alarm her fits gave her, ſhe has entirely finiſhed, and ſigned and ſealed, her laſt will: which ſhe had deferred doing till this time, in hopes, as ſhe ſaid, of ſome good news from Harlowe Place; which would have induced her to alter ſome paſſages in it.

Miſs Howe's letter was not given her till four in the afternoon, yeſterday; at which time the meſſenger returned for an anſwer. She admitted him into her preſence in the dining-room, ill as ſhe then was, and ſhe would have written a few

few lines, as desired by Miss Howe; but not being able to hold a pen, she bid the messenger tell her, that she hoped to be well enough to write a long letter by the next day's post, and would not now detain him.

SATURDAY, SIX IN THE AFTERNOON.

I CALLED just now, and found the lady writing to Miss Howe. She made me a melancholy compliment, that she shewed me not Miss Howe's letter, because I should soon have that and all her papers before me. But she told me, that Miss Howe had very considerately obviated to Colonel Morden several things which might have occasioned misapprehensions between him and me; and had likewise put a lighter construction, for the sake of peace, on some of your actions, than they deserved.

She added, that her cousin Morden was warmly engaged in her favour with her friends: and one good piece of news Miss Howe's letter contained; that her father would give up some matters which (appertaining to her of right) would make my executorship the easier in some particulars that had given her a little pain.

She owned she had been obliged to leave off (in the letter she was writing) through weakness.

Will says, he shall reach you to-night. I shall send in the morning; and if I find her not worse, will ride to Edgware, and return in the afternoon.

## LETTER XCIV.

MISS HOWE, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

TUESDAY, AUG. 29.

MY DEAREST FRIEND,

WE are at length returned to our own home. I had intended to wait on you in London; but my mother is very ill—Alas! my dear, she is very ill, indeed—And you are likewise very ill—I see *that* by yours of the 25th—What shall I do, if I lose two such near, and dear, and tender friends? She was taken ill yesterday at our last stage in our return home—And has a violent surfeit and fever, and the doctors are doubtful about her.

If she should die, how will all my pertnesses to her fly in my face!—Why, why, did I ever vex her? She says I have been all duty and obedience!—She kindly forgets all my faults, and remembers every-thing I have been so happy as to oblige her in. And this cuts me to the heart.

I see, I see, my dear, you are very bad—And I cannot bear it. Do, my beloved Miss Harlowe, if you *can* be better, do, for *my* sake, *be* better; and send me word of it. Let the bearer bring me a line. Be sure you send me a line. If I lose you, my more than sister, and lose my mother, I shall distrust my own conduct, and will not marry. And why should I?—Creeping, cringing in courtship!—O my dear, these men are a vile race of *reptiles* in *our day*, and mere *bears* in *their own*. See in Lovelace all that is desirable in figure, in birth, and in fortune: but in his heart a devil!—See in Hickman—Indeed, my dear, I cannot tell what any-body can see in Hickman, to be always preaching in his favour. And is it to be expected that I, who could hardly bear controul from a mother, should take it from a husband?—From one too, who has neither more wit, nor more understanding, than myself? Yet he to be my instructor!—So he will, I suppose; but more by the insolence of his will, than by the merit of his counsel. It is in vain to think of it. I cannot be a wife to any man breathing whom I at present know. This I the rather mention now, because, on my mother's danger, I know you will be for pressing me the sooner to throw myself into another sort of protection, should I be deprived of her. But no more of this subject, or indeed of any other: for I am obliged to attend my mamma, who cannot bear me out of her sight.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 30.

MY mother, Heaven be praised! has had a fine night, and is much better. Her fever has yielded to medicine! And now I can write once more with freedom and ease to you, in hopes that *you* also are better. If this be granted to my prayers, I shall again be happy. I write with still the more alacrity, as I have an opportunity given me to touch upon a subject in which you are nearly concerned.

You must know then, my dear, that your cousin Morden has been here with me. He told me of an interview he had on Monday at Lord M's with Lovelace; and asked me abundance of questions about you, and about that villainous man.

I could have raised a fine flame between them if I would: but, observing

ing that he is a man of very lively paſſions, and believing you would be miſerable if any-thing ſhould happen to him from a quarrel with a man who is known to have ſo many advantages at his ſword, I made not the worſt of the ſubjects we talked of. But, as I could not tell untruths in his favour, you muſt think I ſaid enough to make him curſe the wretch.

I don't find, well as they all uſed to reſpect Colonel Morden, that he has influence enough upon them to bring them to any terms of reconciliation.

What can they mean by it?—But your brother is come home, it ſeems: ſo, The honour of the houſe, the reputation of the family, is all the cry!

The colonel is exceedingly out of humour with them all. Yet has he not hitherto, it ſeems, ſeen your brutal brother. I told him how ill you were, and communicated to him ſome of the contents of your letter. He admired *you*, curſed *Lovelace*, and raved againſt all your *family*.—He declared that they were all unworthy of you.

At his earneſt requeſt, I permitted him to take ſome brief notes of ſuch of the contents of your letters to me, as I thought I *could* read to him; and, particularly, of your melancholy concluſion.

He ſays, that none of your friends think you ſo ill as you are, nor will believe it. He is ſure they all love you, and that dearly too.

If they do, their preſent hardneſs of heart will be the ſubject of everlaſting remorſe to them, ſhould you be taken from us—But now it ſeems [Barbarous wretches!] you are to *ſuffer within an inch of your life*.

He aſked me queſtions about Mr. Belford: and when he had heard what I had to ſay of that gentleman, and his diſintereſted ſervices to you, he raved at ſome villainous ſurmiſes thrown out againſt you by that officious pedant, Brand: who, but for his gown, I find, would come off poorly enough between your couſin and Lovelace.

He was ſo uneaſy about you himſelf, that on Thurſday the 24th, he ſent up an honeſt ſerious man, one Alſton, a gentleman-farmer, to enquire of your condition, your viſitors, and the like; who brought him word, that you was very ill, and was put to great ſtreights to ſupport yourſelf: but as this was told him by the gentlewoman of the houſe where you lodge, who it ſeems mingled it with ſome tart, though deſerved, reflections upon your relations cruelty, it was not credited by them: and I myſelf hope it cannot be true; for ſurely you could not be ſo *unjuſt*, I will ſay, to my friendſhip, as to ſuffer any inconveniences for want of money. I think I could not forgive you, if it were ſo.

The colonel (as one of your truſtees) is reſolved to ſee you put into poſſeſſion of your eſtate: and, in the mean time, he has actually engaged them to remit to him for you the produce of it accrued ſince your grandfather's death, (a very conſiderable ſum) and propoſes himſelf to attend you with it. But, by a hint he dropt, I find you had diſappointed ſome people's littleneſs, by not writing to them for money and ſupplies; ſince they were determined to diſtreſs you, and to put you at defiance.

Like all the reſt!—I hope I may ſay *that* without offence.

Your couſin imagines, that, before a reconciliation takes place, they will inſiſt, that you ſhall make ſuch a will, as to that eſtate, as they ſhall approve of: but he declares, he will not go out of England till he has ſeen juſtice done you by *every-body*; and that you ſhall not be impoſed on either by friend or foe—

By *relation* or foe, ſhould he not have ſaid?—For a friend will not impoſe upon a friend.

So, my dear, you are to *buy your peace*, if ſome people are to have their wills!

Your couſin [Not *I*, my dear, though it was always my opinion] ſays, that the whole family is *too rich* to be either *humble*, *conſiderate*, or *contented*. And as for himſelf, he has an ample fortune, he ſays, and thinks of leaving it wholly to you.

Had this villain Lovelace conſulted his worldly intereſt *only*, what a fortune would he have had in you, even although your marrying him had deprived you of a paternal ſhare!

I am obliged to leave off here. But having a good deal ſtill to write, and my mother better, I will purſue the ſubject in another letter, although I ſend both together. I need not ſay how much I am, and will ever be, *your affectionate*, &c.

ANNA HOWE.

## LETTER XCV.

MISS HOWE, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

THURSDAY, AUG. 31.

THE colonel thought fit once, in praiſe of Lovelace's *generoſity*, to ſay,

ſay, That (*as a man of honour ought*) he took to himſelf all the blame, and acquitted you of the conſequences of the precipitate ſtep you had taken; ſince, he ſaid, as you loved him, and was in his power, he *muſt* have had advantages, which he would *not* have had, if you had continued at your father's, or at any friend's.

*Mighty generous*, I ſaid, (were it as he *ſuppoſed*) in ſuch inſolent reflectors, the beſt of them; who pretend to *clear* reputations which never had been *ſullied* but by falling into their dirty acquaintance! But in this caſe, I averred, that there was no need of any-thing but the ſtricteſt truth, to demonſtrate Lovelace to be the blackeſt of villains, you the brighteſt of innocents.

This he catched at; and ſwore, that if any-thing uncommon or barbarous in the ſeduction were to come out, as indeed one of the letters you had written to your friends, and which had been ſhewn him, very ſtrongly implied; that is to ſay, my dear, if any-thing *worſe* than perjury, breach of faith, and abuſe of a generous confidence, were to appear!—[Sorry fellows!] he would avenge his couſin to the utmoſt.

I urged your apprehenſions on this head from your laſt letter to me: but he ſeemed capable of taking what I know to be real greatneſs of ſoul, in an unworthy ſenſe: for he mentioned directly upon it, the expectation your friends had, that you ſhould (previous to any reconciliation with them) appear in a court of juſtice againſt the villain—IF you could do it with the advantage to yourſelf that I hinted might be done.

And truly, if I would have heard him, he had indelicacy enough to have gone into the nature of the proof of the crime upon which they wanted to have Lovelace arraigned. Yet this is a man improved by travel and learning!—Upon my word, my dear, I, who have been accuſtomed to the moſt delicate converſation ever ſince I had the honour to know you, deſpiſe this ſex from the gentleman down to the peaſant.

Upon the whole, I find that Mr. Morden has a very ſlender notion of women's virtues in particular caſes: for which reaſon I put him down, though your favourite, as one who is not entitled *to caſt the firſt ſtone*.

I never knew a man who deſerved to be well thought of himſelf for his morals, who had a ſlight opinion of the virtue of our ſex in general. For if, from the *difference* of *temperament* and *education*, modeſty, chaſtity, and piety too, are not to be found in our ſex preferably to the other, I ſhould think it a ſign of a much worſe nature in *ours*.

He even hinted, (as from your relations indeed) that it is impoſſible but there muſt be ſome *will* where there is much *love*.

Theſe ſort of reflections are enough to make a woman, who has at heart her own honour and the honour of her ſex, to look about her, and conſider what ſhe is doing when ſhe enters into an intimacy with theſe wretches; ſince it is plain, that whenever ſhe throws herſelf into the power of a man, and leaves for him her parents or guardians, everybody will believe it to be owing more to her good luck than to her diſcretion, if there be not an end of her virtue: and let the man be ever ſuch a villain to her, ſhe muſt take into her own boſom a ſhare of his guilty baſeneſs.

I am writing to *general caſes*. You, my dear, are out of the queſtion. Your ſtory, as I have heretofore ſaid, will afford a warning as well as an example: for who is it that will not infer, That if a perſon of your fortune, character, and merit, could not eſcape ruin, after ſhe had put herſelf into the power of her *hyæna*, what can a thoughtleſs, fond, giddy creature expect?

'Every man,' they will ſay, 'is not 'a LOVELACE.'—True: but then, neither is every woman a CLARISSA. And allow for the one and for the other, the example muſt be of general uſe.

I prepared Mr. Morden to expect your appointment of Mr. Belford for an office that we both hope he will have no occaſion to act in (nor any-body elſe) for many, very many years to come. He was at firſt ſtartled at it: but, upon hearing ſuch of your reaſons as had ſatisfied me, he only ſaid, That ſuch an appointment, were it to take place, would exceedingly affect his other couſins.

He told me, he had a copy of Lovelace's letter to you, imploring your pardon, and offering to undergo any penance to procure it; and alſo of your anſwer to it.

I find he is willing to hope, that a marriage between you may ſtill take place; which, he ſays, will heal up all breaches.

I would have written much more—On the following particulars eſpecially:

to

to wit, of the wretched man's hunting you out of your lodgings: of your relations ſtrange *implacableneſs*: [I am in haſte, and cannot think of a word you would like better, *juſt now*] of your laſt letter to Lovelace to divert him from purſuing you: of your aunt Hervey's penitential converſation with Mrs. Norton: of Mr. Wyerley's renewed addreſs: of your leſſons to me in Hickman's behalf, ſo approveable, were the man *more ſo* than he is: but indeed I am offended with him at this inſtant, and have been for theſe two days:—of your ſiſter's tranſportation-project:—and of twenty and twenty other things:—but am obliged to leave off, to attend my two couſins Spilſworth, and my couſin Herbert, who are come to viſit us on account of my mother's illneſs—I will therefore diſpatch theſe by Rogers; and if my mother gets well ſoon, (as I hope ſhe will) I am reſolved to ſee you in town, and tell you every-thing that now is upon my mind; and particularly, mingling my ſoul with yours, how much I am, and will ever be, my deareſt dear friend, *your affectionate*

ANNA HOWE.

Let Rogers bring one line, I pray you. I thought to have ſent him this afternoon; but he cannot ſet out till to-morrow morning early.

I cannot expreſs how much your ſtaggering lines, and your concluſion, affect me!

## LETTER XCVI.

MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

SUNDAY EVENING, SEPT. 3.

I Wonder not at the impatience your ſervant tells me you expreſs to hear from me. I was deſigning to write you a long letter, and was juſt returned from Smith's for that purpoſe; but ſince you are ſo urgent, you muſt be contented with a ſhort one.

I attended the lady this morning, juſt before I ſet out for Edgware. She was ſo ill overnight, that ſhe was obliged to leave unfiniſhed her letter to Miſs Howe. But early this morning ſhe made an end of it, and had juſt ſealed it up as I came. She was ſo fatigued with writing, that ſhe told me, ſhe would lay down after I was gone, and endeavour to recruit her ſpirits.

They had ſent for Mr. Goddard, when ſhe was ſo ill laſt night; and not being able to ſee him out of her own chamber, he, for the firſt time, ſaw her *houſe*, as ſhe calls it. He was extremely ſhocked and concerned at it; and chid Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Lovick for not perſuading her to have ſuch an object removed from her bed-chamber: and when they excuſed themſelves on the *little authority* it was reaſonable to ſuppoſe they muſt have with a lady ſo much their ſuperior, he reflected warmly on thoſe who had *more* authority, and who left her to proceed with ſuch a ſhocking and ſolemn whimſey, as he called it.

It is placed near the window, like a harpſichord, though covered over to the ground: and when ſhe is ſo ill, that ſhe cannot well go to her cloſet, ſhe writes and reads upon it, as others would upon a deſk or table. But (only as ſhe was ſo ill laſt night) ſhe chuſes not to ſee any-body in that apartment.

I went to Edgeware; and, returning in the evening, attended her again. She had a letter brought her from Mrs. Norton, (a long one, as it ſeems by it's bulk) juſt before I came. But ſhe had not opened it; and ſaid, That as ſhe was pretty calm and compoſed, ſhe was afraid to look into the contents, leſt ſhe ſhould be ruffled; expecting, now, to hear of nothing that could do her good or give her pleaſure from that good woman's *dear hard-hearted neighbours*, as ſhe called her own relations.

Seeing her ſo weak and ill, I withdrew; nor did ſhe deſire me to tarry, as ſometimes ſhe does, when I make a motion to depart.

I had ſome hints, as I went away, from Mrs. Smith, that ſhe had appropriated that evening to ſome offices, that were to ſave trouble, as ſhe called it, after her departure; and had been giving orders to her nurſe, and to Mrs. Smith, about what ſhe would have done when ſhe *was gone*; and I believe they were of a very delicate and affecting nature; but Mrs. Smith deſcended not to particulars.

The doctor had been with her, as well as Mr. Goddard; and they both joined with great earneſtneſs to perſuade her to have her *houſe* removed out of her ſight: but ſhe aſſured them, that it gave her pleaſure and ſpirits; and, being a neceſſary preparation, ſhe wondered they ſhould be ſurprized at it, when ſhe had not any of her family about her, or any old acquaintance, on whoſe care and exactneſs in theſe *punctilios*, as ſhe called them, ſhe could rely.

The doctor told Mrs. Smith, That he believed ſhe would hold out long

enough for any of her friends to have notice of her ſtate, and to ſee her; and hardly longer; and ſince he could not find, that ſhe had any certainty of ſeeing her couſin Morden, (which made it plain that her relations continued inflexible) he would go home, and write a letter to her father, take it as ſhe would.

She had ſpent great part of the day in intenſe devotions; and to-morrow morning ſhe is to have with her the ſame clergyman who has often attended her; from whoſe hands ſhe will again receive the ſacrament.

Thou ſeeſt, Lovelace, that all is preparing, that all will be ready; and I am to attend her to-morrow afternoon, to take ſome inſtructions from her in relation to my part in the office to be performed for her. And thus, omitting the particulars of a fine converſation between her and Mrs. Lovick, which the latter acquainted me with, as well as another between her and the doctor and apothecary, which I had a deſign this evening to give you, they being of a very affecting nature, I have yielded to your impatience.

I ſhall diſpatch Harry to-morrow morning early with her letter to Miſs Howe: an offer ſhe took very kindly; as ſhe is extremely ſolicitous to leſſen that young lady's apprehenſions for her on not hearing from her by Saturday's poſt: and yet, if ſhe write truth, as no doubt but ſhe will, how can her apprehenſions be leſſened?

## LETTER XCVII.

### MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE.

SATURDAY, SEPT. 2.

I Write, my beloved Miſs Howe, though very ill ſtill: but I could not by the return of your meſſenger; for I was then unable to hold a pen.

Your mother's illneſs (as mentioned in the firſt part of your letter) gave me great diſtreſs for you, till I re'd farther. You bewailed it as it became a daughter ſo ſenſible. May you be bleſſed in each other for many, very many, happy years to come! I doubt not, that even this ſudden and grievous indiſpoſition, by the frame it has put you in, and the apprehenſion it has given you of loſing ſo dear a mother, will contribute to the happineſs I wiſh you: for, alas! my dear, we ſeldom know how to value the bleſſings we enjoy, till we are in danger of loſing them, or have actually loſt them: and then, what would we give to have them reſtored to us!

What, I wonder, has again happened between you and Mr. Hickman? Although I know it not, I dare ſay it is owing to ſome pretty petulance, to ſome half-ungenerous advantage taken of his obligingneſs and aſſiduity. Will you never, my dear, give the weight you and all our ſex ought to give to the qualities of ſobriety and regularity of life and manners in that ſex? Muſt bold creatures, and forward ſpirits, forever, and by the beſt and wiſeſt of us, as well as by the indiſcreeteſt, be the moſt kindly treated?

My dear friends know not, that I *have* actually ſuffered within *leſs* than *an inch of my life*.

Poor Mr. Brand! He meant well, I believe. I am afraid all will turn heavily upon him, when he probably imagined, that he was taking the beſt method to oblige. But were he *not* to have been ſo light of belief, and ſo weakly officious; and had given a more favourable, and, it would be ſtrange, if I could not ſay, a *juſter* report; things would have been, nevertheleſs, exactly as they are.

I muſt lay down my pen. I am very ill. I believe I ſhall be better by-and-by. The bad writing would betray me, although I had a mind to keep from you, what the event muſt ſoon——

Now I reſume my trembling pen. Excuſe the unſteady writing. It will be ſo.

I have wanted no money: ſo don't be angry about ſuch a trifle as money. Yet am I glad of what you inclined me to hope, that my friends will give up the produce of my grandfather's eſtate ſince it has been in their hands: becauſe, knowing it to be my right, and that they could not want it, I had already diſpoſed of a good part of it; and could only hope that they would be willing to give it up at my laſt requeſt. And now how rich ſhall I think myſelf in this my laſt ſtage!—And yet I did not want before—Indeed I did not—For who, that has many *ſuperfluities*, can be ſaid to want?

Do not, my dear friend, be concerned that I call it my *laſt ſtage*; for what is even the long life which in high health we wiſh for? What, but, as we go along, a life of apprehenſion, ſometimes for our friends, oftener for ourſelves? And at laſt, when arrived at the old age we covet, one heavy loſs or deprivation having

having ſucceeded another, we ſee ourſelves ſtript, as I may ſay, of every one we loved; and find ourſelves expoſed, as uncompanionable poor creatures, to the ſlights, to the contempts, of joſtling youth, who want to puſh us off the ſtage, in hopes to poſſeſs what we have:—And, ſuperadded to all, our own infirmities every day increaſing, of themſelves enough to make the life we wiſhed for the greateſt diſeaſe of all!

In the diſpoſition of what belongs to me, I have endeavoured to do every thing in the juſteſt and beſt manner I could think of; putting myſelf in my relations places, and, in the greater points, ordering my matters, as if no miſunderſtanding had happened.

I hope they will not think much of ſome bequeſts where wanted, and where due from my gratitude: but if they ſhould, what is done, is done; and I cannot now help it. Yet I muſt repeat, that I hope—I *hope*—I have pleaſed every-one of them. For I would not, on any account, have it thought, that, in my laſt diſpoſition, any-thing undaughterly, unſiſterly, or unlike a kinſwoman, ſhould have had place in a mind that is *ſo* truly free (as I will preſume to ſay) from all reſentment, that it now overflows with gratitude and bleſſings for the good I *have* received, although it be not all that my heart wiſhed to receive. Were it even an *hardſhip* that I was not favoured with more, what is it but an hardſhip of half a year, againſt the *moſt* indulgent goodneſs of eighteen years and an half, that ever was ſhewn to a daughter?

My couſin, you tell me, thinks I was off my guard, and that I was taken at ſome diſadvantage. Indeed, my dear, I was not. Indeed I gave no room for advantage to be taken of me. I hope, one day, that will be ſeen, if I have the juſtice done me which Mr. Belford aſſures me of

I ſhould hope, that my couſin has not taken the liberties, which you (by an obſervation not, in general, unjuſt) ſeem to charge him with. For it is ſad to think, that the generality of that ſex ſhould make ſo light of crimes, which they juſtly hold ſo unpardonable in their own moſt intimate relations of ours—Yet cannot commit them without doing ſuch injuries to other families as they think themſelves obliged to reſent unto death, when offered to their own

But we women are too often to blame on this head; ſince the moſt virtuous among us ſeldom make *virtue* the teſt of their approbation of the other ſex: inſomuch that a man may glory in his wickedneſs of this ſort without being rejected on that account, even to the faces of women of unqueſtionable virtue. Hence it is, that a libertine ſeldom thinks himſelf concerned ſo much as to ſave appearances: and what is it not that our ſex ſuffers in their opinion on this very ſcore? And what have I, more than many others, to anſwer for on this account, in the world's eye?

May my ſtory be a warning to all, how they prefer a libertine to a man of true honour; and how they permit themſelves to be miſled (where they mean the *beſt*) by the ſpecious, yet fooliſh hope of ſubduing rivetted habits, and, as I may ſay, of altering natures!—The *more* fooliſh, as conſtant experience might convince us, that there is hardly one in ten, of even tolerably happy marriages, in which the wife keeps the hold in the *huſband's* affections, which ſhe had in the *lover's*. What influence then can ſhe hope to have over the morals of an avowed libertine, who marries perhaps for conveniency, who deſpiſes the tie, and whom, it is too probable, nothing but old age, or ſickneſs, or diſeaſe, (the conſequence of ruinous riot) can reclaim?

I am very glad you gave my couſ—

SUNDAY MORNING, (SEPT. 3.) SIX O'CLOCK.

HITHER I had written, and was forced to quit my pen. And ſo much weaker and worſe I grew, that had I reſumed it, to have cloſed here, it muſt have been with ſuch trembling unſteadineſs, that it would have given you more concern for me, than the delay of ſending it away by laſt night's poſt can do. I deferred it, therefore, to ſee how it would pleaſe God to deal with me. And I find myſelf, after a better night than I expected, lively and clear; and hope to give you a proof that I do, in the continuation of my letter, which I will purſue as currently as if I had not left off.

I am glad you ſo conſiderately gave my couſin Morden favourable impreſſions of Mr. Belford; ſince, otherwiſe, ſome miſunderſtanding might have happened between *them*: for although I hope this Mr. Belford is an altered man, and in time will be a reformed one, yet is he one of thoſe high ſpirits that has been accuſtomed to reſent *imaginary indignities* to *himſelf*, when, I believe, he has not been ſtudious to avoid giving

*real offences* to *others*; men of this caſt acting as if they thought all the world was made to bear with them, and they with nobody in it.

Mr. Lovelace, you tell me, thought fit to entruſt my couſin with the copy of his letter of penitence to me, and with my anſwer to it, rejecting him and his ſuit: and Mr. Belford moreover acquaints me, how much concerned Mr. Lovelace is for his baſeneſs, and how freely he accuſed himſelf to my couſin. This ſhews, that the *true* bravery of ſpirit is to be above doing a vile action; and that nothing ſubjects the human mind to ſo much meanneſs, as the conſciouſneſs of having done wilful wrong to our fellow-creatures. How low, how ſordid, are the ſubmiſſions which elaborate baſeneſs compels! That that wretch could treat me as he did, and then could ſo poorly creep to me for forgiveneſs of crimes ſo wilful, ſo black, and ſo premeditated! How my ſoul deſpiſed him for his meann ſs on a certain occaſion, of which you will one day be informed *! And him whoſe actions one's heart deſpiſes, it is far from being difficult to reject, had one ever ſo partially favoured him once.

Yet am I glad this violent ſpirit *can* thus creep; that, like a poiſonous ſerpent, he *can* thus coil himſelf, and hide his head in his own narrow circlets; becauſe this ſtooping, this abaſement, gives me hope that no further miſchief will enſue.

All my apprehenſion is, what may happen when I am gone; leſt then my couſin, or any other of my family, ſhould endeavour to avenge me, and riſque their own more precious lives on that account.

If that part of Cain's curſe were Mr. Lovelace's—*To be a fugitive and vagabond in the earth*—that is to ſay, if it meant no more harm to him, than that he ſhould be obliged to travel, as it ſeems he intends, (though I wiſh him no ill in his travels;) and I could know it; then ſhould I be eaſy in the hoped-for ſafety of my friends from his ſkilful violence—O that I could hear he was a thouſand miles off!

When I began this letter, I did not think I could have run to ſuch a length. But 'tis to YOU, my deareſt friend, and ſo *you* have a title to the ſpirits you raiſe and ſupport; for they are no longer mine, and will ſubſide the moment I ceaſe writing to you.

But what do you bid me hope for, when you tell me, that if your mother's health will permit, you will ſee me in town? I *hope* your mother's health will be perfected as you wiſh; but I dare not promiſe myſelf ſo great a favour—ſo great a *bleſſing*, I will call it—And indeed I know not if I ſhould be able to bear it now!

Yet one comfort it is in your power to give me; and that is, Let me know, and very ſpeedily it muſt be, if you wiſh to oblige me, that all matters are made up between you and Mr. Hickman; to whom, I ſee, you are reſolved, with all your bravery of ſpirit, to owe a multitude of obligations for his patience with your flightineſs. Think of this, my dear proud friend! and think, likewiſe, of what I have often told you, That PRIDE, in man or woman, is an extreme that hardly ever fails, ſooner or later, to bring forth its mortifying CONTRARY.

May you, my dear Miſs Howe, have no diſcomforts but what you make to yourſelf! As it will be in your own power to leſſen ſuch as theſe, they ought to be your puniſhment if you do not. There is no ſuch thing as *perfect happineſs* here, ſince the buſy mind will *make* to itſelf evils, were it to *find* none. You will therefore pardon this limited wiſh, ſtrange as it may appear, till you conſider it: for to wiſh you no infelicities, either within or without you, were to wiſh you what can never happen in this world; and what perhaps ought not to be wiſhed for, if *by a wiſh* one could give one's friend ſuch an exemption; ſince we are not to live here always.

We muſt not, in ſhort, expect that our roſes will grow without thorns; but then they are uſeful and inſtructive thorns; which, by pricking the fingers of the too haſty plucker, teach future caution. And who knows not that difficulty gives poignancy to our enjoyments; which are apt to loſe their reliſh with us when they are over-eaſily obtained?

I *muſt* conclude.

God for ever bleſs you, and all you love and honour, and reward you here and hereafter for your kindneſs to your

*ever-obliged and affectionate*

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

* Meaning his meditated ſecond violence, (See Vol. VI. Letter XIII.) and his ſucceeding letters to her ſupplicating for her pardon.

END OF THE SEVENTH VOLUME.

THE

# HISTORY

OF

# CLARISSA HARLOWE.

## VOLUME THE EIGHTH.

### LETTER I.

MRS. NORTON, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

[IN ANSWER TO HERS OF THURSDAY, AUGUST 24. SEE VOL. VII.]

THURSDAY, AUG. 31.

I Had written ſooner, my deareſt young lady, but that I have been endeavouring, ever ſince the receipt of your laſt letter, to obtain a private audience of your mother, in hopes of leave to communicate it to her. But laſt night I was ſurprized by an invitation to breakfaſt at Harlowe Place this morning: and the chariot came early to fetch me: an honour I did not expect.

When I came, I found there was to be a meeting of all your family with Colonel Morden at Harlowe Place; and it was propoſed by your mother, and conſented to, that I ſhould be preſent. Your couſin, I underſtand, had with difficulty brought this meeting to bear; for your brother had before induſtriouſly avoided all converſation with him on the affecting ſubject; urging, That it was not neceſſary to talk to Mr. Morden upon it, who, being a remoter relation than themſelves, had no buſineſs to make himſelf a judge of their conduct to their daughter, their niece, and their ſiſter; eſpecially as he had declared himſelf in her favour; adding, that he ſhould hardly have patience to be queſtioned by Mr. Morden on that head.

I was in hopes that your mother would have given me an opportunity of talking with her alone before the company met; but ſhe ſeemed ſtudiouſly to avoid it; I dare ſay, however, not with her inclination.

I was ordered in juſt before Mr. Morden came; and was bid to ſit down—Which I did in the window.

The colonel, when he came, began the diſcourſe, by *renewing*, as he called it, his ſolicitations in your favour. He ſet before them your penitence; your ill health; your virtue, though once betrayed, and baſely uſed: he then read to them Mr. Lovelace's letter, a moſt contrite one indeed; and your *high-ſouled* anſwer; for that was what he juſtly called it; and he treated as it deſerved Mr. Brand's officious information, (of which I had before heard he had made them aſhamed) by repreſentations founded upon enquiries made by Mr. Alſton, whom he had procured to go up on purpoſe to acquaint himſelf with your manner of life, and what was meant by the viſits of that Mr. Belford.

He then told them, That he had the day before waited upon Miſs Howe, and had been ſhewn a letter from you to her, and permitted to take ſome memorandums from it, in which you appeared, both by hand-writing, and the contents, to be ſo very ill, that it ſeemed doubtful to him, if it were poſſible for you to get over it. And when he read to them that paſſage, where you aſk Miſs Howe, What can be done for you now, were your friends to be ever ſo favourable? and wiſh, for *their* ſakes, more than for your *own*, that they would ſtill relent; and then ſay you are very ill—you muſt drop your pen—And aſk excuſe for your crooked writing; and take, as it were, a laſt

a laſt farewel of Miſs Howe:—'*Adieu*, '*my dear*, *adieu*,' are your words—

'O my child! my child!' ſaid your mamma, weeping, and claſping her hands.

'Dear Madam,' ſaid your brother, 'be ſo good as to think you have more 'children than this ungrateful one.'

Yet your ſiſter ſeemed affected.

Your uncle Harlowe wiping his eyes, 'O couſin!' ſaid he, 'if one thought the 'poor girl was really ſo ill——'

'She *muſt*,' ſaid your uncle Antony. 'This is written to her private friend. 'God forbid ſhe ſhould be quite loſt!'

Your uncle Harlowe wiſhed they did not carry their reſentments too far.

I begged for God's ſake, wringing my hands, and with a bended knee, that they would permit me to go up to you; engaging to give them a faithful account of the way you were in. But I was chidden by your brother; and this occaſioned ſome angry words between him and Mr. Morden.

'I believe, Sir—I believe, Madam,' ſaid your ſiſter to her father and mother, 'we need not trouble my couſin to read 'any more. It does but grieve and 'diſturb you. My ſiſter Clary ſeems 'to be ill: I think, if Mrs. Norton 'were permitted to go up to her, it 'would be right. Wickedly as ſhe has 'acted, if ſhe be truly penitent—'

Here ſhe ſtopt, and every one being ſilent, I ſtood up once more, and beſought them to let me go: and then I offered to read a paſſage or two in your letter to me of the 24th. But I was taken up again by your brother; and this occaſioned ſtill higher words between the colonel and him.

Your mother hoping to gain upon your inflexible brother, and to divert the anger of the two gentlemen from each other, proceeded in reading the minutes he had taken from your letter.

He accordginly read, Of your reſuming your pen: that you thought you had taken your laſt farewel; and the reſt of that very affecting paſſage, in which you are obliged to break off more than once, and afterwards take an airing in a chair. Your brother and ſiſter were affected at this; and he had recourſe to his ſnuff-box. And where you comfort Miſs Howe, and ſay, You ſhall be happy; 'It is more,' ſaid he, 'than ſhe will let 'any-one elſe be.'

Your ſiſter called you ſweet ſoul; but with a low voice: then grew hard-hearted again; yet ſaid, Nobody could help being affected by your pathetick grief—but that it was your talent.

The colonel then went on to the good effect your airing had upon you; to your good wiſhes to Miſs Howe and Mr. Hickman; and to your concluding ſentence, That when the happy life you wiſhed to *her* comes to be wound up, ſhe may be as calm and as eaſy at quitting it, as you hope in God you ſhall be. Your mother could not ſtand this; but retired to a corner of the room, and ſobbed, and wept. Your father for a few minutes could not ſpeak, though he ſeemed inclined to ſay ſomething.

Your uncles were alſo both affected—But your brother went round to each; and again reminded your mother, that ſhe had other children:—What was there, he ſaid, in what was read, but the reſult of the talent you had of moving the paſſions? And he blamed them for chuſing to hear read what they knew their abuſed indulgence could not be a proof againſt.

This ſet Mr. Morden up again:—'Fie upon you, couſin Harlowe!' ſaid he—'I ſee plainly to whom it is owing 'that all relationſhip and ties of blood 'with regard to this ſweet ſufferer are 'laid aſide. Such rigours as theſe make 'it difficult for a ſliding virtue ever to 'recover itſelf.'

Your brother pretended the honour of the family; and declared that no child ought to be forgiven who abandoned the moſt indulgent of parents againſt warning, againſt the light of knowledge, as you had done.

'But, Sir—and ladies,' ſaid I, riſing from my ſeat in the window, and humbly turning round to each, 'if I may be 'permitted to ſpeak, my dear Miſs aſks 'only for a bleſſing. She does not beg 'to be received to favour: ſhe is very 'ill, and aſks only for a laſt bleſſing.'

'Come, come, goody Norton,' [I need not tell you who ſaid this] 'you are up 'again with your lamentables!—A good 'woman, as you are, to forgive ſo readily a crime that has been as diſgraceful to your part in her education, as to 'her family, is a weakneſs that would 'induce one to ſuſpect your virtue, if 'you were to be encountered by a temptation *properly adapted*.'

'By ſome ſuch charitable logick,' ſaid Mr. Morden, 'as this, is my couſin Arabella captivated, I doubt not.—If to 'be uncharitable and unforgiving, is to 'give a proof of virtue, you, Mr. James 'Harlowe, are the moſt virtuous young 'man in the world.'

'I knew how it would be,' replied your brother, in a paſſion, 'if I met Mr. 'Morden upon this buſineſs. I would

'have

'have declined it—but you, Sir,' to his father, 'would not permit me so to do.'

'But, Sir,' turning to the colonel, 'in no other presence—'

'Then, cousin James,' interrupted the other gentleman, 'that which is *your* 'protection, it seems, is *mine*. I am not 'used to bear defiances thus—You are 'my cousin, Sir—and the son and ne-'phew of persons, as dear as near to 'me—' There he paused.

'Are we,' said your father, 'to be 'made still more unhappy among our-'selves, when the villain lives that ought 'to be the object of every-one's resent-'ment who has either a value for the 'family, or for this ungrateful girl?'

'That's the man,' said your cousin, 'whom last Monday, as you know, I 'went purposely to make the object of 'mine. But what could I say, when I 'found him so willing to repair his 'crime?—And I give it as my opinion, 'and have written accordingly to my 'poor cousin, that it is best for all round, 'that his offer should be accepted; and 'let me tell you—'

'Tell me nothing,' said your father, quite enraged, 'of that very vile fellow! 'I have a rivetted hatred to him. I 'would rather see the rebel die an hun-'dred deaths, were it possible, than that 'she should give such a villain as him a 'relation to my family.'

'Well, but there is no room to think,' said your mother, 'that she *will* give us 'such a relation, my dear. The poor 'girl will lessen, I fear, the number of 'our relations; not increase it. If she 'be so ill as we are told she is, let us 'send Mrs. Norton up to her.—That's 'the *least* we can do—Let us take her, 'however, out of the hands of that 'Belford.'

Both your uncles supported this motion: the latter part of it especially.

Your brother observed, in his ill-natured way, what a fine piece of consistency it was, in you, to refuse the vile injurer, and the amends he offered; yet to throw yourself upon the protection of his fast friend.

Miss Harlowe was apprehensive, she said, that you would leave all you *could* leave to that pert creature Miss Howe, [So she called her] if you should die.

'O do not, do not suppose *that*, my 'Bella,' said your poor mother. 'I can-'not think of parting with my Clary—'With all her faults, she is my child—'Her reasons for her conduct are not 'heard. It would break my heart to 'lose her.—I think, my dear,' to your father, 'none so fit as I to go up, if you 'will give me leave: and Mrs. Norton 'shall accompany me.'

This was a sweet motion; and your father paused upon it. Mr. Morden offered his service to escort her. Your uncles seemed to approve of it. But your brother dashed all. 'I hope, Sir,' said he to his father—'I hope, Madam,' to his mother—'that you will not en-'deavour to recover a faulty daughter, 'by losing an unculpable son. I do 'declare, that if ever my sister Clary 'darkens these doors again, I never 'will. I will set out, Madam, the same 'hour you go to London (on such an 'errand) to Edinburgh; and there I will 'reside; and try to forget that I have 'relations in England so near and so 'dear as you are now all to me.'

'Good God,' said the colonel, 'what 'a declaration is this!—And suppose, 'Sir—and suppose, Madam,' [turning to your father and mother] 'this *should* 'be the case, whether is it better, think 'you, that you should lose for ever such 'a daughter as my cousin Clary, or that 'your son should go to Edinburgh, and 'reside there upon an estate which will 'be the better for his residence upon it?'

Your brother's passionate behaviour hereupon is hardly to be described. He resented it as promoting an alienation of the affection of the family to him. And to such a height were resentments carried, every one siding with him, that the colonel, with hands and eyes lifted up, cried out, 'What hearts of flint 'am I related to!—O, cousin Harlowe,' to your father, 'are you resolved to 'have but one daughter?—Are you, 'Madam, to be taught by a son who has 'no bowels, to forget you are a mother?'

The colonel turned from them to draw out his handkerchief, and could not for a minute speak. The eyes of every-one, but the hard-hearted brother, caught tears from his.

But then turning to them, (with the more indignation, as it seemed, as he had been obliged to shew a humanity, which, however, no brave heart should be ashamed of) 'I leave ye all,' said he, 'fit company for one another. I 'will never open my lips to any of you 'more upon this subject. I will in-'stantly make my will, and in me shall 'the dear creature have the father, un-'cle, brother, she has lost. I will pre-'vail upon her to take the tour of 'France and Italy with me; nor shall 'she return till ye know the value of '*such* a daughter.'

And

And saying this, he hurried out of the room, went into the court-yard, and ordered his horse.

Mr. Antony Harlowe went to him there, just as he was mounting; and said, he hoped he should find him cooler in the evening; (for he, till then, had lodged at his house) and that then they would converse calmly; and every-one, mean time, would weigh all matters well—But the angry gentleman said, 'Cousin Harlowe, I shall endea-'vour to discharge the obligations I 'owe to your civility, since I have been 'in England: but I have been so treat-'ed by that hot-headed young man, '(who, as far as I know, has done more 'to ruin his sister than Lovelace him-'self, *and this* with the approbation of 'you all) that I will not again enter into '*your* doors, or *theirs*. My servants 'shall have orders whither to bring 'what belongs to me from your house. 'I will see my dear cousin Clary as soon 'as I can. And so God bless you all 'together!—only this one word to your 'nephew, if you please, that he wants 'to be taught the difference between 'courage and bluster; and it is happy 'for him, perhaps, that I am *his* kins-'man; though I am sorry he is *mine*.'

I wondered to hear your uncle, on his return to them all, repeat this; because of the consequences it may be attended with, though I hope it will not have bad ones: yet it was considered as a sort of challenge, and so it confirmed every-body in your brother's favour; and Miss Harlowe forgot not to inveigh against that error which had brought on all these evils.

I took the liberty again, but with fear and trembling, to desire leave to attend you.

Before any other person could answer, your brother said, 'I suppose you 'look upon yourself, Mrs. Norton, to 'be your own mistress. Pray do you 'want our consents and *courtship* to go 'up?—If I may speak my mind, you 'and my sister Clary are the *fittest* to be 'together.—Yet I wish you would not 'trouble your head about our family 'matters, till you are desired to do so.'

'But don't you know, brother,' said Miss Harlowe, 'that the error of any 'branch of a family splits that family 'into two parties, and makes not only 'every common friend and acquain-'tance, but even *servants*, judges over 'both?—This is one of the blessed 'effects of my sister Clary's fault?'

'There never was a creature so cri-'minal,' said your father, looking with displeasure at me, 'who had not some 'weak heads to pity and side with her.'

I wept. Your mother was so good as to take me by the hand: 'Come, 'good woman,' said she, 'come along 'with me. You have too much reason 'to be afflicted with what afflicts us, to 'want additions to your grief.'

But, my dearest young lady, I was more touched for your sake than for my own: for I have been low in the world for a great number of years; and, of consequence, must have been accustomed to snubs and rebuffs from the affluent. But I hope, that patience is written as legibly on my forehead, as haughtiness on that of any of my obligers.

Your mother led me to her chamber; and there we sat and wept together for several minutes, without being able to speak either of us one word to the other. At last she broke silence, asking, me, if you were really and indeed so ill, as it was said you were?

I answered in the affirmative; and would have shewn her your last letter; but she declined seeing it.

I would fain have procured from her the favour of a line to you with her blessing. I asked, what was *intended* by your brother and sister? Would nothing satisfy them but your final reprobation?—I insinuated, how easy it would be, did not your duty and humility govern you, to make yourself independent as to circumstances; but that nothing but a blessing, a *last* blessing, was requested by you. And many other things I urged in your behalf. The following brief repetition of what she was pleased to say in answer to my pleas, will give you a notion of it all; and of the present situation of things.

She said, she was very unhappy!—She had lost the little authority she once had over her other children, through one child's failing; and all influence over Mr. Harlowe and his brothers. Your father, she said, had besought her to leave it to him to take his own methods with you; and (as she valued him) to take no step in your favour unknown to him and your uncles: yet she owned, that they were too much governed by your brother. They would, however, give way in time, she knew, to a reconciliation: they designed no other; for they all still loved you.

Your brother and sister, she owned, were very jealous of your coming into favour again: yet could but Mr. Morden have kept his temper, and stood her

ſon's firſt ſallies, who (having always had the family grandeur in view) had carried his reſentment ſo high, that he knew not how to deſcend, the conferences, ſo abruptly broken off juſt now, would have ended more happily; for that ſhe had reaſon to think, that a few conceſſions on your part, with regard to your grandfather's eſtate, and your couſin's engaging for your ſubmiſſion as from *proper* motives, would have ſoftened them all.

Mr. Brand's account of your intimacy with the friend of the obnoxious man, ſhe ſaid, had, for the time, very unhappy effects; for before that ſhe had gained ſome ground: but afterwards dared not, nor indeed had inclination, to open her lips in your behalf. Your continued intimacy with that Mr. Belford was wholly unaccountable, and as wholly inexcuſable.

What made the wiſhed for reconciliation, ſhe ſaid, more difficult, was, firſt, that you yourſelf acknowledged yourſelf diſhonoured; (and it was too well known, that it was your own fault that you ever were in the power of ſo great a profligate) of conſequence, that their and your diſgrace could not be greater than it was: yet, that you refuſe to proſecute the wretch. Next, that the pardon and bleſſing hoped for muſt probably be attended with your marriage to the man they hate, and who hates them as much: 'Very diſagreeable 'circumſtances,' ſhe ſaid, 'I muſt allow, to found a reconciliation upon.'

As to her own part, ſhe muſt needs ſay, that if there were any hope that Mr. Lovelace would become a reformed man, the letter her couſin Morden had re'd to them from him to you, and the juſtice (as ſhe hoped it was) he did your character, though to his own condemnation, (his family and fortunes being unexceptionable) and all his relations earneſt to be related to you, were arguments that would have weight with her, could they have any with your father and uncles.

To my plea of your illneſs, ſhe could not but flatter herſelf, ſhe anſwered, that it was from lowneſs of ſpirits, and temporary dejection. A young creature, ſhe ſaid, ſo very conſiderate as you naturally were, and fallen ſo low, muſt have enough of that. Should they loſe you, which God forbid! the ſcene would then indeed be ſadly changed; for then thoſe who now moſt reſented, would be moſt grieved; all your fine qualities would riſe to their remembrance, and your unhappy error would be quite forgotten.

She wiſhed you would put yourſelf into your couſin's protection entirely, and have nothing more to ſay to Mr. Belford.

And I would recommend it to your moſt ſerious conſideration, my dear Miſs Clary, whether now, as your couſin (who is your truſtee for your grandfather's eſtate) is come, you ſhould not give over all thoughts of Mr. Lovelace's intimate friend for your executor; more eſpecially, as that gentleman's interfering in the concerns of your family, ſhould the ſad event take place, (which my heart aches but to think of) might be attended with thoſe conſequences which you are ſo deſirous, in other caſes, to obviate and prevent. And ſuppoſe, my dear young lady, you were to write one letter more to each of your uncles, to let them know how ill you are?—And to aſk their advice, and offer to be governed by it, in relation to the diſpoſition of your eſtate and effects?—Methinks I wiſh you would.

I find they will ſend you up a large part of what has been received from that eſtate, ſince it was yours; together with your current caſh, which you left behind you: and this by your couſin Morden, for fear you ſhould have contracted debts which may make you uneaſy.

They ſeem to expect, that you will wiſh to live at your grandfather's houſe, in a private manner, if your couſin prevail not upon you to go abroad for a year or two.

FRIDAY MORNING.

BETTY was with me juſt now. She tells me, that your couſin Morden is ſo much diſpleaſed with them all, that he has refuſed to lodge any more at your uncle Antony's; and has even taken up with inconvenient lodgings, till he is provided with others to his mind. This very much concerns them; and they repent their violent treatment of him: and the more, as he is reſolved, he ſays, to make you his ſole executrix, and heir to all his fortune.

What noble fortunes ſtill, my deareſt young lady, await you! I am thoroughly convinced, if it pleaſe God to preſerve your life and your health, that every-body will ſoon be reconciled to you, and that you will ſee many happy days.

Your mother wiſhed me not to attend you as yet, becauſe ſhe hopes that

I may give myſelf that pleaſure ſoon with every body's good liking, and even at their deſire. Your couſin Morden's reconciliation with them, which they are very deſirous of, I am ready to hope, will include theirs with you.

But if that ſhould happen which I ſo much dread; and I not with you, I ſhould never forgive myſelf. Let me, therefore, my deareſt young lady, deſire you to command my attendance, if you find any danger, and if you wiſh me peace of mind; and no conſideration ſhall withold me.

I hear that Miſs Howe has obtained leave from her mother to ſee you; and intends next week to go to town for that purpoſe; and (as it is believed) to buy cloaths for her approaching nuptials.

Mr. Hickman's mother-in-law is lately dead. Her jointure of 600l. a year is fallen to him; and ſhe has, moreover, as an acknowledgment of his good behaviour to her, left him all ſhe was worth, which was very conſiderable, a few legacies excepted to her own relations.

Theſe good men are uniformly good: indeed could not elſe *be* good; and never fare the worſe for being ſo. All the world agrees, he will make that fine young lady an excellent huſband: and I am ſorry they are not as much agreed in her making him an excellent wife. But I hope a woman of her principles would not encourage his addreſs, if, whether ſhe at preſent love him or not, ſhe thought ſhe could *not* love him; or if ſhe preferred any other man to him.

Mr. Pocock undertakes to deliver this; but fears it will be Saturday night firſt, if not Sunday morning.

May the Almighty protect and bleſs you!—I long to ſee you—My deareſt young lady, I long to ſee you; and to fold you once more to my fond heart. I dare to ſay, happy days are coming. Be but cheerful. Give way to hope.

Whether for this world, or the other, you *muſt* be happy. Wiſh to live, however, were it only becauſe you are ſo well fitted in mind to make every-one happy who has the honour to know you. What ſignifies this tranſitory eclipſe? You are as near perfection, by all I have heard, as any creature in this world can be: for here is your glory—You are brightened and purified, as I may ſay, by your ſufferings!—How I long to hear your whole ſad, yet inſtructive ſtory, from your own lips!

For Miſs Howe's ſake, who, in her new engagements will ſo much want you; for your couſin Morden's ſake, for your mother's ſake, if I muſt go on farther in your family; and yet I can ſay, for all their ſakes; and for my ſake, my deareſt Miſs Clary; let your reſumed and accuſtomed magnanimity bear you up. You have many things to do which I know not the perſon who will do, if you leave us.

Join your prayers then to mine, that God will ſpare you to a world that wants you and your example; and, although your days may ſeem to have been numbered, who knows but that, with the good King Hezekiah, you may have them prolonged? Which God grant, if it be his bleſſed will, to the prayers of *your*

JUDITH NORTON.

## LETTER II.

### MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

MONDAY, SEPT. 4.

THE lady would not read the letter ſhe had from Mrs. Norton, till ſhe had received the communion, for fear it ſhould contain any-thing that might diſturb that happy calm, which ſhe had been endeavouring to obtain for it. And when that ſolemn office was over, ſhe was ſo compoſed, ſhe ſaid, that ſhe thought ſhe could receive any news, however affecting, with tranquillity.

Nevertheleſs, in reading it, ſhe was forced to leave off ſeveral times through weakneſs and a dimneſs in her ſight, of which ſhe complained; if I may ſay *complained*; for ſo eaſy and ſoft were her complaints, that they could hardly be called ſuch.

She was very much affected at divers parts of this letter. She wept ſeveral times, and ſighed often. Mrs. Lovick told me, that theſe were the gentle exclamations ſhe broke out into, as ſhe read:—*Her unkind, her cruel brother!*—'*How* unſiſterly!—*Poor dear woman!*' ſeeming to ſpeak of Mrs. Norton. *Her kind couſin!*—'*O theſe flaming ſpirits!*' And then reflecting upon herſelf more than once—'*What a deep error is mine!—What evils have I been the occaſion of!*'

When I was admitted to her preſence, 'I have received,' ſaid ſhe, 'a 'long and not very pleaſing letter from 'my dear Mrs. Norton. It will ſoon 'be in your hands. I am adviſed againſt 'appointing you to the office you have 'ſo kindly accepted of: but you muſt

'refuſe

'resent nothing of these things. My 'choice will have an odd appearance to 'them: but it is now too late to alter 'it, if I would.

'I would fain write an answer to it,' continued she: 'but I have no distinct 'sight, Mr. Belford, no steadiness of 'fingers.—This mistiness, however, 'will perhaps be gone by-and-by.— —Then turning to Mrs Lovick, 'I 'don't think I am dying yet—not 'actually dying, Mrs. Lovick—For I 'have no bodily pain—No numbnesses; 'no signs of immediate death, I think. '—And my breath, which used of late 'to be so short, is now tolerable—My 'head clear, my intellects free—I think 'I cannot be dying yet—I shall have 'agonies, I doubt—Life will not give 'up so blessedly easy, I fear—Yet how 'merciful is the Almighty, to give his 'poor creature such a sweet serenity! '—'Tis what I have prayed for!— 'What encouragement, Mrs. Lovick, 'so near one's dissolution, to have it 'to hope, that one's prayers are an-'swered!'

Mrs. Smith, as well as Mrs. Lovick, was with her. They were both in tears; nor had I, any more than they, power to say a word in answer: yet she spoke all this, as well as what follows, with a surprising composure of mind and countenance.

'But, Mr. Belford,' said she, assuming a still sprightlier air and accent, 'let 'me talk a little to you, while I am thus 'able to say what I have to say.'

'Mrs. Lovick, don't leave us,' [for the women were rising to go]—'Pray 'sit down—and do you, Mrs. Smith, sit 'down too.—Dame Shelbourne, take 'this key, and open that upper drawer. 'I will move to it.'

She did, with trembling knees.— 'Here, Mr. Belford, is my will. It is 'witnessed by three persons of Mr. 'Smith's acquaintance.

'I dare to hope, that my cousin Mor-'den will give you assistance, if you re-'quest it of him. My cousin Morden 'continues his affection for me: but as 'I have not seen *him*, I leave all the 'trouble upon *you*, Mr. Belford. This 'deed may want *forms*; and it *does*, no 'doubt: but the less, as I have my 'grandfather's will almost by heart, and 'have *often enough* heard that canvassed. 'I will lay it by itself in this corner;' putting it at the further end of the drawer.

She then took up a parcel of letters, inclosed in one cover, sealed with three seals of black-wax: 'This,' said she, 'I 'sealed up last night. The cover, Sir, 'will let you know what is to be done 'with what it incloses. This is the su-'perscription;' [holding it close to her eyes, and rubbing them] "*As soon as* "*I am certainly dead, this is to be broke* "*open by Mr. Belford.*"—'Here, Sir, I 'put it,' [placing it by the will.]— 'These folded papers are letters and 'copies of letters, disposed according to 'their dates. Miss Howe will do with 'those as you and she shall think fit. If 'I receive any more, or more come 'when I cannot receive them, they may 'be put into this drawer,' [pulling out and pushing in the looking-glass drawer] 'to be given to Mr. Belford, be 'they from whom they will.—You'll be 'so kind as to observe *that*, Mrs. Lo-'vick—and Dame Shelbourne.

'Here, Sir,' proceeded she, 'I put 'the keys of my apparel,' [putting them into the drawer with her papers.] 'All 'is in order, and the inventory upon 'them, and an account of what I have 'disposed of: so that nobody need to 'ask Mrs. Smith any questions.

'There will be no immediate need to 'open or inspect the trunks which con-'tain my wearing apparel.—Mrs. Nor-'ton will open them, or order some-'body to do it for her, in your pre-'sence, Mrs. Lovick; for so I have di-'rected in my will. They may be seal-'ed up now: I shall never more have 'occasion to open them.'

She then, though I expostulated with her to the contrary, caused me to seal them up with my seal.

After this, she locked the drawer where were her papers; first taking out her book of *meditations*, as she called it; saying, she should, perhaps, have use for that; and then desired me to take the key of that drawer; for she should have no further occasion for that neither.

All this in so composed and cheerful a manner, that we were equally surprized and affected with it.

'You can witness for me, Mrs. 'Smith—and so can you, Mrs. Lovick,' proceeded she—'if any one ask after my 'life and conversation, since you have 'known me, that I have been very or-'derly; have kept good hours; and 'never have lain out of your house but 'when I was in prison; and then you 'know I could not help it.'

O, Lovelace! that thou hadst heard her, or seen her, unknown to herself, on this occasion;—not one of us could speak a word.

'I shall leave the world in perfect 'charity,' proceeded she. And turning towards the women—'Don't be so 'much concerned for me, my good 'friends. This is all but needful pre-'paration; and I shall be very happy.'

Then again rubbing her eyes, which she said were misty, and looking more intently round upon each, particularly on me—'God bless you all!' said she, 'how kindly you are concerned for me! 'Who says, I am friendless? Who says, 'I am abandoned, and among strang-'ers?—Good Mr. Belford, don't be so '*generously* humane!—Indeed,' [putting her handkerchief to her charming eyes] 'you will make me less happy, than I 'am sure you wish me to be.'

While we were thus solemnly engaged, a servant came with a letter from her cousin Morden:—'Then,' said she, 'he is not come *himself*!'

She broke it open; but every line, she said, appeared two to her: so that being unable to read it herself, she desired I would read it to her. I did so; and wished it were more consolatory to her: but she was all patient attention; tears, however, often trickling down her cheeks. By the date, it was written yesterday; and this is the substance of it.

He tells her, that the Thursday before he had procured a general meeting of her principal relations, at her father's; though, not without difficulty, her haughty brother opposing it, and, when met, rendering all his endeavours to reconcile them to her ineffectual. He censures him, as the most ungovernable young man he ever knew: some great sickness, he says, some heavy misfortune is wanted to bring him to a knowledge of himself, and of what is due from him to others; and he wishes that he were not *her* brother, and *his* cousin. Nor does he spare her father and uncles for being so implicitly led by him.

He tells her, that he parted with them all in high displeasure, and thought never more to darken any of their doors: that he declared as much to her two uncles, who came to him on Saturday, to try to accommodate with him; and who found him preparing to go to London to attend her; and that, notwithstanding their pressing entreaties, he determined so to do, and not to go with them to Harlowe Place, or to either of their own houses; and accordingly dismissed them with such an answer.

But that her noble letter, as he calls it, of Aug. 31, being brought him about an hour after their departure, he thought it might affect them as much as it did him; and give them the exalted opinion of her virtue which was so well deserved; he therefore turned his horse's head back to her uncle Antony's, instead of forwards towards London.

That accordingly arriving there, and finding her two uncles together, he re'd to them the affecting letter; which left none of the three a dry eye: that the absent, as is usual in such cases, bearing all the load, they accused her brother and sister; and besought him to put off his journey to town, till he could carry with him the blessings which she had formerly in vain solicited for; and (as they hoped) the happy tidings of a general reconciliation.'

That not doubting but his visit would be the more welcome to her, if these good ends could be obtained, he the more readily complied with their desires. But not being willing to subject himself to the possibility of receiving fresh insults from her brother, he had given her uncles a copy of her letter, for the family to assemble upon; and desired to know, as soon as possible, the result of their deliberations.

He tells her, that he shall bring her up the accounts relating to the produce of her grandfather's estate, and adjust them with her; having actually in his hands the arrears due to her from it.

He highly applauds the noble manner in which she resents your usage of her. It is impossible, he owns, that you can either deserve her, or to be forgiven. But as you do justice to her virtue, and offer to make her all the reparation now in your power; and as she is so very earnest with him not to resent that usage; and declares, that you could not have been the author of her calamities but through a strange concurrence of unhappy causes! and as he is not at a loss to know how to place to a *proper account* that strange concurrence; he desires her not to be apprehensive of any vindictive measures from him.

Nevertheless (as may be expected) he inveighs against you; as he finds that she gave you no advantage over her. But he forbears to enter further into this subject, he says, till he has the honour to see her, and the rather, as she seems so much determined against you. However, he cannot but say, that he thinks you a gallant man, and a man of sense; and that you have the reputation of being

being thought a generous man in every inſtance but where the ſex is concerned. In *ſuch*, he owns, that you have taken inexcuſable liberties. And he is ſorry to ſay, that there are very few young men of fortune but who allow themſelves in the ſame. Both ſexes, he obſerves, too much love to have each other in their power: yet he hardly ever knew man or woman who was very fond of power, make a right uſe of it.

If ſhe be ſo abſolutely determined againſt marrying you, as ſhe declares ſhe is, he hopes, he ſays, to prevail upon her to take (as ſoon as her health will permit) a little tour abroad with him, as what will probably eſtabliſh it; ſince travelling is certainly the beſt phyſick for all thoſe diſorders which owe their riſe to grief or diſappointment. An abſence of two or three years will endear her to every-one, on her return, and every-one to her.

He expreſſes his impatience to ſee her. He will ſet out, he ſays, the moment he knows the reſult of her family's determination; which, he doubts not, will be favourable. Nor will he wait long for that.

When I had re'd the letter through to the languiſhing lady, 'And ſo, my 'friends,' ſaid ſhe, 'have I heard of 'a patient who actually died, while five 'or ſix principal phyſicians were in a 'conſultation, and not agreed upon what 'name to give his diſtemper. The pa-'tient was an emperor, the Emperor 'Joſeph, I think.'

I aſked, if I ſhould write to her couſin, as he knew not how ill ſhe was, to haſten up?

By no means, ſhe ſaid; ſince, if he were not already ſet out, ſhe was perſuaded that ſhe ſhould be ſo low by the time he could receive my letter, and come, that his preſence would but diſcompoſe and hurry *her* and afflict *him*.

I hope, however, ſhe is not ſo very near her end. And without ſaying any more to her, when I retired, I wrote to Colonel Morden, that if he expects to ſee his beloved couſin alive, he muſt loſe no time in ſetting out. I ſent this letter by his own ſervant.

Dr. H. ſent away *his* letter to her father by a particular hand this morning.

Mrs. Walton the milliner has alſo juſt now acquainted Mrs. Smith, that her huſband had a letter brought by a ſpecial meſſenger from parſon Brand, within this half hour, incloſing the copy of one he had written to Mr. John Harlowe, recanting his officious one.

And as all theſe, and the copy of the lady's letter to Colonel Morden, will be with them pretty much at a time, the devil's in the family if they are not ſtruck with a remorſe that ſhall burſt open the double-barred doors of their hearts.

Will engages to reach you with this (late as it will be) before you go to reſt. He begs that I will teſtify for him the hour and the minute I ſhall give it him. It is juſt half an hour after ten.

I pretend to be (now by uſe) the ſwifteſt ſhort-hand writer in England, next to yourſelf. But were matter to ariſe every hour to write upon, and I had nothing elſe to do, I cannot write ſo faſt as you expect. And let it be remembered, that your ſervants cannot bring letters or meſſages before they are written or ſent.

J. BELFORD.

## LETTER III.

DR. H. TO JAMES HARLOWE, SENIOR, ESQ.

SIR, LONDON. SEPT. 4.

IF I may judge of the hearts of other parents by my own, I cannot doubt but you will take it well to be informed, that you have yet an opportunity to ſave yourſelf and family great future regret, by diſpatching hither ſome one of it with your laſt bleſſing, and your lady's, to the moſt excellent of her ſex.

I have ſome reaſon to believe, Sir, that ſhe has been repreſented to you in a very different light from the true one. And this is it that induces me to acquaint you, that I think her, on the beſt grounds, abſolutely irreproachable in all her conduct which has paſſed under my eye, or come to my ear; and that her very misfortunes are made glorious to her, and honourable to all that are related to her, by the uſe ſhe has made of them; and by the patience and reſignation with which ſhe ſupports herſelf in a painful, lingring, and diſpiriting decay! and by the greatneſs of mind with which ſhe views her approaching diſſolution. And all this from proper motives; from motives in which a dying ſaint might glory.

She knows not that I write. I muſt indeed acknowledge, that I offered to do ſo ſome days ago, and that very preſſingly: nor did ſhe refuſe me from obſtinacy.—She ſeemed not to know what that is—But deſired me to forbear for two days only, in hopes that her newly-arrived couſin, who, as ſhe heard,

was

was ſoliciting for her, would be able to ſucceed in her favour.

I hope I ſhall not be thought an officious man on this occaſion; but if I am, I cannot help it; being driven to write, by a kind of *parental* and irreſiſtible impulſe.

But, Sir, whatever you think fit to do, or permit to be done, muſt be ſpeedily done; for ſhe cannot, I verily think, live a week; and how long of that ſhort ſpace ſhe may enjoy her admirable intellects to take comfort in the favours you may think proper to confer upon her, cannot be ſaid. I am, SIR, *your moſt humble ſervant*,

R. H.

## LETTER IV.

MR. BELFORD, TO WILLIAM MORDEN, ESQ.

SIR, LONDON, SEPT. 4.

THE urgency of the caſe, and the opportunity by your ſervant, will ſufficiently apologize for this trouble from a ſtranger to your perſon; who, however, is not a ſtranger to your merit.

I underſtand you are employing your good offices with the parents of Miſs Clariſſa Harlowe, and other relations, to reconcile them to the moſt meritorious daughter and kinſwoman, that ever family had to boaſt of.

Generouſly as this is intended by you, we *here* have too much reaſon to think all your ſolicitudes on this head will be unneceſſary: for it is the opinion of every-one, who has the honour of being admitted to her preſence, that ſhe cannot live over three days: ſo that if you wiſh to ſee her alive, you muſt loſe no time to come up.

She knows not that I write. I had done it ſooner, if I had had the leaſt doubt that before now ſhe would not have received from you ſome news of the happy effects of your kind mediation in her behalf. I am, SIR, *your moſt humble ſervant*, J. BELFORD.

## LETTER V.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

[IN ANSWER TO LETTER II.]

UXBRIDGE, TUESDAY MORN. BETWEEN 4 AND 5.

AND can it be, that this admirable creature will ſo ſoon leave this curſed world! For curſed I ſhall think it, and more curſed myſelf, when ſhe is gone. O, Jack! thou who canſt ſit ſo cool, and, like Addiſon's angel, *direct*, and even *enjoy*, the ſtorm, that tears up my happineſs by the roots; blame me not for my impatience, however unreaſonable! If thou knoweſt, that already I feel the torments of the damned, in the remorſe that wrings my heart, on looking back upon my paſt actions by her, thou wouldſt not be the devil thou art, to halloo on a worrying conſcience, which, without thy mercileſs aggravations, is altogether intolerable.

I know not what I write, nor what I would write. When the company that uſed to delight me is as uneaſy to me as my reflections are painful, and I can neither help nor divert myſelf, muſt not every ſervant about me partake in a perturbation ſo ſincere!

Shall I give thee a faint picture of the horrible uneaſineſs with which my mind ſtruggles? And faint indeed it muſt be; for nothing but outrageous madneſs can exceed it; and *that* only in the apprehenſion of others; ſince, as to the ſufferer, it is certain, that actual diſtraction (take it out of it's lucid intervals) muſt be an infinitely more happy ſtate than the ſtate of ſuſpence and anxiety, which often brings it on.

Forbidden to attend the dear creature, yet longing to ſee her, I would give the world to be admitted once more to her beloved preſence. I ride towards London three or four times a day, reſolving *pro* and *con*, twenty times in two or three miles; and at laſt ride back; and, in view of Uxbridge, loathing even the kind friend, and hoſpitable houſe, turn my horſe's head again towards the town, and reſolve to gratify my humour, let her take it as ſhe will; but, at the very entrance of it, after infinite canvaſſings, once more alter my mind, dreading to offend and ſhock her, leſt, by that means, I ſhould curtail a life ſo precious.

Yeſterday, in particular, to give you an idea of the ſtrength of that impatience, which I cannot avoid ſuffering to break out upon my ſervants, I had no ſooner diſpatched Will, than I took horſe to meet him on his return.

In order to give him time, I loitered about on the road, riding up *this* lane to the one highway, down *that* to the other, juſt as my horſe pointed; all the way curſing my very being; and though ſo lately looking *down* upon all the world, wiſhing to change conditions with the pooreſt beggar that cried to me for charity as I rode by him—and throwing him

him money, in hopes to obtain by his prayers the bleſſing my heart pants after.

After I had ſauntered about an hour or two, (which ſeemed three or four tedious ones) fearing I had ſlipt the fellow, I enquired at every turnpike, whether a ſervant in ſuch a livery had not paſſed through in his return from London, on a full gallop; for woe had been to the dog, had I met him on a ſluggiſh trot! And leſt I ſhould miſs him at one end of Kenſington, as he might take either the Acton or Hammerſmith road; or at the other, as he might come through the Park, or not; how many ſcore times did I ride backwards and forwards from the Palace to the Gore, making myſelf the ſubject of obſervation to all paſſengers whether on horſeback or on foot; who, no doubt, wondered to ſee a well-dreſſed and well-mounted man, ſometimes ambling, ſometimes prancing (as the beaſt had more fire than his maſter) backwards and forwards in ſo ſhort a compaſs!

Yet all this time, though longing to eſpy the fellow, did I dread to meet him, leſt he ſhould be charged with fatal tidings.

When at diſtance I ſaw any man galloping towards me, my reſemblance-forming fancy immediately made it to be him; and then my heart bounded to my mouth, as if it would have choaked me. But when the perſon's nearer approach undeceived me, how did I curſe the varlet's delay, and thee by turns! And how ready was I to draw my piſtol at the ſtranger, for having the impudence to gallop; which none but my meſſenger, I thought, had either right or reaſon to do! For all the buſineſs of the world, I am ready to imagine, ſhould ſtand ſtill on an occaſion ſo melancholy and ſo intereſting to me. Nay, for this week paſt, I could cut the throat of any man or woman I ſee laugh, while I am in ſuch dejection of mind.

I am now convinced that the wretches who fly from a heavy ſcene, labour under ten times more diſtreſs in the intermediate ſuſpence and apprehenſion, than they could have, were they preſent at it, and to ſee and know the worſt: ſo capable is fancy or imagination, the more immediate offſpring of the ſoul, to outgo fact, let the ſubject be either joyous or grievous.

And hence, as I conceive, it is, that all *pleaſures* are greater in the *expectation*, or in the *reflection*, than in *fruition*; as all *pains*, which preſs heavy upon both parts of that unequal union by which frail mortality holds it's precarious tenure, are ever moſt acute in the time of ſuffering: for how eaſy ſit upon the *reflection* the heavieſt misfortunes, when ſurmounted!—But *moſt* eaſy, I confeſs, thoſe in which body has more concern than ſoul. This, however, is a point of philoſophy I have neither time nor head juſt now to weigh: ſo take it as it falls from a madman's pen.

Woe be to either of the wretches who ſhall bring me the fatal news that ſhe is no more! For it is but too likely that a ſhriek-owl ſo hated will never whoot or ſcream again; unleſs the ſhock, that will probably diſorder my whole frame on ſo ſad an occaſion, (by *unſteadying* my hand) ſhall divert my aim from his head, heart, or bowels, if it turn not againſt my own.

But, ſurely, ſhe will not, ſhe cannot yet die! Such a matchleſs excellence—

'——— whoſe mind
'Contains a world, and ſeems for all things
'fram'd,'

could not be lent to be ſo ſoon demanded back again!

But may it not be, that thou, Belford, art in a plot with the dear creature, (who will not let me attend her to convince myſelf) in order to work up my ſoul to the deepeſt remorſe; and that, when ſhe is convinced of the ſincerity of my penitence, and when my mind is made ſuch wax, as to be fit to take what impreſſion ſhe pleaſes to give it, ſhe will then raiſe me up with the joyful tidings of her returning health and acceptance of me!

What would I give to have it ſo!—And when the happineſs of *hundreds*, as well as the peace and reconciliation of ſeveral eminent families, depend upon *her* reſtoration and happineſs, why ſhould it not be ſo?

But let me preſume it will. Let me indulge my former hope, however improbable—I *will*; and *enjoy* it too.—And let me tell how extatick my delight would be on the unravelling of ſuch a plot as this!

Do, *dear* Belford, let it be ſo!—'And, 'O my deareſt, and ever-dear Clariſſa, 'keep me no longer in this cruel ſuſ-'pence; in which I ſuffer a thouſand 'times more than ever I made thee ſuf-'fer! Nor fear thou that I will reſent, 'or recede, on an eclairciſſement ſo de-'ſirable:

'ſirable: for I will adore thee for ever, 'and, without reproaching thee for the 'pangs thou haſt tortured me with, 'confeſs thee as much my ſuperior in 'noble and generous contrivances, as 'thou art in virtue and honour!'

But, once more—Should the worſt happen—ſay not what that worſt is—and I am gone from this hated iſland—Gone for ever—And may eternal—But I am crazed already—and will therefore conclude myſelf, *thine more than my own, (and no great compliment neither)*

R. L.

## LETTER VI.

### MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

TUESDAY, SEPT. 9, IN THE MORN. AT MR. SMITH'S.

WHEN I read yours of this morning, I could not help pitying you for the account you give of the dreadful anxiety and ſuſpence you labour under. I wiſh from my heart all were to end as you are ſo willing to hope: but it will not be; and your ſuſpence, if the worſt part of your torment, as you ſay it is, will ſoon be over; but, alas! in a way you wiſh not.

I attended the lady juſt now. She is extremely ill: yet is ſhe aiming at an anſwer to her Norton's letter, which ſhe began yeſterday in her own chamber, and has writen a good deal: but in a hand not like her own fine one, as Mrs. Lovick tells me, but much larger, and the lines crooked.

I have accepted of the offer of a room adjoining to the widow Lovick's, till I ſee how matters go; but unknown to the lady; and I ſhall go home every night, for a few hours. I would not loſe a ſentence that I could gain from lips ſo inſtructive, nor the opportunity of receiving any command from her, for an eſtate.

In this my new apartment, I now write, and ſhall continue to write, as occaſions offer, that I may be the more circumſtantial: but I depend upon the return of my letters, or copies of them, on demand, that I may have together all that relates to this affecting ſtory; which I ſhall re-peruſe with melancholy pleaſure to the end of my life.

I think I will ſend thee Brand's letter to Mr. John Harlowe, recanting his baſe ſurmizes. It is a matchleſs piece of pedantry; and may perhaps a little divert thy deep chagrin: ſome time hence at leaſt it may, if not now.

What wretched creatures are there in the world!—What ſtrangely-mixed characters!—So ſenſible and ſo ſilly at the ſame time!—What a *various*, what a *fooliſh* creature, is man!

THREE O'CLOCK.

THE lady has juſt finiſhed her letter, and has entertained Mrs. Lovick, Mrs. Smith, and me, with a noble diſcourſe on the vanity and brevity of life, to which I cannot do juſtice in the repetition: and indeed I am ſo grieved for her, that, ill as ſhe is, my intellects are not half ſo clear as hers.

A few things which made the ſtrongeſt impreſſion upon me, as well from the ſentiments themſelves, as from her manner of uttering them, I remember. She introduced them thus:

'I am thinking,' ſaid ſhe, 'what a 'gradual and happy death God Al- 'mighty (bleſſed be his name) affords 'me! Who would have thought, that, 'ſuffering what I have ſuffered, and 'abandoned as I have been, with ſuch 'a tender education as I have had, I 'ſhould be ſo long a dying!—But ſee 'how by little and little it has come to 'this.—I was firſt taken off from the 'power of *walking*: then I took a *coach* '—A coach grew too violent an exer- 'ciſe: then I took a *chair*—The priſon 'was a large DEATH-STRIDE upon me '—I ſhould have *ſuffered longer elſe!*— 'Next, I was unable to go to *church*; 'then to go *up* or *down ſtairs*: now hardly 'can move from one *room* to *another*; and 'a *leſs room* will ſoon hold me.—My *eyes* 'begin to fail me, ſo that at times I 'cannot ſee to read diſtinctly; and now 'I can hardly *write*, or hold a pen.— 'Next, I preſume, I ſhall know nobody, 'nor be able to thank any of you—I 'therefore now once more thank you, 'Mrs. Lovick—and you, Mrs. Smith '—and you, Mr. Belford—while I *can* 'thank you, for all your kindneſs to 'me.—And thus by little and little, in 'ſuch a gradual ſenſible death, as I am 'bleſſed with, God *dies away in us*, as I 'may ſay, all human ſatisfaction, in 'order to ſubdue his poor creatures to 'Himſelf.'

Thou mayeſt gueſs how affected we all were at this moving account of her progreſſive weakneſs. We heard it with wet eyes; for what with the womens example, and what with her moving eloquence, I could no more help it than they. But we were ſilent, nevertheleſs;

leſs; and ſhe went on applying herſelf to me—

'O Mr. Belford! this is a poor tran-'ſitory life in it's beſt enjoyments. We 'flutter about here and there, with all 'our vanities about us, like painted 'butterflies, for a gay, but a very ſhort 'ſeaſon, till at laſt we lay ourſelves 'down in a quieſcent ſtate, and turn into 'vile worms: and who knows in what 'form, or to what condition, we ſhall 'riſe again?

'I wiſh you would permit me, a 'young creature, juſt turned of nineteen 'years of age, blooming and healthy as 'I was a few months ago, now nipt by 'the cold hand of death, to influence 'you, in *theſe my laſt hours*, to a life of 'regularity and repentance for any paſt 'evils you may have been guilty of. 'For, believe me, Sir, that now, in 'this laſt ſtage, very few things will bear 'the teſt, or be paſſed as laudable, if '*pardonable*, at our own bar, much leſs 'at a more tremendous one, in all we 'have done, or delighted in, even in a 'life not very offenſive neither, as *we* 'may think!—Ought we not then to 'ſtudy in our *full day*, before the dark 'hours approach, ſo to live, as may 'afford reflections that will ſoften the 'agony of the laſt moments when they 'come, and let in upon the departing 'ſoul a ray of Divine mercy to illumi-'nate it's paſſage into an awful eter-'nity?'

She was ready to faint, and chuſing to lie down, I withdrew; I need not ſay, with a melancholy heart: and when I was got to my new taken apartment, my heart was ſtill more affected by the ſight of the ſolemn letter the admirable lady had ſo lately finiſhed. It was communicated to me by Mrs. Lovick; who had it to copy for me; but it was not to be *delivered to me* till after her departure. However, I treſpaſſed ſo far, as to prevail upon the widow to let me take a copy of it; which I did directly in character.

I ſend it incloſed. If thou canſt read it, and thy heart not bleed at thy eyes, thy remorſe can hardly be ſo deep as thou haſt inclined me to think it is.

## LETTER VII.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MRS. NORTON.

IN ANSWER TO LETTER I.

MY DEAREST MRS. NORTON,

I Am afraid I ſhall not be able to write all that is upon my mind to ſay to you upon the ſubject of your laſt. Yet I will try.

As to my friends, and as to the ſad breakfaſting, I cannot help being afflicted for *them*. What, alas! has not my mother, in particular, ſuffered by my raſhneſs!—Yet to allow ſo much for a ſon!—ſo little for a daughter!—But all now will ſoon be over, as to me. I hope they will bury all their reſentments in my grave.

As to your advice in relation to Mr. Belford, let me only ſay, that the unhappy reprobation I have met with, and my ſhort time, muſt be my apology now.—I wiſh I *could* have written to my mother and my uncles as you adviſe. And yet, favours come *ſo* ſlowly from them!

The granting of one requeſt only now remains as a deſirable one from them. Which, nevertheleſs, when granted, I ſhall not be ſenſible of. It is that they will be pleaſed to permit my remains to be laid with thoſe of my anceſtors—Placed at the feet of my dear grandfather, as I have mentioned in my will. This, however, as they pleaſe. For, after all, this vile body ought not ſo much to engage my cares. It is a weakneſs—But let it be called a *natural* weakneſs, and I ſhall be excuſed; eſpecially when a reverential gratitude ſhall be known to be the foundation of it.—You know, my dear woman, how my grandfather loved me. And you know how much I honoured him, and that from my very infancy to the hour of his death. How often ſince have I wiſhed, that he had not loved *me* ſo well!

I wiſh not now, at the writing of this, to ſee even my couſin Morden.—O my bleſſed woman! My dear maternal friend! I am entering upon a better tour, than to France or Italy either!—Or even than to ſettle at my once beloved Dairy-Houſe!—All theſe proſpects and pleaſures, which uſed to be ſo agreeable to me in health, how poor ſeem they to me now!

Indeed, indeed, my dear mamma Norton, I ſhall be happy!—I *know* I ſhall!—I have charming forebodings of happineſs already!—Tell all my dear friends, for their comfort, that I ſhall!—Who would not bear the puniſhments I have borne, to have the proſpects and aſſurances I rejoice in!—Aſſurances I might *not have had*, were my own wiſhes to have been granted to me!

Neither do I want to ſee even *you*, my dear Mrs. Norton. Nevertheleſs I muſt, in juſtice to my own gratitude, declare that there *was* a time, could you have been permitted

mitted to come, without incurring displeasure from those whose esteem it is necessary for you to cultivate and preserve, that your presence and comfortings would have been balm to my wounded mind. But were you now, even by consent, and with reconciliatory tidings, to come, it would but add to your grief; and the sight of one I so dearly love, so happily fraught with good news, might but draw me back to wishes I have had great struggles to get above. And let me tell you for your comfort, that I have not left undone any-thing that ought to be done, either respecting *mind* or *person*; no, not to the minutest preparation: so that nothing is left for *you* to do for me. Every-one has her direction as to the last offices.—And my desk, that I now write upon—O my dearest Mrs. Norton, all is provided!—All is ready!—And all will be as decent as it should be!

And pray let my Miss Howe know, that by the time you will receive this, and the *your* signification of the contents of it, it will, in all probability, be too late for *her* to do me the inestimable favour, as I should once have thought it, to see me. *God will have no rivals in the hearts of those he sanctifies.* By various methods he deadens all other sensations, or rather absorbs them all in the love of Him.

I shall, nevertheless, love *you*, my mamma Norton, and my Miss Howe, whose love to me *has passed the love of women*, to my latest hour!—But yet, I am now above the quick sense of those pleasures, which once most delighted me: and once more I say, that I do not wish to see objects so dear to me, which might bring me back again into sense, and rival my *supreme love*.

TWICE have I been forced to leave off. I *wished*, that my last writing might be to you, or to Miss Howe, if it might not be to my dearest ma——

*Mamma*, I would have wrote—Is the word distinct?—My eyes are *so* misty!—If, when I apply to you, I break off in half-words, do you supply them—The kindest are *your* due.—Be sure take the kindest, to fill up chasms with, if any chasms there be—

ANOTHER breaking off!—But the new day seems to rise upon me with healing in it's wings. I have gotten, I think, a recruit of strength: spirits, I bless God, I have not of late wanted.

Let my dearest Miss Howe purchase her wedding-garments—And may all temporal blessings attend the charming preparation!—Blessings *will*, I make no question, notwithstanding the little cloudinesses that Mr. Hickman encounters with now-and-then, which are but prognosticks of a future golden day to him: for her heart is good, and her head not wrong.—But great merit is coy, and that coyness has not always it's foundation in pride: but if it should *seem* to be pride, take off the skin-deep covering, and, in her, it is noble diffidence, and a love that wants but to be assured!

Tell Mr. Hickman I write this, and write it, as I believe, with my last pen; and bid him *bear* a little at first, and *forbear*; and all the future will be crowning gratitude, and rewarding love: for Miss Howe has great sense, fine judgment, and exalted generosity; and can such a one be ungrateful or easy under those obligations which his assiduity and obligingness (when he shall be so happy as to call her his) will lay her under to him?

As for me, never bride was so ready as I am. My wedding garments are bought—And though not fine or gaudy to the sight, though not adorned with jewels, and set off with gold and silver; (for I have no beholders eyes to wish to glitter in) yet will they be the easiest, the *happiest* suit, that ever bridal maiden wore—for they are such as carry with them a security against all those anxieties, pains, and perturbations, which sometimes succeed to the most promising entertainments.

And now, my dear Mrs. Norton, do I wish for no other.

'O hasten, good God, if it be thy 'blessed will, the happy moment that I 'am to be decked out in this all-quieting garb! And sustain, comfort, bless, 'and protect with the all-shadowing 'wing of thy mercy, my dear parents, 'my uncles, my brother, my sister, my 'cousin Morden, my ever dear and 'ever-kind Miss Howe, my good Mrs. 'Norton, and every deserving person 'to whom *they* with well!' is the ardent prayer, first and last, of every beginning hour, as the clock tells it me, (Hours now are days, nay, years) of *your not sorrowful or afflicted, but happy*,

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

## LETTER VIII.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

WEDN. MORN. SEPT. 6 HALF AN HOUR AFTER THREE.

I Am *not* the ſavage which you and my worſt enemies think me. My ſoul is *too much* penetrated by the contents of the letter which you incloſed in your laſt, to ſay one word more to it, than that my heart has bled over it from every vein!—I will fly from the ſubject—But what other can I chuſe, that will not be as grievous, and lead into the ſame?

I could quarrel with all the world; with thee, as well as the reſt; obliging as thou ſuppoſeſt thyſelf for writing to me hourly. How dareſt thou (though unknown to her) to preſume to take an apartment under the ſame roof with her?—I cannot bear to think, that thou ſhouldſt be ſeen, at all hours, paſſing to and repaſſing from her apartments, while *I*, who have ſo much reaſon to call her mine, and once was preferred by her to all the world, am forced to keep aloof, and hardly dare to enter the *city* where ſhe is!

If there be any-thing in Brand's letter that will divert me, haſten it to me. But nothing now will ever divert me, will ever again give me joy or pleaſure! I can neither eat, drink, nor ſleep. I am ſick of all the world.

Surely it will be better when *all is over*—when I know the *worſt* the Fates can do againſt me—Yet how ſhall I bear that *worſt?*—O, Belford, Belford! write it not to me! But, if it *muſt* happen, get ſomebody elſe to write; for I ſhall curſe the pen, the hand, the head, and the heart, employed in communicating to me the fatal tidings. But what is this ſaying, when already I curſe the whole world except her—Myſelf moſt?

In fine, I am a moſt miſerable being. Life is a burden to me. I would not bear it upon theſe terms for one week more, let what would be my lot; for already is there a hell begun in my own mind. Never more mention to me, let *her* or who will ſay it, the *priſon*—I cannot bear it—May damnation ſeize quick the accurſed woman, who could ſet death upon taking that *large ſtride*, as the dear creature calls it!—I had no hand in it!—But her relations, her implacable relations, have done the buſineſs. All elſe would have been got over. Never perſuade me but it would. The *fire of youth*, and the *violence of paſſion*, would have pleaded for me to good purpoſe, with an individual of a ſex, which loves to be addreſſed with paſſionate ardour, even to tumult, had it not been for that cruelty and unforgivingneſs, which (the object and the penitence conſidered) have no example, and have aggravated the heinouſneſs of my faults.

Unable to reſt, though I went not to bed till two, I diſpatch this ere the day-dawn—Who knows what this night, this diſmal night, may have produced!

I muſt after my meſſenger. I have told the varlet I will meet him, perhaps at Knightſbridge, perhaps in Piccadilly; and I truſt not myſelf with piſtols, not only on his account, but my own; for piſtols are *too ready* a miſchief.

I hope thou haſt a letter ready for him. He goes to thy lodgings firſt; for ſurely thou wilt not preſume to take thy reſt in an apartment near hers. If he miſs thee there, he flies to Smith's, and brings me word whether in being, or not.

I ſhall look for him through the air as I ride, as well as on horſeback; for if the prince of it ſerve *me*, as well as I have ſerved *him*, he will bring the dog by his ears, like another Habakkuk, to my ſaddle-bow, with the tidings that my heart pants after.

Nothing but the excruciating pangs the condemned ſoul feels, at it's entrance into the eternity of the torments we are taught to fear, can exceed what I *now* feel, and *have* felt for almoſt this week paſt; and mayeſt thou have a ſpice of thoſe, if thou haſt not a letter ready written for *thy*

LOVELACE.

## LETTER IX.

MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

TUESDAY, SEPT. 5. SIX O'CLOCK.

THE lady remains exceedingly weak and ill. Her intellects, nevertheleſs, continue clear and ſtrong, and her piety and patience are without example. Every-one thinks this night will be her laſt. What a ſhocking thing is that to ſay of ſuch an excellence! She will not, however, ſend away her letter to her Norton, as yet. She endeavored in vain to ſuperſcribe it: ſo deſired me to do it. Her fingers will not hold her pen with the requiſite ſteadineſs. She has, I fear, written and re'd her laſt!

EIGHT O'CLOCK.

SHE is ſomewhat better than ſhe was. The doctor has been here, and thinks

ſhe will hold out yet a day or two. He has ordered her, as for ſome time paſt, only ſome little cordials to take when ready to faint. She ſeemed diſappointed, when he told her ſhe might yet live two or three days; and ſaid, She longed for diſmiſſion!—Life was not ſo eaſily extinguiſhed, ſhe ſaw, as ſome imagined. *Death from grief*, was, ſhe believed, *the ſloweſt of deaths*. 'But God's will muſt 'be done!'—Her only prayer was now for ſubmiſſion to it: for ſhe doubted not but by the Divine Goodneſs ſhe ſhould be an happy creature, as ſoon as ſhe could be diveſted of theſe *rags of mortality*.

Of her own accord ſhe mentioned you; which, till then, ſhe had avoided to do. She aſked, with great ſerenity, where you were?

I told her where; and your motives for being ſo near; and read to her a few lines of yours of this morning, in which you mention your wiſhes to ſee her, your ſincere affliction, and your reſolution not to approach her without her conſent.

I would have re'd more; but ſhe ſaid, 'Enough, Mr. Belford, enough! '—Poor man, does his conſcience be'gin to find him!—Then need not any'body to wiſh him a greater puniſh'ment!—May it work upon him to an 'happy purpoſe!'

I took the liberty to ſay, that as ſhe was in ſuch a frame, that nothing now ſeemed capable of diſcompoſing her, I could wiſh that you might have the benefit of her exhortations, which, I dared to ſay, while you were ſo ſeriouſly affected, would have a greater force upon you than a thouſand ſermons; and how happy you would think yourſelf, if you could but receive her forgiveneſs on your knees.

'How can you think of ſuch a thing, 'Mr. Belford?' ſaid ſhe, with ſome emotion: 'my compoſure is owing, 'next to the Divine Goodneſs bleſſing 'my earneſt ſupplications for it, to the '*not* ſeeing him. Yet let him know, 'that I now again repeat, that I for'give him.—And may God Almighty,' claſping her fingers, and lifting up her eyes, 'forgive him too; and perfect 'his repentance, and ſanctify it to him! '—Tell him I ſay ſo! And tell him, 'that if I could not ſay ſo with my 'whole heart, I ſhould be very uneaſy, 'and think that my hopes of mercy to 'myſelf were but weakly founded; and 'that I had ſtill, in my harboured re'ſentments, ſome hankerings after a life 'which he has been the cauſe of ſhort'ening.'

The divine creature then turning aſide her head—'Poor man!' ſaid ſhe, 'I once could have loved him. This 'is ſaying more than ever I could ſay 'of any other man out of my own fa'mily! Would he have permitted me 'to have been an humble inſtrument to 'have made him good, I think I could 'have made him happy! But tell him 'not this, if he be *really* penitent—It 'may too much affect him!'—There ſhe pauſed.

Admirable creature!—Heavenly forgiver!—Then reſuming—'But pray 'tell him, that if I could know, that 'my death might be a means to reclaim 'and ſave him, it would be an inex'preſſible ſatisfaction to me!

'But let me not, however, be made 'uneaſy with the apprehenſion of ſee'ing him. I cannot *bear* to ſee him!'

Juſt as ſhe had done ſpeaking, the miniſter, who had ſo often attended her, ſent up his name; and was admitted.

Being apprehenſive, that it would be with difficulty that you could prevail upon that impetuous ſpirit of yours, not to invade her in her dying hours, and of the agonies into which a ſurprize of this nature would throw her; I thought this gentleman's viſit afforded a proper opportunity to renew the ſubject; and (having aſked her leave) acquainted him with the topick we had been upon.

The good man urged, That ſome condeſcenſions were uſually expected, on theſe ſolemn occaſions, from pious ſouls like hers, however ſatisfied with *themſelves*, for the ſake of ſhewing the *world*, and for *example-ſake*, that all reſentments againſt thoſe who had moſt injured them were ſubdued: and if ſhe would vouchſafe to a heart ſo truly penitent, as I had repreſented Mr. Lovelace's to be, that *perſonal* pardon, which I had been pleading for, there would be no room to ſuppoſe the leaſt lurking reſentment remained; and it might have very happy effects upon the gentleman.

'I have no lurking reſentment, Sir,' ſaid ſhe—'This is not a time for re'ſentment: and you will be the rea'dier to believe me, when I can aſſure 'you,' (looking at me) 'that even 'what I have moſt rejoiced in, the truly 'friendly love that has ſo long ſubſiſted 'between my Miſs Howe and her Cla'riſſa, although to my laſt gaſp it will 'be the deareſt to me of all that is dear 'in this life, has already abated of it's 'fervor; has already given place to

'ſupremer

'ſupremer fervors: and ſhall the re-
'membrance of Mr. Lovelace's *perſonal*
'inſults, which I bleſs God, never cor-
'rupted that *mind* which *her* friendſhip
'ſo much delighted, be ſtronger in theſe
'hours with me, than the remembrance
'of a love as pure as the human heart
'ever boaſted? Tell therefore the *world*,
'if you pleaſe, and (if, Mr. Belford, you
'think what I ſaid to you before, not
'ſtrong enough) tell the poor man, that
'I not only forgive him, but have *ſuch*
'earneſt wiſhes for the good of his ſoul,
'and that from conſiderations of it's
'immortality, that could my penitence
'avail for more ſins than my own, my
'laſt tear ſhould fall for him by whom
'I die!'

Our eyes and hands expreſſed to us both, what our lips could not utter.

'Say not, then,' proceeded ſhe, 'nor
'let it be ſaid, that my reſentments are
'unſubdued!—And yet theſe eyes, lifted
'up to Heaven, as witneſs to the truth
'of what I have ſaid, ſhall never, if I
'can help it, behold him more!—For
'do you not conſider, Sir, how ſhort my
'time is; what much more important
'ſubjects I have to employ it upon; and
'how unable I ſhould be (ſo weak as I
'am) to contend even with the avowed
'penitence of a perſon in ſtrong health,
'governed by paſſions unabated, and
'always violent?—And now I hope
'you will never urge me more on this
'ſubject.'

The miniſter ſaid, It were pity ever to urge this idea again.

You ſee, Lovelace, that I did not forget the office of a friend, in endeavouring to prevail upon her to give you her laſt forgiveneſs perſonally. And I hope, as ſhe is ſo near her end, you will not invade her in her laſt hours; ſince ſhe muſt be extremely diſcompoſed at ſuch an interview; and it might make her leave the world the ſooner for it.

This reminds me of an expreſſion which ſhe uſed on your barbarous hunting her at Smith's, on her return to her lodgings; and that with a ſerenity unexampled (as Mrs. Lovick told me, conſidering the occaſion, and the trouble given her by it, and her indiſpoſition at the time:) 'He will not let me die de-
'cently,' ſaid the angelick ſufferer!—
'He will not let me enter into my Ma-
'ker's preſence, with the compoſure
'that is required in entering into the
'drawing-room of an earthly prince!'

I cannot, however, forbear to wiſh, that the heavenly creature could have prevailed upon herſelf, in theſe her laſt hours, to ſee you; and that for *my* ſake, as well as *yours*: for although I am determined never to be guilty of the crimes, which, till within theſe few paſt weeks have blackened my former life; and for which, at preſent, I moſt heartily hate myſelf; yet ſhould I be leſs apprehenſive of a relapſe, if (wrought upon by the ſolemnity which ſuch an interview muſt have been attended with) you had become a reformed man: for no devil do I fear, but one in your ſhape.

It is now eleven o'clock at night. The lady, who retired to reſt an hour ago, is, as Mrs. Lovick tells me, in a ſweet ſlumber.

I will cloſe here. I hope I ſhall find her the better for it in the morning. Yet, alas! how frail is hope! how frail is life; when we are apt to build ſo much on every ſhadowy relief; although in ſuch a deſperate caſe as this, ſitting down to reflect, we *muſt* know, that it is *but* ſhadowy!

I will incloſe Brand's horrid pedantry. And for once am aforehand with thy ravenous impatience.

## LETTER X.

MR. BRAND, TO MR. JOHN WALTON.

SAT. NIGHT, SEPT. 2.

DEAR MR. WALTON,

I Am obliged to you for the very *handſomely penned* (and *elegantly written*) letter which you have ſent me on purpoſe to do *juſtice* to the *character* of the *younger* Miſs Harlowe: and yet I muſt tell you, that I had reaſon, *before that came*, to *think* (and to *know* indeed) that we were *all wrong*: and ſo I had employed the *greateſt part* of this *week*, in drawing up an *apologetical letter* to my worthy *patron* Mr. John Harlowe, in order to ſet all *matters right* between *me and them*, and (*as far as I could*) between *them* and *Miſs*. So it required little more than *connection* and *tranſcribing*, when I received *yours*; and it will be with Mr. Harlowe aforeſaid *to-morrow morning*; and this, and the copy of that, will be with you on *Monday morning*.

You cannot imagine how ſorry I am, that *you*, and Mrs. Walton, and Mrs. Barker, and *I myſelf*, ſhould have taken matters up ſo lightly (judging, alas-a-day! by appearance and coniecture) where *character* and *reputation* are concerned. Horace ſays truly—

'*Et ſemel emiſſum volat irrevocabile verbum.*'

That

That is, '*Words once ſpoken cannot be recalled*:' but (Mr. Walton) they may be *contradicted* by *other* words; and we may confeſs ourſelves guilty of a *miſtake*; and expreſs our *concern* for being *miſtaken*; and reſolve to make our *miſtake* a *warning* to us for the *future*: and this is all that *can be done*; and what every *worthy mind will do*; and what nobody can be *readier to do*, than *we four undeſigning offenders*; (as I ſee by *your letter*, on *your part*; and as you will ſee by the *incloſed copy*, on *mine*) which, if it be received as I *think it ought*, (and as I *believe it will*) muſt give me a *ſpeedy* opportunity to ſee you, when I *viſit the lady*; to whom (as you will ſee in it) I expect to be ſent up with the *olive-branch*.

The matter in which we all *erred*, muſt be owned to be *very nice*; and (Mr. Belford's *character conſidered*) *appearances* ran very ſtrong *againſt the lady*: but all that this ſerveth to ſhew, is, *That in doubtful matters the wiſeſt people may be miſtaken*; for ſo ſaith the *poet*—

'*Fallitur in dubiis hominum ſolertia rebus.*'

If you have an *opportunity*, you may (as if *from yourſelf*, and *unknown to me*) ſhew the incloſed to Mr. Belford, who (you tell me) *reſenteth* the matter very heinouſly; but not to let him *ſee*, or *hear read*, thoſe words *that relate to him*, in the paragraph at the *bottom of the ſecond page*, beginning ['*But yet I do inſiſt upon it*,'] to the *end* of that paragraph; for one would not make one's ſelf *enemies* you know: and I have *reaſon to think*, that this Mr. *Belford* is as *paſſionate* and *fierce* a man as Mr. Lovelace. What pity it is the lady could find no *worthier a protector!* You may paſte thoſe lines over with *blue or black paper*, before he ſeeth it; and if he inſiſteth upon taking a copy of my letter, (for he, or anybody, that *ſeeth it*, or *heareth it read*, will, no doubt, be glad to have by them the copy of a letter ſo full of the *ſentiments* of the *nobleſt writers* of *antiquity*, and *ſo well adapted*, as I will be bold to ſay they are, to the *point in hand*; I ſay, if he inſiſteth upon taking a copy) let him give you the *ſtrongeſt aſſurances* not to ſuffer it to be *printed*, on *any account*; and I make the ſame requeſt to you, that *you* will not: for if any-thing be to be made of a *man's works*, who, but the *author*, ſhould have the *advantage?* And if the *Spectators*, the *Tatlers*, the *Examiners*, the *Guardians*, and other of our polite papers, make ſuch a *ſtrutting* with a *ſingle verſe*, or ſo, by way of *motto*, in the *front* of *each day's* paper; and if other *authors* pride themſelves in *finding out* and *embelliſhing* the *title pages* of their *books* with a *verſe* or *adage* from the *claſſical writers*; what a figure would *ſuch a letter as the incloſed make* ſo full fraught with *admirable precepts*, and *à propos quotations*, from the *beſt authority?*

I have been told, that a *certain noble lord*, who once ſat himſelf down to write a *pamphlet* in behalf of a *great miniſter*, after taking *infinite pains* to *no purpoſe* to find a *Latin motto*, gave commiſſion to a friend of *his* to offer to *any one*, who could help him to a *ſuitable one*, but of one or two lines, a *hamper of claret*. Accordingly, his lordſhip had a *motto found him* from *Juvenal*; which he *unhappily miſtaking*, (not knowing *Juvenal* was a *poet*) printed as a proſe *ſentence* in his *title-page*.

If then *one* or *two* lines were of ſo much worth, (A *hamper of claret!* No *leſs!*) or what *ineſtimable value* would *ſuch a letter as mine* be deemed?—And who knoweth but that this noble p—r, (who is now living) if he ſhould happen to ſee *this letter* ſhining with ſuch *a glorious ſtring of jewels*, might give the *writer a ſcarf*, in order to have him *always at hand*, or be a *means* (ſome way or other) to bring him into *notice?* And I will be bold to ſay, (*bad* as the *world* is) a man of *ſound learning* wanteth nothing but an *initiation*, to make his *fortune*.

I hope (my good friend) that the lady will not *die:* I ſhall be much *grieved*, if ſhe doth; and the more, becauſe of mine *unhappy miſrepreſentation:* ſo will *you*, for the *ſame cauſe:* ſo will her *parents* and *friends*. They are very *rich* and *very worthy* gentlefolks.

But let me tell you, *by-the-by*, that they had carried the matter againſt her *ſo far*, that I believe in my heart they were glad to *juſtify* themſelves by *my report:* and would have been *leſs pleaſed*, had I made a *more favourable one*: and in their hearts they *doat* upon her. But now they are all (as I hear) inclined to be *friends with her*, and *forgive her*; her *brother*, as well as *the reſt*.

But their couſin, Colonel Morden, *a very fine gentleman*, had had ſuch *high words* with them, and they with him, that they know not how to *ſtoop*, leſt it ſhould look like being frighted into an *accommodation*. Hence it is, that *I* have taken the greater liberty to *preſs the reconciliation*; and I hope in *ſuch good ſeaſon*, that they will all be *pleaſed* with it: for can they have a *better handle* to ſave their *pride* all around,

around, than by my *mediation*? And let me tell you, (inter nos, *betwixt ourselves*) very proud they all are.

By this *honest means*, (for by *dishonest ones* I would not be *Archbishop of Canterbury*) I hope to please every body; to be *forgiven*, in the first place, by *the lady*, (whom, being a *lover of learning* and *learned men*, I shall have great *opportunities of obliging*—For, when she departed from her father's house, I had but just the honour of her *notice*, and she seemed *highly pleased* with my *conversation*;) and next, to be *thanked* and *respected* by her *parents*, and *all her family*; as I am (I bless God for it) by my *dear friend* Mr. John Harlowe; who indeed is a man that professeth a *great esteem* for *men of erudition*; and who (with *singular delight*, I know) will run over with me the *authorities* I have *quated*, and *wonder* at my *memory*, and the *happy knack* I have of recommending *mine own sense of things* in the words of the *greatest sages of antiquity*.

Excuse me, my good friend, for this *seeming vanity*. The great Cicero (you must have heard, I suppose) had a *much greater* spice of it, and wrote a *long letter*, *begging* and *praying* to be *flattered*: but if I say *less of myself*, than other people (who know me) *say of me*, I think I keep a *medium* between *vanity* and *false modesty*; the latter of which oftentimes gives itself the *lye*, when it is *declaring off* the *compliments*, that *every-body* gives it as it's due: an hypocrisy, as well as folly, that (I hope) I shall for ever scorn to be guilty of.

I have *another reason* (as I may tell to you, my *old school-fellow*) to make me wish for this *fine lady's recovery* and *health*; and that is (by some distant intimations) I have heard from Mr. John Harlowe, that it is *very likely* (because of the *blur* she hath received) that she will chuse to *live privately* and *penitently*—and will probably (when she cometh into her *estate*) keep a *chaplain* to direct her in her *devotions* and *penitence*—If she doth, who can stand a *better chance* than *myself*?—And as I find (by *your* account, as well as by *every-body's*) that she is innocent as to *intention*, and is resolved never to think of Mr. *Lovelace more*, who knoweth *what* (in time) *may happen*?—And yet it must be after Mr. *Lovelace's death*, (which may possibly happen sooner than he thinketh of, by means of his detestable courses:) for after all, a man who is of *publick utility*, ought not (for the *finest woman* in the world) to lay his *throat* at the *mercy* of a man who boggleth at nothing.

I beseech you, let not this hint *go farther*, than to *yourself*, your *spouse*, and Mrs. *Barker*. I know I may trust my life in your hands and theirs. There have been (let me tell ye) *unlikelier* things come to pass, and that with *rich widows*, (some of *quality*, truly!) whose choice, in their first marriages, hath (perhaps) been guided by *motives of convenience*, or *mere corporalities*, as I may say; but who by their second have had for their view the *corporal* and *spiritual* mingled; which is the most eligible (no doubt) to *substance* composed *of both*, as *men* and *women* are.

Nor think, (Sir) that, should such a thing come to pass, *either* would be *disgraced*; since *the lady* in *me*, would marry a *gentleman* and a *scholar*: and as to *mine own honour*, as the *star* would bring her *high fortunes* down to an *equivalence* with my *mean ones*, (if *fortune* only, and not *merit*, be considered) so hath not the *life* of *this lady*, been *so tainted*, (either by *length of time*, or *naughtiness of practice*) as to put her on a *foot* with the *cast Abigails* that too, too often, (God knoweth) are thought good enough for a *young clergyman*, who, perhaps is drawn in by a *poor benefice*, and (if the *wicked one* be not quite worn out) groweth poorer and poorer upon it, by an *increase of family* he knoweth not whether is most *his*, or his *noble* (*ignoble* rather) *patron's*.

But all this *apart*, and *in confidence*.

I know you made at school but a small progress in *languages*. So I have restrained myself from *many illustrations* from the *classicks*, that I could have filled this letter with, as I have done the inclosed one: and, being at a distance, I cannot *explain* them to you, as I *do to my friend* Mr. John Harlowe; and who (after all) is obliged to *me* for pointing out to *him* many *beauties* of the *authors* I quote, which otherwise would lie concealed from *him*, as they must from every *common observer*.—But this (too) *inter nos*—For he would not take it well to *have it known*—*Jays* (you know, old school-fellow, *jays*, you know) *will strut in peacock's feathers*.

But whither am I running? I never know where to end, when I get upon *learned topicks*. And albeit I cannot compliment *you* with the *name of a learned man*; yet are you *a sensible man*; and (as such) must have *pleasure* in *learned men*, and in *their writings*.

In this confidence, (Mr. Walton) with my kind respects to the good ladies, (your *spouse* and *sister*) and in hopes, for the *young lady's sake*, soon to follow this

long,

long, long epiſtle, in *perſon*, I conclude myſelf *your loving and faithful friend*,

ELIAS BRAND.

You will, perhaps, Mr. Walton, wonder at the meaning of the *lines drawn under many of the words and ſentences*, (UNDERSCORING we call it;) and were my letters to be printed, thoſe would be put in a *different character*. Now, you muſt know, Sir, that *we learned men* do this to point out to the readers, who are not ſo *learned*, where the *jet of our arguments lieth*, and the *emphaſis* they are to lay upon *thoſe words*; whereby they will take in readily our *ſenſe* and *cogency*. Some *pragmatical* people have ſaid, that an author who doth a *great deal of this*, either calleth his readers *fools*, or tacitly condemneth *his own ſtyle*, as ſuppoſing his meaning would be *dark* without it, or that all his *force* lay in *words*. But all of thoſe with whom I have converſed in the learned way, *think as I think*. And to give a very *pretty*, though *familiar illuſtration*, I have conſidered a page diſtinguiſhed by *different characters*, as a *verdant field* overſpread with *butter-flowers* and *daiſies*, and other ſummer-flowers. Theſe the poets liken to *enamelling*—Have you not read in the poets of *enamelled meads*, and ſo-forth?

## LETTER XI.

MR. BRAND, TO JOHN HARLOWE, ESQ.

SAT. NIGHT, SEPT. 2.

WORTHY SIR,

I AM under no *ſmall concern*, that I ſhould (unhappily) be the *occaſion* (I am ſure I *intended* nothing like it) of *widening of differences* by *light miſreport*, when it is the *duty* of one of *my function* (and no leſs conſiſting with my *inclination*) to *heal* and *reconcile*.

I have received two letters to ſet me *right*: one from a *particular acquaintance* (whom I ſet to enquire of Mr. Belford's character;) and that came on Tueſday laſt, informing me, that your *unhappy niece* was greatly injured in the account I had had of her, (for I had told *him* of it, and that with very *great concern*, I am ſure, apprehending it to be *true*.) So I *then* ſet about writing to you, to *acknowledge* the *error*. And had gone a good way in it, when the ſecond letter came (a very *handſome one* it is, both in *ſtyle* and *penmanſhip*) from my friend Mr. Walton, (though I am ſure it cannot be *his inditing*) expreſſing his ſorrow, and his wife's, and his ſiſter-in-law's likewiſe, for having been the cauſe of *miſleading me*, in the account I gave of the ſaid *young lady*; whom they *now* ſay, (upon *further enquiry*) they find to be the *moſt unblameable*, and *moſt prudent*, and (it ſeems) the moſt *pious* young lady, that ever (once) committed *a great error*; as (to be ſure) *hers was*, in leaving ſuch *worthy parents* and *relations* for ſo *vile a man* as Mr. Lovelace: but what ſhall we ſay?—Why, the divine Virgil tells us—

'*Improbe Amor, quid non mortalia pectora cogis?*'

For *my part*, I was but too much afraid, (for we have *great opportunities*, you are ſenſible, Sir, at the *univerſity*, of knowing *human nature* from *books*, the *calm reſult* of the *wiſe mens wiſdom*, as I may ſay—

('*Haurit aquam cribro, qui diſcere vult ſine libro,*')

*uninterrupted* by the *noiſe* and *vanities*, that will mingle with *perſonal converſation*, which (in the *turbulent world*) is not to be enjoyed but over a *bottle*, where you have an *hundred fooliſh things* paſs to *one that deſerveth to be remembered*; I was but too much afraid, *I ſay*, that ſo *great a ſlip* might be attended with *ſtill greater* and *worſe*: for *your* Horace, and *my* Horace, the moſt charming writer that ever lived among the *Pagans*, (for the *lyrick kind of poetry*, I mean; for, to be ſure, *Homer* and *Virgil* would *otherwiſe* be *firſt* named *in their way*) well obſerveth, (and who underſtood *human nature* better than he?)—

'*Nec vera virtus, cum ſemel excidit,*
'*Curat reponi deterioribus.*'

Who, that can draw *knowledge* from it's *fountain-head*, the works of the *ſages of antiquity*, (improved by the *comments* of the *moderns*) but would *prefer* to all others the *ſilent quiet life*, which *contemplative men* lead in the *ſeats of learning*, were they not called out (according to their *dedication*) to the *ſervice* and *inſtruction* of the world?

Now, Sir, *another* favourite poet of mine (and not the *leſs a favourite* for being a *Chriſtian*) telleth us, that it is the cuſtom of *ſome*, when in a *fault*, to throw the blame upon the backs of *others*—

'—— *Hominum quoque mos eſt,*
'*Quæ nos cunque premunt, ali no impunè*
'*tergo.*' MANT.

But

But I, though (in this caſe) *miſled*, (*well intendedly*, nevertheleſs, both in the *miſleaders* and *miſled*, and therefore entitled to lay hold of that plea, if *anybody* is ſo entitled) will not, however, be claſſed among ſuch *extenuators*; but (contrarily) will always keep in mind that verſe, which *comforteth in miſtake*, as well as *inſtructeth*; and which I quoted in my laſt letter—

'*Errare eſt hominis, ſed non perſiſtere*;'

And will own, that I was very *raſh* to take up with *conjectures* and *conſequences* drawn from *probabilities*, where (eſpecially) the *character* of ſo *fine a lady* was concerned.

Notwithſtanding, Miſs Clariſſa Harlowe (I muſt be bold to ſay) is the *only young lady* that ever I heard of, (or indeed read of) that, *having made ſuch a falſe ſtep*, ſo *ſoon* (of *her own accord*, as I may ſay) *recovered* herſelf, and conquered her *love of the deceiver*; (A great conqueſt, indeed!) and who flieth him, and reſolveth to *die*, rather than to be his; which now, to her never-dying *honour*, (I am well aſſured) is the caſe—And, in *juſtice* to her, I am now ready to take to myſelf (with no ſmall vexation) that of Ovid—

'*Heu! patior telis vulnera facta meis.*'

But yet I do inſiſt upon it, that all *that part* of my *information*, which I took upon mine own *perſonal enquiry*, which is what relates to Mr. *Belford* and *his character*, is *literally true*; for there is not any-where to be met with a man of a more *libertine character* as to *women*, Mr. *Lovelace* excepted, than he beareth.

And ſo, Sir, I muſt deſire of you, that you will not let *any blame* lie upon my *intention*; ſince you ſee how ready I am to *accuſe myſelf* of too lightly giving ear to a *raſh information*, (not knowing it ſo to be, however:) for I depended the more upon it, as the *people I had it from* are very *ſober*, and live in the *fear of God*: and indeed when I wait upon you, you will ſee by their letter, that they muſt be *conſcientious* good people: wherefore, Sir, let me be entitled, from *all your good family*, to that of my laſt-named poet—

'*Aſpera conſſo verba remitte reo.*'

And now, Sir, (what is much more becoming of my *function*) let me, inſtead of appearing with the *face of an accuſer*, and a *raſh cenſurer*, (which in my *heart* I have not *deſerved* to be thought) aſſume the character of *a reconciler*; and promiſe (by way of *penance* to myſelf for my *fault*) to be ſent up as a *meſſenger of peace* to the *pious young lady*; for they write me word *abſolutely*, (and, I believe in my heart, *truly*) that the *doctors* have *given her over*, and that ſhe *cannot live*. Alas! alas! what a ſad thing would that be, if the *poor bough*, that was only deſigned (as I *very well know*, and am *fully aſſured*) *to be bent, ſhould be broken!*

Let it not, dear Sir, ſeem to the *world*, that there was any-thing in your *reſentments* (which, while meant for *reclaiming*, were juſt and fit) that hath the *appearance* of *violence*, and *fierce wrath*, and *inexorability*, (as it would look to ſome, if carried to extremity, after *repentance* and *contrition*, and *humiliation*, on the *fair offender's* ſide:) for all this while (it ſeemeth) ſhe hath been a *ſecond Magdalen* in her *penitence*, and yet not ſo bad as a *Magdalen* in her *faults*, (faulty, nevertheleſs, as ſhe hath been once, the Lord knoweth!—

'*Nam vitiis nemo ſine naſcitur; optimus ille eſt*
'*Qui minimis urgetur,*——(ſaith Horace.)

Now, Sir, if I may be named for this *bleſſed* employment, (for, '*Bleſſed is the* '*peace-maker!*') I will haſten to London; and (as I know Miſs had always a *great regard* to the *function* I have the honour to be of) I have no doubt of making myſelf acceptable to her, and to bring her, by *ſound arguments*, and *good advice*, into a *liking of life*, which muſt be the *firſt ſtep* to her *recovery*: for, when the *mind* is *made eaſy*, the *body* will not *long ſuffer*; and the *love of life* is a *natural paſſion*, that is ſoon *revived*, when fortune turneth about, and ſmileth.

The ſweet Lucan truly obſerveth—

'——*Fatis debentibus annos*
'*Mors invita ſubit.*'——

And now, Sir, let me tell you what ſhall be the *tenor* of my *pleadings* with her, and *comfortings* of her, as ſhe is, as I may ſay, a *learned lady*; and as I can *explain* to her *theſe ſentences*, which ſhe cannot ſo readily *conſtrue herſelf*: and this in order to convince *you* (did you not already *know* my *qualifications*) how well qualified I *am* for the *Chriſtian office* to which I commend myſelf.

I will, IN THE FIRST PLACE, put her in mind of the *common courſe of things* in this *ſublunary world*, in which *joy* and *ſorrow*, *ſorrow* and *joy*, ſucceed one another by *turns*; in order to convince her, that her griefs have been but according to *that* common courſe of things—

'*Gaudia poſt luctus veniunt, poſt gaudia luctus.*'

SECONDLY, I will remind her of her own notable deſcription of *ſorrow*, when

ſhe was once called upon to diſtinguiſh wherein *ſorrow*, *grief*, and *melancholy*, differed from each other; which ſhe did *impromptu*, by their *effects*, in a truly admirable manner, to the high ſatisfaction of every-one: I myſelf could not, by *ſtudy*, have diſtinguiſhed *better*, nor more *concisely*—'SORROW,' ſaid ſhe, 'wears—GRIEF tears—but MELANCHOLY ſoothes.'

My inference to her ſhall be, that ſince a happy reconciliation will take place, *grief* will be baniſhed—*ſorrow* diſmiſſed—and only ſweet *melancholy* remain to *ſoothe* and *indulge* her contrite *heart*, and ſhew to all the world the penitent ſenſe ſhe hath of her great error.

THIRDLY, That her *joys*, when reſtored to health and favour, will be the greater, the deeper her griefs were.

'*Gaudia, quæ multo parta labore, placent.*'

FOURTHLY, That having *really* been guilty of a *great error*, ſhe ſhould not take *impatiently* the *correction* and *anger* with which ſhe hath been treated.

'*Leniter, ex merito quicquid putiare ferendum*
'*eſt.*'

FIFTHLY, That *virtue* muſt be eſtabliſhed by *patience*; as ſaith Prudentius—

'*Hæc virtus vidua eſt, quam non patientia*
'*firmat.*'

SIXTHLY, That, in the words of Horace, ſhe may *expect better times*, than (of late) ſhe had *reaſon* to look for—

'*Grata ſuperveniet, quæ non ſperabitur, hora.*'

SEVENTHLY, That ſhe is really now in *a way* to be *happy*, ſince, according to *Ovid*, ſhe *can count up all her woe*—

'*Felix, qui patitur quæ numerare poteſt.*'

And thoſe comforting lines—

'*Eſtque ſerena dies poſt longos gratior imbres,*
'*Et poſt triſte malum gratior ipſa ſalus.*'

EIGHTHLY, That, in the words of Mantuan, her *parents* and *uncles* could not *help loving her* all the time they were *angry at her*—

'*Æqua tamen ſemper mens eſt, & amica voluntas,*
'*Sit licet in natos facies auſtera parentum.*'

NINTHLY, That the *ills ſhe hath met with* may be turned (by the *good uſe* to be made of them) to her *everlaſting benefit*; for that—

'*Cum furit atque ferit, Deus olim parcere quærit.*'

TENTHLY, That ſhe will be able to give a *fine leſſon* (a *very* fine leſſon) to all the *young ladies* of her *acquaintance*, of the *vanity* of being *lifted up* in *proſperity*, and the *weakneſs* of being *caſt down* in *adverſity*; ſince no one is ſo *high*, as to be above being *humbled*; ſo *low*, as to *need to deſpair*: for which purpoſe the advice of *Auſonius*—

'*Dum fortuna juvat, caveto tolli:*
'*Dum fortuna tonat, caveto mergi.*'

I ſhall tell her, that Lucan ſaith well, when he calleth *adverſity the element of patience*—

'——*Gaudet patientia duris;*'

That—

'*Fortunam ſuperat virtus, prudentia ſoman.*'

That while weak ſouls are *cruſhed by fortune*, the *brave mind* maketh the fickle deity afraid of it—

'*Fortuna fortes metuit, ignavus premit.*'

ELEVENTHLY, That if ſhe take the advice of *Horace*—

'*Fortiſque adverſis opponite pectora rebus,*'

it will delight her *hereafter*, (as *Virgil* ſaith) to *revolve her paſt troubles*—

'——*Forſan & hæc olim meminiſſe juvabit.*'

And, to the ſame purpoſe, *Juvenal*, ſpeaking of the *prating joy* of mariners, after all their *dangers are over*—

'*Gaudent ſecuri narrare pericula nautæ.*'

Which ſuiting the caſe ſo well, you'll forgive me, Sir, for *popping down* in *Engliſh metre*, as the *tranſlative impulſe* (pardon a new word, and yet we *ſcholars* are not fond of *authenticating new words*) came upon me *uncalled for*—

'The ſeaman, ſafe on ſhore, with joy doth
'tell
'What cruel dangers him at ſea befel.'

With *theſe*, Sir, and an *hundred more* wiſe *adages*, which I have always at my *fingers-end*, will I (when reduced to *form* and *method*) entertain Miſs; and as ſhe is a *well-read*, and (I might ſay, but for this *one* great error) a *wiſe* young lady, I make no doubt but I ſhall *prevail* upon her, if not by *mine own arguments*, by thoſe of *wits* and *capacities* that have a *congeniality* (as I may ſay) to her *own*, to take heart—

'—— Nor of the laws of fate complain,
'Since, tho' it has been cloudy, now's clear
'up again.'

Oh! what *wiſdom* is there in theſe *noble claſſical authors!* A *wiſe man* will (upon ſearching

ſearching into them) always find that they ſpeak *his* ſenſe of *men* and *things*. Hence it is, that they ſo readily occur to *my memory* on every occaſion—Though this may look like *vanity*, it is too true to be omitted: and I ſee not why a man may not *know thoſe things of himſelf*, which *every-body* ſeeth and *ſaith of him*; who, nevertheleſs, perhaps, know not *half ſo much as he*, in other matters.

I know but of *one objection*, Sir, that can lie againſt my going; and that will ariſe from your kind *care* and *concern* for the *ſafety of my perſon*, in caſe that *fierce* and *terrible man*, the wicked Mr. Lovelace, (of whom every-one ſtandeth in fear) ſhould come croſs me, as he may be reſolved to try once more to *gain a footing in Miſs's affections*: but I will truſt in *Providence* for *my ſafety*, while I ſhall be engaged in a *cauſe ſo worthy of my function*; and the *more* truſt in it, as he is a *learned man*, as I am told.

Strange too, that ſo *vile a rake* (I hope he will never ſee this!) ſhould be a *learned man*; that is to ſay, that a *learned man* ſhould find *leiſure* to be a *rake*. Although, poſſibly a *learned man* may be a *ſly ſinner*, and take opportunities, *as they come in his way*—Which, however, I do aſſure you, *I never did*.

I repeat, That as he is a *learned man*, I ſhall *veſt myſelf*, as I may ſay, in *claſſical armour*; beginning *meekly* with him (for, Sir, *bravery* and *meekneſs* are qualities *very conſiſtent with each other*, and in no perſons ſo ſhiningly *exert* themſelves, as in the *Chriſtian prieſthood*; beginning *meekly* with him, I ſay) from Ovid—

'*Corpora magnanimo ſatis eſt proſtraſſe leoni.*'

So that, if I ſhould not be ſafe behind the *ſhield* of *mine own prudence*, I certainly ſhould behind the *ſhields* of the *ever-admirable claſſicks*: of *Horace* particularly; who, being a *rake* (and a *jovial rake* too) himſelf, muſt have great weight with all *learned rakes*.

And who knoweth but I may be able to bring even this *Goliath in wickedneſs*, although in *perſon* but a *little David* myſelf, (armed with the *ſlings* and *ſtones* of the *ancient ſages*) to a due ſenſe of his errors? And what a victory would that be!

I could here, Sir, purſuing the allegory of David and Goliath, give you ſome of the *ſtones* (*Hard arguments* may be called *ſtones*, ſince they *knock down* a *pertinacious opponent*) which I could *pelt him with*, were he to be wroth with me; and this in order to take from you, Sir, all apprehenſions for my *life* or my *bones*; but I forbear them till you demand them of me, when I have the honour to attend you in perſon.

And now (my dear Sir) what remaineth, but that having ſhewn you (what yet, I believe, you did not doubt) how *well qualified* I am to attend the lady with the *olive-branch*, I beg of you to diſpatch me with it *out of hand?* For if ſhe be ſo *very ill*, and if ſhe ſhould not live to receive the grace, which (to my knowledge) all the *worthy family* deſign her, how much will that grieve you all! And then, Sir, of what avail will be the *eulogies* you ſhall all, peradventure, join to give to her memory? For, as Martial wiſely obſerveth—

'*—Poſt cineres gloria ſera venit.*'

Then, as *Auſonius* layeth it down with *equal propriety*, that *thoſe favours which are ſpeedily conferred are the moſt graceful and obliging*.

And to the ſame purpoſe Ovid—

'*Gratia ab officio, quod mora tardat, abeſt.*'

And, Sir, whatever you do, let the *lady's pardon* be as *ample*, and as *cheerfully given*, as ſhe can *wiſh for it*; that I may be able to tell her, that it hath your *hands*, your *countenances*, and your *whole hearts*, with it—For, as the Latin verſe hath it, (and I preſume to think I have not weakened its ſenſe by my humble advice)—

'*Dat bene, dat multum, qui dat cum munere vultum.*'

And now, Sir, when I ſurvey this long letter, (albeit I ſee it enamelled, as a *beautiful meadow* is enamelled by the *ſpring* or *ſummer* flowers, very glorious to behold!) I begin to be afraid that I may have tired you; and the more likely, as I have written without that *method* or *order*, which I think conſtituteth the *beauty* of *good writing*: which *method* or *order*, nevertheleſs, may be the *better excuſed* in a *familiar epiſtle*, (as this may be called) you pardoning, Sir, the *familiarity* of the *word*: but yet not altogether *here*, I muſt needs own; becauſe this is *a letter* and *not a letter*, as I may ſay; but a kind of *ſhort* and *pithy diſcourſe*, touching upon *various* and *ſundry topics*, every one of which might be a *fit theme* to enlarge upon, even to volumes: if this *epiſtolary diſcourſe* (then let me call it) ſhould be pleaſing to you, (as I am inclined to think it will, becauſe of the *ſentiments* and *aphoriſms* of the *wiſeſt of the ancients*, which *glitter through it* like ſo many dazzling *ſun-*

*beams*) I will (at my leiſure) work it up into a *methodical diſcourſe*; and perhaps may one day print it, with a *dedication* to my *honoured patron*, (if, Sir, I have *your* leave) *ſingly* at firſt, (but not till I have thrown out anonymouſly two or three *ſmaller things*, by the ſucceſs of which I ſhall have made myſelf of *ſome account* in the *commonwealth of letters*) and afterwards in my *works*—Not for the *vanity* of the thing, (however) I will ſay, but for the *uſe* it may be of to the *publick*; for (as one well obſerveth) '*Though* '*glory always followeth virtue, yet it ſhould* '*be conſidered only as it's ſhadow.*'

'*Contemnit laudem virtus, licet uſque ſequatur*
'*Gloria virtutem, corpus ut umbra ſuum.*'

A very pretty ſaying, and worthy of all men's admiration!

And now, (*moſt worthy Sir*, my very good friend and patron) referring the whole to *yours*, and to your *two brothers*, and to *young Mr. Harlowe's* conſideration, and to the wiſe conſideration of good *Madam Harlowe*, and her excellent daughter *Miſs Arabella Harlowe*; I take the liberty to ſubſcribe myſelf, what I *truly am*, and *ever ſhall delight to be*, in *all caſes*, and at *all times*, *your and their moſt ready and obedient as well as faithful ſervant*,

ELIAS BRAND.

## LETTER XII.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

[IN ANSWER TO LETTER XVII.]

WEDN. MORN. SEPT. 6.

AND is ſhe ſomewhat better?—Bleſſings upon thee without number or meaſure! Let her ſtill be better and better! *Tell* me ſo at leaſt, if ſhe be *not* ſo: for thou knoweſt not what a joy that poor temporary reprieve, that ſhe will hold out yet a day or two, gave me.

But who told this hard-hearted and death-pronouncing doctor, that ſhe will hold it no longer? By what warrant ſays he this? What preſumption in theſe parading ſolemn fellows of a college, which will be my contempt to the lateſt hour of my life, if this brother of it (eminent as he is deemed to be) cannot work an ordinary miracle in *her* favour, or rather in *mine!*

Let me tell thee, Belford, that already he deſerves the *utmoſt* contempt, for ſuffering this charming clock to run down ſo low. What muſt be his art, if it could not wind it up in a quarter of the time he has attended her, when, at his firſt viſits, the ſprings and wheels of life and motion were ſo good, that they ſeemed only to want common care and oiling!

I am obliged to you for endeavouring to engage her to ſee me. 'Twas acting like a friend. If ſhe *had* vouchſafed me that favour, ſhe ſhould have ſeen at her feet the moſt abject adorer that ever kneeled to juſtly-offended beauty.

What ſhe bid you, and what ſhe *forbid* you, to tell me; (the latter for *tender* conſiderations) That ſhe forgives me; and that, could ſhe have made me a *good* man, ſhe could have made me a *happy* one! That ſhe even *loved me!* At ſuch a moment to own that *ſhe once loved me!* Never *before* loved any man! That ſhe prays for me! That her laſt tear ſhould be ſhed for me, could ſhe by it ſave a ſoul, doomed, without *her*, to perdition!—O, Belford! Belford! I cannot bear it!—What a dog, what a devil have I been to a goodneſs ſo ſuperlative!—Why does ſhe not inveigh againſt me?—Why does ſhe not execrate me?—O the triumphant ſubduer! Ever above me!—And now to leave me ſo infinitely below her!

'*Marry and repair, at any time*,' This, wretch that I was! was my plea to myſelf. To give her a lowering ſenſibility; to bring her down from among the ſtars which her beamy head was ſurrounded by, that my wife, ſo greatly above me, might not deſpiſe me; this was one of my reptile motives, owing to my *more* reptile envy, and to my conſciouſneſs of inferiority to her!—Yet ſhe, from ſtep to ſtep, from diſtreſs to diſtreſs, to maintain her ſuperiority; and, like the ſun, to break out upon me with the greater refulgence for the clouds that I had contrived to caſt about her—And now to eſcape me thus!—No power left me to repair her wrongs!—No alleviation to my ſelf-reproach!—No dividing of blame with her!

Tell her, O tell her, Belford, that her prayers and wiſhes, her ſuperlatively generous prayers and wiſhes, ſhall *not* be vain: that I *can*, and *do* repent—and *long* have repented—Tell her of my frequent deep remorſes—It was impoſſible that ſuch remorſes ſhould not at laſt produce *effectual* remorſe—Yet ſhe muſt not leave me—She muſt live, if ſhe would wiſh to have my contrition

trition perfect—For what can deſpair produce?

I WILL do every-thing you would have me do, in the return of your letters. You have infinitely obliged me by this laſt, and by preſſing for an admiſſion for me, though it ſucceeded not.

Once more, how could I be ſuch a villain to ſo divine a creature! Yet love her all the time, as never man loved woman!—Curſe upon my *contriving genius!* Curſe upon my *intriguing head*, and upon my *ſeconding heart!*—To ſport with the fame, with the honour, with the *life*, of ſuch an angel of a woman!—O my damned incredulity! That, believing her to *be* a woman, I muſt hope to *find* her a woman! On my incredulity, that there could be ſuch virtue (virtue for virtue's ſake) in the ſex, founded I my hope of ſucceeding with her.

But ſay not, Jack, that ſhe muſt leave us yet. If ſhe recover, and if I can but re-obtain her favour, then indeed, will life be life to me. The world never *ſaw* ſuch an huſband as I will make. I will have no will but hers. She ſhall conduct me in all my ſteps. She ſhall open and direct my proſpects, and turn every motion of my heart as ſhe pleaſes.

You tell me, in your letter, that at eleven o'clock ſhe had ſweet reſt; and my ſervant acquaints me, from Mrs. Smith, that ſhe has had a good night. What hopes does this fill me with! I have given the fellow five guineas for his good news, to be divided between him and his fellow-ſervant.

Dear, dear Jack! confirm this to me in thy next—For *Heaven's* ſake do!—Tell the doctor I will make him a preſent of a thouſand guineas if he recover her. Aſk if a conſultation be neceſſary.

Adieu, dear Belford! Confirm, I beſeech thee, the hopes that now, with ſovereign gladneſs, have taken poſſeſſion of a heart, that, next to hers, is

*Thine.*

## LETTER XIII.

MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

WED. MORN. EIGHT O'CLOCK, (6 SEPT.)

YOUR ſervant arrived here before I was ſtirring. I ſent him to Smith's to enquire how the lady was; and ordered him to call upon me when he came back. I was pleaſed to hear ſhe had tolerable reſt. As ſoon as I had diſpatched him with the letter I had written over night, I went to attend her.

I found her up, and dreſſed; in a white ſattin night-gown. Ever elegant; but now more ſo, than I had ſeen her for a week paſt: her aſpect ſerenely cheerful.

She mentioned the increaſed dimneſs of her eyes, and the tremor which had invaded her limbs. 'If this be dying,' ſaid ſhe, 'there is nothing at all ſhock-'ing in it. My body hardly ſenſible of 'pain, my mind at eaſe, my intellects 'clear and perfect as ever. What a 'good and gracious God have I!—For 'this is what I always prayed for.'

I told her, It was not ſo ſerene with you.

'There is not the ſame reaſon for it,' replied ſhe. 'Tis a choice comfort, Mr. 'Belford, at the winding up of our 'ſhort ſtory, to be able to ſay, I have 'rather *ſuffered* injuries *myſelf*, than *of-'fered* them to *others*. I bleſs God, 'though I have been unhappy, as the '*world* deems it, and once I thought 'more ſo than at preſent I think I ought 'to have done; ſince my calamities 'were to work out for me my ever-'laſting happineſs; yet have I not wil-'fully made any one creature ſo. I 'have no reaſon to grieve for any-thing 'but for the ſorrow I have given my 'friends.

'But pray, Mr. Belford, remember 'me in the beſt manner to my couſin 'Morden; and deſire him to comfort 'them, and to tell them, that all would 'have been the ſame, had they accepted 'of my true penitence, as I wiſh and as 'I truſt the Almighty has done.'

I was called down, it was to Harry, who was juſt returned from Miſs Howe's, to whom he carried the lady's letter. The ſtupid fellow, being bid to make haſte with it, and return as ſoon as poſſible, ſtaid not till Miſs Howe had it, ſhe being at the diſtance of five miles, although Mrs. Howe would have had him ſtay, and ſent a man and horſe purpoſely with it to her daughter.

WEDNESDAY MORNING, 10 O'CLOCK.

THE poor lady is juſt recovered from a fainting fit, which has left her at death's door. Her late tranquillity and freedom from pain ſeemed but a *lightening*, as Mrs. Lovick and Mrs. Smith call it.

By my faith, Lovelace, I had rather part

part with all the friends I have in the world, than with this lady. I never knew what a virtuous, a holy friendſhip, as I may call mine to her, was before. But to be ſo *new* to it, and to be obliged to forego it ſo ſoon, what an affliction! Yet, thank Heaven, I loſe her not by *my own* fault!—But 'twould be barbarous not to ſpare thee now.

She has ſent for the divine who viſited her before, to pray with her.

## LETTER XIV.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

KENSINGTON, WEDNESDAY NOON.

LIKE Æſop's Traveller, thou bloweſt hot and cold, life and death, in the ſame breath, with a view, no doubt, to diſtract me. How familiarly doſt thou uſe the words, *dying*, *dimneſs*, *tremor*! Never did any mortal ring ſo many changes on ſo few bells: Thy true father, I dare ſwear, was a butcher, or an undertaker, by the delight thou ſeemeſt to take in ſcenes of death and horror. Thy barbarous reflection, that thou loſeſt her not by thy own fault, is never to be forgiven. Thou haſt but one way to atone for the torments thou giveſt me, and that is, by ſending me word that ſhe is better, and will recover. Whether it be true or not, let me be told ſo, and I will go abroad rejoicing and believing it, and my wiſhes and imaginations ſhall make out the reſt.

If ſhe live but one year, that I may acquit myſelf *to* myſelf, (no matter for the world!) that her death is not owing to me, I will compound for the reſt.

Will neither vows nor prayers ſave her! I never praved in my life, put all the years of it together, as I have done for this fortnigbt paſt: and I have moſt ſincerely repented of all my baſeneſs to her—And will nothing do?

But after all, if ſhe recover not, *this* reflection muſt be my comfort, and it is *truth*; That her *departure* will be owing rather to wilfulneſs, to downright *female* wilfulneſs, than to any other cauſe.

It is difficult for people who purſue the dictates of a violent reſentment, to ſtop where firſt they deſigned to ſtop.

I have the charity to believe, that even James and Arabella Harlowe, at firſt, intended no more by the confederacy they formed againſt this their angel ſiſter, than to diſgrace and keep her down, leſt (ſordid wretches!) their uncles ſhould follow the example her grandfather had ſet, to *their* detriment.

So this lady, as I ſuppoſe, intended only at firſt to vex and plague me; and, finding ſhe could do it to purpoſe, her deſire of revenge inſenſibly became ſtronger in her than the deſire of life: and now ſhe is willing to die, as an event which ſhe thinks will cut my heart-ſtrings aſunder. And ſtill, the *more* to be revenged, puts on the Chriſtian, and forgives me.

But I'll have none of her forgiveneſs! My own heart tells me, I do not deſerve it; and I cannot bear it!—And what is it but a mere *verbal* forgiveneſs, as oſtentatiouſly as cruelly given with a view to magnify herſelf, and wound me deeper! A little, dear, ſpecious—But let me ſtop—leſt I blaſpheme!

READING over the above, I am aſhamed of my ramblings: but what wouldeſt have me do?—Seeſt thou not that I am but ſeeking to run out of myſelf, in hope to loſe myſelf; yet, that I am unable to do either!

If *ever* thou lovedſt but half ſo fervently as I love—But of that thy heavy ſoul is not capable.

Send me word by the next, I conjure thee, in the names of all her kindred ſaints and angels, that ſhe is living, and likely to live!—If thou ſendeſt ill news, thou wilt be anſwerable for the conſequence, whether it be fatal to the meſſenger, or to *thy*

LOVELACE.

## LETTER XV.

MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

WEDNESDAY, 11 O'CLOCK.

DR. H. has juſt been here. He tarried with me till the miniſter had done praying by the lady; and then we were both admitted. Mr. Goddard, who came while the doctor and the clergyman were with her, went away with them when they went. They took a ſolemn and everlaſting leave of her, as I have no ſcruple to ſay; bleſſing her, and being bleſſed by her: and wiſhing (when it came to their lot) for an exit, as happy as hers is likely to be.

She had again earneſtly requeſted of the doctor his opinion how long it was *now* probable that ſhe could continue: and he told her, that he apprehended ſhe would hardly ſee to-morrow night. She ſaid, She ſhould number the hours with greater pleaſure than ever ſhe numbered

numbered any in her life, on the moſt joyful occaſion.

How unlike poor Belton's laſt hours, hers! See the infinite difference in the effects, on the ſame awful and affecting occaſion, between a good and a bad conſcience!

This moment a man is come from Miſs Howe with a letter. Perhaps I ſhall be able to ſend you the contents.

She endeavoured ſeveral times with earneſtneſs, but in vain, to read the letter of her dear friend. The writing, ſhe ſaid, was too fine, for her groſſer ſight, and the lines ſtaggered under her eye. And indeed ſhe trembled ſo, ſhe could not hold the paper: and at laſt deſired Mrs. Lovick to read it to her, the meſſenger waiting for an anſwer.

Thou wilt ſee, in Miſs Howe's letter, how different the expreſſion of the ſame impatience, and paſſionate love, is, when dictated by the gentler mind of a woman, from that which reſults from a mind ſo boiſterous and knotty, as thine. For Mrs. Lovick will tranſcribe it; and I ſhall ſend it—To be re'd in this place, if thou wilt.

MISS HOWE, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

'TUESDAY, SEPT. 5.

'O MY DEAREST FRIEND!

'WHAT will become of your poor 'Anna Howe! I ſee by your 'writing, as well as read by your own 'account, (which, were you not very, 'very ill, you would have touched more 'tenderly) how it is with you! Why 'have I thus long delayed to attend 'you! Could I think, that the com-'fortings of a faithful friend were as 'nothing to a gentle mind in diſtreſs, 'that I could be prevailed upon to for-'bear viſiting you ſo much as *once* in 'all this time! I, as well as every-body 'elſe, to deſert and abandon my dear 'creature to ſtrangers! What will be-'come of me, if you be as bad as my 'apprehenſions make you!

'I will ſet out this moment, little 'as the encouragement is that you give 'me to do ſo! My mother is willing I 'ſhould! Why, O why, was ſhe not *be-'fore* willing!

'Yet ſhe perſuades me too (leſt I 'ſhould be fatally affected were I to find 'my fears too well juſtified) to wait the 'return of this meſſenger, who rides 'our ſwifteſt horſe.—God ſpeed him 'with good news to me—Elſe—But,

'Oh! my deareſt, deareſt friend, what 'elſe!—One line from your own hand 'by him!—Send me but *one* line to bid 'me attend you! I will ſet out the 'moment, the very moment, I receive 'it. I am now actually ready to do 'ſo! And if you love me, as I love 'you, the ſight of me will revive you 'to my hopes.—But why, why, when 'I can think this, did I not go up 'ſooner!

'Bleſſed Heaven! deny not to my 'prayers, my friend, my admoniſher, 'my adviſer, at a time ſo critical to my-'ſelf.

'But methinks, your ſtyle and ſenti-'ments are too well connected, too full 'of life and vigour, to give cauſe for ſo 'much deſpair as your ſtaggering pen 'ſeems to forbode.

'I am ſorry I was not at home [I '*muſt* add thus much, though the ſer-'vant is ready mounted at the door] 'when Mr. Belford's ſervant came with 'your affecting letter. I was at Miſs 'Lloyd's. My mamma ſent it to me; 'and I came home that inſtant. But he 'was gone. He would not ſtay, it ſeems. 'Yet I wanted to aſk him an hundred 'thouſand queſtions. But why delay I 'thus my meſſenger? I have a multi-'tude of things to ſay to you—To ad-'viſe with you about!—You ſhall di-'rect me in every-thing. I will obey 'the holding up of your finger. But, if '*you* leave me—what is the world, or 'any-thing in it, to *your*

'ANNA HOWE!'

The effect this letter had on the lady, who is ſo near the end which the fair writer ſo much apprehends and deplores, obliged Mrs. Lovick, to make many breaks in reading it, and many changes of voice.

'This *is* a friend,' ſaid the divine lady, (taking the letter in her hand, and kiſſing it) 'worth wiſhing to live 'for.—O my dear Anna Howe! How 'uninterruptedly ſweet and noble has 'been our friendſhip!—But we ſhall one 'day meet (and this hope muſt comfort 'us both) never to part again! Then, 'diveſted of the ſhades of body, ſhall 'we be all light and all mind!—Then 'how unalloyed, how perfect, will be 'our friendſhip! Our love then will 'have one and the ſame adorable ob-'ject, and we ſhall enjoy it and each 'other to all eternity!'

She ſaid, her dear friend was ſo earneſt for a line or two, that ſhe fain would write if ſhe could: and ſhe tried; but to

DO

no purpose. She could dictate, however, she believed; and desired Mrs. Lovick would take pen and paper. Which she did, and then she dictated to *her*. I would have withdrawn; but at her desire staid.

She wandered a good deal, at first. She took notice that she did. And when she got into a little train, not pleasing herself, she apologized to Mrs. Lovick for making her begin again and again; and said, that the third time should go, let it be as it would.

She dictated the farewel part, without hesitation; and when she came to the blessing and subscription, she took the pen, and dropping on her knees, supported by Mrs. Lovick, wrote the conclusion; but Mrs. Lovick was forced to guide her hand.

You will find the sense surprizingly entire, her weakness considered.

I made the messenger wait, while I transcribed it. I have endeavoured to imitate the subscriptive part; and in the letter made pauses, where, to the best of my remembrance, she paused. In nothing that relates to this admirable lady, can I be too minute.

'WEDN. NEAR 3 O'CLOCK.

'MY DEAREST MISS HOWE,

'YOU must not be surprized—nor 'grieved—that Mrs. Lovick 'writes for me. Although I cannot 'obey you, and write with my *pen*, yet 'my *heart* writes by hers—Accept it so '—It is the nearest to obedience I can!

'And now, what *ought* I to say? 'What *can* I say?—But why should you 'not know the truth? Since soon you 'must—Very soon.

'Know then, and let your tears be 'those, if of pity, of *joyful* pity! for 'I permit you to shed a few, to em'balm, as I may say a fallen blossom. '—Know then, that the good doctor, 'and the pious clergyman, and the 'worthy apothecary, have just now—'with joint benedictions—taken their 'last leave of me: and the former bids 'me hope—Do, my dearest, let me say '*hope*—hope for my enlargement be'fore to-morrow's sun set.

'Adieu, therefore, my dearest friend! '—Be this *your* consolation, as it is '*mine*, that in God's good time we 'shall meet in a blessed eternity, never 'more to part!—Once more, then, a'dieu—and be happy!—Which a ge'nerous nature cannot be, unless—to 'it's power—it makes others so too.

'God for ever bless you! prays, 'dropt on my bended knees, although 'supported upon them, *your obliged*, '*grateful, affectionate*,

'CL. HARLOWE.'

When I had transcribed and sealed this letter, by her direction, I gave it to the messenger myself; who told me that Miss Howe waited for nothing but his return, to set out for London.

Thy servant is just come; so I will close here. Thou art a merciless master. The two fellows are *battered* to death by thee, to use a female word; and all female words, though we are not sure of their derivation, have very significant meanings. I believe, in their hearts, they wish the angel in the heaven that is ready to receive her, and thee at the proper place, that there might be an end to their *flurries*; another word of the same gender.

What a letter hast thou sent me—Poor Lovelace!—is all the answer I will return.

*Five o'clock.*] Colonel Morden is this moment arrived.

## LETTER XVI.

MR. BELFORD. IN CONTINUATION.

EIGHT IN THE EVENING.

I Had but just time, in my former, to tell you, that Colonel Morden was arrived. He was on horseback, attended by two servants, and alighted at the door, just as the clock struck five. Mrs. Smith was then below in her back-shop, weeping, her husband with her, who was as much affected as she; Mrs. Lovick having left them a little before, in tears likewise; for they had been bemoaning one another; joining in opinion, that the admirable lady would not live the night over. She had told them, it was *her* opinion too, from some numbnesses, which she called the forerunners of death, and from an increased inclination to doze.

The colonel, as Mrs. Smith told me afterwards, asked with great impatience, the moment he alighted, how Miss Harlowe was? She answered, alive: but, she feared, drawing on apace. 'Good God!' said he, with his hands and eyes lifted up! 'Can I see her? My name is 'Morden. I have the honour to be 'nearly related to her.—Step up, pray; 'and let her know [She is sensible, I 'hope] that I am here. Who is with her?

'Nobody but her nurse, and Mrs. 'Lovick, a widow gentlewoman, who 'is

'is as careful of her, as if she were her 'mother.'

'And *more* careful too,' interrupted he, 'or she is not careful at all——'

'Except a gentleman be with her, 'one Mr. Belford,' continued Mrs. Smith, 'who has been the best friend 'she has had.'

'If Mr. Belford be with her, surely 'I may—But pray step up, and let Mr. 'Belford know, that I shall take it for a 'favour to speak with him first.'

Mrs. Smith came up to me in my new apartment. I had but just dispatched your servant, and was asking her nurse if I might be again admitted? Who answered, that she was dozing in the elbow-chair, having refused to lie down, saying, she should soon, she hoped, lie down for good.

The colonel, who is really a fine gentleman, received me with great politeness. After the first compliments, 'My 'kinswoman, Sir,' said he, 'is more o-'bliged to you than to any of her own 'family. For my part, I have been en-'deavouring to move so many rocks in 'her favour; and, little thinking the 'dear creature so very bad, have neg-'lected to attend her, as I ought to 'have done the moment I arrived; and '*would*, had I known how ill she was, 'and what a task I should have had 'with the family—But, Sir, your friend 'has been excessively to blame; and 'you being so *intimately* his friend, has 'made her fare the worse for your civi-'lities to her.—But are there no hopes 'of her recovery?'

'The doctors have left her with the 'melancholy declaration, that there are 'none.'

'Has she had good attendance, Sir? 'A skilful physician: I hear these good 'folks have been very civil and oblig-'ing to her.'

'Who could be otherwise?' said Mrs. Smith, weeping: 'she is the 'sweetest lady in the world!'

'The character,' said the colonel, lifting up his eyes and one hand, 'that 'she has from every living creature!—'Good God! How could your accursed 'friend—'

'And how could her cruel parents?' interrupted I.—'We may as easily ac-'count for *him*, as for *them*.'

'Too true!' returned he, 'the vile-'ness of the profligates of our sex con-'sidered, whenever they can get any of 'the other into their power.'

I satisfied him about the care that had been taken of her, and told him of the friendly and even *paternal* attendance she had had from Dr. H. and Mr. Goddard.

He was impatient to attend her, having not seen her, as he said, since she was twelve years old; and that then she gave promises of being one of the finest women in England.

'She *was* so,' replied I, 'a very few 'months ago: and, though emaciated, 'she will appear to you to have confirm-'ed those promises: for her features 'are so regular and exact, her propor-'tion so fine, and her manner so inimi-'tably graceful, that were she only skin 'and bone, she must be a beauty.'

Mrs. Smith, at his request, stept up, and brought us down word, that Mrs. Lovick and her nurse were with her; and that she was in so sound a sleep, leaning upon the former in her elbow-chair, that she neither heard her enter the room, nor go out. The colonel begged, if not improper, that he might see her, though sleeping. He said, that his impatience would not let him stay till she awaked. Yet he would not have her disturbed; and should be glad to contemplate her sweet features, when she saw not him; and asked, if she thought he could not go in, and come out, without disturbing her?

She believed he might, she answered; for her chair's back was towards the door.

He said, he would take care to withdraw, if she awoke, that his sudden appearance might not surprize her.

Mrs. Smith, stepping up before us, bid Mrs. Lovick and the nurse not stir, when we entered: and then we went up softly together.

We beheld the lady in a charming attitude. Dressed, as I told you before, in her virgin white, she was sitting in her elbow-chair, Mrs. Lovick close by her, in another chair, with her left arm round her neck, supporting it, as it were; for, it seems, the lady had bid her do so, saying, she had been a mother to her, and she would delight herself in thinking she was in her mamma's arms; for she found herself drowsy; perhaps, she said, for the last time she should be so.

One faded cheek rested upon the good woman's bosom, the kindly warmth of which had overspread it with a faint, but charming flush; the other paler, and hollow, as if already iced over by death. Her hands white as the lily, with her meandring veins more transparently blue than ever I had seen even

hers; (veins ſo ſoon, alas! to be choaked up by the congealment of that purple ſtream, which already ſo languidly creeps rather than flows through them!) her hands hanging lifeleſsly, one before her, the other graſped by the right-hand of the kind widow, whoſe tears bedewed the ſweet face which her motherly boſom ſupported, though unfelt by the fair ſleeper; and either inſenſibly to the good woman, or what ſhe would not diſturb her to wipe off, or to change her poſture: her aſpect was ſweetly calm and ſerene: and though ſhe ſtarted now-and-then, yet her ſleep ſeemed eaſy; her breath indeed ſhort and quick; but tolerably free, and not like that of a dying perſon.

In this heart-moving attitude ſhe appeared to us when we approached her, and came to have her lovely face before us.

The colonel, ſighing often, gazed upon her with his arms folded, and with the moſt profound and affectionate attention; till at laſt, on her ſtarting, and fetching her breath with greater difficulty than before, he retired to a ſcreen, that was drawn before her *houſe*, as ſhe calls it, which, as I have heretofore obſerved, ſtands under one of the windows. This ſcreen was placed there, at the time ſhe found herſelf obliged to take to her chamber; and in the depth of our concern, and the fulneſs of other diſcourſe at our firſt interview, I had forgotten to apprize the colonel of what he would probably ſee.

Retiring thither, he drew out his handkerchief, and overwhelmed, with grief, ſeemed unable to ſpeak: but, on caſting his eye behind the ſcreen, he ſoon broke ſilence; for, ſtruck with the ſhape of the coffin, he lifted up a purpliſh-coloured cloth that was ſpread over it, and, ſtarting back, 'Good God!' ſaid he, 'what's here?'

Mrs. Smith ſtanding next him, 'Why,' ſaid he, with great emotion, 'is my couſin ſuffered to indulge her ſad reflections with ſuch an object before her?'

'Alas! Sir,' replied the good woman, 'who ſhould controul her? We 'are all ſtrangers about her, in a manner: and yet we have expoſtulated 'with her upon this ſad occaſion.'

'I ought,' ſaid I, (ſtepping ſoftly up to him, the lady again falling into a doze) 'to have apprized you of this. I was 'here when it was brought in, and 'never was ſo ſhocked in my life. But 'ſhe had none of her friends about her, 'and no reaſon to hope for any of them 'to come near her; and, aſſured ſhe 'ſhould not recover, ſhe was reſolved 'to leave as little as poſſible, eſpecially 'as to what related to her perſon, to 'her executor. But it is not a ſhocking 'object to her, though it be to every-'body elſe.'

'Curſe upon the hard-heartedneſs of 'thoſe,' ſaid he, 'who occaſioned her 'to make ſo ſad a proviſion for herſelf! 'What muſt her reflections have been, 'all the time ſhe was thinking of it, and 'giving orders about it? And what muſt 'they be, every time ſhe turns her head 'towards it? Theſe uncommon genius's '—But indeed ſhe *ſhould* have been con-'troulled in it, had I been here.'

The lady fetched a profound ſigh, and, ſtarting, it broke off our talk; and the colonel then withdrew farther behind the ſcreen, that his ſudden appearance might not ſurprize her.

'Where am I?' ſaid ſhe. 'How 'drowſy I am! How long have I dozed? '—Don't go, Sir,' (for I was retiring.) 'I am very ſtupid, and ſhall be more 'and more ſo, I ſuppoſe.'

She then offered to raiſe herſelf; but being ready to faint through weakneſs, was forced to ſit down again, reclining her head on her chair back; and, after a few moments, 'I believe now, my 'good friends,' ſaid ſhe, 'all your kind 'trouble will ſoon be over. I have ſlept, 'but am not refreſhed, and my fingers 'ends ſeem numbed—have no feeling!' (holding them up)—''Tis time to ſend 'the letter to my good Norton.'

'Shall I, Madam, ſend my ſervant 'poſt with it?'

'O no, Sir, I thank you. It will 'reach the dear woman too ſoon (as ſhe 'will think) by the poſt.'

I told her this was not poſt-day.

'Is it Wedneſday ſtill,' ſaid ſhe: 'Bleſs me! I know not how the time 'goes: but very tediouſly, 'tis plain. 'And now I think I muſt ſoon take to 'my bed. All will be moſt conveniently, 'and with leaſt trouble, over there—'Will it not, Mrs. Lovick?—I think, 'Sir,' turning to me, 'I have left nothing 'to theſe laſt incapacitating hours. No-'thing either to ſay or do. I bleſs God, 'I have not. If I *had*, how unhappy 'ſhould I be! Can you, Sir, remind me 'of any-thing neceſſary to be done or 'ſaid to make your office eaſy?'

'If, Madam, your couſin Morden 'ſhould come, you would be glad to ſee 'him, I preſume?'

'I am too weak to wiſh to ſee my 'couſin now. It would but diſcompoſe 'me,

'me, and him too. Yet, if he come 'while I *can* ſee, I *will* ſee him, were it 'but to thank him for former favours, 'and for his preſent kind intentions to 'me. Has any-body been here from 'him?'

'He has called, and will be here, 'Madam, in half an hour; but he feared 'to ſurprize you.'

'Nothing can ſurprize me now, ex- 'cept my mamma were to favour me 'with her laſt bleſſing in perſon. That 'would be a welcome ſurprize to me 'even yet. But did my couſin come 'purpoſely to town to ſee me?'

'Yes, Madam. I took the liberty to 'let him know, by a line laſt Monday, 'how ill you were.'

'You are very kind, Sir. I am and 'have been greatly obliged to you. But 'I think I ſhall be pained to ſee him 'now, becauſe he will be concerned to 'ſee me. And yet, as I am not ſo ill as 'I ſhall preſently be—the ſooner he 'comes, the better. But if he come, 'what ſhall I do about the ſcreen? He 'will chide me, very probably; and I 'cannot bear chiding now. Perhaps,' [leaning upon Mrs. Lovick and Mrs. Smith] 'I can walk into the next apart- 'ment to receive him.'

She motioned to riſe; but was ready to faint again, and forced to ſit ſtill.

The colonel was in a perfect agitation behind the ſcreen, to hear this diſcourſe; and twice, unſeen by his couſin, was coming from it towards her; but retreated, for fear of ſurprizing her too much.

I ſtept to him, and favoured his retreat; ſhe only ſaying, 'Are you going, 'Mr. Belford? Are you ſent for down? 'Is my couſin come?' For ſhe heard ſomebody ſtep ſoftly acroſs the room, and thought it to be me; her hearing being more perfect than her ſight.

I told her, I believed he was; and ſhe ſaid, 'We muſt make the beſt of it, 'Mrs. Lovick—and Mrs. Smith.—I 'ſhall otherwiſe moſt grievouſly ſhock 'my poor couſin: for he loved me dear- 'ly once. Pray give me a few of the 'doctor's laſt drops in water, to keep 'up my ſpirits for this one interview; 'and that is all, I believe, that can con- 'cern me now.'

The colonel (who heard all this) ſent in his name; and I, pretending to go down to him, introduced the afflicted gentleman; ſhe having firſt ordered the ſcreen to be put as cloſe to the window as poſſible, that he might not ſee what was behind it; while he, having heard what ſhe had ſaid about it, was determined to take no notice of it.

He folded the angel in his arms as ſhe ſat, dropping down on one knee; for, ſupporting herſelf upon the two elbows of the chair, ſhe attempted to riſe, but could not. 'Excuſe, my dear couſin,' ſaid ſhe, 'excuſe me, that I cannot 'ſtand up—I did not expect this favour 'now. But I am glad of this opportu- 'nity to thank you for all your gene- 'rous goodneſs to me.'

'I never, my beſt-beloved and dear- 'eſt couſin,' ſaid he, (with eyes run- ning over) 'ſhall forgive myſelf, that I 'did not attend you ſooner. Little did 'I think you were ſo ill; nor do any of 'your friends believe it. If they did—'

'*If they did*,' repeated ſhe, interrupt- ing him, 'I ſhould have had more com- 'paſſion from them. I am ſure I ſhould. 'But pray, Sir, how did you leave 'them? Are *you* reconciled to them? 'If you are not, I beg, if you love your 'poor Clariſſa, that you will: for every 'widened difference augments but my 'fault; ſince *that* is the foundation of 'all.'

'I had been expecting to hear from 'them in your favour, my dear couſin,' ſaid he, 'for ſome hours, when this 'gentleman's letter arrived, which haſ- 'tened me up; but I have the account 'of your grandfather's eſtate to make 'up with you, and have bills and drafts 'upon their banker for the ſums due to 'you; which they deſire you may re- 'ceive, leſt you ſhould have occaſion for 'money. And this is ſuch an earneſt 'of an approaching reconciliation, that 'I dare to anſwer for all the reſt being 'according to your wiſhes, if—'

'Ah! Sir,' interrupted ſhe, with fre- quent breaks and pauſes, 'I wiſh, I wiſh, 'this does not rather ſhew, that were I 'to live, they would have nothing more 'to ſay to me. I never had any pride 'in being independent of them: all my 'actions, when I might have made my- 'ſelf *more* independent, ſhew this—But 'what avail theſe reflections now?—I 'only beg, Sir, that you—and *this* gen- 'tleman—to whom I am exceedingly 'obliged—will adjuſt thoſe matters— 'according to the will I have written.— 'Mr. Belford will excuſe me; but it 'was in truth more neceſſity than choice, 'that made me think of giving him the 'trouble he ſo kindly accepts.—Had I 'had the happineſs to ſee you, my cou- 'ſin, ſooner—or to know that you ſtill 'honoured me with your regard—I 'ſhould not have had the aſſurance to

'ask this favour of *him*.—But—though 'the friend of Mr. Lovelace, he is a man 'of honour, and he will make peace 'rather than break it. And, my dear 'couſin, let me beg of you—to contri-'bute your part to it—and remember, 'that, while I have nearer relations 'than my couſin Morden, dear as you 'are, and always were to me, you have 'no title to avenge my wrongs upon him 'who has been the occaſion of them. 'But I wrote to you my mind on this 'ſubject, and my reaſons; and I hope I 'need not further urge them.'

'I muſt do Mr. Lovelace ſo much juſ-'tice,' anſwered he, wiping his eyes, 'as 'to witneſs, how ſincerely he repents 'him of his ungrateful baſeneſs to you, 'and how ready he is to make you all 'the amends in his power. He owns *his* 'wickedneſs, and *your* merit. If he did 'not, I could not paſs it over, though 'you *have* nearer relations: for, my 'dear couſin, did not your grandfather 'leave me in truſt for you? And ſhould 'I think myſelf concerned for your for-'tune, and not for your honour? But 'ſince he is ſo deſirous to do you juſtice, 'I have the leſs to ſay; and you may 'make yourſelf entirely eaſy on that ac-'count.'

'I thank you—thank you, Sir,' ſaid ſhe:—'All is now as I wiſhed: but I 'am very faint—very weak. I am ſorry 'I cannot hold up—that I cannot bet-'ter deſerve the honour of this viſit: 'but it will not be——' And ſaying this, ſhe ſunk down in her chair, and was ſilent.

Hereupon we both withdrew, leaving word, that we would be at the Bedford Head, if any-thing extraordinary happened.

We beſpoke a little repaſt, having neither of us dined; and, while it was getting ready, you may gueſs at the ſubject of our diſcourſe. Both joined in lamentation for the lady's deſperate ſtate: admired her manifold excellences: ſeverely condemned you, and her friends. Yet, to bring him into better opinion of you, I read to him ſome paſſages from your laſt letters, which ſhewed your concern for the wrongs you had done her, and your deep remorſe: and he ſaid, It was a dreadful thing to labour under the ſenſe of a guilt ſo irremediable.

We procured Mr. Goddard (Dr. H. not being at home) once more to viſit her, and to call upon us in his return. He was ſo good as to do ſo; but he tarried with her not five minutes; and told us, That ſhe was drawing on apace; that he feared ſhe would not live till morning; and that ſhe wiſhed to ſee Colonel Morden directly.

The colonel made excuſes where none were needed; and though our little refection was juſt brought in, he went away immediately.

I could not touch a morſel; and took pen and ink to amuſe myſelf, and oblige you; knowing how impatient you would be for a few lines: for, from what I have recited, you will ſee it was impoſſible I could withdraw to write, when your ſervant came at half an hour after five, or have an opportunity for it till now; and *this* is accidental: and yet your poor fellow was afraid to go away with the verbal meſſage I ſent; importing, as no doubt he told you, that the colonel was with us, the lady exceſſively ill, and that I could not ſtir to write a line.

TEN O'CLOCK.

THE colonel ſent to me afterwards, to tell me, that the lady having been in convulſions, he was ſo much diſordered, that he could not poſſibly attend me.

I have ſent every half-hour to know how ſhe does: and juſt now I have the pleaſure to hear, that her convulſions have left her; and that ſhe is gone to reſt in a much quieter way than could be expected.

Her poor couſin is very much indiſpoſed; yet will not ſtir out of the houſe while ſhe is in ſuch a way; but intends to lie down on a couch, having refuſed any other accommodation.

## LETTER XVII.

MR. BELFORD. IN CONTINUATION.

SOHO, SIX O'CLOCK, SEPT. 7.

THE lady is ſtill alive. The colonel having juſt ſent his ſervant to let me know that ſhe enquired after me about an hour ago, I am dreſſing to attend her. Joel begs of me to diſpatch him back, though but with one line to gratify your preſent impatience. He expects, he ſays, to find you at Knightſbridge, let him make what haſte he can back; and if he has not a line or two to pacify you, he is afraid you will piſtol him; for he apprehends that you are hardly yourſelf. I therefore diſpatch this; and will have another ready as ſoon as I can, with particulars. But you muſt have a little patience; for how can I withdraw every half-hour to write, if I am admitted to the lady's preſence, or if I am with the colonel?

SMITH'S,

SMITH'S, EIGHT IN THE MORNING.

THE lady is in a ſlumber. Mrs. Lovick, who ſat up with her, ſays, ſhe had a better night than was expected; for although ſhe ſlept little, ſhe ſeemed eaſy; and the eaſier for the pious frame ſhe was in; all her waking moments being taken up in devotion, or in an ejaculatory ſilence; her hands and eyes often lifted up, and her lips moving with a fervour worthy of theſe her laſt hours.

TEN O'CLOCK.

THE colonel being earneſt to ſee his couſin as ſoon as ſhe awoke, we were both admitted. We obſerved in her, as ſoon as we entered, ſtrong ſymptoms of her approaching diſſolution, notwithſtanding what the women had flattered us with from her laſt night's tranquillity. The colonel and I, each loth to ſay what we thought, looked upon one another with melancholy countenances.

The colonel told her, He ſhould ſend a ſervant to her uncle Antony's, for ſome papers he had left there; and aſked, If ſhe had any commands that way?

She thought not, ſhe ſaid, ſpeaking more inwardly than ſhe did the day before. She had indeed a letter ready to be ſent to her good Norton; and there was a requeſt intimated in it: but it was time enough, if the requeſt were ſignified to thoſe whom it concerned when all was over. However, it might be ſent them by the ſervant who was going that way. And ſhe cauſed it to be given to the colonel for that purpoſe.

Her breath being very ſhort, ſhe deſired another pillow. Having two before, this made her in a manner ſit up in her bed; and ſhe ſpoke then with more diſtinctneſs; and, ſeeing us greatly concerned, forgot her own ſufferings to comfort us; and a charming lecture ſhe gave us, though a brief one, upon the happineſs of a timely preparation, and upon the hazards of a late repentance, when the mind, as ſhe obſerved, was ſo ſo much weakened, as well as the body, as to render a poor ſoul hardly able to contend with it's natural infirmities.

'I beſeech ye, my good friends,' proceeded ſhe, 'mourn not for one who 'mourns not, nor has cauſe to mourn, 'for herſelf. On the contrary, rejoice 'with me, that all my worldly troubles 'are ſo near their end.—Believe me, 'Sirs, that I would not, if I might, 'chuſe to live, although the pleaſanteſt 'part of my life were to come over 'again; and yet *eighteen years of it*, out 'of *nineteen*, have been *very* pleaſant. 'To be ſo much expoſed to temptation, 'and to be ſo liable to fail in the trial, 'who would not rejoice, that all her 'dangers are over!—All I wiſhed was 'pardon and bleſſing from my dear pa- 'rents. Eaſy as my departure ſeems 'to promiſe to be, it would have been 'ſtill eaſier, had I had that pleaſure. 'BUT GOD ALMIGHTY WOULD NOT 'LET ME DEPEND FOR COMFORT 'UPON ANY BUT HIMSELF.'

She then repeated her requeſt, in the moſt earneſt manner, to her *couſin*, that he would not *heighten* her fault, by ſeeking to avenge her death; to *me*, that I would endeavour to make up all breaches, and uſe the power I had with my friend, to prevent all future miſchiefs *from* him, as well as that which this truſt might give me, to prevent any *to* him.

She made ſome excuſes to her *couſin*, for having not been able to alter her will, to join him in the executorſhip with me; and to *me*, for the trouble ſhe had given, and yet ſhould give me.

She had fatigued herſelf ſo much, (growing ſenſibly weaker) that ſhe ſunk her head upon her pillows, ready to faint; and we withdrew to the window, looking upon one another; but could not tell what to ſay; and yet both ſeemed inclinable to ſpeak: but the motion paſſed over in ſilence. Our eyes only ſpoke; and that in a manner neither's were uſed to; mine, at leaſt, not till I knew this admirable creature.

The colonel withdrew to diſmiſs his meſſenger, and ſend away the letter to Mrs. Norton. I took the opportunity to retire likewiſe; and to write thus far. And Joel returning to take it; I now cloſe here.

ELEVEN O'CLOCK.

## LETTER XVIII.

MR. BELFORD. IN CONTINUATION.

THE colonel tells me, That he has written to Mr. John Harlowe, by his ſervant, that they might ſpare themſelves the trouble of debating about a reconciliation; for that his dear couſin would probably be no more, before they could reſolve.

He aſked me after his couſin's means of ſubſiſting; and whether ſhe had accepted of any favour from *me*: he was ſure, he ſaid, ſhe would not from *you*.

I acquainted him with the truth of her parting with ſome of her apparel.

This wrung his heart; and bitterly did

did he exclaim as well againſt you, as againſt her implacable relations.

He wiſhed he had not come to England at all, or had come ſooner; and hoped I would apprize him of the whole mournful ſtory, at a proper ſeaſon. He added, that he had thoughts, when he came over, of fixing here for the remainder of his days: but now, as it was impoſſible his couſin could recover, he would go abroad again, and reſettle himſelf at Florence or Leghorn.

THE lady has been giving orders, with great preſence of mind, about her body; directing her nurſe and her maid of the houſe to put her into her coffin as ſoon as ſhe is cold. Mr. Belford, ſhe ſaid, would know the reſt by her will.

SHE has juſt now given from her boſom, where ſhe always wore it, a miniature picture ſet in gold of Miſs Howe: ſhe gave it to Mrs. Lovick, deſiring her to fold it up in white paper, and direct it, '*To Charles Hickman, Eſq.*' and to give it to me, when ſhe was departed, for that gentleman.

She looked upon the picture, before ſhe gave it her—'*Sweet and ever-amiable Friend — Companion — Sifter — Lover!*' ſaid ſhe—And kiſſed it four ſeveral times, once at each tender appellation.

YOUR other ſervant is come.—Well may you be impatient!—Well may you!—But do you think I can leave off in the middle of a converſation, to run and ſet down what offers, and ſend it away piece-meal as I write?—If I *could*, muſt I not loſe one half, while I put down the other?

This event is nearly as intereſting to *me* as it is to *you*. If you are more grieved than I, there can be but one reaſon for it; and that's at your heart!—I had rather loſe all the friends I have in the world, (yourſelf in the number) than this divine lady; and ſhall be unhappy whenever I think of her ſufferings, and of her merit; though I have nothing to reproach myſelf by reaſon of the former.

I ſay not this, juſt now, ſo much to reflect upon you, as to expreſs my own grief; though your conſcience, I ſuppoſe, will make you think otherwiſe.

Your poor fellow, who ſays, that he begs for *his life* in deſiring to be diſpatched back with a letter, tears this from me—Elſe perhaps (for I am juſt ſent for down) a quarter of an hour would make you—not *eaſy* indeed—but *certain*—And that, in a *ſtate* like yours, to a *mind* like yours, is a relief.

THURSDAY AFTERNOON, 4 O'CLOCK.

## LETTER XIX.

MR. BELFORD, TO RICHARD MOWBRAY, ESQ.

THURSDAY AFTERNOON.

DEAR MOWBRAY,

I Am glad to hear you are in town.—Throw yourſelf, the moment this comes to your hand, (if poſſible with Tourville) in the way of the man who leaſt of all men deſerves the love of the worthy heart; but moſt that of thine and Tourville; elſe the news I ſhall moſt probably ſend him within an hour or two, will make annihilation the greateſt bleſſing he has to wiſh for.

You will find him between Piccadilly and Kenſington, moſt probably on horſeback, riding backwards and forwards in a crazy way; or put up, perhaps, at ſome inn or tavern in the way; a waiter poſſibly, if ſo, watching for his ſervant's return to him from me.

HIS man Will is juſt come to me. He will carry this to you in his way back, and be your director. Hie away in a coach, or any how. Your being with him may ſave either his or a ſervant's life.—See the bleſſed effects of triumphant libertiniſm!—Sooner or later it comes home to us, and all concludes in gall and bitterneſs!—Adieu.

J. BELFORD.

## LETTER XX.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

CURSE upon the colonel, and curſe upon the writer of the laſt letter I received, and upon all the world! Thou to pretend to be as much intereſted in my Clariſſa's fate as myſelf! 'Tis well for one of us, that this was not ſaid to me, inſtead of written—Living or dying, ſhe is mine—and mine only. Have I not earned her dearly?—Is not damnation likely to be the purchaſe to me, though a happy eternity will be hers?

An eternal ſeparation!—O God!—O God!—How can I bear that thought!—But yet there is life!—Yet, therefore, hope—Enlarge my hope, and thou ſhalt be my good genius, and I will forgive thee every thing.

For this laſt time—But it muſt not, ſhall not, be the *laſt*—Let me hear, the moment

oment thou receiveſt this—what I *am* o be—For, at preſent, I am

*The moſt miſerable of men.*

OSE AT KNIGHTSBRIDGE, 5 O'CLOCK.

My fellow tells me, that thou art ſending Mowbray and Tourville to me. I want them not. My ſoul's ſick of them, and of all the world; but moſt of myſelf. Yet, as they ſend me word they will come to me immediately, I will wait for them, and for thy next. —O Belford! let it not be—But haſten it, haſten it, be what it may.

## LETTER XXI.

R. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

SEVEN O'CLOCK, THURSDAY EVENING, SEPT. 7.

I Have only to ſay at preſent—Thou wilt do well to make a tour to Paris; r wherever elſe thy deſtiny ſhall lead hee!!!—

JOHN BELFORD.

## LETTER XXII.

R. MOWBRAY, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

UXBRIDGE, SEPT. 7, BETWEEN 11 AND 12 AT NIGHT.

DEAR JACK,

I Send by poor Lovelace's deſire, for *particulars* of the fatal breviate thou ſenteſt him this night. He cannot bear o ſet pen to paper; yet wants to know very minute paſſage of Miſs Harlowe's departure. Yet, why he ſhould, I cannot ſee; for if ſhe's gone, ſhe's gone; nd who can help it?

I never heard of ſuch a woman in my life. What great matters has ſhe ſuffered, that grief ſhould kill her thus?

I wiſh the poor fellow had never known her. From firſt to laſt, what trouble ſhe has coſt him! The charming fellow has been half loſt to us ever ſince he purſued her. And what is there in one woman more than another, for matter of that?

It was well we were with him when your note came. You ſhewed your true friendſhip in your foreſight. Why, Jack, the poor fellow was quite beſide himſelf—Mad as any man ever was in Bedlam.

Will brought him the letter juſt after we had joined him at the Bohemia Head; where he had left word at the Roſe at Knightſbridge he ſhould be; for he had been ſauntering up and down, backwards and forwards, expecting us, and his fellow. Will, as ſoon as he delivered it, got out of his way; and when he opened it, never was ſuch a piece of ſcenery. He trembled like a devil at receiving it: fumbled at the ſeal, his fingers in a palſy, like Tom Doleman's; his hand ſhake, ſhake, ſhake, that he tore the letter in two, before he could come at the contents: and when he had re'd them, off went his hat to one corner of the room, his wig to the other—'Damnation ſeize the world!' and a whole volley of ſuch-like *execrations* wiſhes; running up and down the room, and throwing up the ſaſh, and pulling it down, and ſmiting his forehead with his double fiſt, with ſuch force as would have felled an ox, and ſtamping and tearing, that the landlord ran in, and faſter out again. And this was the *diſtraction ſcene* for ſome time.

In vain was all Jemmy or I could ſay to him. I offered once to take hold of his hands, becauſe he was going to do himſelf a miſchief, as I believed, looking about for his piſtols, which he had laid upon the table, but which Will, unſeen, had taken out with him, [A faithful honeſt dog, that Will! I ſhall for ever love the fellow for it] and he hit me a damned dowſe of the chops, as made my noſe bleed. 'Twas well 'twas he; for I hardly knew how to take it.

Jemmy raved at him, and told him, How wicked it was in him, to be ſo brutiſh to abuſe a friend, and run mad for a woman. And then he ſaid, He was ſorry for it; and then Will ventured in with water and a towel; and the dog rejoiced, as I could ſee by his look, that I *had it* rather than he.

And ſo, by degrees, we brought him a little to his reaſon, and he promiſed to behave more like a man. And ſo I forgave him: and we rode on in the dark to *here* at Doleman's. And we tried to ſhame him out of his mad ungovernable fooliſhneſs: for we told him, as how ſhe was but a woman, and an obſtinate perverſe woman too; and how could he help it?

And you know, Jack, (As we told him moreover) that it was a ſhame to manhood, for a man, who had ſerved twenty and twenty women as bad or worſe, let him have ſerved Miſs Harlowe never ſo bad, ſhould give himſelf ſuch *obſtropulous* airs, becauſe ſhe would die: and we adviſed him never to attempt

tempt a woman proud of her character and *virtue*, as they call it, any more: for why? The conqueſt did not pay trouble; and what was there in one woman more than another? Hay, you know, Jack!—And thus we comforted him, and adviſed him.

But yet his damned addled pate runs upon this lady as much now ſhe's dead, as it did when ſhe was living. For, I ſuppoſe, Jack, it is no joke: ſhe is certainly and *bona fide* dead? I'n't ſhe? If not, thou deſerveſt to be doubly damned for thy fooling, I tell thee that. So he will have me write for particulars of her *departure*.

He won't bear the word *dead* on any account. A ſqueamiſh puppy! How love unmans and ſoftens! And ſuch a *noble* fellow as this too! Rot him for an ideot, and an oaf! I have no patience with the looliſh *duncical* dog—Upon my ſoul, I have not!

So ſend the account, and let him howl over it, as I ſuppoſe he will.

But he muſt and ſhall go abroad: and in a month or two Jemmy, and you, and I, will join him, and he'll ſoon get the better of this chicken-hearted folly, never fear; and will then be aſhamed of himſelf: and then we'll not ſpare him; though *now*, poor fellow, it were pity to *lay on him ſo thick* as he deſerves. And do thou, till then, ſpare all reflections upon him; for, it ſeems, thou haſt *worked him* unmercifully.

I was willing to give thee ſome account of the hand we have had with the tearing fellow, who had certainly been a loſt man, had we not been with him; or he would have killed ſomebody or other. I have no doubt of it. And *now* he is but very middling; ſits grinning like a man in ſtraw; curſes and ſwears, and is confounded gloomy: and creeps into holes and corners, like an old hedge-hog hunted for his greaſe.

And ſo adieu, Jack. Tourville, and all of us, wiſh for thee; for no one has the influence upon him that thou haſt.

R. MOWBRAY.

As I promiſed him that I would write for the particulars above-ſaid, I write this after all are gone to bed; and the fellow is to ſet out with it by day-break.

## LETTER XXIII.

MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

THURSDAY NIGHT.

I May as well try to write; ſince, were I to go to bed, I ſhall not ſleep. I never had ſuch a weight of grief upon my mind in my life, as upon the demiſe of this admirable woman; whoſe ſoul is now rejoicing in the regions of light.

You may be glad to know the particulars of her happy exit. I will try to proceed; for all is huſh and ſtill; the family retired; but not one of them, and leaſt of all her poor couſin, I dare ſay, to reſt.

At four o'clock, as I mentioned in my laſt, I was ſent for down; and, as thou uſedſt to like my deſcriptions, I will give thee the woeful ſcene that preſented itſelf to me, as I approached the bed.

The colonel was the firſt that took my attention, kneeling on the ſide of the bed, the lady's right-hand in both his, which his face covered, bathing it with his tears; although ſhe had been comforting him, as the women ſince told me, in elevated ſtrains, but broken accents.

On the other ſide of the bed ſat the good widow; her face overwhelmed with tears, leaning her head againſt the bed's head in a moſt diſconſolate manner; and turning her face to me, as ſoon as ſhe ſaw me, 'O, Mr. Belford,' cried ſhe, with folded hands—'The dear 'lady—' A heavy ſob permitted her not to ſay more.

Mrs. Smith, with claſped fingers, and uplifted eyes, as if imploring help from the Only Power which could give it, was kneeling down at the bed's feet, tears in large drops trickling down her cheeks.

Her nurſe was kneeling between the widow and Mrs. Smith, her arms extended. In one hand ſhe held an ineffectual cordial, which ſhe had juſt been offering to her dying miſtreſs; her face was ſwoln with weeping; (though uſed to ſuch ſcenes as this) and ſhe turned her eyes towards me, as if ſhe called upon me by them to join in the helpleſs ſorrow; a freſh ſtream burſting from them as I approached the bed.

The maid of the houſe with her face upon her folded arms, as ſhe ſtood leaning againſt the wainſcot, more audibly expreſſed her grief than any of the others.

The lady had been ſilent a few minutes, and ſpeechleſs, as they thought, moving her lips without uttering a word; one hand, as I ſaid, in her couſin's. But when Mrs. Lovick on my approach pronounced my name, 'O! Mr. Belford,' ſaid ſhe, with a faint inward voice, but very diſtinct nevertheleſs—'Now!—'Now!' [in broken periods ſhe ſpoke]—'I bleſs God for his mercies to his poor 'creature—will all ſoon be over—A

'few—

'few—a very few moments—will end
'this ſtrife—And I ſhall be happy!
'Comfort here, Sir,'—turning her head to the colonel—'Comfort my couſin—See! the blame—able kindneſs—
'He would not wiſh me to be happy—
'ſo *ſoon!*'

Here ſhe ſtopt, for two or three minutes, earneſtly looking upon him: then reſuming, 'My deareſt couſin,' ſaid ſhe, 'be comforted—What is dying but the 'common lot?—The mortal frame may '*ſeem* to labour—But that is all!—It is 'not ſo hard to die, as I believed it to 'be!—The preparation is the difficulty '—I bleſs God, I have had time for 'that—The reſt is worſe to beholders, 'than to me!—I am all bleſſed hope—'Hope itſelf.' She *look'd* what ſhe ſaid, a ſweet ſmile beaming over her countenance.

After a ſhort ſilence, 'Once more, 'my dear couſin,' ſaid ſhe, but ſtill in broken accents, 'commend me moſt du-'tifully to my father and mother.'—There ſhe ſtopt. And then proceeding—'To my ſiſter—To my brother—To my 'uncles—And tell them, I bleſs them 'with my parting breath—for all their 'goodneſs to me—Even for their diſ-'pleaſure, I bleſs them—Moſt happy 'has been to me my puniſhment *here!* 'Happy indeed!'

She was ſilent for a few moments, lifting up her eyes, and the hand her couſin held not between his. Then, '*O*, '*death!*' ſaid ſhe, '*where is thy ſting?*' [The words I remember to have heard in the burial-ſervice read over my uncle and poor Belton.] And after a pauſe —'*It is good for me that I was afflicted!*' Words of Scripture, I ſuppoſe.

Then turning towards us, who were loſt in ſpeechleſs ſorrow—'O dear, *dear* 'gentlemen,' ſaid ſhe, 'you know not 'what *foretaſtes*—what *aſſurances*—' And there ſhe again ſtopped, and looked up, as if in a thankful rapture, ſweetly ſmiling.

Then turning her head towards me—'Do *you*, Sir, tell your friend, that I 'forgive him!—And I pray to God to 'forgive him!'—Again pauſing, and lifting up her eyes, as if praying that He would. 'Let him know how happily I 'die:—and that ſuch as my own, I wiſh 'to be his laſt hour.'

She was again ſilent for a few moments: and then reſuming—'My ſight 'fails me!—Your voices only—' [for we both applauded her Chriſtian, her divine frame, though in accents as broken as her own;] 'and the voice of grief 'is alike in all.—Is not this Mr. Mor-'den's hand?' preſſing one of his with that he had juſt let go.—'Which is Mr. 'Belford's?' holding out the other. I gave her mine. 'God Almighty bleſs 'you both,' ſaid ſhe, 'and make you 'both—in your laſt hour—for you *muſt* 'come to this—happy as I am!'

She pauſed again, her breath growing ſhorter; and, after a few minutes, 'And 'now, my deareſt couſin, give me your 'hand—Nearer—ſtill nearer—' drawing it towards her; and ſhe preſſed it with her dying lips—'God protect you, dear, 'dear Sir—And once more, receive my 'beſt and moſt grateful thanks—And 'tell my dear Miſs Howe—and vouch-'ſafe to ſee, and to tell my worthy Nor-'ton—She will be one day, I fear not, 'though now lowly in her fortunes, a 'ſaint in Heaven—Tell them both, that 'I remember them with thankful bleſ-'ſings in my laſt moments!—And pray 'God to give them happineſs *here* for 'many, many years, for the ſake of 'their friends and lovers; and an hea-'venly crown *hereafter*; and ſuch aſ-'ſurances of it, as I have, through the 'all-ſatisfying merits of my bleſſed Re-'deemer.'

Her ſweet voice and broken periods methinks ſtill fill my ears, and never will be out of my memory.

After a ſhort ſilence, in a more broken and faint accent—'And you, Mr. 'Belford,' preſſing my hand, 'may God 'preſerve you, and make you ſenſible of 'all your errors—You ſee, in me, how 'all ends—May *you* be—' And down ſunk her head upon her pillow, ſhe fainting away, and drawing from us her hands.

We thought ſhe was then gone; and each gave way to a violent burſt of grief.

But ſoon ſhewing ſigns of returning life, our attention was again engaged; and I beſought her, when a little recovered, to complete in my favour her half-pronounced bleſſing. She waved her hand to us both, and bowed her head ſix ſeveral times, as we have ſince recollected. as if diſtinguiſhing every perſon preſent; not forgetting the nurſe and the maid-ſervant; the latter having approached the bed, weeping, as if crouding in for the divine lady's laſt bleſſing; and ſhe ſpoke faltering and inwardly—'Bleſs—bleſs—bleſs—you all—'And now—And now—' [holding up her almoſt lifeleſs hands for the laſt time] 'Come—O come—Bleſſed Lord—'JESUS!'

And with theſe words, the laſt but

half pronounced, expired:—ſuch a ſmile, ſuch a charming ſerenity overſpreading her ſweet face at the inſtant, as ſeemed to manifeſt her eternal happineſs already begun.

O, Lovelace!—but I can write no more!

I RESUME my pen to add a few lines.

While warm, though pulſeleſs, we preſſed each her hand with our lips; and then retired into the next room.

We looked at each other, with intent to ſpeak: but, as if one motion governed, as one cauſe affected both, we turned away ſilent.

The colonel ſighed as if his heart would burſt: at laſt, his face and hands uplifted, his back towards me, 'Good 'Heaven!' ſaid he to himſelf, 'ſupport 'me!—And is it thus, O flower of na-'ture!'—Then pauſing—'And muſt we 'no more—*Never more!*—My bleſſed, 'bleſſed couſin!' uttering ſome other words, which his ſighs made inarticulate:—And then, as if recollecting himſelf—'Forgive me, Sir!—Excuſe me, 'Mr. Belford!' And, ſliding by me, 'Anon I hope to ſee you, Sir.'—And down ſtairs he went, and out of the houſe, leaving me a ſtatue.

When I recovered, I was ready to repine at what I *then* called an unequal diſpenſation; forgetting her happy preparation, and ſtill happier departure; and that ſhe had but drawn a common lot; triumphing in it, and leaving behind her, every-one leſs aſſured of happineſs, though equally certain that the lot would one day be their own.

She departed exactly at forty minutes after ſix o'clock, as by her watch on the table.

And thus died Miſs CLARISSA HARLOWE, in the bloſſom of her youth and beauty: and who, her tender years conſidered, has not left behind her her ſuperior in extenſive knowledge, and watchful prudence; nor hardly her equal for unblemiſhed virtue, exemplary piety, ſweetneſs of manners, diſcreet generoſity, and true chriſtian charity: and theſe all ſet off by the moſt graceful modeſty and humility; yet on all proper occaſions, manifeſting a noble preſence of mind, and true magnanimity: ſo that ſhe may be ſaid to have been not only an ornament to her ſex, but to human nature.

A better pen than mine may do her fuller juſtice. Thine, I mean, O, Lovelace! For well doſt thou know how much ſhe excelled in the graces both of mind and perſon, natural and acquired, all that is woman. And thou alſo canſt beſt account for the cauſe of her immature death, through thoſe calamities which in ſo ſhort a ſpace of time, from the higheſt pitch of felicity, (every-one in a manner adoring her) brought her to an exit ſo happy for herſelf, but, that it was ſo *early*, ſo much to be deplored by all who had the honour of her acquaintance.

This taſk, then, I leave to thee: but now I can write no more, only that I am a ſympathizer in every part of thy diſtreſs, except (and yet it is cruel to ſay it) in that which ariſes from thy guilt.

ONE O'CLOCK, FRIDAY MORNING.

## LETTER XXIV.

MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

NINE, FRIDAY NOON.

I Have no opportunity to write at length, having neceſſary orders to give on the melancholy occaſion. Joel, who got to me by ſix in the morning, and whom I diſpatched inſtantly back with the letter I had ready from laſt night, gives me but an indifferent account of the ſtate of your mind. I wonder not at it; but time (and nothing elſe can) will make it eaſier to you: if (that is to ſay) you have compounded with your conſcience; elſe it may be heavier every day than other.

TOURVILLE tells us what a way you are in. I hope you will not think of coming hither. The lady in her will deſires you may not ſee her. Four copies are making of it. It is a long one; for ſhe gives her reaſons for all ſhe wills. I will write to you more particularly as ſoon as poſſibly I can.

THREE letters are juſt brought by a ſervant in livery, directed, '*To Miſs 'Clariſſa Harlowe.*' I will ſend copies of them to you. The contents are enough to make one mad. How would this poor lady have rejoiced to receive them!—And yet, if ſhe had, ſhe would not have been enabled to ſay, as ſhe nobly did, *That God would not let her depend for comfort upon any but Himſelf.*—And indeed for ſome days paſt ſhe had ſeemed to have got above all worldly conſiderations—Her *fervent love, even for her Miſs Howe*, as ſhe acknowledged, having given way to *ſupremer fervors.*

LETTER

## LETTER XXV.

MRS. NORTON, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 6.

AT length, my beſt-beloved Miſs Clary, every-thing is in the wiſhed train: for all your relations are unanimous in your favour. Even your brother and ſiſter are with the foremoſt to be reconciled to you.

I knew it muſt end thus! By patience, and perſevering ſweetneſs, what a triumph have you gained!

This happy change is owing to letters received from your phyſician, from your couſin Morden, and from Mr. Brand.

Colonel Morden will be with you no doubt before this can reach you, with his pocket-book filled with money-bills, that nothing may be wanting to make you eaſy.

And *now*, all our hopes, all our prayers, are, that this good news may reſtore you to ſpirits and health; and that (ſo long witheld) it may not come too late.

I know how much your dutiful heart will be raiſed with the joyful tidings I write you, and ſtill ſhall more particularly tell you of, when I have the happineſs to ſee you: which will be by next Saturday, at fartheſt; perhaps on Friday afternoon, by the time you can receive this.

For this day, being ſent for by the general voice, I was received by every-one with great goodneſs and condeſcenſion, and *entreated* (for that was the word they were pleaſed to uſe, when I needed *no* entreaty, I am ſure), to haſten up to you, and to aſſure you of all their affectionate regards to you: and your father bid me ſay all the kind things that were in my *heart* to ſay, in order to comfort and raiſe you up, and they would hold themſelves bound to make them good.

How agreeable is this commiſſion to your Norton! My heart will overflow with kind ſpeeches, never fear! I am already meditating what I ſhall ſay, to cheer and raiſe you up, in the names of every-one dear and near to you. And ſorry I am, that I cannot this moment ſet out, as I might, inſtead of writing, would they favour my eager impatience with their chariot; but as it was not offered, it would be preſumption to have aſked for it: and to-morrow a hired chaiſe-and pair will be ready; but at what hour I know not.

How I long once more to fold my dear precious young lady to my fond, my *more* than fond, my *maternal* boſom!

Your ſiſter will write to you, and ſend her letter, with this, by a particular hand.

I muſt not let them ſee what I write, becauſe of my wiſh about the chariot.

Your uncle Harlowe will alſo write, and (I doubt not) in the kindeſt terms: for they are all extremely alarmed and troubled at the dangerous way your doctor repreſents you to be in; as well as delighted with the character he gives you. Would to Heaven the good gentleman had written *ſooner!* And yet he writes, that you know not he has *now* written. But it is all our confidence, and our conſolation, that he would not have written at all, had he thought it too late.

They will preſcribe no conditions to you, my dear young lady; but will leave all to your own duty and diſcretion. Only your brother and ſiſter declare, they will never yield to call Mr. Lovelace brother: nor will your father, I believe, be eaſily brought to think of him for a ſon.

I am to bring you down with me as ſoon as your health and inclination will permit. You will be received with open arms. Every-one longs to ſee you. All the ſervants pleaſe themſelves, that they ſhall be permitted to kiſs your hands. The pert Betty's note is already changed; and ſhe now runs over in your juſt praiſes. What friends does proſperity make! What enemies adverſity! It always was, and always will be ſo, in every ſtate of life, from the throne to the cottage.—But let all be forgotten now on this jubilee change: and may you, my deareſt Miſs, be capable of rejoicing in this good news; as I know you *will* rejoice, if capable of any thing.

God preſerve you to our happy meeting! And I will, if I may ſay ſo, weary Heaven with my inceſſant prayers to preſerve and reſtore you afterwards!

I need not ſay how much I am, my dear young lady, *your ever-affectionate, and devoted*

JUDITH NORTON.

An unhappy delay as to the chaiſe, will make it Saturday morning before I can fold you to my fond heart.

## LETTER XXVI.

MISS ARABELLA HARLOWE, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

WEDN. MORNING, SEPT. 6.

DEAR SISTER,

WE have juſt heard that you are exceedingly ill. We all loved you as never young creature was loved: you are ſenſible of that, ſiſter Clary. And you have been very naughty—But we could not be angry always.

We are indeed more afflicted with the news of your being ſo very ill than I can expreſs: for I ſee not but, after this ſeparation, (as we underſtand that your misfortune has been greater than your fault, and that, however unhappy, you have demeaned yourſelf like the good young creature you uſed to be) we ſhall love you better, if poſſible, than ever.

Take comfort, therefore, ſiſter Clary, and don't be too much caſt down—Whatever your mortifications may be from ſuch noble proſpects over-clouded, and from the reflections you will have from *within*, on your faulty ſtep, and from the ſullying of ſuch a charming character by it, you will receive none from *any of us:* and, as an earneſt of your papa's and mamma's favour and reconciliation, they aſſure you by me of their bleſſing and hourly prayers.

If it will be any comfort to you, and my mother finds this letter is received as we expect, (which we ſhall know by the good effect it will have upon your health) ſhe will herſelf go to town to you. Mean time, the good woman you ſo dearly love will be haſtened up to you; and ſhe writes by this opportunity, to acquaint you of it, and of all our returning love.

I hope you will rejoice at this good news. Pray let us hear that you do. Your next grateful letter on this occaſion; eſpecially if it gives us the pleaſure of hearing you are better upon this news, will be received with the ſame (if not greater) delight, than we uſed to have in all your prettily penn'd epiſtles. Adieu, my dear Clary! I am, *your loving ſiſter, and true friend,*

ARABELLA HARLOWE.

## LETTER XXVII.

TO HIS DEAR NIECE MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 6.

WE were greatly grieved, my beloved Miſs Clary, at your fault; but we are ſtill more, if poſſible, to hear you are ſo very ill; and we are ſorry things have been carried ſo far.

We know your talents, my dear, and how movingly you could write, whenever you pleaſed; ſo that nobody could ever deny you any-thing; and, believing you depended on your pen, and little thinking you were ſo ill, and that you had lived ſo regular a life, and are ſo truly penitent, are much troubled every-one of us, your brother and all, for being ſo ſevere. Forgive my part in it, my deareſt Clary. I am your *ſecond papa*, you know. And you *uſed* to love me.

I hope you'll ſoon be able to come down, and, after a while, when your indulgent parents can ſpare you, that you will come to me for a whole month, and rejoice my heart, as you uſed to do. But if, through illneſs, you cannot ſo ſoon come down as we wiſh, I will go up to you; for I long to ſee you. I never more longed to ſee you in my life; and you was always the darling of my heart, you know.

My brother Antony deſires his hearty commendations to you, and joins with me in the tendereſt aſſurance, that all ſhall be well, and, if poſſible, better than ever; for we now have been ſo long without you, that we know the miſs of you, and even hunger and thirſt, as I may ſay, to ſee you, and to take you once more to our hearts: whence indeed you was never baniſhed ſo far as our concern for the unhappy ſtep made *us* think and *you* believe you were. Your ſiſter and brother both talk of ſeeing you in town: ſo does my dear ſiſter, your indulgent mother.

God reſtore your health, if it be his will: elſe, you know not what will become of *your truly loving uncle and ſecond papa;*

JOHN HARLOWE.

## LETTER XXVIII.

MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

FRIDAY NIGHT, SEPT. 8, PAST TEN.

I Will now take up the account of our proceedings from my letter of laſt night, which contained the dying words of this incomparable lady.

As ſoon as we had ſeen the laſt ſcene cloſed (ſo bleſſedly for herſelf!) we left the body to the care of the good women, who, according to the orders ſhe had given them that very night, removed

moved her into that laſt houſe which ſhe had diſplayed ſo much fortitude in providing.

In the morning, between ſeven and eight o'clock, according to appointment, the colonel came to me here. He was very much indiſpoſed. We went together, accompanied by Mrs. Lovick and Mrs. Smith, into the deceaſed's chamber. We could not help taking a view of the lovely corpſe, and admiring the charming ſerenity of her noble aſpect. The women declared, they never ſaw death ſo lovely before; and that ſhe looked as if in an eaſy ſlumber, the colour having not quite left her cheeks and lips.

I unlocked the drawer, in which (as I mentioned in a former) ſhe had depoſited her papers. I told you in mine of Monday laſt, that ſhe had the night before ſealed up with three black ſeals, a parcel inſcribed, '*As ſoon as I am certainly dead, this is to be broke open by Mr. Belford.*' I accuſed myſelf for having not done it over night. But really I was then incapable of any-thing.

I broke it open accordingly, and found in it no leſs than eleven letters, each ſealed with her own ſeal, and black wax, one of which was directed to me.

I will incloſe a copy of it.

'TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

'SUNDAY EVENING, SEPT. 3.

'SIR,

'I TAKE this laſt and ſolemn occaſion to repeat to you my thanks for all your kindneſs to me at a time when I moſt needed countenance and protection.

'A few conſiderations I beg leave, as *now* at your peruſal of this, from the dead, to preſs upon you, with all the warmth of a ſincere friendſhip.

'By the time you will ſee this, you will have had an inſtance, I humbly truſt, of the comfortable importance of a pacified conſcience, in the laſt hours of one, who, *to* the laſt hour, will wiſh your eternal welfare.

'The great Duke of Luxemburgh, as I have heard, on his death-bed, declared, that he would then much rather have had it to reflect upon, that he had adminiſtered a cup of cold water to a worthy poor creature in diſtreſs, than that he had won ſo many battles as he had triumphed for—And, as one well obſerves, all the ſentiments of worldly grandeur vaniſh at that unavoidable moment which decides the deſtiny of men.

'If then, Sir, at the tremendous hour, it be thus with the conquerors of armies, and the ſubduers of nations, let me in very few words (many are not needed) aſk, what, at that period, muſt be the reflections of thoſe (if *capable* of reflection) who have lived a life of ſenſe and offence; whoſe ſtudy and whoſe pride moſt ingloriouſly have been to ſeduce the innocent, and to ruin the weak, the unguarded and the friendleſs; made ſtill more friendleſs by *their* baſe ſeductions?—Oh! Mr. Belford, weigh, ponder, and reflect upon it, now, that in health, and in vigour of mind and body, the reflections will moſt avail you—What an ungrateful, what an unmanly, what a meaner than reptile pride is this!

'In the next place, Sir, let me beg of you, for *my ſake*, who AM, or, as *now* you will beſt read it, *have been*, driven to the neceſſity of applying to you to be the executor of my will, that you will bear according to that generoſity which I think to be in you, with all my friends, and particularly with my brother, (who is really a worthy young man, but perhaps a little too headſtrong in his firſt reſentments and conceptions of things) if any-thing, by reaſon of this truſt, ſhould fall out diſagreeably; and that you will ſtudy to make peace, and to reconcile all parties; and more eſpecially, that you, who ſeem to have a great influence upon your *ſtill more* headſtrong friend, will interpoſe, if occaſion be, to prevent *further* miſchief—For ſurely, Sir, that violent ſpirit may ſit down ſatisfied with the evils he has already wrought; and, particularly, with the wrongs, the heinous and ignoble wrongs, he has in me done to my family, wounded in the tendereſt part of it's honour.

'For your compliance with this requeſt I have already your repeated promiſe. I claim the obſervance of it, therefore, as a debt from you: and though I hope I need not doubt it, yet I was willing, on this ſolemn, this *laſt* occaſion, thus earneſtly to re-enforce it.

'I have another requeſt to make to you: it is only, that you will be pleaſed, by a particular meſſenger, to forward the encloſed letters as directed.

'And now, Sir, having the preſumption to think that an *uſeful* member is loſt to ſociety by means of the unhappy

'py ſtep which has brought my life ſo
'ſoon to it's period, let me hope, that I
'may be an humble inſtrument, in the
'hands of Providence, to reform a man
'of your abilities; and then I ſhall
'think that loſs will be more abundantly
'repaired to the world, while it will be,
'by God's goodneſs, my gain: and I
'ſhall have this farther hope, that once
'more I ſhall have an opportunity, in a
'bleſſed eternity, to thank you, as I
'now repeatedly do, for the good you
'have done to, and the trouble you
'will have taken for, Sir, *your obliged*
*'ſervant,*

'CLARISSA HARLOWE.'

The other letters are directed, To her father, To her mother, One to her two uncles, To her brother, To her ſiſter, To her aunt Hervey, To her couſin Morden, To Miſs Howe, To Mrs. Norton, and laſtly one to you, in performance of her promiſe, *that a letter ſhould be ſent you when ſhe arrived at her father's houſe!*——I will withold this laſt till I can be aſſured, that you will be fitter to receive it than Tourville tells me you are at preſent.

Copies of all theſe are ſealed up, and entitled—'*Copies of my ten poſthumous let-*
*'ters, for* J. Belford, *Eſq.*'—and put in among the bundle of papers left to my direction, which I have not yet had leiſure to open.

No wonder, while able, that ſhe was always writing, ſince thus only of late could ſhe employ that time, which heretofore, from the long days ſhe made, cauſed ſo many beautiful works to ſpring from her fingers. It is my opinion, that there never was a woman ſo young, who wrote ſo much, and with ſuch celerity. Her thoughts keeping pace, as I have ſeen, with her pen, ſhe hardly ever ſtopped or heſitated; and very ſeldom blotted out, or altered. It was a natural talent ſhe was miſtreſs of, among many other extraordinary ones. I gave the colonel his letter, and ordered Harry inſtantly to get ready to carry the others. Mean time (retiring into the next apartment) we opened the will. We were both ſo much affected in peruſing it, that at one time the colonel, breaking off, gave it to me to read on; at another I gave it back to him to proceed with; neither of us being able to read it through without ſuch tokens of ſenſibility as affected the voices of each.

Mrs. Lovick, Mrs. Smith, and her nurſe, were ſtill more touched, when we read thoſe articles in which they are reſpectively remembered: but I will avoid mentioning the particulars, (except in what relates to the thread of my narration) as in proper time I ſhall ſend you a copy of it.

The colonel told me, he was ready to account with me for the money and bills he had brought up from Harlowe Place; which would enable me, as he ſaid, directly to execute the legacy-parts of the will; and he would needs at that inſtant force into my hands a paper relating to that ſubject. I put it into my pocket-book, without looking into it; telling him, That as I hoped he would do all in his power to promote a literal performance of the will, I muſt beg his advice and aſſiſtance in the execution of it.

Her requeſt to be buried with her anceſtors, made a letter of the following import neceſſary, which I prevailed upon the colonel to write; being unwilling myſelf (*ſo early* at leaſt) to appear officious in the eye of a family which probably wiſhes not any communication with me.

'TO JAMES HARLOWE, JUN. ESQ.

'SIR,

'THE letter which the bearer of
'this brings with him, will, I preſume,
'make it unneceſſary to acquaint you
'and my couſins with the death of the
'moſt excellent of women. But I am
'requeſted by her executor, who will
'ſoon ſend you a copy of her laſt will,
'to acquaint her father (which I chuſe
'to do by your means) that in it ſhe
'earneſtly deſires to be laid in the fa-
'mily-vault, at the feet of her grand-
'father.

'If her father will not admit of it,
'ſhe has directed her body to be buried
'in the church-yard of the pariſh where
'ſhe died.

'I need not tell you, that a ſpeedy
'anſwer to this is neceſſary.

'Her beatification commenced yeſter-
'day afternoon, exactly at forty minutes
'after ſix.

'I can write no more, than that I am
'*yours*, &c.

'WM. MORDEN.

'FRIDAY MORN. SEPT. 8.'

By the time this was written, and by the colonel's leave tranſcribed, Harry came booted and ſpurred, his horſe at the door; and I delivered him the letters to the family, with thoſe to Mrs. Norton and Miſs Howe, (eight in all) together

together with the above of the colonel to Mr. James Harlowe: and gave him orders to make the utmoſt diſpatch with them.

The colonel and I have beſpoke mourning for ourſelves and ſervants.

## LETTER XXIX.

MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

SAT. TEN O'CLOCK.

POOR Mrs. Norton is come. She was ſet down at the door; and would have gone up ſtairs directly. But Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Lovick being together and in tears, and the former hinting too ſuddenly to the truly venerable woman the fatal news, ſhe ſunk down at her feet, in fits; ſo that they were forced to breathe a vein, to bring her to herſelf, and to a capacity of exclamation: and then ſhe ran on to Mrs. Lovick and me, who entered juſt as ſhe recovered, in praiſe of the lady, in lamentations for her, and invectives againſt you: but yet ſo circumſcribed were her invectives, that I could obſerve in them the woman well-educated, and in her lamentations the paſſion chriſtianized, as I may ſay.

She was impatient to ſee the corpſe. The women went up with her. But they owned, that they were too much affected themſelves on this occaſion to deſcribe her extremely affecting behaviour.

With trembling impatience ſhe puſhed aſide the coffin lid. She bathed the face with her tears, and kiſſed her cheeks and forehead, as if ſhe were living. It was *ſhe* indeed: ſhe ſaid: her ſweet young lady! her very ſelf! Nor had death, which changed all things, a power to alter her lovely features! She admired the ſerenity of her aſpect. She no doubt was happy, ſhe ſaid, as ſhe had written to her ſhe ſhould be: but how many miſerable creatures had ſhe left behind her!—The good woman lamenting that ſhe herſelf had lived to be one of them.

It was with difficulty they prevailed upon her to quit the corpſe; and when they went into the next apartment, I joined them, and acquainted her with the kind legacy her beloved young lady had left her: but this rather augmented, than diminiſhed her concern. She ought, ſhe ſaid, to have attended her in perſon. What was the world to her, wringing her hands, now the child of her boſom, and of her heart, was no more? Her principal conſolation, however, was, that ſhe ſhould not long ſurvive her. She hoped, ſhe ſaid, that ſhe did not ſin, in wiſhing ſhe might not.

It was eaſy to obſerve, by the ſimilitude of ſentiments ſhewn in this and other particulars, that the divine lady owed to this excellent woman many of her good notions.

I thought it would divert the poor gentlewoman, and not altogether unſuitably, if I were to put her upon furniſhing mourning for herſelf; as it would rouze her, by a ſeaſonable and neceſſary employment, from that diſmal lethargy of grief, which generally ſucceeds the too violent anguiſh with which a gentle nature is accuſtomed to be torn upon the firſt communication of the unexpected loſs of a dear friend. I gave her therefore the thirty guineas bequeathed to her and to her ſon for mourning; the only mourning which the teſtatrix has mentioned: and deſired her to loſe no time in preparing her own, as I doubted not, that ſhe would accompany the corpſe, if it were permitted to be carried down.

The colonel propoſes to attend the herſe, if his kindred give him not freſh cauſe of diſpleaſure; and will take with him a copy of the will. And being intent to give the family ſome favourable impreſſions of me, he deſired me to permit him to take with him the copy of the poſthumous letter to me: which I readily granted. He is ſo kind as to promiſe me a minute account of all that ſhall paſs on the melancholy occaſion. And we have begun a friendſhip and ſettled a correſpondence, which but *one incident* can poſſibly happen to interrupt to the end of our lives. And that I hope will not happen.

But what muſt be the grief, the remorſe, that will ſeize upon the hearts of this hitherto inexorable family, on the receiving of the poſthumous letters, and that of the colonel appriſing them of what has happened! I have given requiſite orders to an undertaker, on the ſuppoſition that the body will be permitted to be carried down; and the women intend to fill the coffin with aromatick herbs.

The colonel has obliged me to take the bills and draughts which he brought up with him, for the conſiderable ſums accrued ſince the grandfather's death from the lady's eſtate.

I could have ſhewn to Mrs. Norton the copies of the two letters which ſhe miſſed by coming up. But her grief

wants

wants not the heightenings which the reading of them would have given her.

I HAVE been dipping into the copies of the poſthumous letters to the family, which Harry has carried down. Well may I call this lady divine. They are all calculated to give comfort rather than reproach, though their cruelty to her merited nothing *but* reproach. But were I in any of their places, how much rather had I, that ſhe had quitted ſcores with me by the moſt ſevere recrimination, than that ſhe ſhould thus nobly triumph over me by a generoſity that has no example! I will incloſe ſome of them, which I deſire you to return as ſoon as you can.

## LETTER XXX.

### TO THE EVER-HONOURED JAMES HARLOWE, SEN. ESQ.

MOST DEAR SIR,

WITH exulting confidence now does your emboldened daughter come into your awful preſence by theſe lines, who dared not but upon this occaſion to look up to you with hopes of favour and forgiveneſs; ſince, when this comes to your hands, it will be out of her power ever to offend you more.

And now let me bleſs you my honoured papa, and bleſs you, as I write, upon my knees, for all the benefits I have received from your indulgence: for your fond love to me in the days of my prattling innocence: for the virtuous education you gave me: and for, the crown of all, the happy end, which, through Divine Grace, by means of that virtuous education, I hope, by the time you will receive this, I ſhall have made. And let me beg of you, dear venerable Sir, to blot from your remembrance, if poſſible, the laſt unhappy eight months; and then I ſhall hope to be remembered with advantage for the pleaſure you had the goodneſs to take in your Clariſſa.

Still on her knees, let your poor penitent implore your forgiveneſs of all her faults and follies; more eſpecially of that fatal error which threw her out of your protection.

When you know, Sir, that I have never been faulty in my will: that ever ſince my calamity became irretrievable, I have been in a ſtate of preparation: that I have the ſtrongeſt aſſurance, that the Almighty has accepted my unfeigned repentance; and that by this time you will (as I humbly preſume to hope) have been the means of adding one to the number of the bleſſed; you will have reaſon for joy rather than ſorrow. Since, had I eſcaped the ſnares by which I was entangled, I might have wanted thoſe exerciſes which I look upon now as ſo many mercies diſpenſed to wean me betimes from a world that preſented itſelf to me with proſpects too alluring: and in that caſe (too eaſily ſatisfied with *worldly* felicity) I might not have attained to that bleſſedneſs, in which now, on your reading of this, I humbly preſume, (through the Divine Goodneſs) I am rejoicing.

That the Almighty, in his own good time, will bring you, Sir, and my ever-honoured mother, after a ſeries of earthly felicities, of which may my unhappy fault be the only interruption, (and very grievous I know that muſt have been) to rejoice in the ſame bleſſed ſtate, is the repeated prayer of, Sir, *your now happy daughter,*

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

## LETTER XXXI.

### TO THE EVER-HONOURED MRS. HARLOWE.

HONOURED MADAM,

THE laſt time I had the boldneſs to write to you, it was with all the conſciouſneſs of a ſelf-convicted criminal, ſupplicating her offended judge for mercy and pardon. I now, by theſe lines, approach you with more aſſurance; but, nevertheleſs, with the higheſt degree of reverence, gratitude, and duty. The reaſon of my aſſurance, my letter to my papa will give: and as I humbly on my knees implored *his* pardon, ſo now, in the ſame dutiful manner, do I ſupplicate yours, for the grief and trouble I have given you.

Every vein of my heart has bled for an unhappy raſhneſs; which (although involuntary as to the act) from the moment it was committed, carried with it it's own puniſhment; and was accompanied with a true and ſincere penitence.

God, who has been a witneſs of my diſtreſſes, knows, that great as they have been, the greateſt of all was the diſtreſs that I knew I muſt have given to you, Madam, and to my father, by a ſtep that had ſo very ugly an appearance in your eyes, and his; and indeed in the eyes of all my family: a ſtep ſo unworthy of *your* daughter, and of the education you had given her!

But

But HE, I presume to hope, has forgiven me; and at the instant this will reach your hands, I humbly trust, I shall be rejoicing in the blessed fruits of His forgiveness. And be this your comfort, my ever-honoured mamma, that the principal end of your pious care for me is attained, though not in the way so much hoped for.

May the grief which my fatal error has given to you both, be the only grief that shall ever annoy you in this world! —May you, Madam, long live to sweeten the cares, and heighten the comforts, of my papa!—May my sister's continued, and, if possible, augmented duty, happily make up to you the loss you have sustained in me! And whenever my brother and she change their single state, may it be with such satisfaction to you both, as may make you forget my offence; and remember me only in those days, in which you took pleasure in me! And, at last, may a happy meeting with your forgiven penitent, in the eternal mansions, augment the bliss of her, who, purified by sufferings, already, when this salutes your hands, presumes she shall be *the happy, and for ever happy*,

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

## LETTER XXXII.

TO JAMES HARLOWE, JUN. ESQ.

SIR,

THERE was but one time, but one occasion, after the rash step I was precipitated upon, that I would hope to be excused looking up to you in the character of a brother and a friend. And NOW is that time, and THIS the occasion. NOW at reading this, will you pity your late unhappy sister! NOW will you afford to her *memory* that kind concern which you refused to her before!

I write, my brother, in the first place, to beg your pardon for the offence my unhappy step gave to you, and to the rest of a family so dear to me.

Virgin purity should not so behave as to be suspected: yet when you come to know all my story, you will find further room for pity, if not for *more* than pity, for your late unhappy sister!

O that passion had not been deaf!—that misconception would have given way to enquiry!—That your rigorous heart, if it could not itself be softened, (moderating the power you had obtained over every-one) had permitted other hearts more indulgently to expand!

But I write not to give pain. I had rather you should think me faulty still, than take to yourself the consequence that will follow from acquitting me.

Abandoning, therefore, a subject which I had not intended to touch upon, (for I hope, at the writing of this, I am above the spirit of recrimination) let me tell you, Sir, that my next motive for writing to you in this last and most solemn manner, is, To beg of you to forego any active resentments (which may endanger a life so precious to all your friends) against the man to whose elaborate baseness I owe my worldly ruin.

For, ought an innocent man to run an *equal* risque with a guilty one?—A *more* than equal risque, as the guilty one has been long enured to acts of violence, and is skilled in the arts of offence?

You would not arrogate to yourself God's province, who has said, '*Vengeance is mine, and I will repay it.*'—If you would, I tremble for the consequence: for will it not be suitable to the Divine Justice to punish the *presumptuous* innocent (as you would be in this case) in the *very* error, and that by the hand of the *self defending* guilty —Reserving *him* for a future day of vengeance for his accumulated crimes?

Leave then the poor wretch to the Divine Justice. Let your sister's fault die with her. At least, let it not be revived in blood. Life is a short stage where longest. A little time hence, the now green head will be grey, if it lives this little time: and if Heaven will afford him time for repentance, why should not *you*?

Then think, my brother, what will be the consequence to your dear parents if the guilty wretch who has occasioned to them the loss of a daughter, should likewise deprive them of their best hope, and only son, more worth in the family account than several daughters?

Would you add, my brother, to those distresses which you hold your sister so inexcusable for having (although from involuntary and undesigned causes) given?

Seek not then, I beseech you, to extend the evil consequences of your sister's error. His conscience, when it shall please God to touch it, will be sharper than your sword.

I have still another motive for writing to you in this solemn manner: it is, to entreat you to watch over your passions. The principal fault I knew

you to be guilty of, is, the violence of your temper when you think yourself in the right; which you would oftener be, but for that very violence.

You have several times brought your life into danger by it.

Is not the man guilty of a high degree of injustice, who is more apt to *give* contradiction, than able to *bear* it? How often, with you, has impetuosity brought on abasement? A consequence too natural.

Let me then caution you, dear Sir, against a warmth of temper, an impetuosity when moved, and you so *ready* to be moved, that may hurry you into unforeseen difficulties; and which it is in some measure a sin not to endeavour to restrain. God enable you to do it for the sake of your own peace and safety, as well present as future! and for the sake of your family and friends, who all see your fault, but are tender of speaking to you of it!

As for me, my brother, my punishment has been seasonable. God gave me grace to make a right use of my sufferings. I early repented. I never loved the man half so much as I hated his actions, when I saw what he was capable of. I gave up my *whole* heart to a better hope. God blessed my penitence and my reliance upon Him. And now I presume to say, I AM HAPPY.

May Heaven preserve you in safety, health, and honour, and long continue your life for a comfort and stay to your honoured parents! And may you, in the change of your single state, meet with a wife as agreeable to every-one else as to yourself, and be happy in a hopeful race, and not have one Clarissa among them, to embitter your comforts when she should give you *most* comfort! But may my example be of use to warn the dear creatures whom once I hoped to live to see and to cherish, of the evils with which this deceitful world abounds! are the prayers of *your affectionate sister*,

CL. HARLOWE.

## LETTER XXXIII.

### TO MISS HARLOWE.

NOW may you, my dear Arabella, unrestrained by the severity of your virtue, let fall a pitying tear on the past faults and sufferings of your late unhappy sister; since, *now*, she can never offend you more. The Divine Mercy, which first inspired her with repentance, (an *early* repentance it was; since it preceded her sufferings) for an error which she offers not to extenuate, although perhaps it were capable of some extenuation, has *now*, at the instant that you are reading this, as I humbly hope, blessed her with the fruits of it.

Thus already, even while she writes, in imagination, purified and exalted, she the more fearlessly writes to her sister; and NOW is assured of pardon for all those little occasions of displeasure which her frowarder youth might give you; and for the disgrace which her fall has fastened upon you, and upon her family.

May you, my sister, continue to bless those dear and honoured relations, whose indulgence so well deserves your utmost gratitude, with those cheerful instances of duty and obedience which have hitherto been so acceptable to *them*, and praise-worthy in *you*! And may you, when a suitable proposal shall offer, fill up more worthily that chasm, which the loss they have sustained in me has made in their family!

Thus, my Arabella! my only sister! and for many happy years, my friend! most fervently prays that sister, whose affection for you, no acts, no unkindness, no misconstruction of her conduct, could cancel! And who NOW, made perfect (as she hopes) through sufferings, stiles herself, *the happy*

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

## LETTER XXXIV.

### TO JOHN AND ANTONY HARLOWE, ESQRS.

HONOURED SIRS,

WHEN these lines reach your hands, your late unhappy niece will have known the end of all her troubles; and, as she humbly hopes, will be rejoicing in the mercies of a gracious God, who has declared, that he will forgive the truly penitent of heart.

I write, therefore, my dear uncles, and to you both in one letter, (since your fraternal love has made you both but as one person) to give you comfort, and not distress; for, however sharp my afflictions have been, they have been but of short duration; and I am betimes (happily as I hope) arrived at the end of a painful journey.

At the same time, I write to thank you both for all your kind indulgence to me, and to beg your forgiveness of my last, my *only* great fault to you and to my family.

The ways of Providence are unsearchable. Various are the means made use of by it, to bring poor sinners to a sense of

of their duty. Some are drawn by love, others are driven by terrors, to their Divine Refuge. I had for eighteen years out of nineteen, rejoiced in the favour and affection of every-one. No trouble came near to my heart. I seemed to be one of those designed to be drawn by the silken cords of love.—But, perhaps, I was too apt to value myself upon the love and favour of every-one: the merit of the good I delighted to do, and of the inclinations which were given me, and which I could not *help* having, I was, perhaps, too ready to attribute to myself; and now, being led to account for the cause of my temporary calamities, find, I had a secret pride to be punished for, which I had not fathomed: and it was necessary, perhaps, that some sore and terrible misfortunes should befal me, in order to mortify that my pride, and that my vanity.

Temptations were accordingly sent. I shrunk in the day of trial. My discretion, which had been so cried up, was found wanting when it came to be weighed in an equal balance. I was betrayed, fell, and became the bye-word of my companions, and a disgrace to my family, which had prided itself in me perhaps too much. But as my fault was not that of a culpable will, when my pride was sufficiently mortified, I was not suffered (although surrounded by dangers, and entangled in snares) to be totally lost: but, purified by sufferings, I was fitted for the change I have NOW, at the time you will receive this, so newly, and, as I humbly hope, so happily experienced.

Rejoice with me, then, dear Sirs, that I have weathered so great a storm. Nor let it be matter of concern, that I am cut off in the bloom of youth. 'There 'is no inquisition in the grave,' says the wise man, 'whether we lived ten 'or an hundred years; and the day of 'death is better than the day of our 'birth.'

Once more, dear Sirs, accept my grateful thanks for all your goodness to me, from my early childhood, to the day, the unhappy day, of my error!—Forgive that error!—And God give us a happy meeting in a blessed eternity; prays *your most dutiful and obliged kinswoman,* CLARISSA HARLOWE.

*Mr. Belford gives the lady's posthumous letters to Mrs. Hervey, Miss Howe, and Mrs. Norton, at length likewise: but although every letter varies in stile as well as matter from the others; yet, as they are written on the same subject, and are pretty long, it is thought proper to abstract them.*

'That to her aunt Hervey is written 'in the same pious and generous strain 'with those preceding, seeking to give 'comfort rather than distress. "The "Almighty, I hope," says she, "has "received and blessed my penitence, "and I am happy. Could I have been "more than so, at the end of what is "called a *happy* life of twenty, or thirty, "or forty years to come? And what "are twenty, or thirty, or forty years, "to look back upon? In half of any "of these periods, what friends might "not I have mourned for? what temptations from worldly prosperity might "I not have encountered with? And "in such a case, immersed in earthly "pleasures, how little likelihood, that, "in my last stage, I should have been "blessed with such a preparation and "resignation, as I have now been blessed "with."

'She proceeds as follows: "Thus "much, Madam, of comfort to you "and to myself from this dispensation. "As to my dear parents, I hope they "will console themselves, that they "have still many blessings left, which "ought to balance the troubles my error has given them: that, unhappy "as I have been to be the interrupter "of their felicities, they never, till this "my fault, knew any *heavy evil:* that "afflictions patiently borne, may be "turned into blessings: that uninterrupted happiness is not to be expected "in this life: that, after all, they have "not, as I humbly presume to hope, "the probability of the everlasting perdition of their child to deplore: and "that, in short, when my story comes "to be fully known, they will have the "comfort to find, that my sufferings "redound more to my honour than to "my disgrace.

"These considerations will, I hope, "make their temporary loss of but *one* "child out of *three*, (unhappily circumstanced too as she was) matter of "greater consolation than affliction. "And the rather, as we may hope for "a happy meeting once more, never to "be separated either by time or offences."

'She concludes this letter with an 'address to her cousin Dolly Hervey, 'whom she calls her amiable cousin; 'and thankfully remembers for the part 'she took in her afflictions.—"O my

"dear couſin, let your worthy heart be "guarded againſt thoſe deluſions, which "have been fatal to my worldly happi-"neſs!—That pity, which you beſtowed "upon *me*, demonſtrates a gentleneſs of "nature, which may poſſibly ſubject you "to misfortunes, if your eye be per-"mitted to miſlead your judgment.—"But a ſtrict obſervance of your filial "duty, my deareſt couſin, and the pre-"cepts of ſo prudent a mother as you "have the happineſs to have, (enforced "by ſo ſad an example in your own fa-"mily as I have ſet) will, I make no "doubt, with the Divine Aſſiſtance, "be your guard and ſecurity."

'The poſthumous letter to Miſs HOWE is extremely tender and affectionate. She pathetically calls upon her to rejoice that all her Clariſſa's troubles are now at an end; that the ſtate of temptation and trial, of doubt and uncertainty, is now over with her; and that ſhe has happily eſcaped the ſnares that were laid for her ſoul: the rather to rejoice, as that her misfortunes were of ſuch a nature, that it was impoſſible ſhe could be tolerably happy in this life.

'She thankfully acknowledges the favours ſhe had received from Mrs. Howe and Mr. Hickman; and expreſſes her concern for the trouble ſhe has occaſioned to the former, as well as to her; and prays, that all the earthly bleſſings they uſed to wiſh to each other, may ſingly devolve upon *her*.

'She beſeeches her, That ſhe will not ſuſpend the day, which ſhall ſupply to herſelf the friend ſhe will have loſt in her, and give to herſelf a ſtill nearer and dearer relation.

'She tells her, That her choice (a choice made with the approbation of all her friends) has fallen upon a ſincere, an honeſt, a virtuous, and, what is more than all, a *pious* man; a man, who, although he admires her perſon, is ſtill more in love with the graces of her mind. And as thoſe graces are improveable with every added year of life, which will impair the tranſitory ones of perſon, what a firm baſis, infers ſhe, has Mr. Hickman choſen to build his love upon!

'She prays, That God will bleſs them together: and that the remembrance of her, and of what ſhe has ſuffered, may not interrupt their mutual happineſs; ſhe deſires them to think of nothing but what ſhe *now is*; and that a time will come, when they ſhall meet again, never to be divided.

'To the Divine Protection, mean time, ſhe commits her; and charges her, by the love that has always ſubſiſted between them, that ſhe will not mourn too heavily for her; and again calls upon her, after a gentle tear, which ſhe will allow her to let fall in memory of their uninterrupted friendſhip, to rejoice that ſhe is ſo early releaſed; and that ſhe is purified by her ſufferings, and is made, as ſhe aſſuredly truſts, by God's goodneſs, eternally happy.'

*The poſthumous letters to Mr.* LOVELACE *and Mr.* MORDEN *will be inſerted hereafter: as will alſo the ſubſtance of that written to Mrs.* NORTON.

## LETTER XXXV.

MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

SAT. AFTERNOON, SEPT. 9.

I Underſtand, that thou breatheſt nothing but revenge againſt *me*, for treating thee with ſo much freedom; and againſt the accurſed woman and her infernal crew. I am not at all concerned for thy menaces againſt myſelf. It is my deſign to make thee *feel*. It gives me pleaſure to find my intention anſwered. And I congratulate thee, that thou haſt not loſt that ſenſe.

As to the curſed crew, well do they deſerve the fire *here*, that thou threateneſt them with, and the fire hereafter, that ſeems to await them. But I have this moment received news which will, in all likelihood, ſave thee the guilt of puniſhing the old wretch for her ſhare of wickedneſs as thy *agent*. But if that happens to her which is likely to happen, wilt thou not tremble for what may befal the *principal*?

Not to keep thee longer in ſuſpence; laſt night, it ſeems, the infamous woman got ſo heartily intoxicated with her beloved liquor, arrack punch, at the expence of Colonel Salter, that, miſtaking her way, ſhe fell down a pair of ſtairs, and broke her leg: and now, after a dreadful night, ſhe lies foaming, raving, roaring, in a burning fever, that wants not any other fire to ſcorch her into a feeling more exquiſite and durable than any thy vengeance could give her.

The wretch has requeſted me to come to her: and, leſt I ſhould refuſe a common meſſenger, ſent her vile aſſociate,

Sally

Sally Martin; who not finding me at Soho, came hither; another part of her buſineſs being to procure the divine lady's pardon for the old creature's wickedneſs to her.

This devil incarnate, Sally, declares, that ſhe never was ſo ſhocked in her life, as when I told her the lady was dead.

She took out her ſalts to keep her from fainting; and when a little recovered, ſhe accuſed herſelf for her part of the injuries the lady had ſuſtained; as ſhe ſaid, Polly Horton would do for hers; and ſhedding tears, declared, that the world never produced ſuch another woman. She called her the ornament and glory of her ſex; acknowledged, that her ruin was owing more to *their inſtigations*, than even (ſavage as thou art) to *thy own vileneſs*; ſince thou wert inclined to have done her juſtice more than once, had they not kept up thy profligate ſpirit to it's height.

This wretch would fain have been admitted to a ſight of the corpſe; but I refuſed her requeſt with execrations.

She could forgive herſelf, ſhe ſaid, for every-thing but her inſults upon the admirable lady at Rowland's: ſince all the reſt was but in purſuit of a *livelihood*, to which ſhe had been reduced, and ſhe boaſted, from better expectations, and which hundreds follow as well as ſhe. I did not aſk her, *By whom reduced?*

At going away, ſhe told me, that the old monſter's bruiſes are of more dangerous conſequence than the fracture: that a mortification is apprehended: and that the vile wretch has ſo much compunction of heart, on recollecting her treatment of Miſs Harlowe, and is ſo much ſet upon procuring her forgiveneſs, that ſhe is ſure the news ſhe has to carry her, will haſten her end.

All theſe things I leave upon thy reflection.

## LETTER XXXVI.

MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

SAT. NIGHT.

YOUR ſervant gives me a dreadful account of your raving unmanageableneſs. I wonder not at it. But as nothing violent is laſting, I dare ſay, that your habitual gaiety of heart will quickly get the better of your phrenzy: and the rather do I judge ſo, as your fits are of the raving kind, (ſuitable to your natural impetuoſity) and not of that melancholy ſpecies which ſeizes ſlower ſouls.

For this reaſon I will proceed in writing to you, that my narrative may not be broken by your diſcompoſure; and that the contents of it may *find you*, and help you to reflection, when you ſhall be reſtored.

Harry is returned from carrying the poſthumous letters to the family, and to Miſs Howe; and that of the colonel, which acquaints James Harlowe with his ſiſter's death, and with her deſire to be interred near her grandfather.

Harry was not admitted into the preſence of any of the family. They were all aſſembled together, it ſeems, at Harlowe Place, on occaſion of the colonel's letter, which informed them of the lady's dangerous way; and were comforting themſelves, as Harry was told, with hopes that Mr. Morden had made the worſt of her ſtate, in order to quicken their reſolutions.

It is eaſy then to judge what muſt be their grief and ſurprize on receiving the fatal news which the letters Harry ſent in to them communicated.

He ſtaid there long enough to find the whole houſe in confuſion; the ſervants running different ways; lamenting and wringing their hands as they ran; the female ſervants particularly; as if ſomebody (poor Mrs. Harlowe, no doubt; and perhaps Mrs. Hervey too) were in fits.

Every-one was in ſuch diſorder, that he could get no commands, nor obtain any notice of himſelf. The ſervants ſeemed more inclined to execrate than welcome him—'O maſter; O young 'man!' cried three or four together, 'what diſmal tidings have you brought!' They helped him, at the very firſt word, to his horſe; which with great civility they had put up on his arrival: and he went to an inn; and purſued on foot his way to Mrs. Norton's; and finding her come to town, left the letter he carried down for her with her ſon, (a fine youth;) who when he heard the fatal news, burſt out into a flood of tears—firſt lamenting the lady's death, and then crying out, What, what, would become of his poor mother!—How would ſhe ſupport herſelf, when ſhe ſhould find, on her arrival in town, that the dear lady, who was ſo deſervedly the darling of her heart, was no more!

He proceeded to Miſs Howe's, with the letter for her. That lady, he was told, had juſt given orders for a young man,

man, a tenant's ſon, to poſt to London, to bring her news of her dear friend's condition, and whether ſhe ſhould herſelf be encouraged, by an account of her being ſtill alive, to make her a viſit; every-thing being ordered to be in readineſs for her going up, on his return with the news ſhe wiſhed and prayed for with the utmoſt impatience. And Harry was juſt in time to prevent the man's ſetting out.

He had the precaution to deſire to ſpeak with Miſs Howe's woman or maid, and communicated to her the fatal tidings, that ſhe might break them to her young lady. The maid herſelf was ſo affected, that her old lady (who, Harry ſaid, ſeemed to be *every-where at once*) came to ſee what ailed her, and was herſelf ſo ſtruck with the communication, that ſhe was forced to ſit down in a chair: 'O the ſweet creature!' ſaid ſhe —'And is it come to this!—O my poor 'Nancy!'—How ſhall I be able to break 'the matter to my Nancy!'

Mr. Hickman was in the houſe. He haſtened in to comfort the old lady—But he could not reſtrain his own tears. He feared, he ſaid, when he was laſt in town, that this ſad event would *ſoon* happen: but little thought it would be ſo *very* ſoon!—'But ſhe is happy, I am 'ſure,' ſaid the good gentleman.

Mrs. Howe, when a little recovered, went up, in order to break the news to her daughter. She took the letter and her ſalts in her hand. And they had occaſion for the latter. For the houſekeeper ſoon came hurrying down into the kitchen, her face overſpread with tears—Her young miſtreſs had fainted away, ſhe ſaid—Nor did ſhe wonder at it. Never did there live a lady more deſerving of general admiration and lamentation, than Miſs Clariſſa Harlowe! and never was there a ſtronger friendſhip diſſolved by death than between her young lady and her.

She hurried with a lighted wax-candle, and with feathers, to burn under the noſe of her young miſtreſs; which ſhewed that ſhe continued in fits.

Mr. Hickman afterwards, with his uſual humanity, directed that Harry ſhould be taken care of all night; it being then the cloſe of day. He aſked him after my health. He expreſſed himſelf exceſſively afflicted, as well for the death of the moſt excellent of women, as for the juſt grief of the lady, whom he ſo paſſionately loves. But he called the departed lady an angel of light. 'We 'dreaded, ſaid he, '(tell your maſter) 'to read the letter ſent—But we needed not—'Tis a bleſſed letter—written 'by a bleſſed hand!—But the conſolation ſhe aims to give, will for the preſent heighten the ſenſe we all ſhall have 'of the loſs of ſo excellent a creature! 'Tell Mr. Belford, that I thank God I 'am not the man who had the unmerited honour to call himſelf her brother.'

I know how terribly this *great* cataſtrophe (as I may call it, ſince ſo many perſons are intereſted in it) affects *her*. I ſhould have been glad to have had particulars of the diſtreſs which the firſt communication of it muſt have given to the *Harlowes*. Yet who but muſt pity the unhappy mother?

## LETTER XXXVII.

MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

SUNDAY MORN. 8 O'CLOCK, SEPT. 10.

I Staid at Smith's till I ſaw the laſt of all that is mortal of the divine lady.

As ſhe had directed rings by her will to ſeveral perſons, with her hair to be ſet in cryſtal, the afflicted Mrs. Norton cut off, before the coffin was cloſed, four charming ringlets; one of which the colonel took for a locket, which, he ſays, he will cauſe to be made, and wear next his heart in memory of his beloved couſin.

Between four and five in the morning, the corpſe was put into the herſe; the coffin before being filled, as intended, with flowers and aromatick herbs, and proper care taken to prevent the corpſe ſuffering (to the eye) from the joſtling of the herſe.

Poor Mrs. Norton is extremely ill. I gave particular directions to Mrs. Smith's maid (whom I have ordered to attend the good woman in a mourning chariot) to take care of her. The colonel, who rides with his ſervants, within view of the herſe, ſays, that he will ſee my orders in relation to her enforced.

When the herſe moved off, and was out of ſight, I locked up the lady's chamber, into which all that had belonged to her was removed.

I expect to hear from the colonel as ſoon as he is got down, by a ſervant of his own.

## LETTER XXXVIII.

MR. MOWBRAY, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

UXBRIDGE, SUNDAY MORN. 9 O'CLOCK.

DEAR JACK,

I Send you incloſed a letter from Mr. Lovelace, which, though written in the

the curſed algebra, I know to be ſuch a one as will ſhew what a *queer* way he is in; for he read it to us with the air of a tragedian. You will ſee by it what the mad fellow had intended to do, if we had not all of us interpoſed. He was actually ſetting out with a ſurgeon of this place, to have the lady opened and embalmed.—Rot me if it be not my full perſuaſion, that if he had, her heart would have been found to be either iron or marble.

We have got Lord M. to him. His lordſhip is alſo much afflicted at the lady's death. His ſiſters and nieces, he ſays, will be ready to break their hearts. What a rout's here about a woman! For after all ſhe was no more.

We have taken a pailful of black bull's blood from him; and this has lowered him a little. But he threatens Colonel Morden, he threatens you for your curſed reflections, [curſed reflections indeed, Jack!] and curſes all the world and himſelf, ſtill.

Laſt night his mourning (which is full as deep as for a wife) was brought home, and his fellow's mourning too. And, though eight o'clock, he would put it on, and make them attend him in theirs.

Every-body blames him on this lady's account. But I ſee not for why. She was a *vixen* in her virtue. What a pretty fellow ſhe has ruined—Hey, Jack!—And her relations are ten times more to blame than he. I will prove this to the teeth of them all. If *they* could uſe her ill, why ſhould they expect *him* to uſe her well?—You or I, or Tourville, in his ſhoes, would have done as he has done. *Are not all the girls forewarned?*—Why then ſhould ſuch curſed *quawms* take him?—Who would have thought he had been ſuch *poor blood?* Now [Rot the puppy!] to ſee him ſit ſilent in a corner, when he has tired himſelf with his mock majeſty, and with his argumentation, (who ſo fond of *arguing* as he?) and teaching his ſhadow to make mouths againſt the wainſcot—The devil fetch me, if I have patience with him!

But he has had no reſt for theſe ten days: that's the thing!—You muſt write to him; and pr'ythee coax him, Jack, and ſend him what he writes for, and give him all his way: there will be no bearing him elſe. And get the lady buried as faſt as you can; and don't let him know where.

This letter ſhould have gone yeſterday. We told him it did. But were in hopes he would not have enquired after it again. But he raves *as he has not* any anſwer.

What he *vouchſafed* to read of other of your letters has given my lord ſuch a curioſity, as makes him deſire you to continue your accounts. Pray do: but not in your helliſh *Arabick*; and we will let the poor fellow only into what we think fitting for his preſent way.

I live a curſed dull poking life here. With what I ſo lately ſaw of poor Belton, and what I now ſee of this charming fellow, I ſhall be as crazy as he ſoon, or as dull as thou, Jack; ſo muſt ſeek for better company in town than either of you. I have been forced to read ſometimes to divert me; and you know I hate reading. It preſently ſets me into a fit of drowſineſs; and then I yawn and ſtretch like a devil.

I never wrote ſuch a long letter in my life. My wriſts and my fingers and thumb ache damnably. The pen is an hundred weight at leaſt. And my eyes are ready to drop out of my head upon the paper.—The cramp but this minute in my fingers. Rot the gooſe and the gooſe-quill! I will write no more long letters for a twelvemonth to come. Yet one word: we think the mad fellow coming to. Adieu.

## LETTER XXXIX.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

UXBRIDGE, SAT. SEPT. 9.

JACK,

I Think it abſolutely right that my ever-dear and beloved lady ſhould be opened and embalmed. It muſt be done out of hand—this very afternoon. Your acquaintance Tomkins, and old Anderſon of this place, whom I will bring with me, ſhall be the ſurgeons. I have talked to the latter about it.

I will ſee every-thing done with that decorum which the caſe, and the ſacred perſon of my beloved, require.

Every-thing that can be done to preſerve the charmer from decay, ſhall alſo be done. And when ſhe *will* deſcend to her original duſt, or cannot be kept longer, I will then have her laid in my family-vault, between my own father and mother. Myſelf, as I am in my *ſoul*, ſo in *perſon*, chief mourner. But her *heart*, to which I have ſuch unqueſtionable pretenſions, in which once I had

ſo

ſo large a ſhare, and which I will prize above my own, I *will* have. I will keep it in ſpirits. It ſhall never be out of my ſight. And all the charges of *ſepulture* too ſhall be mine.

Surely nobody will diſpute my right to her. Whoſe was ſhe living? whoſe is ſhe dead, but mine?—Her curſed parents, whoſe barbarity to her, no doubt, was the *true* cauſe of her death, have long ſince renounced her. She left *them* for *me*. She choſe *me* therefore: And I was her huſband. What though I treated her like a villain? Do I not pay for it now? Would ſhe not have been mine had I not? Nobody will diſpute but ſhe would. And has ſhe not forgiven me?—I am then in *ſtatu quo prius* with her—Am I not?—As if I had never offended? Whoſe then can ſhe be but mine?

I will free you from your executorſhip, and all your cares.

Take notice, Belford, that I do hereby actually diſcharge you, and every-body, from all the cares and troubles relating to her. And as to her laſt teſtament, I will execute it myſelf.

There were no articles between us, no ſettlements; and ſhe is mine, as you ſee I have proved to a demonſtration; nor could ſhe diſpoſe of herſelf but as I pleaſed. Damnation ſeize me then if I make not good my right againſt all oppoſers!

Her bowels, if her friends are very ſolicitous about them, and very humble and ſorrowful, (and none have they of their own) ſhall be ſent down to them—To be laid with *her* anceſtors—unleſs ſhe has ordered otherwiſe. For, except that, ſhe ſhall not be committed to the unworthy earth, ſo long as ſhe can be kept out of it; her will ſhall be performed in every-thing.

I ſend in the mean time for a lock of her hair.

I charge you ſtir not in any part of her will, but by my expreſs direction. I will order every-thing myſelf. For am I not her huſband? And being forgiven by her, am I not the choſen of her heart? What elſe ſignifies her forgiveneſs?

The two inſufferable wretches you have ſent me, plague me to death, and would treat me like a babe in ſtrings. Damn the fellows, what can they mean by it? Yet that crippled monkey Doleman joins with them. And, as I hear them whiſper, they have ſent for Lord M.—To *controul* me, I ſuppoſe.

What can they mean by this uſage? Sure all the world is run mad but myſelf. They treat me as they ought every-one of themſelves to be treated. The whole world is but one great bedlam. God confound it, and every-thing in it, ſince now my beloved Clariſſa Lovelace—no more Harlowe—Curſe upon that name, and every-one called by it!

What I write to you for is,

1. To forbid you intermeddling with any-thing relating to her. To forbid Morden intermeddling alſo. If I remember right, he has threatened me, and curſed me, and uſed me ill—And let him be gone from her, if he would avoid my reſentments.

2. To ſend me a lock of her hair inſtantly by the bearer.

3. To engage Tomkins to have every-thing ready for the opening and embalming. I ſhall bring Anderſon with me.

4. To get her will and every-thing ready for my peruſal and conſideration.

I will have poſſeſſion of her dear heart this very night; and let Tomkins provide a proper receptacle and ſpirits, till I can get a golden one made for it.

I will take her papers. And as no one can do her memory juſtice equal to myſelf, and I will not ſpare myſelf, who can better ſhew the world what ſhe was, and what a villain he, that could uſe her ill? And the world ſhall alſo ſee, what implacable and unworthy parents ſhe had.

All ſhall be ſet forth in words at length. No mincing of the matter. Names undiſguiſed as well as facts. For as I ſhall make the worſt figure in it myſelf, and have a right to treat myſelf as nobody elſe ſhall; who will controul me? who dare call me to account?

Let me know if the damn'd mother be yet the ſubject of the devil's own vengeance—if the old wretch be dead or alive? Some exemplary miſchief I muſt yet do. My revenge ſhall ſweep away that devil, and all my oppoſers of the cruel Harlowe family from the face of the earth. Whole hecatombs ought to be offered up to the manes of my Clariſſa Lovelace.

Although her will may in ſome reſpects croſs mine, yet I expect to be obſerved. I will be the interpreter of hers.

Next to mine, hers ſhall be obſerved; for ſhe is my wife; and ſhall be

be to all eternity. I will never have another.

Adieu, Jack. I am preparing to be with you. I charge you, as you value my life or your own, do not oppose me in any-thing relating to my Clariſſa Lovelace.

My temper is entirely altered. I know not what it is to laugh, or ſmile, or be pleaſant. I am grown cholerick and impatient, and will not be controuled.

I write this in characters as I uſed to do, that nobody but you ſhould know what I write. For never was any man plagued with impertinents, as I am.

R. LOVELACE.

IN A SEPARATE PAPER INCLOSED IN THE ABOVE.

LET me tell thee in characters ſtill, that I am in a dreadful way juſt now. My brain is all boiling like a cauldron over a fiery furnace. What a devil is the matter with me, I wonder! I never was ſo ſtrange in my life.

In truth, Jack, I have been a moſt execrable villain. And when I conſider all my actions to this angel of a woman, and in her the piety, the charity, the wit, the beauty, I have *helped* to deſtroy, and the good to the world I have thereby been a means of fruſtrating, I can pronounce damnation upon myſelf. How then can I expect mercy anywhere elſe!

I believe I ſhall have no patience with you when I ſee you. Your damned ſtings and reflections have almoſt turned my brain.

But here Lord M. they tell me, is come! Damn him, and thoſe who ſent for him!

I know not what I have written. But her dear heart and a lock of her hair I will have, let who will be the gainſayers!—For is ſhe not mine?—Whoſe elſe can ſhe be?—She has no father or mother, no ſiſter, no brother; no relations but me. And my beloved is mine; and I am hers: and that's enough.—But oh!—

'She's out! The damp of death has quench'd
'her quite!
'Thoſe ſpicy doors, her lips, are ſhut, cloſe
'lock'd,
'Which never gale of life ſhall open more!'

And is it ſo? Is it *indeed* ſo?—Good God!—Good God!—But they will not let me write on. I muſt go down to this officious peer—Who the devil ſent for him?

## LETTER XL.

MR. BELFORD, TO RICHARD MOWBRAY, ESQ.

SUNDAY, SEPT. 10. FOUR IN THE AFTERNOON.

I Have yours with our unhappy friend's incloſed. I am glad my lord is with him. As I preſume that his phrenzy will be but of ſhort continuance, I moſt earneſtly wiſh, that on his recovery he could be prevailed upon to go abroad. Mr. Morden, who is inconſolable, has ſeen by the will, (as indeed he ſuſpected before he read it) that the caſe was more than a common ſeduction; and has dropt hints already, that he looks on himſelf, on that account, as freed from his promiſes made to the dying lady, which were, that he would not ſeek to avenge her death.

You muſt make the recovery of his health the motive for urging him on this head; for, if you hint at his own ſafety, he will not ſtir, but rather ſeek the colonel.

As to the lock of hair, you may eaſily pacify him (as you once ſaw the angel) with hair near the colour, if he be intent upon it.

At my lord's deſire I will write on, and in my common hand; that you may judge what is, and what is not, fit to be read to Mr. Lovelace at preſent. But as I ſhall not forbear reflections as I go along, in hopes to reach his heart on his recovery, I think it beſt to direct myſelf to him ſtill; and that as if he were not diſordered.

As I ſhall not have leiſure to take copies, and yet am willing to have the whole ſubject before me, for my own future contemplation; I muſt inſiſt upon a return of my letters ſome time hence. Mr. Lovelace knows that this is one of my conditions; and has hitherto complied with it.

Let me moſt earneſtly coniure thee, and the idle flutterer Tourville, from what you have ſeen of poor Belton's exit; from our friend Lovelace's phrenzy, and the occaſion of it; and from the terrible condition in which the wretch Sinclair lies; to ſet about an immediate change of life and manners. For my own part, I am determined, be your reſolutions what they may, to take the advice I give. *As witneſs,*

J. BELFORD.

## LETTER XLI.

MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

O Lovelace! I have a ſcene to paint in relation to the wretched Sinclair, that, if I do it juſtice, will make thee ſeriouſly ponder and reflect, or nothing can. I will lead thee to it in order; and that in my uſual hand, that thy compeers may be able to read it as well as thyſelf.

When I had written the preceding letter, not knowing what to do with myſelf; recollecting and in vain wiſhing for delightful and improving converſation, which I had now for ever loſt; I thought I had as good begin the taſk, which I had for ſome time paſt *reſolved* to begin; that is to ſay, to go to church; and ſee if I could not reap ſome benefit from what I ſhould hear there. Accordingly, I determined to go to hear the celebrated preacher at St. James's church. But, as if the devil (for ſo I was then ready to conclude) thought himſelf concerned to prevent my intention, a viſit was made me, juſt as I was dreſſed, which took me off from my purpoſe.

From whom ſhould this viſit be, but from Sally Martin, accompanied by Mrs. Carter, the ſiſter of the infamous Sinclair! the ſame, I ſuppoſe I need not tell you, who keeps the bagnio near Bloomſbury.

Theſe told me that the ſurgeon, apothecary, and phyſician, had all given the wretched woman over; but that ſhe ſaid, She ſhould not die, nor be at reſt, till ſhe ſaw me: and they beſought me to accompany them in the coach they came in, if I had one ſpark of charity, of *Chriſtian* charity, as they called it, left.

I was very loth to be diverted from my purpoſe by a requeſt ſo unwelcome, and from people ſo abhorred; but at laſt went, and we got thither by ten: where a ſcene ſo ſhocking preſented itſelf to me, that the death of poor deſponding Belton is not, I think, to be compared with it.

The old wretch had once put her leg out by her rage and violence, and had been crying, ſcolding, curſing, ever ſince the preceding evening, that the ſurgeon had told her it was impoſſible to ſave her; and that a mortification had begun to ſhew itſelf; inſomuch that, purely in compaſſion to their own *ears*, they had been forced to ſend for another ſurgeon, purpoſely to tell her, though againſt his judgment, and (being a friend of the other) to ſeem to convince *him*, that he miſtook her caſe; and that if ſhe would be patient, ſhe might recover. But, nevertheleſs, her apprehenſions of death, and her antipathy to the thoughts of dying, were ſo ſtrong, that their impoſture had not the intended effect, and ſhe was raving, crying, curſing, and even howling, more like a wolf than a human creature, when I came; ſo that as I went up-ſtairs, I ſaid, 'Surely this noiſe, this howling, cannot 'be from the unhappy woman!'—Sally ſaid it was; and aſſured me, that it was nothing to the noiſe ſhe had made all night; and ſtepping into her room before me, 'Dear *Madam* Sinclair,' ſaid ſhe, 'forbear this noiſe! It is more like 'that of a bull than a woman!—Here 'comes Mr. Belford; and you'll fright 'him away if you bellow at this rate.'

There were no leſs than eight of her curſed daughters ſurrounding her bed when I entered; one of her partners, Polly Horton, at their head; and now Sally, her other partner, and *Madam* Carter, as they called her, (for they are all *Madams* with one another) made the number ten: all in ſhocking diſhabille, and without ſtays, except Sally, Carter and Polly; who, not daring to leave her, had not been in bed all night.

But when I approached the *old wretch*, what a ſpectacle preſented itſelf to my eyes!

Her misfortune has not at all ſunk, but rather, as I thought, increaſed her fleſh; rage and violence perhaps ſwelling her muſcular features. Behold her then, ſpreading the whole troubled bed with her huge quaggy careaſe: her mill-poſt arms held up; her broad hands clenched with violence; her big eyes, goggling and flaming-red as we may ſuppoſe thoſe of a ſalamander; her matted griſly hair, made irreverend by her wickedneſs, (her clouted head-dreſs being half off, ſpread about her fat ears and brawny neck;) her livid lips parched, and working violently; her broad chin in convulſive motion; her wide mouth, by reaſon of the contraction of her forehead, (which ſeemed to be half-loſt in it's own frightful furrows) ſplitting her face, as it were, into two parts; and her huge tongue hideouſly rolling in it; having, puffing as if for breath; her bellows-ſhaped and various-coloured breaſts aſcending by turns to her chin, and deſcending out of ſight, with the violence of her gaſpings.

This was the ſpectacle, as recollecti-

on

on has enabled me to describe it, that this wretch made to my eye, when I approached her bed-side, surrounded, as I said, by her suffragans and daughters, who surveyed her with scouling frighted attention, which one might easily see had more in it of horror and self-concern, (and *self-condemnation* too) than of love or pity; as who should say—'See! what we ourselves must one day 'be!'

As soon as she saw me, her naturally-big voice, more hoarsened by her ravings, broke upon me:—'O Mr. Bel-'ford!—O Sir!—see what I am come 'to!—See what I am brought to!—To 'have such a cursed crew about me, and 'not one of them to take care of me! 'But to let me tumble down-stairs so 'distant from the room I went from!—'so distant from the room I meant to go 'to!—Cursed, cursed be every careless 'devil!—May this or worse be their fate 'every-one of them!'

And then she cursed and swore most vehemently, and the more, as two or three of them were excusing themselves on the score of their being at that time as unable to help themselves as she. As soon as she had cleared the passage of her throat by the oaths and curses which her wild impatience made her utter, she began in a more hollow and whining strain to bemoan herself.—'And here,' said she—'Heaven grant me patience!'—[clenching and unclenching her hands]—'am I to die thus miserably!—of a 'broken leg in my old age!—snatched 'away by means of my own intemper-'ance!—Self-do! Self-undone!—No 'time for my affairs! No time to re-'pent!—And in a few hours—(Oh!—'Oh!'—with another long howling 'O—h! U—gh—o! a kind of screaming key terminating it)—'who knows—'who can tell *where* I shall be?—Oh! 'that indeed I never, never had had a 'being!'

What could one say to such a wretch as this, whose whole life had been spent in the most diffusive wickedness, and who no doubt has numbers of souls to answer for? Yet I told her, She must be patient: that her violence made her worse: and that, if she would compose herself, she might get into a frame more proper for her present circumstances.

'Who, I?' interrupted she: 'I get 'into a better frame! I, who can neither cry, nor pray! Yet already feel 'the torments of the damn'd! What 'mercy can I expect? What hope is 'left for me?—Then, that sweet crea-'ture! That incomparable Miss Har-'lowe! She, it seems, is dead and gone! '—O that cursed man! Had it not been 'for *him!* I had never had this, the 'most crying of all my sins, to answer 'for!'

And then she set up another howl.

'And *is* she dead?—Indeed dead?' proceeded she, when her howl was over. —'O what an angel have I been the 'means of destroying! For though it 'was that wicked man's fault that ever 'she was in my house, yet it was mine—'and yours—and yours—and yours—'devils as we all were,'—[turning to Sally, to Polly, and to one or two more]—'that he did not do her justice! And 'that, *that* is my curse, and will one 'day be yours!' And then again she howled.

I still advised patience. I said, that if her time were to be so short as she apprehended, the more ought she to endeavour to compose herself: and then she would at least die with more ease to herself—and satisfaction to her friends, I was *going* to say—But the word *die* put her into a violent raving, and thus she broke in upon me. '*Die*, did you 'say, Sir?—*Die!*—I *will not*—I *cannot* 'die!—I know not *how* to die!—*Die*, 'Sir!—And *must* I then die?—Leave 'this world!—I cannot bear it!—And 'who brought *you* hither, Sir?' [her eyes striking fire at me] 'Who brought 'you hither to tell me I must *die*, Sir? '—I cannot, I will not leave this world. 'Let others die, who wish for another! 'who expect a better!—I have had my 'plagues in this; but would compound 'for all future hopes, so as I may be 'nothing after this!'

And then she howled and bellowed by turns.

By my faith, Lovelace, I trembled in every joint; and looking upon *her* who spoke this, and roared thus, and upon the *company* round me, I more than once thought myself to be in one of the infernal mansions.

Yet will I proceed, and try, for thy good, if I can shock thee but half as much with my descriptions, as I was shocked with what I saw and heard.

'Sally!—Polly!—Sister Carter!' said she, 'did you not tell me I might *re-'cover?* Did not the *surgeon* tell me I 'might?'

'And so you *may*,' cried Sally; Mon-'sieur Garon says you may, if you'll be 'patient. But, as I have often told you 'this blessed morning, you are readier 'to take despair from your own fears,

'than comfort, from all the hope we 'can give you.'

'Yet,' cried the wretch, interrupting, 'does not Mr. Belford (and to *him* 'you have told the truth, though you 'won't to *me*; does not he) tell me I 'shall *die?*—I cannot bear it! I cannot 'bear the *thoughts* of dying!'

And then, but that half a dozen at once endeavoured to keep down her violent hands, would she have beaten herself; as it seems she had often attempted to do from the time the surgeon popt out the word *mortification* to her.

'Well, but to what purpose,' said I, (turning aside to her sister, and to Sally and Polly) 'are these hopes given her, 'if the gentlemen of the faculty give her 'over? You should let her know the 'worst, and then she *must* submit; for 'there is no running away from death. 'If she has any matters to settle, put her 'upon settling them; and do not, by 'telling her she will live when there is 'no room to expect it, take from her 'the opportunity of doing needful 'things. Do the surgeons actually give 'her over?'

'They do,' whispered they. 'Her 'gross habit, they say, gives no hopes. 'We have sent for both surgeons, whom 'we expect every minute.'

Both the surgeons (who are French; for Mrs. Sinclair had heard Tourvills launch out in the praise of French surgeons) came in while we were thus talking. I retired to the farther end of the room, and threw up a window for a little air, being half-poisoned by the effluvia arising from so many contaminated carcases; which gave me no imperfect idea of the stench of gaols, which, corrupting the ambient air, gives what is called the prison distemper.

I came back to the bed-side when the surgeons had inspected the fracture; and asked them, If there were any expectation of her life?

One of them whispered me, There was none: that she had a strong fever upon her, which alone, in such a habit, would probably *do the business*; and that the mortification had visibly gained upon her since they were there six hours ago.

'Will amputation save her? Her af-'fairs and her mind want settling. A 'few days added to her life may be of 'service to her in both respects.'

They told me the fracture was high in her leg; that the knee was greatly bruised; that the mortification, in all probability, had spread half-way of the *femur:* and then, getting me between them, (three or four of the women joining us, and listening with their mouths open, and all the signs of *ignorant wonder* in *their* faces, as there appeared of *self-sufficiency* in those of the *artists*) did they by turns fill my ears with an anatomical description of the leg and thigh; running over with terms of art, of the *tarsus*, the *metatarsus*, the *tibia*, the *patella*, the *os tali*, the *os tibiæ*, the *tibialis posticus* and *tibialis anticus*, up to the *os femoris*, to the *acetabulum* of the *os ischion*, the *great trochanter*, *glutæus*, *triceps*, *lividus*, and *little rotators*; in short, of all the muscles, cartilages, and bones, that constitute the leg and thigh from the great toe to the hip; as if they would shew me, that all their science had penetrated their heads no farther than their mouths; while Sally lifted up her hands with a, 'Laud bless me! Are all 'surgeons so learned!'—But at last both the gentlemen declared, That if she and her friends would consent to amputation, they would *whip off her leg in a moment.*

Mrs. Carter asked, To what purpose, if the operation would not save her?

'Very true,' they said; but it might be a satisfaction to the patient's friends, that all was done that could be done.

And so the poor wretch was to be lanced and quartered, as I may say, for an experiment only! And, without any hope of benefit from the operation, was to pay the surgeons for tormenting her!

All the time that the surgeons ran on with their anatomical process, the wretched woman most frightfully roared and bellowed; which the gentlemen (who shewed themselves to be of the class of those who are not affected with the evils they do not *feel*) took no other notice of, than by raising *their* voices to be *heard*, as the raised *hers*—Being evidently more solicitous to increase their acquaintance, and to propagate the notion of their skill, than to attend to the clamours of the poor wretch whom they were called in to relieve; though by this very means, like the dog and the shadow in the fable, they lost both aims with me; for I never was deceived in one rule, which I made early; to wit, *That the stillest water is the deepest*, while the bubbling stream only betrays shallowness; and that stones and pebbles lie there so near the surface, to point out the best place to ford a river dry-shod.

As nobody cared to tell the unhappy wretch what every-one apprehended

must follow, and what the surgeons convinced me soon would, I undertook to be the denuncer of her doom. Accordingly, the operators being withdrawn, I sat down by the bed-side, and said, 'Come, Mrs. Sinclair, let me advise 'you to forbear these ravings at the 'carelessness of those, who, I find, at 'the time, could take no care of them-'selves; and since the accident *has* hap-'pened, and cannot be remedied, to 'resolve to make the best of the matter: 'for all this violence but enrages the 'malady, and you will probably fall 'into a delirium, if you give way to it, 'which will deprive you of that reason 'which you ought to make the best of, 'for the time it may be lent you.'

She turned her head towards me, and hearing me speak with a determined *voice*, and seeing me assume as determined an *air*, became more calm and attentive.

I went on, telling her, that I was glad, from the hints she had given, to find her concerned for her past mispent life, and particularly for the part she had had in the ruin of the most excellent woman on earth: that if she would compose herself, and patiently submit to the consequence of an evil she had brought upon herself, it might possibly be happy for her yet. 'Mean time,' continued I, 'tell me, with temper and calmness, 'Why was you so desirous to see me?'

She seemed to be in great confusion of thought, and turned her head this way and that; and at last, after much hesitation, said, 'Alas, for me! I 'hardly know *what* I wanted with you. 'When I awoke from my intemperate 'trance, and found what a cursed way I 'was in, my conscience smote me, and 'I was for catching, like a drowning 'wretch, at every straw. I wanted to 'see every-body and any-body but those 'I did see; every-body who I thought 'could give me comfort. Yet could I 'expect none from *you* neither; for you 'had declared yourself my enemy, al-'though I had never done you harm: 'for what, Jackey,' in her old tone, whining through her nose, 'was Miss 'Harlowe to you?—But *she* is happy! '—But oh! what will become of *me*? '—Yet tell me, (for the surgeons have 'told *you* the truth, no doubt) tell me, 'Shall I do well again? May I recover? 'If I *may*, I will begin a new course of 'life: as I hope to be saved, I will.—'I'll renounce you all—every one of 'you,' [looking round her] 'and 'scrape all I can together, and live a 'life of penitence; and when I die, leave 'it all to charitable uses—I will, by my 'soul—Every doit of it to charity—But 'this once,' lifting up her rolling eyes, and folded hands, (with a wry-mouthed earnestness, in which every muscle and feature of her face bore it's part) 'this one 'time—Good God of Heaven and earth, 'but this once! this once!' repeating those words five or six times, 'spare thy 'poor creature, and every hour of my 'life shall be passed in penitence and 'atonement: upon my soul it shall!'

'Less vehement! a little less vehe-'ment!' said I—'It is not for me, who 'have led so free a life, as you but too 'well know, to talk to you in a re-'proaching strain, and to set before you 'the iniquity you have lived in, and the 'many souls you have helped to de-'stroy. But as you are in so penitent a 'way, if I might advise, you should send 'for a good clergyman, the purity of 'whose life and manners may make all 'these things come from him with a bet-'ter grace than they can from me.'

'How, Sir! What, Sir!' interrupting me. 'Send for a parson?—Then 'you indeed think I shall die! Then 'you think there is no room for hope! '——A parson, Sir!——Who sends for 'a parson, while there is any hope left? '—The sight of a parson would be death 'immediate to me!—I cannot, cannot 'die!—What! cut off in the midst of 'my sins!'

And then she began again to rave.

'I cannot bear,' said I, rising from my seat with a stern air, 'to see a rea-'sonable creature behave so outrage-'ously!—Will this vehemence, think 'you, mend the matter? Will it avail 'you any-thing? Will it not rather 'shorten the life you are so desirous to 'have lengthened, and deprive you of 'the only opportunity you can ever have 'to settle your affairs for both worlds? '—Death is but the common lot: and 'if it will be *yours* soon,' looking at *her* —'it will be also *yours*—and *yours*—and '*yours*—' speaking with a raised voice, and turning to every trembling devil round her, [for they all shook at my forcible application]—'and *mine* also.— 'And you have reason to be thankful,' turning again to her, 'that you did not 'perish in that act of intemperance which 'brought you to this: for it might have 'been your neck, as *well* as your leg; 'and then you had not had the oppor-'tunity you now have for repentance—

'And,

'And, the Lord have mercy upon you! 'into what a ſtate might you have a-'woke!'

Then did the poor wretch ſet up an inarticulate frightful howl, ſuch a one as I never before heard uttered, as if already pangs infernal had taken hold of her; and ſeeing every-one half-frighted, and me motioning to withdraw, 'O pity me, pity me, Mr. Bel-'ford,' cried ſhe, her words interrupted by groans—'I find you think I ſhall 'die!—And *what* I may be, and *where*, 'in a very few hours—Who can tell?'

I told her, it was in vain to flatter her: it was my opinion ſhe would not recover.

I was going to re-adviſe her to calm her ſpirits, and endeavour to reſign herſelf, and to make the beſt of the opportunity yet left her; but this declaration ſet her into a moſt outrageous raving. She would have torn her hair, and beaten her breaſt, had not ſome of the wretches held her hands by force, while others kept her as ſteady as they could, leſt ſhe ſhould again put out her new-ſet leg: ſo that, ſeeing her thus incapable of advice, and in a perfect phrenzy, I told Sally Martin, that there was no bearing the room; and that their beſt way was to ſend for a miniſter to pray by her, and to reaſon with her, as ſoon as ſhe ſhould be capable of it. And ſo I left them; and never was ſo ſenſible of the benefit of freſh air, as I was the moment I entered the ſtreet.

Nor is it to be wondered at, when it is conſidered, that to the various ill ſmells, that will be always found in a cloſe ſick-bed room, (for generally, when the phyſician comes, the air is ſhut out) *this* of Mrs. Sinclair was the more particulary offenſive, as, to the ſcent of plaiſters, ſalves, and ointments, were added the ſtenches of ſpirituous liquors, burnt and unburnt, of all denominations: for one or other of the creatures, under pretence of colicks, gripes, or qualms, were continually calling for ſupplies of theſe, all the time I was there. And yet this is thought to be a genteel houſe of the ſort: and all the proſtitutes in it are proſtitutes of price, and their viſitors people of note.

O, Lovelace! what lives do moſt of us rakes and libertines lead! What company do we keep! And, for *ſuch* company, what ſociety renounce, or endeavour to make like theſe!

What woman, nice in her perſon, and of purity in her mind and manners, did ſhe know what miry wallowers the generality of men of our claſs are in themſelves, and conſtantly trough and ſty with, but would deteſt the thoughts of aſſociating with ſuch filthy ſenſualiſts, whoſe favourite taſte carries them to mingle with the dregs of ſtews, brothels, and common-ſewers?

Yet, to ſuch a choice are many worthy women betrayed, by that falſe and inconſiderate notion, raiſed and propagated, no doubt, by the author of all deluſion, *That a reformed rake makes the beſt huſband.* We rakes, indeed, are bold enough to ſuppoſe, that women in general are as much rakes in their *hearts*, as the libertines ſome of them ſuffer themſelves to be taken with, are in their *practice.* A ſuppoſition, therefore, which it behoves perſons of true honour of that ſex, to diſcountenance, by rejecting the addreſs of every man, whoſe character will not ſtand the teſt of that virtue which is the glory of a woman: and indeed, I may ſay, of a man too: why ſhould it not?

How, indeed, can it be, if this point be duly weighed, that a man who thinks *alike of all the ſex*, and knows it to be in the *power* of a wife to do him the greateſt diſhonour man can receive, and doubts not her *will* to do it, if *opportunity offer*, and *importunity be not wanting:* that *ſuch* a one, from *principle*, ſhould be a good huſband to *any* woman? And, indeed, little do innocents think, what a *total revolution* of manners, what a *change of fixed habits*, nay, what a *conqueſt of bad nature*, and what a portion of *divine* GRACE, is required, to make a man a *good huſband*, a *worthy father*, and *true friend*, from *principle*; eſpecially when it is conſidered, that it is not in a man's *own power* to reform when he will. *This* (to ſay nothing of my own experience) thou, Lovelace, haſt found in the progreſs of thy attempts upon the divine Miſs Harlowe. For whoſe remorſes could be deeper, or more frequent, yet more tranſient than thine!

Now, Lovelace, let me know if the word *grace* can be read from my pen without a ſneer from thee and thy aſſociates? I own that once it ſounded oddly in *my* ears. But I ſhall never forget what a grave man once ſaid on this very word—That with him it was a rake's *ſhibboleth.* [See Judges xii. 6.] He had always hopes of one who could bear the mention of it without ridiculing it; and ever gave him up for an abandoned man, who made a jeſt of it, or of him who uſed it.

Don't be diſguſted, that I mingle

ſuch

ſuch grave reflections as theſe with my narratives. It becomes me, in my preſent way of thinking, to do ſo, when I ſee in Miſs Harlowe, how all human excellence, and in poor Belton, how all inhuman libertiniſm, and am near ſeeing in this abandoned woman, how all diabolical profligacy, end. And glad ſhould I be for your own ſake, for your ſplendid family's ſake, and for the ſake of all your intimates and acquaintances, that you were labouring under the ſame impreſſions, that ſo *we*, who have been companions in (and promoters of one another's) wickedneſs, might join in a general atonement to the utmoſt of our power.

I came home reflecting upon all theſe things, more edifying to me than any ſermon I could have heard preached: and I ſhall conclude this long letter with obſerving, that although I left the wretched howler in a high phrenzy-fit, which was exceſſively ſhocking to the by-ſtanders; yet her phrenzy muſt be the happieſt part of her dreadful condition: for when ſhe is *herſelf*, as it is called, what muſt be her reflections upon her paſt profligate life, throughout which it has been her conſtant delight and buſineſs, devil-like, to make others as wicked as herſelf! What muſt her terrors be (a hell already begun in her mind!) on looking forward to the dreadful ſtate ſhe is now upon the verge of!—But I drop my trembling pen.

*To have done with ſo ſhocking a ſubject at once, we ſhall take notice, That Mr. Belford, in a future letter, writes, that the miſerable woman, to the ſurprize of the operators themſelves, (through hourly increaſing tortures of body and mind) held out ſo long as till Thurſday, Sept. 21. And then died in ſuch agonies as terrified into a tranſitory penitence all the wretches about her.*

## LETTER XLII.

COLONEL MORDEN, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

SUNDAY NIGHT, SEPT. 10.

DEAR SIR,

ACCORDING to my promiſe, I ſend you an account of matters here. Poor Mrs. Norton was ſo very ill upon the road, that, ſlowly as the herſe moved, and the chariot followed, I was afraid we ſhould not have got her to St. Alban's. We put up there as I had intended. I was in hopes that ſhe would have been better for the ſtop: but I was forced to leave her behind me. I ordered the ſervant-maid you were ſo conſiderately kind as to ſend down with her, to be very careful of her; and left the chariot to attend her. She deſerves all the regard that can be paid her; not only upon my couſin's account, but on her own—She is an excellent woman.

When we were within five miles of Harlowe Place, I put on a hand-gallop. I ordered the herſe to proceed more ſlowly ſtill, the croſs-road we were in being rough; and having more time before us than I wanted; for I wiſhed not the herſe to be in till near duſk. I got to Harlowe Place about four o'clock. You may believe I found a mournful houſe. You deſire me to be very minute.

At my entrance into the court, they were all in motion. Every ſervant whom I ſaw had ſwelled eyes, and looked with ſo much concern, that at firſt I apprehended ſome new diſaſter had happened in the family. Mr. John and Mr. Antony Harlowe, and Mrs. Hervey, were there. They all helped on one another's grief, as they had before done each other's hardneſs of heart.

My couſin James met me at the entrance of the hall. His countenance expreſſed a fixed concern; and he deſired me to excuſe his behaviour the laſt time I was there.

My couſin Arabella came to me full of tears and grief.

'O, couſin!' ſaid ſhe, hanging upon my arm, 'I dare not aſk you any queſ-'tions!'—About the approach of the herſe, I ſuppoſe ſhe meant.

I myſelf was full of grief; and, without going farther or ſpeaking, ſat down in the hall in the firſt chair.

The brother ſat down on one hand of me, the ſiſter on the other. Both were ſilent. The latter in tears.

Mr. Antony Harlowe came to me ſoon after. His face was overſpread with all the appearance of woe. He requeſted me to walk into the parlour; where, as he ſaid, were all his fellow-mourners.

I attended him in. My couſins James and Arabella followed me.

A perfect concert of grief, as I may ſay, broke out the moment I entered the parlour.

My couſin Harlowe, the dear creature's father, as ſoon as he ſaw me, ſaid, 'O, couſin, couſin, of all our fa-'mily,

'mily, you are the only one who have 'nothing to reproach yourself with!—'You are a happy man!'

The poor mother bowing her head to me in speechless grief, sat with her handkerchief held to her eyes with one hand. The other hand was held by her sister Hervey, between both hers; Mrs. Hervey weeping upon it.

Near the window, sat Mr. John Harlowe, his face and his body turned from the sorrowing company; his eyes red and swelled.

My cousin Antony, at his re-entering the parlour, went towards Mrs. Harlowe—'Don't, dear sister!' said he.—Then towards my cousin Harlowe—'Don't, dear brother!—Don't thus 'give way—' And without being able to say another word, went to a corner of the parlour, and, wanting himself the comfort he would fain have given, sunk into a chair, and audibly sobbed.

Miss Arabella followed her uncle Antony, as he walked in before me, and seemed as if she would have spoken to the pierced mother some words of comfort. But she was unable to utter them, and got behind her mother's chair; and inclining her face over it, on the unhappy lady's shoulder, seemed to claim the consolation that indulgent parent used, but then was unable to afford her.

Young Mr. Harlowe, with all his vehemence of spirit, was now subdued. His self-reproaching conscience, no doubt, was the cause of it.

And what, Sir, must their thoughts be, which, at that moment, in a manner deprived them of all motion, and turned their speech into sighs and groans!—How to be pitied, how greatly to be pitied! all of them! But how much to be cursed that abhorred Lovelace, who, as it seems, by arts uncommon, and a villainy without example, has been the sole author of a woe so complicated and extensive!—God judge me, as—But I stop—The man (the *man* can I say?) is your friend!—He already suffers, you tell me in his intellect—Restore him, Heaven, to that—If I find the matter come out, as I *apprehend* it will—Indeed her own hint of his usage of her, as in her will, is enough—Nor think, my beloved cousin, thou darling of my heart! that thy gentle spirit, breathing charity and forgiveness to the vilest of men, shall avail him!—But once more I stop—Forgive me, Sir!—Who could behold such a scene, who could recollect it in order to describe it, (as minutely as you wished me to relate how this unhappy family were affected on this sad occasion) every one of the mourners nearly related to himself, and not to be exasperated against the author of all!

As I was the only person (grieved as I was myself) from whom any of them, at that instant, could derive comfort; 'Let us not,' said I, 'my dear cousin,' approaching the inconsolable mother, 'give way to a grief, which, however 'just, can now avail us nothing. We 'hurt ourselves, and cannot recal the 'dear creature for whom we mourn. 'Nor would you wish it, if you knew 'with what assurances of eternal happi-'ness she left the world—She is happy, 'Madam!—Depend upon it, she is hap-'py!—And comfort yourselves with 'that assurance!'

'O cousin, cousin!' cried the unhappy mother, withdrawing her hand from that of her sister Hervey, and pressing mine with it, 'You know not 'what a child I have lost!'—Then in a lower voice. 'And *how* lost!—That 'it is that makes the loss insupport-'able.'

They all joined in a kind of melancholy chorus, and each accused him and herself, and some of them one another. But the eyes of all, in turn, were cast upon my cousin James, as the person who had kept up the general resentment against so sweet a creature. While he was hardly able to bear his own remorse: nor Miss Harlowe hers; she breaking out into words, 'How taunt-'ingly did I write to her! How barba-'rously did I insult her! Yet how pa-'tiently did she take it!—Who would 'have thought she had been so near her 'end!—O brother, brother!—But for 'you!—But for *you!*'—'Double not 'upon me,' said he, 'my own woes! 'I have every-thing before me that 'has passed! I thought only to re-'claim a dear creature that had erred! 'I intended not to break her tender 'heart! But it was the villainous Love-'lace who did that—Not any of us! '—Yet, cousin, did she not attribute all 'to *me?*—I fear she did!—Tell me 'only, did she *name* me, did she *speak* 'of me in her last hours? I hope she, 'who could forgive the greatest villain 'on earth, and plead that he may be 'safe from our vengeance, I *hope* she 'could forgive *me*.'

'She died blessing you all; and jus-'tified rather than condemned your se-'verity to her.' Then

Then they ſet up another general lamentation. 'We ſee,' ſaid her father, 'enough, we ſee in her heart-piercing 'letters to us, what a happy frame ſhe 'was in a few days before her death—'But did it hold to the laſt? Had ſhe 'no repinings? Had the dear child no 'heart-burnings?'

'None at all!—I never ſaw, and 'never ſhall ſee, ſo bleſſed a *departure:* 'and no wonder; for I never heard of 'ſuch a *preparation.* Every hour, for 'weeks together, was taken up in it. 'Let this be our comfort: we need only 'to wiſh for ſo happy an end for our'ſelves, and for thoſe who are neareſt 'to our hearts. We may any of us 'be grieved for acts of unkindneſs to 'her: but had all happened that once 'ſhe wiſhed for, ſhe could not have made 'a happier, perhaps not ſo happy an 'end.'

'Dear ſoul!' and 'Dear ſweet ſoul!' the father, uncles, ſiſter, my couſin Hervey, cried out all at once, in accents of anguiſh inexpreſſibly affecting.

'We muſt for ever be diſturbed for 'thoſe acts of unkindneſs to ſo ſweet 'a child!' cried the unhappy mother. '—Indeed! indeed!' [ſoftly to her ſiſter Hervey] 'I have been too paſſive, 'much too paſſive, in this caſe!—The 'temporary quiet I have been ſo ſtu'dious all my life to preſerve, has coſt 'me everlaſting diſquiet!'——There ſhe ſtopt.

'*Dear ſiſter!*' was all Mrs. Hervey could ſay.

'I have done but half my duty to the 'deareſt and moſt meritorious of chil'dren!' reſumed the ſorrowing mother. '—'Nay, *not* half!—How have we har'dened our hearts againſt her!'—Again her tears denied paſſage to her words.

'*My deareſt, deareſt ſiſter!*' again was all Mrs. Hervey could ſay.

'Would to Heaven,' proceeded, exclaiming, the poor mother, 'I had but '*once* ſeen her!' Then turning to my couſin James, and his ſiſter—'O my 'ſon!—O my Arabella!—If WE were 'to receive as little mercy—' And there again ſhe ſtopt, her tears interrupting her further ſpeech; every-one, all the time, remaining ſilent; their countenances ſhewing a grief in their hearts too big for expreſſion.

Now you ſee, Mr. Belford, that my deareſt couſin could be allowed all her merit!—*What a dreadful thing is after-reflection upon a conduct ſo perverſe and unnatural?*

O this curſed friend of yours, Mr. Belford! This deteſted Lovelace!—To him, to him is owing—

Pardon me, Sir. I will lay down my pen till I have recovered my temper.

ONE IN THE MORNING.

In vain, Sir, have I endeavoured to compoſe myſelf to reſt. You wiſhed me to be very particular, and I cannot help it. This melancholy ſubject fills my whole mind. I will proceed, though it be midnight.

About ſix o'clock the herſe came to the outward gate—The pariſh-church is at ſome diſtance; but the wind ſetting fair, the afflicted family were ſtruck, juſt before it came, into a freſh fit of grief, on hearing the funeral bell tolled in a very ſolemn manner. A reſpect, as it proved, and as they all gueſſed, paid to the memory of the dear deceaſed, out of officious love, as the herſe paſſed near the church.

Judge, when their grief was ſo great in expectation of it, what it muſt be when it arrived.

A ſervant came in to acquaint us, with what it's lumbering heavy noiſe up the paved inner court-yard apprized us of before. He ſpoke not. He could not ſpeak. He looked, bowed, and withdrew.

I ſtept out. No one elſe could then ſtir. Her brother, however, ſoon followed me. When I came to the door, I beheld a ſight very affecting.

You have heard, Sir, how univerſally my dear couſin was beloved. By the poor and middling ſort eſpecially, no young lady was ever ſo much beloved. And with reaſon: ſhe was the common patroneſs of all the honeſt poor in her neighbourhood.

It is natural for us, in every deep and ſincere grief, to intereſt all we know in what is ſo concerning to ourſelves. The ſervants of the family, it ſeems, had told *their* friends, and thoſe *theirs*; that though, living, their dear young lady could not be received nor looked upon, her body was permitted to be brought home. The ſpace of time was ſo confined, that thoſe who knew when ſhe died, muſt eaſily gueſs *near the time* the herſe was to come. A herſe, paſſing through country villages, and from London, however ſlenderly attended, (for the chariot, as I have ſaid, waited upon poor Mrs. Norton) takes every-one's attention. Nor was it hard to gueſs whoſe *this* muſt be, though not adorned by eſcutcheons, when the croſs-roads to Harlowe Place were taken, as

ſoon as it came within ſix miles of it: ſo that the herſe, and the ſolemn tolling of the bell, had drawn together at leaſt fifty of the neighbouring men, women, and children, and ſome of good appearance. Not a ſoul of them, it ſeems, with a dry eye, and each lamenting the death of this admirable lady, *who*, as I am told, *never ſtirred out, but ſomebody was the better for her.*

Theſe, when the coffin was taken out of the herſe, crouding about it, hindered, for a few moments, it's being carried in; the young people ſtruggling who ſhould bear it; and yet, with reſpectful *whiſperings*, rather than clamorous *contention*. A mark of veneration I had never before ſeen paid, upon any occaſion, in all my travels, from the under-bred many, from whom noiſe is generally inſeparable in all their emulations.

At laſt ſix maidens were permitted to carry it in by the ſix handles.

The corpſe was thus borne, with the moſt ſolemn reſpect, into the hall, and placed for the preſent upon two ſtools there. The plates, and emblems, and inſcription, ſet every one gazing upon it, and admiring it. The more, when they were told, that all was of her own ordering. They wiſhed to be permitted a ſight of the corpſe; but rather mentioned this as their *wiſh* than as their *hope*. When they had all ſatisfied their curioſity, and remarked upon the emblems, they diſperſed with bleſſings upon her memory, and with tears and lamentations; pronouncing her to be happy; and inferring, were *ſhe* not ſo, what would become of them? While others ran over with repetitions of the good ſhe delighted to do. Nor were there wanting thoſe among them, who heaped curſes upon the man who was the author of her fall.

The ſervants of the family then got about the coffin. They could not before: and that afforded a new ſcene of ſorrow: but a ſilent one; for they ſpoke only by their eyes, and by ſighs, looking upon the lid and upon one another, by turns, with hands lifted up. The preſence of their young maſter poſſibly might awe them, and cauſe their grief to be expreſſed only in dumb ſhew.

As for Mr. James Harlowe, (who accompanied me, but withdrew when he ſaw the crowd) he ſtood looking upon the lid, when the people had left it, with a fixed attention: yet, I dare ſay, knew not a ſymbol or letter upon it at that moment, had the queſtion been aſked him. In a profound reverie he ſtood, his arms folded, his head on one ſide, and marks of ſtupefaction imprinted upon every feature.

But when the corpſe was carried into the leſſer parlour, adjoining to the hall, which ſhe uſed to call *her* parlour, and put upon a table in the midſt of the room, and her father and mother, the two uncles, her aunt Hervey, and her ſiſter, came in, joining her brother and me, with trembling feet, and eager woe, the ſcene was ſtill more affecting. Their ſorrow was heightened, no doubt, by the remembrance of their unforgiving ſeverity: and now ſeeing before them the receptacle that contained the glory of their family, who ſo lately was driven thence by their indiſcreet violence; never, never more to be reſtored to them! no wonder that their grief was more than common grief.

They would have withheld the mother, it ſeems, from coming in: but when they could not, though undetermined before, they all bore her company, led on by an impulſe they could not reſiſt. The poor lady but juſt caſt her eye upon the coffin, and then ſnatched it away, retiring with paſſionate grief towards the window; yet addreſſing herſelf, with claſped hands, as if to her beloved daughter: 'O my child, my 'child!' cried ſhe; 'thou pride of my 'hope! Why was I not permitted to 'ſpeak pardon and peace to thee!—O 'forgive thy cruel mother!'

Her ſon (his heart then ſoftened, as his eyes ſhewed) beſought her to withdraw: and her woman looking in at that moment, he called her to aſſiſt him in conducting her lady into the middle-parlour; and then returning, met his father going out the door, who alſo had but juſt caſt his eye on the coffin, and yielded to my intreaties to withdraw. His grief was too deep for utterance, till he ſaw his ſon coming in; and then, fetching a heavy groan, 'Never,' ſaid he, 'was ſorrow like 'my ſorrow!—O Son! Son!'—in a reproaching accent, his face turned from him.

I attended him through the middle-parlour, endeavouring to conſole him. His lady was there in agonies. She took his e.e. He made a motion towards her: 'O my dear,' ſaid he—But turning ſhort, his eyes as full as his heart, he haſtened through to the great parlour: and when there, he deſired me to leave him to himſelf.

The

The uncles and the ſiſter looked and turned away, very often, upon the emblems, in ſilent ſorrow. Mrs. Hervey would have read to them the inſcription —Theſe words ſhe did read, '*Here the wicked ceaſe from troubling*—' But could read no farther. Her tears fell in large drops upon the plate ſhe was contemplating; and yet ſhe was deſirous of gratifying a curioſity that mingled impatience with her grief becauſe ſhe could not gratify it, although ſhe often wiped her eyes as they flowed.

Judge you, Mr. Belford, (for you have great humanity) how *I* muſt be affected. Yet was I forced to try to comfort them all.

But here I will cloſe this letter in order to ſend it to you in the morning early. Nevertheleſs, I will begin another, upon ſuppoſition that my doleful prolixity will not be diſagreeable to you. Indeed I am altogether indiſpoſed for reſt, as I mentioned before. So can do nothing but write. I have alſo more melancholy ſcenes to paint. My pen, if I may ſo ſay, is untired. Theſe ſcenes are freſh upon my memory: and I myſelf, perhaps, may owe to you the favour of a review of them, with ſuch other papers as you ſhall think proper to oblige me with, *when heavy grief has given way to milder melancholy.*

My ſervant, in his way to you with this letter, ſhall call at St. Alban's upon the good woman, that he may inform you how ſhe does. Miſs Arabella aſked me after her, when I withdrew to my chamber; to which ſhe complaiſantly accompanied me. She was much concerned at the bad way we left her in; and ſaid her mother would be more ſo.

No wonder that the dear departed, who foreſaw the remorſe that would fall to the lot of this unhappy family when they came to have the news of her death confirmed to them, was ſo grieved for their apprehended grief, and *endeavoured to comfort them by her poſthumous letters.* But it was ſtill a greater generoſity in her to try to excuſe them to me, as ſhe did when we were alone together, a few hours before ſhe died; and to aggravate more than (as far as I can find) ſhe ought to have done, the only error ſhe was ever guilty of. The more freely, however, perhaps (exalted creature!) that I might think the better of her friends, although at her own expence. I am, dear Sir, *your faithful and obedient ſervant,*

WM. MORDEN.

## LETTER XLIII.

### COLONEL MORDEN.

### IN CONTINUATION.

WHEN the unhappy mourners were all retired, I directed the lid of the coffin to be unſcrewed, and cauſed ſome freſh aromaticks and flowers to be put into it.

The corpſe was very little altered, notwithſtanding the journey. The ſweet ſmile remained.

The maids who brought the flowers were ambitious of ſtrewing them about it: they poured forth freſh lamentations over her; each wiſhing ſhe had been ſo happy as to have been allowed to attend her in London. One of them particularly, who is, it ſeems, my couſin Arabella's perſonal ſervant, was more clamorous in her grief than any of the reſt; and the moment ſhe turned her back, all the others allowed ſhe had reaſon for it. I enquired afterwards about her, and found, that this creature was ſet over my dear couſin, when ſhe was confined to her chamber by indiſcreet ſeverity.

Good Heaven! that they ſhould treat, and ſuffer thus to be treated, a young lady, who was qualified to give laws to all her family!

When my couſins were told, that the lid was unſcrewed, they preſſed in again, all but the mournful father and mother, as if by conſent. Mrs. Hervey kiſſed her pale lips. 'Flower of the world!' was all ſhe could ſay; and gave place to Miſs Arabella; who kiſſing the forehead of *her* whom ſhe had ſo cruelly treated, could only ſay, to my couſin James, (looking upon the corpſe, and him) 'O brother!'—While he, taking the fair lifeleſs hand, kiſſed it, and retreated with precipitation.

Her two uncles were ſpeechleſs. They ſeemed to wait each other's example, whether to look upon the corpſe, or not. I ordered the lid to be replaced; and then they preſſed forward, as the others again did, to take a laſt farewel of the caſket which ſo lately contained ſo rich a jewel.

Then it was that the grief of each found fluent expreſſion; and the fair corpſe was addreſſed to, with all the tenderneſs that the ſincereſt love and warmeſt admiration could inſpire; each according to their different degrees of relationſhip, as if none of them had before looked upon her. She was their *very* niece! both uncles ſaid—The in-

jured ſaint! her uncle Harlowe—The ſame ſmiling ſiſter! Arabella—The dear creature! all of them—The ſame ſweet compoſure! The ſame natural dignity!—*She* was queſtionleſs happy! That ſweet ſmile betokened *her* being ſo!—*Themſelves* moſt unhappy!—And then, once more, the brother took the lifeleſs hand, and vowed revenge upon it, on the curſed author of all this diſtreſs.

The unhappy parents propoſed to take one laſt view and farewel of their once darling daughter. The father was got to the parlour-door, after the inconſolable mother: but neither of them were able to enter it. The mother ſaid, She muſt once more ſee the child of her heart, or ſhe ſhould never enjoy herſelf. But they both agreed to refer their melancholy curioſity till the next day; and hand in hand retired inconſolable, and ſpeechleſs both, their faces overſpread with woe, and turned from each other, as unable each to behold the diſtreſs of the other.

When all were withdrawn, I retired, and ſent for my couſin James, and acquainted him with his ſiſter's requeſt in relation to the diſcourſe to be pronounced at her interment; telling him how neceſſary it was, that the miniſter, whoever he were, ſhould have the earlieſt notice given him that the caſe would admit. He lamented the death of the Reverend Dr. Lewen, who, as he ſaid, was a great admirer of his ſiſter, as ſhe was of him, and would have been the fitteſt of all men for that office. He ſpoke with great aſperity of Mr. Brand, upon whoſe light enquiry after his ſiſter's character in town, he was willing to lay ſome of the blame due to himſelf. Mr. Melvill, Dr. Lewen's aſſiſtant, muſt, he ſaid, be the man; and he praiſed him for his abilities, his elocution, and unexceptionable manners; and promiſed to engage him early in the morning.

He called out his ſiſter, and ſhe was of his opinion. So I left this upon them.

They both, with no little warmth, hinted their diſapprobation of you, Sir, for their ſiſter's executor, on the ſcore of your intimate friendſhip with the author of her ruin.

You muſt not reſent any-thing I ſhall communicate to you of what they ſay on this occaſion: depending that you will not, I ſhall write with the greater freedom.

I told them how much my dear couſin was obliged to your friendſhip and humanity: the injunctions ſhe had laid you under, and your own inclination to obſerve them. I ſaid, That you were a man of honour: that you were deſirous of conſulting me, becauſe you would not willingly give offence to any of them; and that I was very fond of cultivating your favour and correſpondence.

They ſaid, There was no need of an executor out of their family; and they hoped that you would relinquiſh ſo *unneceſſary* a truſt, as they called it. My couſin James declared, that he would write to you as ſoon as the funeral was over, to deſire that you would do ſo, upon proper aſſurances that all that the will preſcribed ſhould be performed.

I ſaid, You were a man of reſolution: that I thought he would hardly ſucceed; for that you made a point of honour of it.

I then ſhewed them their ſiſter's poſthumous letter to you; in which ſhe confeſſes her obligations to you, and regard for you, and for your future welfare. You may believe, Sir, they were extremely affected with the peruſal of it.

They were ſurpriſed, that I had given up to you the produce of her grandfather's eſtate, ſince his death. I told them plainly, that they muſt thank themſelves if any-thing diſagreeable to them occurred from their ſiſter's deviſe; deſerted, and thrown into the hands of ſtrangers, as ſhe had been.

They ſaid, they would report all I had ſaid to their father and mother; adding, that great as their trouble was, they found they had more ſtill to come. But if Mr. Belford *were to be* the executor of her will, contrary to their hopes, they beſought me to take the trouble of tranſacting every-thing with you; that a friend of the man to whom they owed all their calamity, might not appear to them.

They were extremely moved at the text their ſiſter had choſen for the ſubject of the funeral diſcourſe. I had extracted from the will that article, ſuppoſing it probable, that I might not ſo ſoon have an opportunity to ſhew them the will itſelf, as would otherwiſe have been neceſſary, on account of the interment; which cannot be delayed.

MONDAY MORNING, BETWIXT EIGHT AND NINE.

THE unhappy family are preparing for a mournful meeting at breakfaſt. Mr. James Harlowe, who has had as little

little reſt as I, has written to Mr. Melvill, who has promiſed to draw up a brief eulogium on the deceaſed. Miſs Howe is expected here by-and-by, to ſee, for the laſt time, her beloved friend.

Miſs Howe, by her meſſenger, deſires ſhe may not be taken any notice of. She ſhall not tarry ſix minutes, was the word. Her deſire will be eaſily granted her.

Her ſervant, who brought the requeſt, if it were denied, was to return, and meet her; for ſhe was ready to ſet out in her chariot, when he got on horſeback.

If he met her not with the refuſal, he was to ſtay here till ſhe came. I am, Sir, *your faithful humble ſervant*,

WILLIAM MORDEN.

## LETTER XLIV.

### COLONEL MORDEN.

### IN CONTINUATION.

MONDAY AFTERNOON, SEPT. 11.

SIR,

WE are ſuch bad company here to one another, that it is ſome relief to retire and write.

I was ſummoned to breakfaſt about half an hour after nine. Slowly did the mournful congreſs meet. Each, lifeleſs and ſpiritleſs, took our places, with ſwoln eyes, enquiring, without expecting any tolerable account, how each had reſted.

The ſorrowing mother gave for anſwer, That ſhe ſhould never more know what reſt was.

By the time we were well ſeated, the bell ringing, the outward gate opening, a chariot rattling over the pavement of the court-yard, put them into emotion.

I left them; and was juſt time enough to give Miſs Howe my hand, as ſhe alighted: her maid in tears remaining in the chariot.

I think you told me, Sir, you never ſaw Miſs Howe. She is a fine graceful young lady. A fixed melancholy on her whole aſpect, overclouded a vivacity and fire, which, nevertheleſs, darted now-and-then through the awful gloom. I ſhall ever reſpect her for her love to my dear couſin.

'Never did I think,' ſaid ſhe, as ſhe gave me her hand, 'to enter more theſe 'doors: but, living or dead, *Clariſſa* 'brings me after her any-whither!'

She entered with me the little parlour; and ſeeing the coffin, withdrew her hand from mine, and with impatience puſhed aſide the lid. As impatiently ſhe removed the face-cloth. In a wild air, ſhe claſped her uplifted hands together; and now looked upon the corpſe, now up to Heaven, as if appealing to that. Her boſom heaved and fluttered diſcernible through her handkerchief, and at laſt ſhe broke ſilence—'O Sir! —See you not here!—'See you not 'here!—the glory of her ſex!—Thus 'by the moſt villainous of yours—*thus* —laid low!

'O my bleſſed friend!'—ſaid ſhe—'My ſweet companion!—my lovely 'monitreſs!'—kiſſing her lips at every tender appellation—'And is this all!—'Is it all, of my CLARISSA's ſtory!'

Then, after a ſhort pauſe, and a profound ſigh, ſhe turned to me, and then to her breathleſs friend. 'But *is* ſhe—'*can* ſhe be—really dead!—O no!—'She only ſleeps!—Awake, my beloved 'friend!—My ſweet clay-cold friend, 'awake!—Let thy Anna Howe revive 'thee—by her warm breath revive 'thee—my dear creature!'—And, kiſſing her again, 'Let my warm lips ani-'mate thy cold ones!'

Then, ſighing again, as from the bottom of her heart, and with an air, as if diſappointed, that ſhe anſwered not, 'And can ſuch perfection end thus!—'And art thou really and indeed flown 'from thine Anna Howe!—O my un-'kind CLARISSA!'

She was ſilent a few moments, and then, ſeeming to recover herſelf, ſhe turned to me—'Forgive, forgive, Mr. 'Morden, this wild phrenzy!—I am 'not myſelf!—I never ſhall be!—You 'knew not the excellence—no, not *half* 'the excellence—that is thus laid low!' —Repeating, 'This cannot, ſurely, be 'all of my CLARISSA's ſtory!'

Again pauſing—'One tear, my be-'loved friend, didſt thou allow me!—'But this *dumb* ſorrow!—O for a tear 'to eaſe my full-ſwoln heart, that is 'juſt burſting!

'But why, Sir—why, Mr. Morden—'was ſhe ſent *hither?*—Why not to *me?* '—She has no father, no mother, no 'relation—no, not *one!*—They had all 'renounced her. I was her ſympathi-'zing friend—And had not I the beſt 'right to my dear creature's remains? '—And muſt names, without nature, 'be preferred to ſuch a love as mine?'

Again ſhe kiſſed her lips, each cheek, her forehead;—and ſighed as if her heart would break.

'But why, why,' ſaid ſhe, 'was I 'witheld from ſeeing my deareſt dear 'friend, before ſhe commenced angel? '—Delaying ſtill, and *too eaſily per-*

'ſuaded

'*ſuaded* to delay, the friendly viſit that 'my heart panted after; what pain will 'this reflection give me!—O my bleſſed 'friend! Who knows—who knows— 'had I come in time, what my cordial 'comfortings might have done for thee! '—But,' looking round her, as if ſhe apprehended ſeeing ſome of the family, 'one more kiſs, my angel, my friend, 'my ever-to-be-regretted, loſt compa-'nion! And let me fly this hated houſe, 'which I never loved but for thy ſake! '—Adieu, then, my deareſt CLARISSA! '—*Thou* art happy, I doubt not, as thou 'aſſuredſt me in thy laſt letter!—O may 'we meet, and rejoice together, where 'no villainous *Lovelaces*, no hard-hearted '*relations*, will ever ſhock our innocence, 'or ruffle our felicity!'

Again ſhe was ſilent, unable to go, though ſeeming to intend it; ſtruggling, as it were, with her grief, and heaving with anguiſh: at laſt, happily, a flood of tears guſhed from her eyes—'Now! '—Now!' ſaid ſhe—'ſhall I—ſhall I— 'be eaſier. But for this kind relief, my 'heart would have burſt aſunder— 'More, many more tears than theſe are 'due to my CLARISSA, whoſe counſel 'has done for me what mine could not 'do for her!—But why,' looking earneſtly upon her, her hands claſped and lifted up—'But why do I thus lament 'the HAPPY? And that thou art ſo, is 'my comfort. It is—it is—my dear 'creature!'—kiſſing her again.

'Excuſe me, Sir,' [turning to me, who was as much moved as herſelf;] 'I loved the dear creature, as never wo-'man loved another. Excuſe my fran-'tick grief. How has the glory of her 'ſex fallen a victim to villainy, and to 'hard-heartedneſs!'

'Madam,' ſaid I, 'they all have it!— 'Now indeed they have it—'

'And let them have it!—I ſhould 'belye my love for the friend of my 'heart, were I to pity them!—But how 'unhappy am I,' [looking upon her] 'that I ſaw her not before theſe eyes 'were ſhut, before theſe lips were for 'ever cloſed!—Oh, Sir! you know not 'the wiſdom that continually flowed 'from theſe lips when ſhe ſpoke!—Nor 'what a friend I have loſt!'

Then, ſurveying the lid, ſhe ſeemed to take in at once the meaning of the emblems; and this gave her ſo much freſh grief, that though ſhe ſeveral times wiped her eyes, ſhe was unable to read the inſcription and texts: turning therefore to me, 'Favour me, Sir, I pray 'you, by a line, with the deſcription of 'theſe emblems, and with theſe texts: 'and if I might be allowed a lock of 'the dear creature's hair—'

I told her, that her executor would order both; and would alſo ſend her a copy of her laſt will; in which ſhe would find the moſt grateful remembrances of her love for her, whom ſhe calls *the ſiſter of her heart*.

'Juſtly,' ſaid ſhe, 'does ſhe call me 'ſo; for we had but one heart, but one 'ſoul, between us: and now my better 'half is torn from me—*what ſhall I do?*

But looking round her, on a ſervant's ſtepping by the door, as if again ſhe had apprehended it was ſome of the family —'Once more,' ſaid ſhe, 'a ſolemn, an 'everlaſting adieu!—Alas for *me!* a 'ſolemn, an everlaſting adieu!'

Then again embracing her face with both her hands, and kiſſing it, and afterwards the hands of the dear deceaſed, firſt one, then the other, ſhe gave me her hand, and, quitting the room with precipitation, ruſhed into her chariot; and, when there, with profound ſighs, and a freſh burſt of tears, unable to ſpeak, ſhe bowed her head to me, and was driven away.

The inconſolable company ſaw how much I had been moved, on my return to them. Mr. James Harlowe had been telling them what had paſſed between him and me: and, finding myſelf unfit for company, and obſerving, that they broke off talking at my coming in, I thought it proper to leave them to their conſultations.

And here I will put an end to this letter; for indeed, Sir, the very recollection of this affecting ſcene has left me nearly as unable to proceed, as I was, juſt after it, to converſe with my couſins. I am, Sir, with great truth, *your moſt obedient humble ſervant*,

WILLIAM MORDEN.

## LETTER XLV.

### COLONEL MORDEN.

IN CONTINUATION.

TUESDAY MORNING, SEPT. 12.

THE good Mrs. Norton is arrived, a little amended in her ſpirits: owing to the very poſthumous letters, as I may call them, which you, Mr. Belford, as well as I, apprehended would have had fatal effects upon her.

I cannot but attribute this to the right turn of her mind. It ſeems ſhe has been enured to afflictions; and has lived in a conſtant hope of a *better* life; and, having no acts of unkindneſs to the dear deceaſed

deceaſed to reproach herſelf with, is moſt conſiderately reſolved to exert her *utmoſt* fortitude in order to comfort the ſorrowing mother.

O Mr. Belford, how does the character of my dear departed couſin riſe upon me from every mouth!—Had ſhe been my own child, or my ſiſter!—But do you think, that the man who occaſioned this great, this extended ruin—But I forbear.

The will is not to be looked into, till the funeral rites are performed. Preparations are making for the ſolemnity; and the ſervants, as well as principals of all the branches of the family, are put into cloſe mourning.

I have ſeen Mr. Melvill. He is a ſerious and ſenſible man. I have given him particulars to go upon in the diſcourſe he is to pronounce at the funeral: but had the leſs need to do this, as I find he is extremely well acquainted with the whole unhappy ſtory; and was a perſonal admirer of my dear couſin, and a ſincere lamenter of her misfortunes and death. The reverend Dr. Lewen, who is but very lately dead, was his particular friend, and had once intended to recommend him to her favour and notice.

I AM juſt returned from attending the afflicted parents, in an effort they made to ſee the corpſe of their beloved child. They had requeſted my company, and that of the good Mrs. Norton. A laſt leave, the mother ſaid, ſhe *muſt* take!

An *effort*, however, it was, and no more. The moment they came in ſight of the coffin, before the lid could be put aſide, 'O my dear,' ſaid the father, retreating, 'I cannot, I find I cannot, 'bear it!—Had I—Had I—Had I never 'been hard-hearted!'—Then turning round to his lady, he had but juſt time to catch her in his arms, and prevent her ſinking on the floor.—'O my dear-'eſt life!' ſaid he, 'this is too much!—'Too much, indeed!—Let us, let us 'retire.' Mrs. Norton, who (attracted by the awful receptacle) had but juſt left the good lady, haſtened to her—'Dear, dear woman,' cried the unhappy parent, flinging her arms about her neck, 'bear me, bear me hence!—'O my child!—my child!—My own 'Clariſſa Harlowe!—Thou pride of my 'life ſo lately!—Never, never more, 'muſt I behold thee!'

I ſupported the unhappy father, Mrs. Norton the ſinking mother, into the next parlour. She threw herſelf on a ſettee there: he into an elbow-chair by her: the good woman at her feet, her arms claſped round her waiſt. The two mothers, as I may call them, of my beloved couſin, thus tenderly engaged!—What a variety of diſtreſs in theſe woeful ſcenes!

The unhappy father, in endeavouring to comfort his lady, loaded himſelf.—'Would to God, my dear,' ſaid he, 'would to God I had no more to charge 'myſelf with, than you have!—You re-'lented!—You would have prevailed 'upon *me* to relent!'

'The greater my fault,' ſaid ſhe, 'when I knew that diſpleaſure was car-'ried too high, to acquieſce as I did!—'What a barbarous parent was I, to let 'two angry children make me forget 'that I was mother to a third—To *ſuch* 'a third!'

Mrs. Norton uſed arguments and prayers to comfort her—'O my dear 'Norton,' anſwered the unhappy lady, 'you was the dear creature's *more natu-'ral* mother!—Would to Heaven I had 'no more to anſwer for than *you have!*'

Thus the unhappy pair unavailingly recriminated, till my couſin Hervey entered, and, with Mrs. Norton, conducted up to her own chamber the inconſolable mother. The two uncles, and Mr. Hervey, came in at the ſame time, and prevailed upon the afflicted father to retire with them to his—Both giving up all thoughts of ever more ſeeing the child whoſe death was ſo ſeverely regretted by them.

Time only, Mr. Belford, can combat with advantage ſuch a heavy deprivation as this. Advice will not do, while the loſs is recent. Nature will have way given to it, (and ſo it ought) till ſorrow has in a manner exhauſted itſelf; and then reaſon and religion will come in ſeaſonably with their powerful aids to raiſe the drooping heart.

I ſee here no face that is the ſame I ſaw at my firſt arrival. Proud and haughty every countenance then, unyielding to entreaty: now, how greatly are they humbled!—The utmoſt diſtreſs is apparent in every protracted feature, and in every burſting muſcle, of each diſconſolate mourner. Their eyes, which ſo lately flaſhed anger and reſentment, now are turned to every-one that approaches them, as if imploring pity!—*Could ever wilful hard-heartedneſs be more ſeverely puniſhed?*

The following lines of Juvenal are, upon

upon the whole, applicable to this houſe and family: and I have revolved them many times ſince Sunday evening—

*'Humani generis mores tibi nôſſe volenti*
*'Sufficit una domus: paucos conſumere dies, &*
*'Dicere te miſerum, poſtquam illinc veneris,*
*'aude.'*

Let me add, That Mrs. Norton has communicated to the family the poſthumous letter ſent her. This letter affords a foundation for *future* conſolation to them; but at preſent it has new-pointed their grief, by making them reflect on their cruelty to ſo excellent a daughter, niece, and ſiſter. I am, dear Sir, *your very humble ſervant,*

WM. MORDEN.

## LETTER XLVI.

### COLONEL MORDEN.

IN CONTINUATION.

THURSDAY NIGHT, SEPT. 14.

WE are juſt returned from the ſolemnization of the laſt mournful rite. My couſin James and his ſiſter, Mr. and Mrs. Hervey, and *their* daughter, a young lady whoſe affection for my departed couſin ſhall ever bind me to her; my couſins John and Antony Harlowe, myſelf, and ſome other more diſtant relations of the names of Fuller and Allinſon, (who, to teſtify their reſpect to the memory of the dear deceaſed, had put themſelves in mourning) ſelf-invited, attended it.

The father and mother would have joined in theſe laſt honours had they been able: but they were both very much indiſpoſed; and continue to be ſo.

The inconſolable mother told Mrs. Norton, that the two mothers of the ſweeteſt child in the world, ought not, on this occaſion, to be ſeparated. She therefore deſired her to ſtay with *her*.

The whole ſolemnity was performed with great decency and order. The diſtance from Harlowe Place to the church is about half a mile. All the way the corpſe was attended by great numbers of people of all conditions.

It was nine when it entered the church; every corner of which was crouded. Such a profound, ſuch a ſilent reſpect did I never ſee paid at the funeral of princes. An attentive ſadneſs overſpread the face of all.

The eulogy pronounced by Mr. Melvill was a very pathetick one. He wiped his own eyes often, and made everybody preſent ſtill oftener wipe theirs.

The auditors were moſt particularly affected, when he told them that the ſolemn text was her own choice.

He enumerated her fine qualities, naming with honour their late worthy paſtor for his authority.

Every enumerated excellence was witneſſed to in different parts of the church in reſpectful whiſpers by different perſons, as of their own knowledge, as I have ſince been informed.

When he pointed to the pew where (doing credit to religion by her example) ſhe uſed to ſit or kneel, the whole auditory, as one perſon, turned to the pew with the moſt reſpectful ſolemnity, as if ſhe had been herſelf there.

When the gentleman attributed condeſcenſion and mingled dignity to her, a buzzing approbation was given to the attribute throughout the church; and a poor neat woman under my pew added, that ſhe was indeed all graciouſneſs, and would ſpeak to any-body.

Many eyes ran over, when he mentioned her charities, her well-judged charities. And her reward was decreed from every mouth, with ſighs and ſobs from ſome, and theſe words from others, 'The poor will dearly miſs her.'

The *cheerful giver* whom God is ſaid *to love*, was allowed to be *her*: and a young lady, I am told, ſaid, 'It was 'Miſs Clariſſa Harlowe's care to find 'out the unhappy, upon a ſudden diſ'treſs, before the ſighing heart was 'overwhelmed by it.'

She had a ſet of poor people, choſen for their remarkable honeſty and ineffectual induſtry. Theſe voluntarily paid their laſt attendance on their benefactreſs; and mingling in the church as they could croud near the aiſle where the corpſe was on ſtands, it was the leſs wonder that her praiſes from the preacher met with ſuch general and ſuch grateful whiſpers of approbation.

Some it ſeems there were, who knowing her unhappy ſtory, remarked upon the dejected looks of the brother, and the drowned eyes of the ſiſter; O what would they now give, they'd warrant, had they not been ſo hard-hearted!—Others purſued, as I may ſay, the ſevere father, and unhappy mother, into their chambers at home—They anſwered for their relenting, now, that it was too late!—What muſt be their grief!—No *wonder* they could not be preſent!

Several expreſſed their aſtoniſhment, as people do every hour, that a man could live whom ſuch perfections could not engage to be juſt to her; to be *hu-*

*many*

*mane*, I may ſay.—And who, her rank and fortune conſidered, could be ſo diſregardful of his own *intereſt*, had he had no other motive to be juſt!

The good divine, led by his text, juſt touched upon the unhappy ſtep that was the cauſe of her untimely fate. He attributed it to the ſtate of things below, in which there could not be abſolute perfection. He very politely touched upon the noble diſdain ſhe ſhewed (though earneſtly ſolicited by a whole ſplendid family) to join intereſts with a man whom ſhe found unworthy of her eſteem and confidence: and who courted her with the utmoſt earneſtneſs to accept of him.

What he moſt inſiſted upon was, the happy end ſhe made; and thence drew conſolation to her relations, and inſtruction to the auditory.

In a word, his performance was ſuch as heightened the reputation which he had before in a very eminent degree obtained.

When the corpſe was to be carried down into the vault, (a very ſpacious one, within the church) there was great crouding to ſee the coffin-lid, and the devices upon it. Particularly two gentlemen muffled up in cloaks, preſſed forward. Theſe, it ſeems, were Mr. Mullins and Mr. Wyerley; both of them profeſſed admirers of my dear couſin.

When they came near the coffin, and caſt their eyes upon the lid, 'In that 'little ſpace,' ſaid Mr. Mullins, 'is 'included all human excellence!'—And then Mr. Wyerley, unable to contain himſelf, was forced to quit the church; and we hear is very ill.

It is ſaid that Mr. Solmes was in a remote part of the church wrapped round in a horſeman's coat: and that he ſhed tears ſeveral times. But I ſaw him not.

Another gentleman was there incognito, in a pew near the entrance of the vault, who had not been taken notice of, but for his great emotion when he looked over his pew, at the time the coffin was carried down to it's laſt place. This was Miſs Howe's worthy Mr. Hickman.

My couſins John and Antony, and their nephew James, choſe not to deſcend into the vault among their departed anceſtors.

Miſs Harlowe was extremely affected. Her *conſcience*, as well as her love, was concerned on the occaſion. She would go down with the corpſe of her dear, her only ſiſter, ſhe ſaid: but her brother would not permit it. And her overwhelmed eye purſued the coffin till ſhe could ſee no more of it: and then ſhe threw herſelf on the ſeat, and was near fainting away.

I accompanied it down, that I might not only ſatisfy myſelf, but you, Sir, her executor, that it was depoſited, as ſhe had directed, at the feet of her grandfather.

Mr. Melvill came down, contemplated the lid, and ſhed a few tears over it. I was ſo well ſatisfied with his diſcourſe and behaviour, that I preſented him on the ſolemn ſpot with a ring of ſome value; and thanked him for his performance.

And here I left the remains of my beloved couſin; having beſpoken my own place by the ſide of her coffin.

On my return to Harlowe Place, I contented myſelf with ſending my compliments to the ſorrowing parents, and retired to my chamber. Nor am I aſhamed to own, that I could not help giving way to a repeated fit of humanity, as ſoon as I entered it. I am, Sir, *your moſt faithful and obedient ſervant*,

WM. MORDEN.

*P. S.* You will have a letter from my couſin James, who hopes to prevail upon you to relinquiſh the executorſhip. It has not my encouragement.

## LETTER XLVII.

MR. BELFORD, TO WILLIAM MORDEN, ESQ.

SATURDAY, SEPT. 16.

DEAR SIR,

I Once had thoughts to go down privately, in order, diſguiſed, to ſee the laſt ſolemnity performed. But there was no need to give myſelf this melancholy trouble, ſince your laſt letter ſo naturally deſcribes all that paſſed, that I have every ſcene before my eyes.

You croud me, Sir, methinks, into the ſilent ſlow proceſſion—Now with the ſacred bier do I enter the awful porch: now meaſure I, with ſolemn paces, the venerable aiſle: now, ambitious of a relationſhip to her, placed in a pew near to the eye-attracting coffin, do I liſten to the moving eulogy: now, through the buz of gaping, eye-ſwoln crowds, do I deſcend into the clammy vault, as a true executor, to ſee that part of her will performed with my own eyes. There, with a ſoul filled with muſing, do I number the ſurrounding

monuments of mortality, and contemplate the preſent ſtillneſs of ſo many once buſy vanities, crouded all into one poor vaulted nook, as if the living grudged room for the corpſes of thoſe, for which, when animated, the earth, the air, and the waters, could hardly find room. Then ſeeing her placed at the feet of him whoſe earthly delight ſhe was; and who, as I find, aſcribes to the pleaſure ſhe gave him, the prolongation of his own life; ſighing, and with averted face, I quit the ſolemn manſion, the ſymbolick coffin, and, for ever, the glory of her ſex; and aſcend with thoſe, who, in a few years, after a very ſhort blaze of life, will fill up other ſpaces of the ſame vault, which now (while they mourn only for her, whom they jointly perſecuted) they preſs with their feet.

Nor do your affecting deſcriptions permit me *here* to ſtop: but, aſcended, I mingle my tears and my praiſes with thoſe of the numerous ſpectators. I accompany the afflicted mourners back to their uncomfortable manſion; and make one in the general concert of unavailing woe; till retiring as I imagine, as *they* retire, like them, in reality, I give up to new ſcenes of ſolitary and ſleepleſs grief; reflecting upon the perfections I have ſeen the end of; and having no relief but from an indignation, which makes me approve of the reſentments of others againſt the *unhappy man*, and thoſe *equally unhappy relations of hers*, to whom the irreparable loſs is owing.

Forgive me, Sir, theſe reflections; and permit me, with this, to ſend you what you declined receiving till the funeral was over—

*He gives him then an account of the money and effects, which he ſends him down by this opportunity, for the legatees at Harlowe Place, and in its neighbourhood; which he deſires him to diſpoſe of according to the will.*

*He alſo ſends him an account of other ſteps he has taken in purſuance of the will; and deſires to know, if Mr. Harlowe expects the diſcharge of the funeral expences from the effects in his hands; and the reimburſement of the ſums advanced to the teſtatrix ſince her grandfather's death.*

Theſe expeditious proceedings (*ſays he*) will convince Mr. James Harlowe, that I am reſolved to ſee the will completely executed; and yet, by my manner of doing it, that I deſire not to give unneceſſary mortifications to the family, ſince every-thing that relates to them ſhall paſs through your hands.

## LETTER XLVIII.

MR. JAMES HARLOWE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

HARLOWE PLACE, FRIDAY NIGHT, SEPT. 15.

SIR,

I Hope, from the character my worthy couſin Morden gives you, that you will excuſe the application I make to you, to oblige a whole family in an affair that much concerns their peace, and cannot equally concern any-body elſe. You will immediately judge, Sir, that this is the executorſhip of which my ſiſter has given you the trouble by her laſt will.

We ſhall all think ourſelves extremely obliged to you, if you pleaſe to relinquiſh this truſt to our own family; the reaſons which follow pleading for our expectation of this favour from you:

Firſt, becauſe ſhe never would have had the thought of troubling you, Sir, if ſhe had believed any of her near relations would have taken it upon themſelves.

Secondly, I underſtand, that ſhe recommends to you in the will to truſt to the honour of any of our family, for the performance of ſuch of the articles as are of a domeſtick nature. We are *any* of us, and *all* of us, if you requeſt it, willing to ſtake our honours upon this occaſion: and all you can deſire, as a man of honour, is, that the truſt be executed.

We are the more concerned, Sir, to wiſh you to decline this office, becauſe of your ſhort and accidental knowledge of the dear teſtatrix, and long and intimate acquaintance with the man to whom *ſhe* owed her ruin, and *we* the greateſt loſs and diſappointment (her manifold excellences conſidered) that ever befel a family.

You will allow due weight, I dare ſay, to this plea, if you make our caſe your own: and ſo much the readier, when I aſſure you, that your interfering in this matter, ſo much againſt our inclinations, (excuſe, Sir, my plain-dealing) will probably occaſion an oppoſition in ſome points, where otherwiſe there might be none.

What therefore I propoſe is, not that my father ſhould aſſume this truſt: he is too much afflicted to undertake it—Nor yet myſelf—I might be thought too much concerned in intereſt: but that it may be allowed to devolve upon my two uncles; whoſe known honour, and whoſe affection to the dear deceaſed, nobody

nobody ever doubted: and they will treat with you, Sir, through my couſin Morden, as to the points they will undertake to perform.

The trouble you have already had, will well entitle you to the legacy ſhe bequeathes you, together with the reimburſement of all the charges you have been at, and allowance of the legacies you have diſcharged, although you ſhould not have qualified yourſelf to act as an executor; as I preſume you have not *yet* done, nor will *now* do.

Your compliance, Sir, will oblige a family (who have already diſtreſs enough upon them) in the circumſtance that occaſions this application to you; and more particularly, Sir, *your moſt humble ſervant*,

JAMES HARLOWE, JUN.

I ſend this by one of my ſervants, who will attend your diſpatch.

## LETTER XLIX.

MR. BELFORD, TO JAMES HARLOWE, JUN. ESQ.

SIR, SATURDAY, SEPT. 16.

YOU will excuſe my plain-dealing in turn: for I muſt obſerve, that if I had *not* the juſt opinion I have of the ſacred nature of the office I have undertaken, ſome paſſages in the letter you have favoured me with, would convince me that I ought not to excuſe myſelf from acting in it.

I need name only one of them. You are pleaſed to ſay, that your uncles, if the truſt be relinquiſhed to them, will *treat with me*, through Colonel Morden, *as to the points they will undertake to perform*.

Permit me, Sir, to ſay, that it is the *duty* of an executor to ſee *every point* performed, that *can* be performed. Nor will I leave the performance of mine to any other perſons, eſpecially where a qualifying is ſo directly intimated, and where all the branches of your family have ſhewn themſelves, with reſpect to the incomparable lady, to have but one mind.

You are pleaſed to urge, that ſhe recommends to me, the leaving to the honour of any of your family ſuch of the articles as are of a *domeſtick nature*. But admitting this to be ſo, does it not imply that the *other* articles are ſtill to obtain my care?—But even theſe, you will find by the will, ſhe gives not up; and to that I refer you.

I am ſorry for the hints you give of an *oppoſition*, where, as you ſay, there might be none, if I did not interfere. I ſee not, Sir, why your animoſity againſt a man who cannot be defended, ſhould be carried to ſuch a height againſt one who never gave you offence: and this only, becauſe he is acquainted with that man. I will not ſay all I might ſay on this occaſion.

As to the legacy to myſelf, I aſſure you, Sir, that neither my circumſtances, nor my temper, will put me upon being a gainer by the executorſhip. I ſhall take pleaſure to tread in the ſteps of the admirable teſtatrix in all I may; and rather will increaſe than diminiſh her poors fund.

With regard to the trouble that may attend the execution of the truſt, I ſhall not, in honour to her memory, value ten times more than this can give me. I have indeed two other executorſhips on my hands; but they ſit light upon me. And *ſurvivors cannot better or more charitably beſtow their time*.

I conceive that every article, but that relating to the poor's fund, (ſuch is the excellence of the diſpoſition of the moſt excellent of women) may be performed in two months time, at fartheſt.

Occaſions of litigation or offence ſhall not proceed from me. You need only apply to Colonel Morden, who ſhall command me in every-thing that the will allows me to oblige your family in. I do aſſure you, that I am as unwilling to obtrude myſelf upon it, as any of it can wiſh.

I own, that I have not yet proved the will; nor ſhall I do it till next week at ſooneſt, that you may have time for amicable objections, if ſuch you think fit to make through the colonel's mediation. But let me obſerve to you, Sir, That an executor's power, in ſuch inſtances as I have exerciſed it, is the ſame before the probate, as after it. He can even, without taking *that* out, *commence* an action, although he cannot *declare* upon it: and theſe acts of adminiſtration make him liable to actions himſelf. I am therefore very proper in the ſteps I have taken in part of the execution of this ſacred truſt; and want not *allowance* on the occaſion.

Permit me to add, That when you have peruſed the will, and coolly conſidered every-thing, it is my hope, that you will yourſelf be of opinion, that there can be no room for diſpute or oppoſition: and that if your family will join to expedite the execution, it will

be the most natural and easy way of shutting up the whole affair, and to have done with a man, so causelessly, as to his *own* particular, the object of your dislike, as is, Sir, *your very humble servant (notwithstanding)*

JOHN BELFORD.

## The WILL.

To which the following preamble, written on a separate paper, was stitched with black silk.

'To my EXECUTOR.

'I Hope I may be excused for expatiating, in divers parts of this solemn last act, upon subjects of importance. For I have heard of so many instances of confusion and disagreement in families, and so much doubt and difficulty, for want of absolute clearness in the testaments of departed persons, that I have often concluded, (were there to be no other reasons but those which respect the peace of surviving friends) that this last act, as to it's designation and operation, ought not to be the last in it's composition or making; but should be the result of cool deliberation; and (as is more *frequently* than *justly* said) of a *sound mind* and *memory*; which too seldom are to be met with but in *sound health*. All pretences of insanity of mind are likewise prevented, when a testator gives reasons for what he wills; all cavils about words are obviated; the obliged are assured; and they enjoy the benefit for whom the benefit was intended. Hence have I, for some time past, employed myself in penning down heads of such a disposition; which, as reasons offered, I have altered and added to; so that I never was absolutely destitute of a *will*, had I been taken off ever so suddenly. These minutes and imperfect sketches enabled me, as God has graciously given me time and sedateness, to digest them into the form in which they appear.

'I CLARISSA HARLOWE, now, by strange melancholy accidents, lodging in the parish of St. Paul, Covent Garden, being of sound and perfect mind and memory, as I hope these presents, drawn up by myself, and written with my own hand, will testify; do [this —— day of ——] in the year of our Lord ——— make and publish this my last will and testament in manner and form following:

'In the first place, I desire that my body may lie unburied three days after my decease, or till the pleasure of my father be known concerning it. But the occasion of my death not admitting of doubt, I will not, on any account, that it be opened; and it is my desire, that it shall not be touched but by those of my own sex.

'I have always earnestly requested, that my body might be deposited in the family-vault with those of my ancestors. If it might be granted, I could now wish, that it might be placed at the feet of my dear and honoured grandfather. But as I have, by one very unhappy step, been thought to disgrace my whole lineage, and therefore this last honour may be refused to my corpse; in this case, my desire is, that it may be interred in the church-yard belonging to the parish in which I shall die; and that in the most private manner, between the hours of eleven and twelve at night; attended only by Mrs. Lovick, and Mr. and Mrs. Smith, and their maid-servant.

'But it is my desire, that the same fees and dues may be paid which are usually paid for those who are laid in the best ground, as it is called, or even in the chancel.—And I bequeathe five pounds to be given at the discretion of the church-wardens, to twenty poor people, the Sunday after my interment; and this whether I shall be buried here or elsewhere.

'I have already given verbal directions, that after I am dead, (and laid out in the manner I have ordered) I may be put into my coffin as soon as possible: it is my desire, that I may not be unnecessarily exposed to the view of any-body; except any of my relations should vouchsafe, for the last time, to look upon me.

'And I could wish, if it might be avoided without making ill-will between Mr. Lovelace and my executor, that the former might not be permitted to see my corpse. But if, as he is a man very uncontroulable, and as I am nobody's, he insist upon viewing *her dead*, whom he ONCE before saw in a manner dead, let his gay curiosity be gratified. Let him behold, and triumph over the wretched remains of one who has been made a victim to his barbarous perfidy: but let some good person, as by my desire, give him a paper, whilst he is viewing the ghastly spectacle, containing these few words only—"Gay, cruel heart! behold

" behold here the remains of the once-
" ruined, yet now happy, Clariſſa Har-
" lowe !—See what thou thyſelf muſt
" quickly be—and REPENT !"

'Yet, to ſhew that I die in perfect 'charity with *all the world*, I do moſt 'ſincerely forgive Mr. Lovelace the 'wrongs he has done me.

'If my father can pardon the errors 'of his unworthy child, ſo far as to 'ſuffer her corpſe to be depoſited at 'the feet of her grandfather, as above 'requeſted, I could wiſh (my misfor-'tunes being ſo notorious) that a ſhort 'diſcourſe might be pronounced over 'my remains, before they be interred. 'The ſubject of the diſcourſe I ſhall 'determine before I conclude this writ-'ing.

'*So much written about what deſerves not 'the leaſt conſideration, and about what 'will be nothing when this writing comes 'to be opened and read, will be excuſed, 'when my preſent unhappy circumſtances 'and abſence from all my natural friends 'are conſidered.*

'And *now*, with regard to the worldly 'matters which I ſhall die poſſeſſed of, 'as well as to thoſe which of right ap-'pertain to me, either by the will of my 'ſaid grandfather or otherwiſe; thus do 'I diſpoſe of them.

'In the firſt place, I give and be-'queathe all the real eſtates in or to 'which I have any claim or title by the 'ſaid will, to my ever-honoured father 'James Harlowe, Eſq. and that rather 'than to my brother and ſiſter, to whom 'I had once thoughts of deviſing them, 'becauſe, if they ſurvive my father, 'thoſe eſtates will aſſuredly veſt in them, 'or one of them, by virtue of his fa-'vour and indulgence, as the circum-'ſtances of things with regard to mar-'riage-ſettlements, or otherwiſe, may 'require; or, as they may reſpectively 'merit by the continuance of their 'duty.

'The houſe late my grandfather's, 'called *The Grove*, and by him, in ho-'nour of me, and of ſome of my volun-'tary employments, *my Dairy Houſe*, and 'the furniture thereof as it now ſtands, '(the pictures and large iron-cheſt of 'old plate excepted) I alſo bequeathe to 'my ſaid father; only begging it as a 'favour that he will be pleaſed to per-'mit my dear Mrs. Norton to paſs the 'remainder of her days in that houſe; 'and to have and enjoy the apartments 'in it known by the name of *The Houſe-'keeper's Apartments*, with the furniture 'in them; and which (plain and neat) 'was bought for me by my grandfather, 'who delighted to call me his houſe-'keeper; and which therefore in his 'life-time I uſed as ſuch: the office to 'go with the apartments. And I am 'the more earneſt in this recommen-'dation, as I had once thought to have 'been very happy there with the good 'woman; and becauſe I think her pru-'dent management will be as benefi-'cial to my father, as his favour can be 'convenient to her.

'But with regard to what has ac-'crued from that eſtate, ſince my grand-'father's death, and to the ſum of nine 'hundred and ſeventy pounds, which 'proved to be the moiety of the money 'that my ſaid grandfather had by him 'at his death, and which moiety he be-'queathed to me for my ſole and ſepa-'rate uſe; [as he did the other moiety 'in like manner to my ſiſter] and which 'ſum (that I might convince my brother 'and ſiſter, that I wiſhed not for an in-'dependence upon my father's pleaſure) 'I gave into my father's hands, toge-'ther with the management and produce 'of the whole eſtate deviſed to me—'Theſe ſums, however conſiderable 'when put together, I hope I may be 'allowed to diſpoſe of abſolutely, as my 'love and my gratitude (not confined 'only to my own family, which is very 'wealthy in all it's branches) may war-'rant: and which therefore I ſhall diſ-'poſe of in the manner hereafter men-'tioned. But it is my will, and expreſs 'direction, that my father's account of 'the above-mentioned produce may be 'taken and eſtabliſhed abſolutely (and 'without contravention or queſtion) as 'he ſhall be pleaſed to give it to my 'couſin Morden, or to whom elſe he 'ſhall be pleaſed to give it; ſo as that 'the ſaid account be not ſubject to liti-'gation, or to the controul of my ex-'ecutor, or of any other perſon.

'My father, of his love and bounty, 'was pleaſed to allow me the ſame quar-'terly ſums that he allowed my ſiſter for 'apparel and other requiſites; and '(pleaſed with me then) uſed to ſay, 'that thoſe ſums ſhould not be deducted 'from the eſtate and effects bequeathed 'to me by my grandfather: but having '*mortally* offended him (as I fear it may 'be ſaid) by one unhappy ſtep, it may 'be expected that he will reimburſe 'himſelf thoſe ſums—It is therefore my 'will and direction, that he ſhall be al-'lowed to pay and ſatisfy himſelf for all 'ſuch quarterly or other ſums, which

'he

'he was ſo good as to advance me from 'the time of my grandfather's death; 'and that his account of ſuch ſums ſhall 'likewiſe be taken without queſtioning 'the money, however, which I left be- 'hind me in my eſcritoire, being to be 'taken in part of thoſe diſburſements.

'My grandfather, who, in his good- 'neſs and favour to me, knew no 'bounds, was pleaſed to bequeathe to 'me all the family pictures at his late 'houſe, ſome of which are very maſterly 'performances; with command, that if 'I died unmarried, or if married and 'had no deſcendants, they ſhould then 'go to that ſon of his (if more than one 'ſhould be then living) whom I ſhould 'think would ſet moſt value by them. 'Now, as I know that my honoured 'uncle, John Harlowe, eſq. was pleaſed 'to expreſs ſome concern that they were 'not left to him, as eldeſt ſon; and as 'he has a gallery where they may be 'placed to advantage; and as I have 'reaſon to believe, that he will be- 'queathe them to my father, if he ſur- 'vive him; who, no doubt, will leave 'them to my brother; I therefore be- 'queathe all the ſaid family pictures to 'my ſaid uncle John Harlowe. In theſe 'pictures, however, I include not one 'of my own, drawn when I was about 'fourteen years of age; which I ſhall 'hereafter in another article bequeathe.

'My ſaid honoured grandfather hav- 'ing a great fondneſs for the old family 'plate, which he would never permit 'to be changed, having lived, as he 'uſed to ſay, to ſee a great deal of it 'come into requeſt again in the revo- 'lution of faſhions; and having left 'the ſame to me, with a command to 'keep it entire; and with power at my 'death to bequeathe it to whomſoever 'I pleaſed that I thought would for- 'ward his deſire; which was, as he ex- 'preſſes it, that it ſhould be kept *to the 'end of time*; this family plate, which 'is depoſited in a large iron-cheſt, in 'the ſtrong room at his late dwelling- 'houſe, I bequeathe entire to my ho- 'noured uncle Antony Harlowe, Eſq. 'with the ſame injunctions which were 'laid on me; not doubting but he will 'confirm and ſtrengthen them by his 'own laſt will.

'I bequeathe to my ever-valued friend 'Mrs. Judith Norton, to whoſe piety 'and care, ſeconding the piety and care 'of my ever-honoured and excellent 'mother, I owe, morally ſpeaking, the 'qualifications, which for eighteen years 'of my life, made me beloved and re- 'ſpected, the full ſum of ſix hundred 'pounds, to be paid her within three 'months after my death.

'I bequeathe alſo to the ſame good 'woman thirty guineas, for mourning, 'for her and for her ſon, my foſter- 'brother.

'To Mrs. Dorothy Hervey, the only 'ſiſter of my honoured mother, I be- 'queathe the ſum of fifty guineas for a 'ring; and I beg of her to accept of 'my thankful acknowledgments for all 'her goodneſs to me from my infancy; 'and particularly for her patience with 'me, in the ſeveral altercations that 'happened between my brother and 'ſiſter, and me, before my unhappy de- 'parture from Harlowe Place.

'To my kind and much-valued cou- 'ſin Miſs Dolly Hervey, daughter of my 'aunt Hervey, I bequeath my watch and 'equipage, and my beſt Mechlin and 'Bruſſels head-dreſſes and ruffles; alſo 'my gown and petticoat of flowered 'ſilver of my own work; which having 'been made up but a few days before I 'was confined to my chamber, I never 'wore.

'To the ſame young lady, I be- 'queathe likewiſe my harpſichord, my 'chamber-organ, and all my muſick- 'books.

'As my ſiſter has a very pretty li- 'brary; and as my beloved Miſs Howe 'has alſo her late father's as well as her 'own; I bequeathe all my own books 'in general, with the caſes they are in, 'to my ſaid couſin Dolly Hervey. As 'they are not ill choſen for a woman's 'library, I know that ſhe will take the 'greater pleaſure in them (when her 'friendly grief is mellowed by time into 'a remembrance more ſweet than pain- 'ful) becauſe they were mine; and be- 'cauſe there are obſervations in many 'of them of my own writing; and ſome 'very judicious ones, written by the 'truly reverend Dr. Lewen.

'I alſo bequeathe to the ſame young 'lady twenty-five guineas for a ring, 'to be worn in remembrance of her true 'friend.

'If I live not to ſee my worthy couſin 'William Morden, Eſq. I deſire my 'humble and grateful thanks may be 'given to him for his favours and good- 'neſs to me; and particularly for his 'endeavours to reconcile my other 'friends to me, at a time when I was 'doubtful whether he would forgive 'me himſelf. As he is in great circum-

'ſtances,

'ſtances, I will only beg of him to accept of two or three trifles, in remembrance of a kinſwoman who always honoured *him* as much as he loved *her*. Particularly, of that piece of flowers which my uncle Robert, his father, was very earneſt to obtain, in order to carry it abroad with him.

'I deſire him likewiſe to accept of the little miniature picture ſet in gold, which his worthy father made me ſit for to the famous Italian maſter whom he brought over with him; and which he preſented to me, that I might beſtow it, as he was pleaſed to ſay, upon the man whom I ſhould be one day moſt inclined to favour.

'To the ſame gentleman I alſo bequeathe my roſe diamond ring, which was a preſent from his good father to me; and will be the more valuable to him on that account.

'I humbly requeſt Mrs. Annabella Howe, the mother of my dear Miſs Howe, to accept of my reſpectful thanks for all her favours and goodneſs to me, when I was ſo frequently a viſitor to her beloved daughter; and of a ring of twenty-five guineas price.

'My picture at full length, which is in my late grandfather's cloſet, (excepted in an article above from the family pictures) drawn when I was near fourteen years of age; about which time my dear Miſs Howe and I began to know, to diſtinguiſh, and to love one another, ſo dearly—I cannot expreſs how dearly—I bequeathe to that ſiſter of my heart: of whoſe friendſhip, as well in adverſity as proſperity, when I was deprived of all other comfort and comforters, I have had ſuch inſtances, as that our love can only be exceeded in that ſtate of perfection, in which I hope to rejoice with her hereafter, to all eternity.

'I bequeathe alſo to the ſame dear friend my beſt diamond ring, which, with other jewels, is in the private drawer of my eſcritoire: as alſo all my finiſhed and framed pieces of needle-work; the flower-piece excepted, which I have already bequeathed to my couſin Morden.

'Theſe pieces have all been taken down, as I have heard; and my relations will have no heart to put them up again: but if my good mother chuſes to keep back any one piece, (the above capital piece, as it is called, excepted) not knowing but ſome time hence ſhe may bear the ſight of it; I except that alſo from this general bequeſt; and direct it to be preſented to her.

'My whole-length picture in the Vandyke taſte, that uſed to hang in my own parlour, as I was permitted to call it, I bequeathe to my aunt Hervey, except my mother ſhould think fit to keep it herſelf.

'I bequeathe to the worthy Charles Hickman, Eſq. the locket, with the miniature-picture of the lady he beſt loves, which I have conſtantly worn, and ſhall continue to wear near my heart till the approach of my laſt hour. It muſt be the moſt acceptable preſent that can be made him, next to the *hand* of the dear original. And, O my dear Miſs Howe, let it not be long before you permit his claim to the *latter*—for indeed you know not the value of a virtuous mind in that ſex; and how preferable ſuch a mind is to one diſtinguiſhed by the more dazzling flights of unruly wit; although the latter were to be joined by that ſpecious outward appearance which too—too often attracts the haſty eye, and ſuſceptible heart.

'*Permit me, my dear friends, this ſolemn apoſtrophe, in this laſt ſolemn act, to a young lady ſo deſervedly dear to me!*

'I make it my earneſt requeſt to my dear Miſs Howe, that ſhe will not put herſelf into mourning for me. But I deſire her acceptance of a ring with my hair; and that Mr. Hickman will alſo accept of the like; each of the value of twenty-five guineas.

'I bequeathe to Lady Betty Lawrance, and to her ſiſter Lady Sarah Sadleir, and to the Right Honourable Lord M. and to their worthy nieces Miſs Charlotte and Miſs Martha Montague, each an enamelled ring, with a cypher Cl. H. with my hair in cryſtal, and round the inſide of each, the day, month, and year of my death: each ring, with brilliants, to coſt twenty guineas. And this as a ſmall token of the grateful ſenſe I have of the honour of their good opinions and kind wiſhes in my favour; and of their truly noble offer to me of a very conſiderable annual proviſion, when they apprehended me to be entirely deſtitute of any.

'To the reverend and learned Dr. Arthur Lewen, by whoſe inſtructions I have been equally delighted and benefited, I bequeathe twenty guineas for a ring. If it ſhould pleaſe God to call him to himſelf, before he can re-

'ceive this ſmall bequeſt, it is my will, 'that his worthy daughter may have the 'benefit of it.

'In token of the grateful ſenſe I have 'of the civilities paid me by Mrs. and 'Miſs Howe's domeſticks, from time 'time, in my viſits there, I bequeathe 'thirty guineas to be divided among 'them, as their dear young miſtreſs 'ſhall think proper.

'To each of my worthy companions 'and friends, Miſs Biddy Lloyd, Miſs 'Fanny Alſton, Miſs Rachel Biddulph, 'and Miſs Cartwright Campbell, I be-'queathe five guineas for a ring.

'To my late maid-ſervant Hannah 'Burton, an honeſt, faithful creature, 'who loved *me*, reverenced my *mother*, 'and reſpected my *ſiſter*, and never 'ſought to do any-thing unbecoming of 'her character, I bequeathe the ſum of 'fifty pounds, to be paid within one 'month after my deceaſe, ſhe labouring 'under ill health: and if that ill health 'continue, I commend her for farther 'aſſiſtance to my good Mrs. Norton, to 'be put upon my poors fund, hereafter 'to be mentioned.

'To the coachman, groom, and two 'footmen, and five maids, at Harlowe 'Place, I bequeathe ten pounds each; to 'the helper, five pounds.

'To my ſiſter's maid Betty Barnes, 'I bequeathe ten pounds, to ſhew that 'I reſent not former diſobligations; 'which I believe were owing more to 'the inſolence of office, and to natural 'pertneſs, than to perſonal ill-will.

'All my wearing apparel, of what-'ever ſort, that I have not been oblig-'ed to part with, or which is not al-'ready bequeathed, (my linen excepted) 'I deſire Mrs. Norton will accept of.

'The trunks and boxes in which my 'cloaths are ſealed up, I deſire may not 'be opened, but in preſence of Mrs. 'Norton (or of ſome one deputed by 'her) and of Mrs. Lovick.

'To the worthy Mrs. Lovick above-'mentioned, from whom I have re-'ceived great civilities, and even ma-'ternal kindneſſes; and to Mrs. Smith, '(with whom I lodge) from whom *alſo* 'I have received great kindneſſes; I 'bequeathe all my linen, and all my 'unſold laces; to be divided equally be-'tween them, as they ſhall agree; or, 'in caſe of diſagreement, the ſame to 'be ſold, and the money ariſing to be 'equally ſhared by them.

'And I bequeathe to the ſame two 'good women, as a farther token of my 'thankful acknowledgments of their 'kind love and compaſſionate concern 'for me, the ſum of twenty guineas 'each.

'To Mr. Smith, the huſband of Mrs. 'Smith above-named, I bequeathe the 'ſum of ten guineas, in acknowledg-'ment of his civilities to me.

'To Katharine, the honeſt maid-ſer-'vant of Mrs. Smith, to whom (having 'no ſervant of my own) I have been 'troubleſome, I bequeathe five guineas; 'and ten guineas more, in lieu of a ſuit 'of my wearing apparel, which once, 'with ſome linen, I thought of leaving 'to her. With this ſhe may purchaſe 'what may be more ſuitable to her lik-'ing and degree.

'To the honeſt and careful widow 'Anne Shelburne, my nurſe, over and 'above her wages, and the cuſtomary 'perquiſites, that may belong to her, 'I bequeathe the ſum of ten guineas. 'Hers is a careful, and (to perſons of 'ſuch humanity and tenderneſs) a me-'lancholy employment, attended in the 'latter part of life with great watching 'and fatigue, which is hardly ever 'enough conſidered.

'The few books I have at my pre-'ſent lodgings, I deſire Mrs. Lovick to 'accept of; and that ſhe be permitted, 'if ſhe pleaſe, to take a copy of my 'book of *Meditations*, as I uſed to call 'it; being extracts from the beſt books; 'which ſhe ſeemed to approve of, al-'though ſuited particularly to my own 'caſe. As for the book itſelf, perhaps 'my good Mrs. Norton will be glad to 'have it, as it is written all with my 'own hand.

'In the middle drawer of my eſcri-'toire at Harlowe Place, are many letters, 'and copies of letters, put up according 'to their dates, which I have written 'or received in a courſe of years, (ever 'ſince I learned to write) from and to 'my grandfather, my father and mo-'ther, my uncles, my brother and ſiſ-'ter, on occaſional little abſences; my 'late uncle Morden; my couſin Mor-'den; Mrs. Norton, and Miſs Howe, 'and other of my companions and 'friends, before my confinement at my 'father's: as alſo from the three reve-'rend gentlemen, Dr. Blome, Mr. 'Arnold, and Mr. Tomkins, now with 'God, and the very reverend Dr. 'Lewen, on ſerious ſubjects. As theſe 'letters exhibit a correſpondence that 'no perſon of my ſex need to be aſham-'ed of, allowing for the time of life 'when mine were written; and as many 'excellent things are contained in thoſe

'written

'written to me; and as Miſs Howe, to 'whom moſt of them have been com- 'municated, wiſhed formerly to have 'them, if ſhe ſurvived me: for theſe 'reaſons I bequeathe them to my ſaid 'dear friend Miſs Anna Howe; and 'the rather, as ſhe had for ſome years 'paſt a very conſiderable ſhare in the 'correſpondence.

'I do hereby make, conſtitute, and 'ordain, John Belford, of Edgeware, 'in the county of Middleſex, Eſq. the 'ſole executor of this my laſt will and 'teſtament; having previouſly obtain- 'ed his leave ſo to do. I have given the 'reaſons which induced me to aſk this 'gentleman to take upon him this trou- 'ble, to Miſs Howe. I therefore refer 'to her on this ſubject.

'But I do moſt earneſtly beg of him 'the ſaid Mr. Belford, that in the exe- 'cution of his truſt, he will (as he has 'repeatedly promiſed) ſtudiouſly endea- 'vour to promote peace with, and ſup- 'preſs reſentments in, every-one; ſo 'as that all farther miſchiefs may be 'prevented, as well *from*, as *to* his 'friend. And in order to this, I be- 'ſeech him to cultivate the friendſhip of 'my worthy couſin Morden; who, as 'I preſume to hope, (when he under- 'ſtands it to be my dying requeſt) will 'give him his advice and aſſiſtance in 'every article where it may be neceſ- 'ſary: and who will perhaps be ſo good 'as to interpoſe with my relations, if 'any difficulty ſhould ariſe about car- 'rying any of the articles of this my laſt 'will into execution, and to ſoften them 'into the wiſhed for condeſcenſion:— 'for it is my earneſt requeſt to Mr. Bel- 'ford, that he will not ſeek by law, or 'by any ſort of violence, either by word 'or deed, to extort the performance 'from *them*. If there be any articles of 'a merely domeſtick nature, that my re- 'lations ſhall think unfit to be carried 'into execution; ſuch articles I leave 'entirely to my ſaid couſin Morden and 'Mr. Belford to vary, or totally diſ- 'pense with, as they ſhall agree upon 'the matter; or, if they two differ in 'opinion, they will be pleaſed to be 'determined by a third perſon, to be 'choſen by them both.

'Having been preſſed by Miſs Howe 'and her mother, to collect the parti- 'culars of my ſad ſtory, and given ex- 'pectation that I would, in order to do 'my character juſtice with all my friends 'and companions; but not having time 'before me for the painful taſk; it has 'been a pleaſure to me to find, by ex- 'tracts kindly communicated to me by 'my ſaid executor, that I may ſafely 'truſt my fame to the juſtice done me 'by Mr. Lovelace, in his letters to him 'my ſaid executor. And as Mr. Bel- 'ford has engaged to contribute what is 'in his power towards a compilement to 'be made of all that relates to my ſtory, 'and knows my whole mind in this re- 'ſpect; it is my deſire, that he will 'cauſe two copies to be made of this 'collection; one to remain with Miſs 'Howe, the other with himſelf; and 'that he will ſhew or lend his copy, if 'required, to my aunt Hervey, for the 'ſatisfaction of any of my family; but 'under ſuch reſtrictions as the ſaid Mr. 'Belford ſhall think fit to impoſe; that 'neither any other perſon's ſafety may 'be endangered, nor his own honour 'ſuffer, by the communication.

'I bequeathe to my ſaid executor, the 'ſum of one hundred guineas, as a 'grateful, though inſufficient acknow- 'ledgment of the trouble he will be at 'in the execution of the truſt he has ſo 'kindly undertaken. I deſire him like- 'wiſe to accept of twenty guineas for a 'ring: and that he will reimburſe him- 'ſelf for all the charges and expences 'which he ſhall be at in the execution 'of this truſt.

'In the worthy Dr. H. I have found 'a phyſician, a father, and a friend. I 'beg of him, as a teſtimony of my gra- 'titude, to accept of twenty guineas for 'a ring.

'I have the ſame obligations to the 'kind and ſkilful Mr. Goddard, who 'attended me as my apothecary. His 'very moderate bill I have diſcharged 'down to yeſterday. I have always 'thought it incumbent upon teſtators to 'ſhorten all they can the trouble of their 'executors. I know I under-rate the 'value of Mr. Goddard's attendances, 'when over and above what may accrue 'from yeſterday, to the hour that will 'finiſh all, I deſire fifteen guineas for a 'ring may be preſented to him.

'To the reverend Mr. ———, who 'frequently attended me, and prayed 'by me in my laſt ſtages, I alſo be- 'queathe fifteen guineas for a ring.

'There are a ſet of honeſt, indigent 'people, whom I uſed to call *my poor*, 'and to whom Mrs. Norton conveys re- 'lief each month (or at ſhorter periods) 'in proportion to their neceſſities, from 'a ſum I depoſited in her hands, and 'from time to time recruited, as means 'accrued to me; but now nearly, if 'not wholly expended: *now*, that my

'fault may be as little aggravated as 'poſſible, by the ſufferings of the wor-'thy people whom Heaven gave me a 'heart to relieve; and as the produce 'of my grandfather's eſtate, (including 'the moiety of the ſums he had by him, 'and was pleaſed to give me, at his 'death, as above-mentioned) together 'with what I ſhall further appropriate 'to the ſame uſe in the ſubſequent arti-'cles, will, as I hope, more than an-'ſwer all my legacies and bequeſts; it 'is my will and deſire, that the remain-'der, be it little or much, ſhall become 'a fund to be appropriated, and I do 'hereby direct that it be appropriated, 'to the like purpoſes with the ſums 'which I put into Mrs. Norton's hands 'as aforeſaid—and this under the direc-'tion and management of the ſaid Mrs. 'Norton, who knows my whole mind in 'this particular. And in caſe of her 'death, or of her deſire to be acquitted 'of the management thereof, it is my 'earneſt requeſt to my dear Miſs Howe, 'that ſhe will take it upon herſelf, and 'that at her own death ſhe will transfer 'what ſhall remain undiſpoſed of at the '*time*, to ſuch perſons, and with ſuch 'limitations, reſtrictions, and proviſoes, 'as ſhe ſhall think will beſt anſwer my 'intention. For, as to the manage-'ment and diſtribution of all or any 'part of it, while in Mrs. Norton's 'hands, or her own; I will, that it be 'entirely diſcretional, and without ac-'count, either to my executor, or any 'other perſon.

'Although Mrs. Norton, as I have 'hinted, knows my whole mind in this 'reſpect; yet it may be proper to men-'tion, in this laſt ſolemn act, that my 'intention is, that this fund be entirely 'ſet apart and appropriated to relieve 'temporarily, from the intereſt there-'of, (as I dare ſay it will be put out to 'the beſt advantage), or even from the 'principal, if need be, the honeſt, in-'duſtrious, labouring poor, only; when 'ſickneſs, lameneſs, unforeſeen loſſes, 'or other accidents, diſable them from 'following their lawful callings; or to 'aſſiſt ſuch honeſt people of large fami-'lies as ſhall have a child of good incli-'nations to put out to ſervice, trade, or 'huſbandry.

'It has always been a rule with me, 'in my little donations, to endeavour 'to aid and ſet forward the ſober and in-'duſtrious poor. Small helps, if ſeaſon-'ably afforded, will do for ſuch; and ſo 'the fund may be of more extenſive be-'nefit; an ocean of wealth will not be 'ſufficient for the idle and diſſolute: 'whom, therefore, ſince they will be 'always in want, it will be no charity to 'relieve, if worthier creatures would 'by relieving the others be deprived of 'ſuch aſſiſtance as may ſet the wheels of 'their induſtry going, and put them in 'a ſphere of uſeful action.

'But it is my expreſs will and direc-'tion, that let this fund come out to be 'ever ſo conſiderable, it ſhall be appli-'ed only in ſupport of the *temporary exi-'gences* of the perſons I have deſcribed; 'and that no one family or perſon re-'ceive from it, at one time, or in one 'year, more than the ſum of twenty 'pounds.

'It is my will and deſire, that the ſet 'of jewels which was my grandmother's, 'and preſented to me, ſoon after her 'death, by my grandfather, be valued; 'and the worth of them paid to my ex-'ecutor, if any of my family chuſe to 'have them; or otherwiſe that they be 'ſold, and go to the augmentation of 'my poor's fund.—But if they may be 'deemed an equivalent for the ſums my 'father was pleaſed to advance to me 'ſince the death of my grandfather, I 'deſire that they may be given up to 'him.

'I preſume, that the diamond neck-'lace, ſolitare, and buckles, which 'were properly my own, preſented by 'my mother's uncle Sir Joſias Brook-'land, will not be purchaſed by any 'one of my family, for a too obvious 'reaſon: in this caſe, I deſire, that they 'may be ſent to my executor, and that 'he will diſpoſe of them to the beſt ad-'vantage; and apply the money to the 'uſes of my will.

'In the beginning of this tedious 'writing, I referred to the latter part of 'it, the naming of the ſubject of the 'diſcourſe which I wiſhed might be de-'livered at my funeral, if permitted to 'be interred with my anceſtors. I think 'the following will be ſuitable to my 'caſe. I hope the alteration of the 'words *her* and *ſhe*, for *him* and *he*, may 'be allowable.

"Let not *her* that is deceived truſt in
"vanity; for vanity ſhall be *her* re-
"compence. *She* ſhall be accom-
"pliſhed before *her* time; and *her*
"branch ſhall not be green. *She*
"ſhall ſhake off *her* unripe grape as
"the vine, and ſhall caſt off *her* flower
"as the olive." Job xv. 31, 32, 33.

'But if I am to be interred in town

'let

'let only the uſual burial-ſervice be read 'over my corpſe.

'If my body be permitted to be car- 'ried down, I bequeath ten pounds to 'be given to the poor of the pariſh, at 'the diſcretion of the church-wardens, 'within a fortnight after my interment.

'If any neceſſary matter be omitted in 'this my will, or if any-thing appear 'doubtful or contradictory, as poſſibly 'may be the caſe; ſince, beſides my in- 'experience in theſe matters, I am now, 'at this time very weak and ill; having 'put off the finiſhing hand a little too 'long, in hopes of obtaining the laſt for- 'giveneſs of my honoured friends; in 'which caſe I ſhould have acknowledged 'the favour with a ſuitable warmth of 'duty, and filled up ſome blanks which 'I left to the very laſt, in a more agree- 'able manner to myſelf, than now I have 'been enabled to do—In caſe of ſuch 'omiſſions and imperfections, I deſire 'that my couſin Morden will be ſo good 'as to join with Mr. Belford in conſi- 'dering them, and in comparing them 'with what I have more explicitly writ- 'ten; and if, after *that*, any doubt re- 'main, that they will be pleaſed to ap- 'ply to Miſs Howe, who knows my 'whole heart: and I deſire that the con- 'ſtruction of theſe three may be eſta- 'bliſhed: and I hereby eſtabliſh it, pro- 'vided it be unanimous, and direct it 'to be put in force, as if I had ſo writ- 'ten and determined myſelf.

'And now, O my bleſſed REDEEMER, 'do I, with a lively faith, humbly lay 'hold of thy meritorious death and 'ſufferings: hoping to be waſhed clean 'in thy precious blood from all my 'ſins; in the bare hope of the happy 'conſequences of which, how light 'do thoſe ſufferings ſeem, (grievous 'as they were at the time) which, I 'confidently truſt, will be a means, 'by thy grace, to work out for me a 'more exceeding and eternal weight 'of glory!

'CLARISSA HARLOWE.'

'Signed, ſealed, publiſhed, and declared, 'the day and year above-written, by 'the ſaid Clariſſa Harlowe, as her laſt 'will and teſtament; contained in ſe- 'ven ſheets of paper, all written with 'her own hand, and every ſheet ſigned 'and ſealed by herſelf, in the preſence 'of us,

'JOHN WILLIAMS,
'ARTHUR BEDALL,
'ELIZABETH SWANTON.'

## LETTER L.

COLONEL MORDEN, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

SAT. SEPT. 16.

I Have been employed in a moſt melancholy taſk. In reading the will of the dear deceaſed.

The unhappy mother and Mrs. Norton choſe to be abſent on the affecting occaſion. But Mrs. Harlowe made it her earneſt requeſt, that every article of it ſhould be fulfilled.

They were all extremely touched with the preamble.

The firſt words of the will—'I Cla- 'riſſa Harlowe, now by ſtrange melan- 'choly accidents, lodging,' &c. drew tears from ſome, ſighs from all.

The directions for her funeral, in caſe ſhe were or were not permitted to be carried down; the mention of her orders having been given for the manner of her being laid out, and the preſence of mind ſo viſible throughout the whole, obtained their admiration, expreſſed by hands and eyes lifted up, and by falling tears.

When I read the direction, that her body was not to be viewed, except any of her relations ſhould *vouchſafe for the laſt time to look upon her*; they turned away, and turned to me, three or four times alternately. Mrs. Hervey and Miſs Arabella ſobbed; the uncles wiped their eyes; the brother looked down; the father wrung his hands.

I was obliged to ſtop at the words, that ſhe was *nobody's*.

But when I came to the addreſs to be made to the accurſed man, if he were not to be diverted from ſeeing *her* dead, whom once before he had ſeen in a manner dead—execration, and either vows or wiſhes of revenge, filled every mouth.

Theſe were ſtill more fervently renewed when they came to hear read her forgiveneſs of even this man.

You remember, Sir, on our firſt reading of the will in town, the obſervations I made on the foul play which it is evident the excellent creature met with from this abandoned man, and what I ſaid upon the occaſion. I am not uſed to repeat things of that nature.

The dear creature's noble contempt of the *nothing*, as ſhe as nobly calls it, about which ſhe had been giving ſuch particular directions, to wit, her body; and her apologizing for the particularity of thoſe directions from the circumſtances ſhe was in—had the ſame, and as ſtrong an effect upon me, as when I firſt read the animated paragraph; and

pointed by my eye, (by turns caſt upon them all) affected them all.

When the article was read which bequeathed to the father the grandfather's eſtate, and the reaſon aſſigned for it, (ſo generous and ſo dutiful) the father could ſit no longer; but withdrew, wiping his eyes, and lifting up his ſpread hands at Mr. James Harlowe; who aroſe to attend him to the door, as Arabella likewiſe did—All he could ſay—'O ſon! 'ſon!—O girl! girl!'—As if he reproached them for the parts they had acted, and put him upon acting.

But yet, on ſome occaſions, this brother and ſiſter ſhewed themſelves to be true will-diſputants.

Let tongue and eyes expreſs what they will, Mr. Belford, the firſt reading of a will, where a perſon dies worth anything conſiderable, generally affords a true teſt of the relations love to the deceaſed.

The cloaths, the thirty guineas for mourning to Mrs. Norton, with the recommendation of the good woman for houſekeeper at *the Grove*, were thought ſufficient, had the article of 600l. which was called monſtrous, been omitted. Some other paſſages in the will were called *flights, and ſuch whimſies as diſtinguiſh people of imagination from thoſe of judgment.*

My couſin Dolly Hervey was grudged the library. Miſs Harlowe ſaid, That as ſhe and her ſiſter never bought the ſame books, ſhe would take that to herſelf, and would *make it up* to her couſin Dolly *one way or other.*

I intend, Mr. Belford, to ſave you the trouble of interpoſing—The library *ſhall* be my couſin Dolly's.

Mrs. Hervey could hardly keep her ſeat. On *this* occaſion, however, ſhe only ſaid, That her late dear and *ever*-dear niece, was *too good* to her and *hers*. But, *at another time*, ſhe declared with tears, that ſhe could not forgive herſelf for a letter ſhe wrote, looking at Miſs Arabella, whom, it ſeems, unknown to any-body, ſhe had conſulted before ſhe wrote it, and which, ſhe ſaid, muſt have wounded a ſpirit, that now, ſhe ſaw, had been too deeply wounded before.

'O my aunt,' ſaid Arabella, 'no 'more of that!—Who would have 'thought that the dear creature had 'been ſuch a penitent?'

Mr. John and Mr. Antony Harlowe were ſo much affected with the articles in their favour, (bequeathed to them without a word or hint of reproach or recrimination) that they broke out into ſelf-accuſations; and lamented, that their ſweet niece, as they called her, was now got above all grateful acknowledgment and returns. Indeed, the mutual upbraidings and grief of all preſent, upon thoſe articles in which every-one was remembered for good, ſo often interrupted me, that the reading took up above ſix hours. But curſes upon the accurſed man were a refuge to which they often reſorted to exonerate themſelves.

How wounding a thing, Mr. Belford, is a generous and well-diſtinguiſhed forgiveneſs! What revenge can be more effectual, and more noble, were revenge intended, and were it wiſhed to ſtrike remorſe into a guilty or ungrateful heart! But my dear couſin's motives were all duty and love. She ſeems indeed to have been, as much as mortal could be, Love itſelf. Love ſublimed by a purity, by a true delicacy, that hardly any woman before her could boaſt of.—O Mr. Belford, what an example would ſhe have given in every ſtation of life, (as wife, mother, miſtreſs, friend) had her lot fallen upon a man bleſſed with a mind like her own!

The 600l. bequeathed to Mrs. Norton, the library to Miſs Hervey, and the remembrances to Miſs Howe, were not the only articles grudged. Yet to what purpoſe did they regret the pecuniary bequeſts, when the poors fund, and not themſelves, would have had the benefit, had not thoſe legacies been bequeathed!

But enough paſſed to convince me, that my couſin was abſolutely right in her choice of an executor out of the family. Had ſhe choſen one in it, I dare ſay that her will would have been no more regarded than if it had been the will of a dead king; than that of Louis XIV. in particular; ſo flagrantly broken through by his nephew the Duke of Orleans before he was cold. The only will of that monarch, perhaps, which was ever diſputed.

But little does Mr. James Harlowe think, that while he is graſping at hundreds, he will, moſt probably, loſe thouſands, if he be my ſurvivor. A man of a ſpirit ſo ſelfiſh and narrow ſhall not be my heir.

You will better conceive, Mr. Belford, than I can expreſs, how much they were touched at the hint, that the dear creature had been obliged to part with ſome of her cloaths.

Silent reproach ſeized every-one of them, when I came to the paſſage where

ſhe mentions, that ſhe deferred filling up ſome blanks, in hopes of receiving their laſt bleſſing and forgiveneſs.

I will only add, that they could not bear to hear read the concluding part, ſo ſolemnly addreſſed to her Redeemer. They all aroſe from their ſeats, and crouded out of the apartment we were in: and then, as I afterwards found, ſeparated, in order to ſeek that conſolation in ſolitary retirement, which, though they could not hope for from their own reflections, yet, at the time, they had leſs reaſon to expect in each other's company. I am, Sir, *your faithful and obedient ſervant,* WM. MORDEN.

## LETTER LI.

MR. BELFORD, TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE LORD M.

MY LORD, LONDON, SEPT. 14.

I Am very apprehenſive, that the affair between Mr. Lovelace and the late excellent Miſs Clariſſa Harlowe will be attended with farther bad conſequences, notwithſtanding her dying injunctions to the contrary. I would therefore humbly propoſe, that your lordſhip, and his other relations, will forward the purpoſe your kinſman lately had to go abroad; where I hope he will ſtay till all is blown over. But as he will not ſtir, if he know the true motives of your wiſhes, the avowed inducement, as I hinted once to Mr. Mowbray, may be ſuch as reſpects his own health both of perſon and mind. To Mr. Mowbray and Mr. Tourville all countries are alike; and they perhaps will accompany him.

I am glad to hear that he is in a way of recovery: but this the rather induces me to preſs the matter. And I think no time ſhould be loſt.

Your lordſhip has heard, that I have the honour to be the executor of this admirable lady's laſt will. I tranſcribe from it the following paragraph.

*He then tranſcribes the article which ſo gratefully mentions this nobleman, and the ladies of his family, in relation to the rings ſhe bequeathes them, about which he deſires their commands.*

## LETTER LII.

MISS MONTAGUE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

M. HALL, FRIDAY, SEPT. 15.

SIR,

MY lord having the gout in his right-hand, his lordſhip, and Lady Sarah, and Lady Betty, have commanded me to inform you, that before your letter came, Mr. Lovelace was preparing for a foreign tour. We ſhall endeavour to haſten him away on the motives you ſuggeſt.

We are all extremely affected with the dear lady's death. Lady Betty and Lady Sarah have been indiſpoſed ever ſince they heard of it. They had pleaſed themſelves, as had my ſiſter and ſelf, with the hopes of cultivating her acquaintance and friendſhip after he was gone abroad, upon her own terms. Her kind remembrance of each of us has renewed, though it could not heighten, our regrets for ſo irreparable a loſs. We ſhall order Mr. Finch, our goldſmith, to wait on you. He has our directions about the rings. They will be long, long worn in memory of the dear teſtatrix.

Every-body is aſſured, that you will do all in your power to prevent *farther* ill conſequences from this melancholy affair. My lord deſires his compliments to you. I am, Sir, *your humble ſervant,* CH. MONTAGUE.

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THIS collection having run into a much greater length than was wiſhed, it is thought proper to omit ſeveral letters that paſſed between Colonel Morden, Miſs Howe, Mr. Belford, and Mr. Hickman, in relation to the execution of the lady's will, &c.

It is, however, neceſſary to obſerve on this ſubject, That the unhappy mother, being ſupported by the two uncles, influenced the afflicted father to over-rule all his ſon's objections, and to direct a literal obſervation of the will; and at the ſame time to give up all the ſums which he was empowered by it to reimburſe himſelf; as alſo to take upon himſelf to defray the funeral expences.

Mr. Belford ſo much obliges Miſs Howe by his ſteadineſs, equity, and diſpatch, and by his readineſs to contribute to the directed collection, that ſhe voluntarily entered into a correſpondence with him, as the repreſentative of her beloved friend. In the courſe of which, he communicated to her (in confidence) the letters which paſſed between him and Mr. Lovelace, and, by Colonel Morden's conſent, thoſe which paſſed between that gentleman and himſelf.

Miſs Howe, in hers of the 20th, acknowledging the receipt of the letters, and papers, and legacies, ſent with Mr. Belford's letter, aſſures him, That

no uſe ſhall be made of his communications, but what he ſhall approve of.

He had mentioned with compaſſion the diſtreſſes of the Harlowe family—'Perſons of a *pitiful nature*,' ſays ſhe, 'may pity them. I am not one of thoſe. 'You, I think, pity the infernal man 'likewiſe; while I, from my heart, 'grudge him his phrenzy, becauſe it 'deprives him of that remorſe, which, 'I hope, on his recovery, will never 'leave him. At times, Sir, let me tell 'you, that I hate your whole ſex for 'his ſake; even men of unblameable 'characters, whom at thoſe times I can-'not but look upon as perſons I have 'not yet *found out*.

'If my dear creature's perſonal jewels 'be ſent up to you for ſale, I deſire that 'I may be the purchaſer of them at the '*higheſt* price—Of the necklace and ſo-'litaire particularly.

'O what tears did the peruſal of my 'beloved's will coſt me!—But I muſt 'not touch upon the heart-piercing ſub-'ject. I can neither take it up, nor 'quit it, but with execration of the man 'whom all the world muſt execrate.'

Mr. Belford, in his anſwer, promiſes that ſhe ſhall be the purchaſer of the jewels, if they come into his hands.

He acquaints her, that the family had given Colonel Morden the keys of all that belonged to the dear departed: that the unhappy mother had (as the will allows) ordered a piece of needle-work to be ſet aſide for her, and had deſired Mrs. Norton to get the little book of *Meditations* tranſcribed, and to let her have the original, as it was all of her dear daughter's hand-writing; and as it might, when ſhe could bear to look into it, adminiſter conſolation to herſelf. And that ſhe had likewiſe reſerved for herſelf her picture in the Vandyke taſte.

Mr. Belford ſends with this letter to Miſs Howe the lady's memorandum-book; and promiſes to ſend her copies of the ſeveral poſthumous letters. He tells he, that Mr. Lovelace being upon the recovery, he had incloſed the poſthumous letter directed for him to Lord M. that his lordſhip might give it to him, or not, as he ſhould find he could bear it. The following is a copy of that letter.

'TO MR. LOVELACE.

THURSDAY, AUG. 24.

'I Told you, in the letter I wrote to 'you on *Tueſday* laſt, that you 'ſhould have another ſent you when I 'had got into *my father's houſe*.

'I preſume to ſay, that I am *now*, at 'your receiving of this, arrived there; 'and I invite you to follow me, as ſoon 'as you can be *prepared* for ſo great a 'journey.

'Not to allegorize further—My fate 'is *now*, at your peruſal of this, accom-'pliſhed. My doom is unalterably fixed: 'and I am either a miſerable or happy 'being to all eternity. If *happy*, I owe 'it ſolely to the Divine Mercy; if *miſe-'rable*, to your undeſerved cruelty.—'And conſider now, for your own ſake, 'gay, cruel, fluttering, unhappy man; 'conſider, whether the barbarous and 'perfidious treatment I have met with 'from you, was worthy the hazard of 'your immortal ſoul; ſince your wick-'ed views were not to be effected but 'by the wilful breach of the moſt ſolemn 'vows that ever were made by man; and 'thoſe aided by a violence and baſeneſs 'unworthy of a human creature.

'In time then, once more, I wiſh you 'to conſider your ways. Your golden 'dream cannot long laſt. Your preſent 'courſe can yield you pleaſure no longer 'than you can keep off thought or re-'flection. A hardened inſenſibility is 'the only foundation on which your in-'ward tranquillity is built. When once 'a dangerous ſickneſs ſeizes you; when 'once effectual remorſe breaks in upon 'you; how dreadful will be your con-'dition! How poor a triumph will you 'then find it, to have been able, by a 'ſeries of black perjuries, and ſtudied 'baſeneſs, under the name of gallantry 'or intrigue, to betray poor unexperi-'enced young creatures, who perhaps 'knew nothing but their duty till they 'knew you!—Not one good action in 'the hour of languiſhing to recollect, 'not one worthy intention to revolve, it 'will be all reproach and horror; and 'you will wiſh to have it in your power 'to compound for annihilation.

'Reflect, Sir, that I can have no 'other motive in what I write, than 'your good, and the ſafety of other in-'nocent creatures, who may be drawn 'in by your wicked arts and perjuries. 'You have not, in my wiſhes for your 'future welfare, the wiſhes of a ſup-'pliant wife, endeavouring for her *own* 'ſake, as well as for *yours*, to induce 'you to reform thoſe ways. They are 'wholly as diſintereſted as undeſerved. 'But I ſhould miſtruſt my own pen-'tence, were I capable of wiſhing to 'recompenſe evil for evil—if, black as 'your offences have been againſt me, I

'could

'could not forgive, as I wish to be for-
'given.

'I repeat, therefore, that I *do* for-
'give you. And may the Almighty
'forgive you too! Nor have I, at the
'writing of this, any other essential re-
'grets than what are occasioned by the
'grief I have given to parents, who,
'till I knew you, were the most indul-
'gent of parents; by the scandal given
'to the other branches of my family;
'by the disreputation brought upon my
'sex; and by the offence given to vir-
'tue in my fall.

'As to myself, you have only robbed
'me of what once were my favourite
'expectations in the transient life I shall
'have quitted when you receive this.
'You have only been the cause that I
'have been cut off in the bloom of
'youth, and of curtailing a life that
'might have been agreeable to myself,
'or otherwise, as had suited the designs
'and ends of Providence. I have rea-
'son to be thankful, for being taken
'away from the evil of supporting my
'part of a yoke with a man so *unhappy*;
'I will only say, that, in all probability,
'every hour I had lived with him might
'have brought with it some new trou-
'ble. And I am (indeed through sharp
'afflictions and distresses) indebted to
'you, *secondarily*, as I humbly presume
'to hope, for so many years of glory,
'as might have proved years of danger,
'temptation, and anguish, had they been
'added to my mortal life.

'So, Sir, though no thanks to your
'*intention*, you have done me *real ser-*
'*vice*; and in return, I wish you hap-
'py. But such has been your life hi-
'therto, that you can have no time to
'lose, in setting about your repentance.
'Repentance to such as have lived only
'carelessly, and in the omission of their
'regular duties, and who never aimed
'to draw any poor creatures into evil,
'is not so easy a task, nor so much in
'our own power, as some imagine.
'How difficult a grace then to be ob-
'tained, where the guilt is premeditat-
'ed, wilful, and complicated!

'To say I once respected you with a
'preference, is what I ought to blush
'to own, since, at the very time, I was
'far from thinking you even a moral
'man; though I little thought that
'you, or indeed that any man breath-
'ing, could be—what you have proved
'yourself to be. But, indeed, Sir, I
'have long been greatly above you:
'for from my heart I have despised
'you, and all your ways, ever since I
'saw what manner of man you were.

'Nor is it to be wondered, that I
'should be able so to do, when that pre-
'ference was not grounded on ignoble
'motives. For I was weak enough, and
'presumptuous enough, to hope to be a
'means, in the hand of Providence, to
'reclaim a man, whom I thought wor-
'thy of the attempt.

'Nor have I yet, as you will see by
'the pains I take, on this solem occa-
'sion, to awaken you out of your sen-
'sual dream, given over all hopes of
'this nature.

'Hear me, therefore, O Lovelace!
'as one speaking from the dead—Lose
'no time—Set about your repentance
'instantly—Be no longer the instrument
'of Satan, to draw poor souls into those
'subtile snares, which at last shall en-
'tangle your own feet. Seek not to
'multiply your offences, till they be-
'come beyond the *power*, as I may say,
'of the Divine Mercy to forgive; since
'*justice*, no less than *mercy*, is an attri-
'bute of the Almighty.

'Tremble and reform, when you
'read what is *the portion of the wicked man*
'*from God*. Thus it is written.

"The triumphing of the wicked is
"short, and the joy of the hypocrite
"but for a moment. He is cast into
"a net by his own feet—He walketh
"upon a snare. Terrors shall make him
"afraid on every side, and shall drive
"him to his feet. His strength shall be
"hunger-bitten, and destruction shall
"be ready at his side. The first-born
"of death shall devour his strength.
"His remembrance shall perish from
"the earth: and he shall have no name
"in the streets. He shall be chased out
"of the world. He shall have neither
"son nor nephew among his people.
"They that have seen him shall say,
"Where is he?" "He shall fly away
"as a dream: he shall be chased away
"as a vision of the night. His meat is
"the gall of asps within him. He shall
"flee from the iron weapon, and the
"bow of steel shall strike him through.
"A fire not blown shall consume him.
"The heavens shall reveal his iniquity,
"and the earth shall rise up against him.
"The worm shall feed sweetly on him.
"He shall be no more remembered.—
"This is the fate of him that knoweth
"not God."

'Whenever you shall be inclined to
'consult the Sacred Oracles, from
'whence the above threatenings are

'extracted,

'extracted, you will find doctrines and 'texts which a truly penitent and contrite heart may lay hold of for it's 'conſolation.

'May yours, Mr. Lovelace, become 'ſuch! And may you be enabled to 'eſcape the fate denounced againſt the 'abandoned man, and be entitled to the 'mercies of a long ſuffering and gracious 'God, is the ſincere prayer of

'CLARISSA HARLOWE.'

## LETTER LIII.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

M. HALL, THURSDAY, SEPT. 14.

EVER ſince the fatal ſeventh of this month, I have been loſt to myſelf, and to all the joys of life. I might have gone farther back than that fatal ſeventh; which, for the future, I will never ſee anniverſarily revolve but in fables; only till that curſed day I had ſome gleams of hope now-and-then darting in upon me.

They tell me of an odd letter I wrote to you. I remember I did write. But very little of the contents of what I wrote, do I remember.

I have been in a curſed way. Methinks ſomething has been working ſtrangely retributive. I never was ſuch a fool as to diſbelieve a Providence: yet am I not for reſolving into judgments every-thing that ſeems to wear an avenging face. Yet if we muſt be puniſhed either here or hereafter for our miſdeeds, better *here*, ſay I, than *hereafter*. Have I not then an intereſt to think my puniſhment already not only begun but compleated; ſince what I have ſuffered, and do ſuffer, paſſes all deſcription?

To give but one inſtance of the *retributive*—Here I, who was the barbarous cauſe of the loſs of ſenſes for a week together to the moſt inimitable of women, have been puniſhed with the loſs of my own—Preparative to—Who knows what—When, O when, ſhall I know a joyful hour?

I am kept exceſſively low; and exceſſively low I *am*. This ſweet creature's poſthumous letter ſticks cloſe to me. All her excellences riſe up hourly to my remembrance.

Yet dare I not indulge in theſe melancholy reflections. I find my head ſtrangely working again — Pen, be gone.

MONDAY, SEPT. 18.

HEAVY, damnably heavy and ſick at ſoul, by Jupiter! I muſt come into their expedient. I muſt ſee what change of climate may do.

You tell theſe fellows, and you tell me, of repenting and reforming: but I can do neither. He who *can*, muſt not have the *extinction* of a Clariſſa Harlowe to anſwer for.—Harlowe!—Curſe upon the name! And curſe upon myſelf for not changing it, as I might have done! —Yet have I no need of urging a curſe upon myſelf—I have it effectually.

'To ſay I once reſpected you with a 'preference'—In what ſtiff language does maidenly modeſty on theſe nice occaſions expreſs itſelf!—*To ſay I once loved you*, is the Engliſh; and there is truth and eaſe in the expreſſion.—'To ſay I 'once loved you,' then let it be; 'is 'what I ought to bluſh to own.'

'And doſt thou own it?—Excellent 'creature! and doſt thou then own it?' —What muſick in theſe words from ſuch an angel!—What would I give that my Clariſſa were in being, and *could* and *would* own that ſhe loved me?

'But, indeed, Sir, I have long been 'greatly above you.'

'Long, my bleſſed charmer!—Long, 'indeed—For you have been *ever* greatly 'above me, and above your ſex, and 'above all the world.'

'That preference was not grounded 'on ignoble motives.'

What a wretch was I, to be ſo diſtinguiſhed by her, and yet to be ſo unworthy of her hope to reclaim me!

Then, how generous her motives! Not for her *own* ſake merely, not altogether for *mine*, did ſhe hope to reclaim me; but equally for the ſake of innocents who might otherwiſe be ruined by me.

And now, *why* did ſhe write this letter, and *why* direct it to be given me when an event the moſt deplorable had taken place, but for my good, and with a view to the ſafety of innocents ſhe knew not? — And *when* was this letter written?—Was it not at the time, at the very time, that I had been purſuing her, as I may ſay, from place to place; when her ſoul was bowed down by calamity and perſecution; and herſelf was denied all forgiveneſs from relations the moſt implacable?

'Exalted creature! — And couldſt 'thou at *ſuch a time* and *ſo early*, and in '*ſuch circumſtances*, have ſo far ſubdued 'thy own juſt reſentments, as to wiſh 'happineſs to the principal author of all

'thy

'thy diſtreſſes? Wiſh happineſs to him 'who had robbed thee of all thy favou-'rite expectations in this life? To him 'who had been the cauſe, that thou wert 'cut off in the bloom of youth?

'Heavenly aſpirer!—What a frame 'muſt thou be in, to be able to uſe the 'word ONLY, in mentioning theſe im-'portant deprivations!—And as this 'was before thou puttedſt off mortality, 'may I not preſume that thou now,

"——with pitying eye,
"Not derogating from thy perfect bliſs,
"Survey'ſt all Heaven around, and wiſheſt
"for me?"

Conſider my ways.—'Dear life of my 'life! Of what avail is conſideration 'now, when I have loſt the dear crea-'ture, for whoſe ſake alone it was worth 'while to *have* conſideration?—Loſt her 'beyond retrieving—Swallowed up by 'the greedy grave—For *ever* loſt her—'That, *that's* the ſting—Matchleſs wo-'man!—How does this reflection 'wound me!'

'Your golden dream cannot long 'laſt.'—'Divine propheteſs! my gold-'en dream is *already* over. Thought 'and reflection *are* no longer to be kept 'off.—No *longer continues* that hardened 'inſenſibility thou chargeſt upon me.—'Remorſe *has* broken in upon me.—'Dreadful *is* my condition;—It *is* all 'reproach and horror with me!—A 'thouſand vultures in turn are preying 'upon my heart!'

But no more of theſe fruitleſs reflec-tions—Since I am incapable of writing any-thing elſe; ſince my pen will ſlide into this gloomy ſubject, whether I will or not; I will once more quit it; nor will I again reſume it, till I can be more *it's maſter*, and my own.

All I took pen to write for, is how-ever unwritten. It was, in few words, to wiſh you to proceed with your com-munications, as uſual. And why ſhould you not?—Since, in her ever-to-be-la-mented death, I know every thing ſhocking and grievous—Acquaint me, then, with all thou knoweſt, which I do *not* know: how her relations, her cruel relations, take it; and whether now, the barbed dart of after-reflection ſticks not in their hearts, as in mine, up to the very feathers?

I will ſoon quit this kingdom. For now my Clariſſa is no more, what is there in it (in the world indeed) worth living for?—But ſhall I not firſt, by ſome maſterly miſchief, avenge her and myſelf upon her curſed family?

The accurſed woman, they tell me, has broken her leg. Why was it not her neck?—All, all, but what is owing to her relations, is the fault of that wo-man, and of her hell-born nymphs. '*The greater the virtue, the nobler the tri-'umph*,' was a ſentence for ever in their mouths—I have had it ſeveral times in my head to ſet fire to the execrable houſe; and to watch at the doors and windows, that not a devil in it eſcape the conſuming flames. Had the houſe ſtood by itſelf, I had certainly done it.

But, it ſeems, the old wretch is in the way to be rewarded without my help. A ſhocking letter is received of ſomebody's, in relation to her—Yours, I ſuppoſe—Too ſhocking for me, they ſay, to ſee at preſent.

They govern me, as a child in ſtrings; yet did I ſuffer ſo much in my fever, that I am willing to bear with them, till I can get tolerably well.

At preſent, I can neither eat, drink, nor ſleep. Yet are my diſorders no-thing to what they were: for, Jack, my brain was on fire day and night: and had it not been of the *aſbeſtos* kind, it had all been conſumed.

I had no diſtinct ideas, but of dark and confuſed miſery: *it was all remorſe and horror* indeed! Thoughts of hang-ing, drowning, ſhooting; then rage, violence, miſchief, and deſpair, took their turns with me. My lucid inter-vals ſtill worſe, giving me to reflect upon what I *was* the hour before, and what I was likely to be next, and per-haps for life—The ſport of enemies! the laughter of fools! and the hanging-ſle ved, go-carted property of hired ſlaves; who were perhaps to find their account in manacling and (abhorred thought!) in perſonally abuſing me by blows and ſtripes!

Who can bear ſuch reflections as theſe? To be made to *fear* only, to ſuch a one as me, and to fear *ſuch wretches* too?—What a thing was this, but *re-motely* to apprehend! And yet for a man to be in ſuch a ſtate as to render it neceſ-ſary for his deareſt friends to ſuffer this to be done for his own ſake, and in order to prevent further miſchief?—There is no thinking of theſe things!

I will *not* think of them, therefore: but will either get a train of cheerful ideas, or hang myſelf, by to-morrow morning.

'——To be a dog, and dead,
'Were paradiſe, to ſuch a life as mine.'

## LETTER LIV.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 20.

I Write to demand back again my laſt letter. I own it was my mind at the different times I wrote it; and, whatever ailed me, I could not help writing it. Such a gloomy impulſe came upon me, and increaſed as I wrote, that, for my ſoul, I could not forbear running into the miſerable.

'Tis ſtrange, very ſtrange, that a man's conſcience ſhould be able to force his fingers to write whether he will or not; and to run him into a ſubject he more than once, at the very time, reſolved not to think of.

Nor is it leſs ſtrange, that (no new reaſon occurring) he ſhould, in a day or two more, ſo totally change his mind; have his mind, I ſhould rather ſay, ſo wholly illuminated by gay hopes and riſing proſpects, as to be aſhamed of what he had written.

For, on re-peruſal of a copy of my letter, which fell into my hands by accident, in the hand-writing of my couſin Charlotte, who, unknown to me, had tranſcribed it, I find it to be ſuch a letter as an enemy would rejoice to ſee.

This I know, that were I to have continued but one week more in the way I was in when I wrote the latter part of it, I ſhould have been confined, and in ſtraw, the next: for I now recollect, that all my diſtemper was returning upon me with irreſiſtible violence—and that in ſpite of water-gruel and ſoupe-maigre.

I own, that I am ſtill exceſſively grieved at the diſappointment this admirable woman made it ſo much her whimſical choice to give me. But, ſince it has thus fallen out; ſince ſhe was determined to leave the world; and ſince ſhe actually ceaſes *to be*; ought I, who have ſuch a ſhare of life and health in hand, to indulge gloomy reflections upon an event that is paſſed; and *being* paſſed, cannot be recalled?—Have I not had a ſpecimen of what will be my caſe, if I do?

For, Belford, ('tis a folly to deny it) I have been, to uſe an old word, quite *beſtraught*.

*Why, why did my mother bring me up to bear no controul?* Why was I ſo educated, *as that to my very tutors it was a requeſt, that I ſhould not know what contradiction or diſappointment was?*—Ought ſhe not to have known what cruelty there was in her kindneſs?

What a puniſhment, to have my firſt very great diſappointment touch my intellect!—And intellects, once touched—But that I cannot bear to think of—Only thus far; the very repentance and amendment wiſhed me ſo heartily by my kind and croſs dear, have been invalidated and poſtponed, and who knows for how long? the *amendment* at leaſt:—Can a madman be capable of either?

Once touched, therefore, I muſt endeavour to baniſh thoſe gloomy reflections, which might *otherwiſe* have brought on the right turn of mind; and this, to expreſs myſelf in Lord M.'s ſtyle, that my wits may not be ſent a *woolgathering*.

For, let me moreover own to thee, that Dr. Hale, who was my good *Aſtolfo*, [You read Arioſto, Jack] and has brought me back my *wit-jar*, had much ado, by ſtarving diet, by profuſe phlebotomy, by flaying bliſters, eyelet-hole-cupping, a dark room, a mid-night ſolitude in a mid-day ſun, to effect my recovery. And now, for my comfort, he tells me, that I may ſtill have returns upon full moons—Horrible! moſt horrible!—and muſt be as careful of myſelf at both equinoctials, as Cæſar was warned to be of the Ides of March.

How my heart ſickens at looking back upon what I was! Denied the ſun, and all comfort: all my viſitors, low-born, tip-toe attendants: even thoſe tip-toe ſlaves never approaching me but periodically, armed with gallipots, boluſſes, and cephalick draughts; delivering their orders to me in hated whiſpers; and anſwering other curtain-holding impertinents, enquiring how I was, and how I took their execrable potions, whiſperingly too! What a curſed ſtill-life was this!—Nothing active in me, or about me, but the worm that never dies.

Again I haſten from the recollection of ſcenes, which *will*, at times, obtrude themſelves upon me.

Adieu, Belford!

But return me my laſt letter—and build nothing upon it's contents. I *muſt*, I *will*, I have *already*, overcome theſe fruitleſs gloominеſſes. Every hour my conſtitution riſes ſtronger and ſtronger to befriend me; and, except a tributary ſigh now-and-then to the memory of my heart's beloved, it gives me hope, that I ſhall quickly be what I was—Life, ſpirit,

ſpirit, gaiety, and once more the plague of a ſex, that has been my plague, and will be every man's plague at one time or other of his life. I repeat my deſire, however, that you will write to me as uſual. I hope you have good ſtore of particulars by you to communicate, when I can better bear to hear of the diſpoſitions that were made for all that was mortal of my beloved Clariſſa.

But it will be the joy of my heart to be told, that her implacable friends are plagued with remorſe. Such things as thoſe you may *now* ſend me: for company in miſery is ſome relief; eſpecially when a man can think thoſe he hates as miſerable as himſelf.

Once more, adieu, Jack!

## LETTER LV.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

I Am preparing to leave this kingdom. Mowbray and Tourville promiſe to give me their company in a month or two.

I'll give thee my route.

I ſhall firſt to Paris; and, for amuſement and diverſion ſake, try to renew ſome of my old friendſhips: thence to ſome of the German courts: thence, perhaps, to Vienna: thence deſcend through Bavaria and the Tyrol to Venice, where I ſhall keep the carnival: thence to Florence and Turin: thence again over Mount Cenis to France: and, when I return again to Paris, ſhall expect to ſee my friend Belford, who, by that time, I doubt not, will be all cruſted and bearded over with penitence, ſelf-denial, and mortification; a very anchoret, only an itinerant one, journeying over in hope to cover a multitude of his own ſins, by proſelyting his old companions.

Thou haſt made good reſolutions. If thou keepeſt them not, thou wilt never be able to keep any. But nevertheleſs, the devil and thy time of life are againſt thee: and ſix to one thou faileſt. Were it only that thou haſt *reſolved*, ſix to one thou faileſt. And if thou doſt, thou wilt become the ſcoff of men, and the triumph of devils.—Then how will I laugh at thee! For this warning is not from principle. Perhaps I wiſh it were: *but I never lyed to man, and hardly ever ſaid truth to woman.* The firſt is *what all free-livers cannot ſay:* the ſecond *what every one can.* LOVELACE.

I believe Charlotte and you are in private league together. Letters, I find, have paſſed between her and you, and Lord M. I have been kept ſtrangely in the dark of late; but will ſoon break upon you all, as the ſun upon a midnight thief.

Remember that you never ſent me the copy of my beloved's will.

## LETTER LVI.

MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

FRIDAY, SEPT. 22.

JUST as I was ſitting down to anſwer yours of the 24th and 18th, in order to give you all the conſolation in my power, came your revoking letter of Wedneſday.

I am really concerned and diſappointed, that your firſt was ſo ſoon followed by one ſo contrary to it.

The ſhocking letter you mention, which your friends withold from you, is indeed from me. They may now, I ſee, ſhew you any-thing. Aſk them, then, for that letter, if you think it worth while to read aught about the true mother of your mind.

I WILL ſuppoſe, that thou haſt juſt read the letter thou calleſt ſhocking, and which I *intended* to be ſo. And let me aſk, What thou thinkeſt of it? Doſt thou not tremble at the horrors the vileſt of women labours with, on the apprehenſions of death, and future judgment?—How fit the reflections that muſt have been raiſed by the peruſal of this letter upon thy yet uncloſed eyelet-holes? Will not ſome ſerious thoughts mingle with thy melilot, and tear off the callus of thy mind, as that may flay the leather from thy back, and as thy epiſpaſticks may ſtrip the parchment from thy plotting head? If not, then indeed is thy conſcience ſeared, and no hopes will lie for thee.

*Mr. Belford then gives an account of the wretched Sinclair's terrible exit, which he had juſt then received.*

If this move thee not, I have news to acquaint thee with, of another diſmal cataſtrophe that is but within this hour come to my ear, of another of thy bleſſed agents. Thy TOMLINSON!—Dying, and, in all probability, before this can reach thee, dead, in Maidſtone gaol. As thou ſayeſt in thy firſt letter, *ſomething ſtrangely retributive ſeems to be working.*

This is his caſe. He was at the head of a gang of ſmugglers, endeavouring

to carry off run-goods, landed laſt Tueſday, when a party of dragoons came up with them in the evening. Some of his comrades fled. M'Donald, being ſurrounded, attempted to fight his way through, and wounded his man; but having received a ſhot in his neck, and being cut deeply in the head by a broad-ſword, he fell from his horſe, was taken, and carried to Maidſtone goal: and there my informant left him, juſt dying, and aſſured of hanging if he recover.

Abſolutely deſtitute, he got a kinſman of his to apply to me, and, if in town, to the reſt of the confraternity, for ſomething, not to *ſupport* him was the word, (for he expected not to live till the fellow returned) but to bury him.

I never employed him but once, and then he ruined my project. I now thank Heaven that he did. But I ſent him five guineas, and promiſed him more, as from you, and Mowbray, and Tourville, if he live a few days, or to take his trial. And I put it upon you to make further enquiry of him, and to give him what you think fit.

His meſſenger tells me, That he is very penitent; that he weeps continually. He cries out, that he has been the vileſt of men: yet palliates, that his neceſſities made him worſe than he ſhould otherwiſe have been, [*An excuſe which none of us can plead:*] But that which touches him moſt of all, is a vile impoſture he was put upon, to ſerve a certain gentleman of fortune to the ruin of the moſt excellent woman that ever lived; and who, he had heard, was dead of grief.

Let me conſider, Lovelace—*Whoſe turn can be next?*—I wiſh it may not be thine. But ſince thou giveſt me one piece of advice, (which I ſhould indeed have thought out of character, hadſt thou not taken pains to convince me, that it proceeds not from *principle*) I will give thee another: and that is, *Proſecute, as faſt as thou canſt, thy intended tour.* Change of ſcene, and of climate, may eſtabliſh thy health: while this groſs air, and the approach of winter, may thicken thy blood; and, with the help of a conſcience that is upon the ſtruggle with thee, and like a cunning wreſtler watches it's opportunity to give thee another fall, may make thee miſerable for thy life.

I return your revoked letter. Don't deſtroy it, however. The ſame dialect may one day come in faſhion with you again.

As to the family at Harlowe Place, I have moſt affecting letters from Colonel Morden relating to their grief and compunction. But are you, to whom the occaſion is owing, entitled to rejoice in their diſtreſs?

I ſhould be ſorry, if I could not ſay, that what you have warned me of in *ſport*, makes me tremble in *earneſt*. I hope (for this is a ſerious ſubject with me, though nothing can be ſo with you) that I never ſhall deſerve, by my apoſtacy, to be the ſcoff of men, and the triumph of devils.

I have already begun my retributary purpoſes, as I may call them. I have ſettled an annual ſum for life upon poor John Loftus, whom I diſabled, while he was endeavouring to protect his young miſtreſs from my lawleſs attempts. I rejoice, that I ſucceeded not in that; as I do in recollecting many others of the like ſort, in which I miſcarried.

Poor Farley, who had become a bankrupt, I have ſet up again; but have declared, that the annual allowance I make her ſhall ceaſe, if I hear ſhe returns to her former courſes: and I have made her accountable for her conduct to the good widow Lovick; whom I have taken, at a handſome ſalary, for my houſekeeper at Edgware, (for I have let the houſe at Watford;) and ſhe is to diſpenſe the quarterly allotment to her, as ſhe merits.

This good woman ſhall have other matters of the like nature under her care, as we grow better acquainted: and I make no doubt that ſhe will anſwer my expectations, and that I ſhall be both confirmed and improved by her converſation: for ſhe ſhall generally ſit at my own table.

The undeſerved ſufferings of Miſs Clariſſa Harlowe, her exalted merit, her exemplary preparation, and her happy end, will be ſtanding ſubjects with us.

She ſhall read *to* me, when I have no company; write *for* me, out of books, paſſages ſhe ſhall recommend. Her years (turned of fifty) and her good character, will ſecure me from ſcandal; and I have great pleaſure in reflecting, that I ſhall be better myſelf for making her happy.

Then, whenever I am in danger, I will read ſome of the admirable lady's papers: whenever I would abhor my former ways, I will read ſome of thine, and copies of my own.

The conſequence of all this will be, that I ſhall be the delight of my own relations of both ſexes, who were wont to look

look upon me as a loſt man. I ſhall have good order in my own family, becauſe I ſhall give a good example myſelf. I ſhall be viſited and reſpected, not perhaps by Lovelace, by Mowbray, and by Tourville, becauſe they cannot ſee me upon the *old* terms, and will not, perhaps, ſee me upon the *new*, but by the beſt and worthieſt gentlemen, clergy as well as laity, all around me. I ſhall look upon my paſt follies with contempt; upon my old companions with pity. Oaths and curſes ſhall be for ever baniſhed from my mouth: in their place ſhall ſucceed converſation becoming a rational being, and a gentleman. And inſtead of acts of *offence*, ſubjecting me perpetually to acts of *defence*, will I endeavour to atone for my paſt evils, by doing all the good in my power, and by becoming an univerſal benefactor to the extent of that power.

Now tell me, Lovelace, upon this faint ſketch of what I hope to *do*, and to *be*, if this be not a ſcheme infinitely preferable to the wild, the pernicious, the dangerous ones, both to body and ſoul, which we have purſued.

I wiſh I, could make my ſketch as amiable to you, as it appears to me. I wiſh it with all my ſoul: for I always loved you. It has been my misfortune that I did: for this led me into infinite riots and follies, of which, otherwiſe, I verily think, I ſhould not have been guilty.

You have a great deal more to anſwer for, than I have, were it only in the temporal ruin of this admirable woman. Let me now, while yet you have youth, and health, and intellect, prevail upon you: for I am afraid, very much afraid, that ſuch is the enormity of this ſingle wickedneſs, in depriving the world of ſuch a ſhining light, that if you do not quickly reform, it will be out of your power to reform at all; and that Providence, which has already given you the fates of your agents Sinclair and Tomlinſon to take warning by, will not let the principal offender eſcape, if he ſlight the warning.

You will, perhaps, laugh at me for theſe ſerious reflections. Do, if you will. I had rather you ſhould laugh at me for continuing in this way of thinking and acting, than triumph over me, as you threaten, on my ſwerving from purpoſes I have determined upon with ſuch good reaſon, and induced and warned by ſuch examples.

And ſo much for this ſubject at preſent.

I ſhould be glad to know when you intend to ſet out. I have too much concern for your welfare, not to wiſh you in a thinner air, and more certain climate.

What have Tourville and Mowbray to do, that they cannot ſet out with you? They will not covet my company, I dare ſay; and I ſhall not be able to endure theirs, when you are gone: take them therefore with you.

I will not, however, forſwear making you a viſit at Paris, at your return from Germany and Italy; but hardly with the hope of reclaiming you, if due reflection upon what I have ſet before you, and upon what you have written in your two laſt, will not by that time have done it.

I ſuppoſe I ſhall ſee you before you go. Once more I wiſh you were gone. This heavy iſland-air cannot do for you what that of the continent will.

I do not think I ought to communicate with you, as I uſed to do, on this ſide the Channel: let me, then, hear from you on the oppoſite ſhore, and you ſhall command the pen, as you pleaſe; and, honeſtly, the power, of

J. BELFORD.

## LETTER LVII.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

TUESDAY, SEPT. 26.

FATE, I believe, in my conſcience, ſpins threads for tragedies, on purpoſe for thee to weave with.—Thy Watford uncle, poor Belton, the fair inimitable, [Exalted creature! and is ſhe to be found in ſuch a liſt!] the accurſed woman, and Tomlinſon, ſeem to have been all doomed to give thee a theme for the diſmal and the horrible:—and, by my ſoul, *thou doſt work it going*, as Lord M. would phraſe it.

That's the horrid thing: a man cannot begin to *think*, but *cauſes* for thought croud in upon him: the gloomy takes place, and mirth and gaiety abandon his heart for ever!

Poor M'Donald!—I am really ſorry for the fellow.—He was an uſeful, faithful, ſolemn varlet, who could act incomparably any part given him, and knew not what a bluſh was.—He really took honeſt pains for me in the laſt affair; which has coſt him and me ſo dearly in reflection. Often gravelled, as we both were, yet was he never daunted.—Poor M'Donald, I muſt once more ſay!

ſay!—For carrying on a ſolemn piece of roguery, he had no equal.

I was ſo ſolicitous to know if he were really as bad as thou haſt a knack of painting every-body whom thou ſingleſt out to exerciſe thy murdering pen upon, that I diſpatched a man and horſe to Maidſtone, as ſoon as I had thine; and had word brought me, that he died in two hours after he had received thy five guineas. And all thou wroteſt of his concern in relation to the ever-dear Miſs Harlowe, it ſeems, was true.

I can't help it, Belford!—I have only to add, that it is happy that the poor fellow lived not to be hanged; as it ſeems he would have been: for who knows, as he had got into ſuch a penitential ſtrain, what might have been in his dying ſpeech?

When a man has not *great* good to comfort himſelf with, it is right to make the beſt of the *little* that may offer. There never was any diſcomfort happened to mortal man, but ſome little ray of conſolation would dart in, if the wretch was not ſo much a wretch, as to *draw*, inſtead of *undraw*, the curtain to keep it out.

And ſo much, at this time, and for ever, for poor Captain Tomlinſon, as I call him.

Your ſolicitude to get me out of this heavy changeable climate exactly tallies with every-body's here. They all believe that travelling will eſtabliſh me. Yet I think I am quite well. Only theſe plaguy *new's* and *full's*, and the *equinoctial's*, fright me a little when I think of them; and that is always: for the whole family are continually ringing theſe changes in my ears, and are more ſedulouſly intent, than I can well account for, to get me out of the kingdom.

But wilt thou write often, when I am gone? Wilt thou then piece the thread where thou brokeſt it off? Wilt thou give me the particulars of *their* diſtreſs, who were my *auxiliaries* in bringing on the event that affects me?—Nay, *principals*, rather: ſince, ſay what thou wilt, what did I do worth a woman's breaking her heart for?

Faith and troth, Jack, I have had very hard uſage, as I have often ſaid:—to have ſuch a plaguy ill name given me, pointed at, ſcreamed out upon, run away from, as a mad dog would be; all my own friends ready to renounce me!—Yet I think I deſerve it all: for have I not been as ready to give up myſelf, as others are to condemn me?

What madneſs, what folly this!—Who will take the part of a man that condemns himſelf?—Who *can*? He that pleads guilty to an indictment, leaves no room for aught but the ſentence. Out upon me, for an impolitical wretch! I have not the art of the leaſt artful of any of our Chriſtian princes; who every day are guilty of ten times worſe breaches of faith; and yet, iſſuing out a manifeſto, they wipe their mouths, and go on from infraction to infraction, from robbery to robbery; commit devaſtation upon devaſtation; and deſtroy—for their *glory!* And are rewarded with the names of *conquerors*, and are dubb'd *Le Grand*; praiſed, and even deified, by orators and poets, for their butcheries and depredations.

While I, a poor, ſingle, harmleſs prowler; at leaſt *comparatively* harmleſs; in order to ſatisfy my hunger, ſteal but one poor lamb; and every mouth is opened, every hand is lifted up, againſt me.

Nay, as I have juſt now heard, I am to be *manifeſtoed* againſt, though no prince: for Miſs Howe threatens to have the caſe publiſhed to the whole world.

I have a good mind not to oppoſe it; and to write an anſwer to it, as ſoon as it comes forth, and exculpate myſelf, by throwing all the fault upon the *old ones*. And this I have to plead, ſuppoſing all that my worſt enemies can alledge againſt me were true—That I am not anſwerable for all the extravagant conſequences that this affair has been attended with; and which could not poſſibly be foreſeen. Proceed anon.

## LETTER LVIII.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

BUT what a pretty ſcheme of life haſt thou drawn out for thyſelf, and thy old widow! By my ſoul, Jack, I was mightily taken with it. There is but one thing wanting in it; and that will come of courſe: only to be in the commiſſion, and one of the quorum. Thou art already provided with a clerk, as good as thou'lt want, in the widow Lovick; for thou underſtandeſt law, and ſhe conſcience: a good lord-chancellor between ye!—I ſhould take prodigious pleaſure to hear thee decide in a baſtard caſe, upon thy new notions, and old remembrances.

But raillery apart. [All gloom at heart, by Jupiter! although the pen and the countenance aſſume airs of levity!]

If,

If, after all, thou canſt ſo eaſily repent and reform, as thou thinkeſt thou canſt: If thou canſt thus ſhake off thy old ſins, and thy old habits: and if thy old maſter will ſo readily diſmiſs ſo tried and ſo faithful a ſervant, and permit thee thus calmly to enjoy thy new ſyſtem; no room for ſcandal; all temptation ceaſing: and if at laſt (thy reformation warranted and approved by time) thou marrieſt, and liveſt honeſt:—why, Belford, I cannot but ſay, that if all theſe IF's come to paſs, thou ſtandeſt a good chance to be a happy man!

All I think, as I told thee in my laſt, is, that the devil knows his own intereſt too well, to let thee off ſo eaſily. Thou thyſelf telleſt me, that we cannot repent when we will. And indeed I found it ſo: for, in my lucid intervals, I made good reſolutions: but as health turned it's blythe ſide to me, and opened my proſpects of recovery, all my old inclinations and appetites returned; and this letter, perhaps, will be a thorough conviction to thee, that I *am* as wild a fellow as ever, or in the way to be ſo.

Thou aſkeſt me, very ſeriouſly, if, upon the faint ſketch thou haſt drawn, thy new ſcheme be not infinitely preferable to any of thoſe which we have ſo long purſued?—Why, Jack—Let me reflect—Why, Belford—I can't ſay—I can't ſay—but it is. To ſpeak out—It is really, as Biddy in the play ſays, a good comfortable ſcheme.

But when thou telleſt me, that it was thy misfortune to love me, becauſe thy value for me made thee a wickeder man than otherwiſe thou wouldſt have been; I deſire thee to revolve this aſſertion: and I am perſuaded, that thou wilt not find thyſelf in ſo right a train as thou imagineſt.

No falſe colourings, no gloſſes, does a true penitent aim at. Debaſement, diffidence, mortification, contrition, are all near of a kin, Jack; and inſeparable from a repentant ſpirit.—If thou knoweſt not this, thou art not got three ſteps (out of threeſcore) towards repentance and amendment. And let me remind thee, before the grand accuſer come to do it, that thou wert ever above being a paſſive follower in iniquity. Though thou hadſt not ſo good an invention as he to whom thou writeſt, thou hadſt as active an heart for miſchief, as ever I met with in man.

Then for improving an hint, thou wert always a true Engliſhman. I never ſtarted a roguery, that did not come out of *thy* forge in a manner ready anvilled and hammered for execution, when I have ſometimes been at a loſs to make any-thing of it myſelf.

I AM actually now employed in taking leave of my friends in the country. I had once thought of taking Tomlinſon, as I called him, with me: but his deſtiny has fruſtrated that intention.

Next Monday I think to ſee you in town; and then you, and I, and Mowbray, and Tourville, will laugh off that evening together. They will both accompany me (as I expect *you* will) to Dover, if not croſs the water. I muſt leave you and them good friends. They take extremely amiſs the treatment you have given them in your laſt letters. They ſay, you ſtrike at their underſtandings. I laugh at them; and tell them, that thoſe people who have *leaſt*, are the moſt apt to be angry when it is called in queſtion.

Make up all the papers and narratives you can ſpare me againſt the time. The will particularly I expect to take with me. Who knows but that thoſe things, which will help to ſecure *you* in the way you are got into, may convert *me*? R. L.

Mr. Belford returns a very ſerious anſwer to the preceding letter; *which appears not.*

## LETTER LIX.

### MR. BELFORD, TO COLONEL MORDEN.

THURSDAY, SEPT. 21.

GIVE me leave, dear Sir, to addreſs myſelf to you in a very ſerious and ſolemn manner, on a ſubject that I muſt not, cannot, diſpenſe with; as I promiſed the divine lady, that I would do every-thing in my power to prevent that further miſchief of which ſhe was ſo very apprehenſive.

I will not content myſelf with diſtant hints. It is with very great concern that I have juſt now heard of a declaration which you are ſaid to have made to your relations at Harlowe Place; That you will not reſt till you have avenged your couſin's wrongs upon Mr. Lovelace.

Far be it from me to offer to defend the unhappy man, or even *unduly* to extenuate his crime! But yet I muſt ſay, that the family, by their perſecutions of the dear lady at firſt, and by their implacableneſs afterwards, ought,

at

at *leaſt*, to *ſhare* the blame with him. There is even great reaſon to believe, that a lady of ſuch a religious turn, her virtue neither to be ſurprized nor corrupted, her will inviolate, would have got over a *mere perſonal* injury; eſpecially as he would have done all that was in his power to repair it; and as, from the application of all his family in his favour, and other circumſtances attending his ſincere and voluntary offer, the lady might have condeſcended, with greater glory to herſelf, than if he had never offended.

When I have the pleaſure of ſeeing you next, I will acquaint you, Sir, with all the circumſtances of this melancholy ſtory; from which you will ſee, that Mr. Lovelace was extremely ill treated at firſt, by the whole family, this admirable lady excepted. This exception, I know, heightens his crime: but as his principal intention was but to try her virtue; and that he became ſo earneſt a ſuppliant to her for marriage; and as he has ſuffered ſo deplorably in the loſs of his reaſon, for not having it in his power to repair her wrongs; I preſume to hope that much is to be pleaded againſt ſuch a reſolution as you are ſaid to have made. I will read to you at the ſame time ſome paſſages from letters of his; two of which (one but this moment received) will convince you, that the unhappy man, who is but now recovering his intellects, needs no greater puniſhment than what he has from his own reflections.

I have juſt now read over the copies of the dear lady's poſthumous letters. I ſend them all to you, except that directed for Mr. Lovelace; which I reſerve till I have the pleaſure of ſeeing you. Let me entreat you to read once more *that* written to yourſelf; and *that* to her brother; which latter I now ſend you; as they are in point to the preſent ſubject.

I think, Sir, they are unanſwerable. Such, at leaſt, is the effect they have upon me, that I hope I ſhall never be provoked to draw my ſword again in a private quarrel.

To the weight theſe muſt needs have upon you, let me add, that the unhappy man has given no *new* occaſion of offence, ſince your viſit to him at Lord M.'s, when you was ſo well ſatisfied of his intention to atone for his crimes, that you yourſelf urged to your dear couſin *her* forgiveneſs of him.

Let me *alſo* (though I preſume to hope there is no need, when you coolly conſider every-thing) remind you of your own promiſe to your departing couſin; relying upon which, her laſt moments were the eaſier.

Reflect, my dear Colonel Morden, that the higheſt injury was to *her*: her family all have a ſhare in the *cauſe*: *ſhe* forgives it: why ſhould we not endeavour to imitate what we admire?

You aſked me, Sir, when in town, if a brave man could be a premeditatedly baſe one?—*Generally ſpeaking*, I believe bravery and baſeneſs are incompatible. But Mr. Lovelace's character, in the inſtance before us, affords a proof of the truth of the common obſervation, that there is no general rule but has it's exceptions: for England, I believe, as gallant a nation as it is deemed to be, has not in it a braver ſpirit than his; nor a man who has a greater ſkill at his weapons; nor more *calmneſs* with his ſkill.

I mention not this with a thought that it can effect Colonel Morden; who, if he be not withheld by SUPERIOR MOTIVES, as well as influenced by thoſe I have reminded him of, will tell me, that this ſkill, and this bravery, will make him the more worthy of being called upon by him.

To theſe SUPERIOR motives then I refer myſelf: and with the greater confidence; as a purſuit ending in blood would not, at *this time*, have the plea lie for it with *any-body*, which ſudden paſſion might have with *ſome*: but would be conſtrued by *all*, to be a cool and deliberate act of revenge for an evil abſolutely irretrievable: an act, of which a brave and noble ſpirit (ſuch as is the gentleman's to whom I now write) is not capable.

Excuſe me, Sir, for the ſake of my executorial duty and promiſe, keeping in eye the dear lady's *perſonal injunctions*, as well as *written will*, enforced by *letters poſthumous*. Every article of which (ſolicitous as we *both* are to ſee it duly performed) ſhe would have diſpenſed with, rather than farther miſchief ſhould happen on her account. *I am, dear* SIR, *your affectionate and faithful ſervant*,

J. BELFORD.

*The following is the poſthumous letter to Colonel Morden, referred to in the above.*

LETTER

## LETTER LX.

SUPERSCRIBED,

TO MY BELOVED COUSIN WILLIAM MORDEN, ESQ.

TO BE DELIVERED AFTER MY DEATH.

MY DEAREST COUSIN,

AS it is uncertain from my preſent weak ſtate, whether, if living, I may be in a condition to receive as I ought the favour you intend me of a viſit, when you come to London, I take this opportunity to return you, while able, the humble acknowledgments of a grateful heart, for all your goodneſs to me from childhood till now: and more particularly for your preſent kind interpoſition in my favour—God Almighty for ever bleſs you, dear Sir, for the kindneſs you endeavoured to procure for me!

One principal end of my writing to you in this ſolemn manner, is, to beg of you, which I do with the utmoſt earneſtneſs, that when you come to hear the particulars of my ſtory, you will not ſuffer *active* reſentment to take place in your generous breaſt on my account.

Remember my dear couſin, that vengeance is God's province, and he has undertaken to repay it; nor will you, I hope, invade that province;—eſpecially as there is no neceſſity for you to attempt to vindicate my fame; ſince the offender himſelf, (before he is called upon) has ſtood forth, and offered to do me all the juſtice that you could have extorted from him, had I lived: and when your own perſon may be endangered by running an *equal* riſque with a *guilty man*.

Duelling, Sir, I need not tell *you*, who have adorned a publick character, is not only an uſurpation of the divine prerogative; but it is an inſult upon magiſtracy and good government. 'Tis an impious act. 'Tis an attempt to take away a life that ought not to depend upon a private ſword: an act, the conſequence of which is to hurry a ſoul (all it's ſins upon it's head) into perdition; endangering that of the poor triumpher—Since neither intend to give to the other that *chance*, as I may call it, for the divine mercy, in an opportunity for repentance, which each preſumes to hope for himſelf.

Seek not then, I beſeech you, Sir, to aggravate my fault, by a purſuit of blood, which muſt neceſſarily be deemed a conſequence of that fault. Give not the unhappy man the merit (were you aſſuredly to be the victor) of falling by your hand. At preſent he is the perfidious, the ungrateful deceiver; but will not the forfeiture of his life, and the probable loſs of his ſoul, be a dreadful expiation for having made me miſerable for *a few months* only, and through that miſery, by the divine favour, happy to all eternity?

In ſuch a caſe, my couſin, where ſhall the evil ſtop? And who ſhall avenge on you?—And who on your avenger?

Let the poor man's conſcience, then, dear Sir, avenge me. He will one day find puniſhment more than enough from that. Leave him to the chance of repentance. If the Almighty will give him time for it, why ſhould you deny it him?—Let him ſtill be the guilty aggreſſor; and let no one ſay, Clariſſa Harlowe is now amply revenged in his fall; or, in the caſe of yours, (which Heaven avert!) that her fault, inſtead of being buried in the grave, is perpetuated, and aggravated, by a loſs far greater than that of herſelf.

Often, Sir, has the *more* guilty been the vanquiſher of the *leſs*. An Earl of Shrewſbury, in the reign of Charles II. as I have read, endeavouring to revenge the greateſt injury that man can do to man, met with his death at Barn Elms, from the hand of the ignoble duke who had vilely diſhonoured him. Nor can it be thought an unequal diſpenſation, were it *generally* to happen, that the uſurper of the divine prerogative ſhould be puniſhed for his preſumption by the man whom he ſought to deſtroy, and who, however previouſly criminal, is put, in this caſe, upon a neceſſary act of ſelf-defence.

May Heaven protect you, Sir, in all your ways; and once more I pray, reward you for all your kindneſs to me! A kindneſs ſo worthy of *your* heart, and ſo exceedingly grateful to *mine*: that of ſeeking to make peace, and to reconcile parents to a once beloved child; uncles to a niece late their favourite; and a brother and ſiſter to a ſiſter whom once they thought not unworthy of that tender relation. A kindneſs ſo greatly preferable to the vengeance of a murdering ſword.

Be a comforter, dear Sir, to my honoured parents, as you have been to me: and may we, through the divine goodneſs to us both, meet in that bleſſed eternity, into which, as I humbly truſt, I ſhall have entered when you read this!

So prays, and to her lateſt hour will pray, my dear couſin Morden, my friend, my guardian, but *not* my avenger.—[Dear Sir! remember that!—]

*Your ever affectionate and obliged*

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

## LETTER LXI.

COLONEL MORDEN, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

SATURDAY, SEPT. 23.

DEAR SIR,

I Am very ſorry that any-thing you have heard I have ſaid ſhould give you uneaſineſs.

I am obliged to you for the letters you have communicated to me; and ſtill further for your promiſe to favour me with others occaſionally.

All that relates to my deareſt couſin I ſhall be glad to ſee, be it from whom it will.

I leave to your own diſcretion, what may or may not be proper for Miſs Howe to ſee from a pen ſo free as mine.

I admire her ſpirit. Were ſhe a *man*, do you think, Sir, *ſhe*, at *this time*, would have your advice to take upon ſuch a ſubject as that upon which you write?

Fear not, however, that your communications ſhall put me upon any meaſures that otherwiſe I ſhould not have taken. The wickedneſs, Sir, is of ſuch a nature, as admits not of aggravation.

Yet I do aſſure you, that I have not made any reſolutions that will be a tie upon me.

I have indeed expreſſed myſelf with vehemence upon the occaſion. Who could forbear to do ſo? But it is not my way to reſolve in matters of moment, till opportunity brings the execution of my purpoſes within my reach. We ſhall ſee by what manner of ſpirit this young man will be actuated, on his recovery. If he continue to brave and defy a family which he has ſo irreparably injured—If—But reſolutions depending upon future contingencies are beſt left to future determination, as I juſt now hinted.

Mean time, I will own, that I think my couſin's arguments unanſwerable. No *good* man but muſt be influenced by them.—But, alas! Sir, who *is* good?

As to your arguments; I hope you will believe me, when I aſſure you, as I now do, that your opinion, and your reaſonings, have, and will always have, great and deſerved weight with me: and that I reſpect you ſtill more than I did, if poſſible, for your expoſtulations in ſupport of my couſin's pious injunctions to me. They come from *you*, Sir, with the greateſt propriety, as her executor and repreſentative; and likewiſe as you are a man of humanity, and a well-wiſher to both parties.

I am not exempt from violent paſſions, Sir, any more than your friend; but then I hope they are only capable of being raiſed by other peoples inſolence, and not by my own arrogance. If ever I am ſtimulated by my imperfections and my reſentments to act againſt my judgment, and my couſin's injunctions; ſome ſuch reflections as theſe that follow, will run away with my reaſon. Indeed they are always preſent with me.

In the firſt place; my own diſappointment; who came over with the hope of paſſing the remainder of my days in the converſation of a kinſwoman ſo beloved; and to whom I have a double relation, as her couſin and truſtee.

Then I reflect, too, too often, perhaps, for my engagements to her in her laſt hours, that the dear creature could only forgive for *herſelf*. She, no doubt, is happy: but who ſhall forgive for a *whole family*, in all it's branches made miſerable for their lives?

That the more faulty her friends were as to *her*, the more enormous his ingratitude, and the more inexcuſeable—What, Sir! was it not enough, that ſhe ſuffered what ſhe did *for him*, but the barbarian muſt make her ſuffer for her ſufferings for *his ſake*?—Paſſion makes me expreſs this weakly: paſſion refuſes the aid of expreſſion ſometimes, where the propriety of a reſentment *prima facie* declares expreſſion to be needleſs. I leave it to *you*, Sir, to give this reflection it's due force.

That the author of this diffuſive miſchief perpetrated it premeditatedly, wantonly, in the gaiety of his heart—To *try* my couſin, ſay you, Sir?—To try the virtue of a Clariſſa, Sir!—Has ſhe then given him any cauſe to doubt her virtue?—It could *not* be.—If he avers that ſhe did, I am indeed called upon—But I will have patience.

That he carried her, as now it appears, to a vile brothel, purpoſely to put her out of all human reſource; himſelf out of the reach of all humane remorſe: and that, find-

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ing her proof againſt all the common arts of deluſion, baſe and unmanly arts were there uſed to effect his wicked purpoſes. *Once dead*, the injured ſaint, in her will, ſays, *he has ſeen her.*

That I could not know this, when I ſaw him at M. Hall: that, the object of his attempts conſidered, I could not ſuppoſe there was ſuch a monſter breathing as he: that it was natural for me to impute her refuſal of him rather to tranſitory reſentment, to conſciouſneſs of human frailty, and mingled doubts of the ſincerity of his offers, than to villainies, which had given the irreverſible blow, and had at that inſtant brought her down to the gates of death, which in a very few days incloſed her.

That he is a man of defiance: a man who thinks to awe every-one by his inſolent darings, and by his pretenſions to ſuperior courage and ſkill.

That, diſgrace as he is to his name, and to the character of a gentleman, the man would not want merit, who, in vindication of the *diſhonoured* diſtinction, ſhould expunge and blot him out of the worthy liſt.

That the injured family has a ſon, who, however unworthy of ſuch a ſiſter, is of a temper vehement, unbridled, fierce; unequal therefore (as he has once indeed been found) to a contention with this man: the loſs of which ſon, by a violent death, on ſuch an occaſion, and by a hand ſo juſtly hated, would complete the miſery of the whole family: and who, nevertheleſs, reſolves to call him to account, if I do not: his very *miſbehaviour* perhaps to ſuch a ſiſter ſtimulating his perverſe heart to do her memory the *more ſignal juſtice*; though the attempt might be fatal to himſelf.

Then, Sir, to be a witneſs, as I am every hour, to the calamity and diſtreſs of a family to which I am related; every one of whom, however averſe to an alliance with him while it had *not* taken place, would no doubt have been ſoon reconciled to the admirable creature, had the man (to whom, for his family and fortunes, it was not a diſgrace to be allied) done her but common juſtice!

To ſee them hang their penſive heads; mope about, ſhunning one another; though formerly never uſed to meet but to rejoice in each other; afflicting themſelves with reflections, that the laſt time they reſpectively ſaw the dear creature, it was here, or there, at ſuch a place, in ſuch an attitude; and could they have thought that it would have been the *laſt*?—Every-one of them reviving inſtances of her excellences that will for a long time make their very bleſſings a curſe to them!

Her cloſet, her chamber, her cabinet, given up to me to diſfurniſh, in order to anſwer (now *too late* obliging!) the legacies bequeathed; unable themſelves to enter them; and even making uſe of leſs convenient back-ſtairs, that they may avoid paſſing by the doors of her apartment!

Her parlour locked up; the walks, the retirements, the ſummer-houſe in which ſhe uſed to purſue her charming works; *that*, in particular, from which ſhe went to the fatal interview, ſhunned, or hurried by, or over!

Her perfections, nevertheleſs, called up to remembrance, and enumerated: incidents and graces, unheeded before, or paſſed over in the groupe of her numberleſs perfections, now brought into notice, and dwelt upon!

The very ſervants allowed to expatiate upon theſe praiſeful topicks to their principals! Even eloquent in their praiſes! The diſtreſſed principals liſtening and weeping! Then to ſee them break in upon the zealous applauders, by their impatience and remorſe, and throw abroad their helpleſs hands, and exclaim; then again to ſee them liſten to hear more of her praiſes, and weep again—They even encouraging the ſervants to repeat how they uſed to be ſtopt by ſtrangers to aſk after her, and by thoſe who knew her, to be told of ſome new inſtances to her honour—How aggravating all this!

In *dreams* they ſee her, and deſire to ſee her: always an angel, and accompanied by angels: always clad in robes of light: always endeavouring to comfort *them*, who declare, that they ſhall never more know comfort!

What an example ſhe ſet! How ſhe indited! How ſhe drew! How ſhe wrought! How ſhe talked! How ſhe ſung! How ſhe played! Her voice, muſick! Her accent, harmony!

Her converſation how inſtructive! how ſought after! The delight of perſons of all ages, of both ſexes, of all ranks! Yet how humble, how condeſcending! Never were dignity and humility ſo illuſtriouſly mingled!

At other times, how generous, how noble, how charitable, how judicious in her charities! In every action laudable! In every attitude attractive! In every appearance, whether full-dreſſed, or in the houſewife's more humble garb, equally elegant, and equally lovely! *Like* or *reſembling* Miſs Clariſſa Harlowe, they now remember to be a praiſe denoting the higheſt degree of excellence, with every-one, whatever perſon, action, or rank, ſpoken of—The deſireable daughter; the obliging kinſwoman; the affectionate ſiſter, (all envy now ſubſided!) the faithful, the warm friend; the affable, the kind, the benevolent miſtreſs!—Not one fault remembered! All their ſeverities called cruelties: mutually accuſing each other; each him and herſelf; and all to raiſe *her* character, and torment themſelves.

Such, Sir was the angel, of whom the vileſt of men has deprived the world! You, Sir, who know more of the barbarous machinations and practices of this ſtrange man, can help me to ſtill more inflaming reaſons, were they needed, why a man *not perfect*, may ſtand excuſed to the generality of the world, if he ſhould purſue his vengeance; and the rather, as through an abſence of ſix years, (high as juſt report, and the promiſes of her early youth from childhood, had raiſed her in his eſteem) he could not till now know one half of her excellences—Till now! that we have loſt, for ever loſt, the admirable creature!

But I will force myſelf from the ſubject, after I have repeated that I have not yet made any reſolutions that can bind me. Whenever I do, I ſhall be glad they may be ſuch as may merit the honour of your approbation.

I ſend you back the copies of the poſthumous letters. I ſee the humanity of your purpoſe, in the tranſmiſſion of them to me; and I thank you moſt heartily for it. I preſume, that it is owing to the ſame laudable conſideration, that you kept back the copy of that to the wicked man himſelf.

I intend to wait upon Miſs Howe in perſon with the diamond-ring, and ſuch other of the effects bequeathed to her as are here. I am, Sir, *your moſt faithful and obliged ſervant*,

WM. MORDEN.

*Mr. Belford, in his anſwer to this letter, farther enforces the lady's dying inſtructions; and rejoices that the colonel has made no vindictive reſolutions; and hopes every thing from his prudence and conſideration, and from his promiſe given to the dying lady.*

*He refers to the ſeeing him in town an account of the dreadful ends of two of the greateſt criminals in his couſin's affair.*

'This, *ſays he*,' together with Mr. 'Lovelace's diſorder of mind, looks 'as if Providence had already taken 'the puniſhment of theſe unhappy 'wretches into it's own hands.'

*He deſires the colonel will give him a day's notice of his coming to town, leſt otherwiſe he may be abſent at the time—This he does, though he tells him not the reaſon, with a view to prevent a meeting between him and Mr. Lovelace; who might be in town (as he apprehended) about the ſame time, in his way to go abroad.*

## LETTER LXII.

COLONEL MORDEN, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

TUESDAY, SEPT. 26.

DEAR SIR,

I Cannot help congratulating myſelf as well as you, that we have already got through with the family every article of the will, where *they* have any concern.

You left me a diſcretional power, in many inſtances; and, in purſuance of it, I have had my dear couſin's perſonal jewels valued, and will account to you for them, at the higheſt price, when I come to town, as well as for other matters that you were pleaſed to entruſt to my management.

Theſe jewels I have preſented to my couſin Dolly Hervey, in acknowledgment of her love to the dear departed. I have told Miſs Howe of this; and ſhe is as well pleaſed with what I have done, as if ſhe had been the purchaſer of them herſelf. As that young lady has jewels of her own, ſhe could only have wiſhed to purchaſe theſe becauſe they were her beloved friend's.—The grandmother's jewels are alſo valued; and the money will be paid me for you, to be carried to the uſes of the will.

Mrs. Norton is preparing, by general conſent, to enter upon her office as houſekeeper at *The Grove*. But it is my opinion, that ſhe will not be long on this ſide Heaven.

I waited on Miſs Howe myſelf, as I told you I would, with what was bequeathed to her and her mother. You will not be diſpleaſed, perhaps, if I make

make a few obſervations with regard to the friendſhip that ſubſiſted between that young lady and my beloved couſin.

There never was a firmer and nobler friendſhip in women, than that between my dear couſin and Miſs Howe, to which this wretched man has given a period.

*Friendſhip*, generally ſpeaking, Mr. Belford, is too fervent a flame for female minds to manage: a light, that but in few of their hands burns ſteady, and often hurries the ſex into flight and abſurdity. Like other extremes, it is hardly ever durable. Marriage, which is the higheſt ſtate of friendſhip, generally abſorbs the moſt vehement friendſhips of female to female; and that whether the wedlock be happy, or not.

What female mind is capable of two fervent friendſhips at the ſame time?—This I mention as a *general obſervation*: but the friendſhip that ſubſiſted between theſe two ladies affords a remarkable exception to it: which I account for from thoſe qualities and attainments in *both*, which, were they more common, would furniſh more exceptions ſtill in favour of the ſex.

Both had an *enlarged*, and even a liberal education: both had minds thirſting after virtuous knowledge: great readers both: great writers—[And *early familiar writing* I take to be one of the greateſt openers and improvers of the mind, that man or woman can be employed in.]—Both generous. High in fortune; therefore above that dependence each on the other, that frequently deſtroys the familiarity which is the cement of friendſhip. Both excelling in *different ways*, in which neither ſought to envy the other. Both bleſſed with clear and diſtinguiſhing faculties; with ſolid ſenſe; and from their firſt intimacy, [*I have many of my lights, Sir, from Mrs. Norton*] each ſeeing ſomething in the other to *fear*, as well as to *love*; yet making it an indeſpenſable condition of their friendſhip, each to tell the other of her failings; and to be thankful for the freedom taken. One by nature *gentle*; the other *made ſo*, by her *love* and *admiration* of her exalted friend—Impoſſible that there could be a friendſhip better calculated for duration.

Having now ſeen every-thing that relates to the will of my dear couſin brought to a deſirable iſſue, I will ſet about making my own. I ſhall follow the dear creature's example, and give my reaſons for every article, that there may be no room for after-contention.

What but a fear of death, a fear unworthy of a creature who knows that he muſt one day as ſurely die as he was born, can hinder any-one from making ſuch a diſpoſition?

I hope ſoon to pay my reſpects to you in town. Mean time, I am, with great reſpect, dear Sir, *your faithful and affectionate humble ſervant*,

WM. MORDEN.

## LETTER LXIII.

### MR. BELFORD, TO MISS HOWE.

THURSDAY, SEPT. 28.

MADAM,

I Do myſelf the honour to ſend you by this, according to my promiſe, copies of the poſthumous letters written by your exalted friend.

Theſe will be accompanied with other letters, particularly a copy of one from Mr. Lovelace, begun to be written on the 14th, and continued down to the 18th. You will ſee by it, Madam, the dreadful anguiſh that his ſpirits labour with, and his deep remorſe.

Mr. Lovelace ſent for this letter back. I complied; but I firſt took a copy of it. As I have not told him what I have done, ſo you will be pleaſed to forbear communicating of it to any-body but Mr. Hickman. That gentleman's peruſal of it will be the ſame as if nobody but yourſelf ſaw it.

One of the letters of Colonel Morden which I incloſe, you will obſerve, Madam, is only a copy. The true reaſon for which, as I will ingenuouſly acknowledge, is, ſome free, but reſpectful animadverſions which the colonel has made upon your declining to carry into execution your part of your dear friend's laſt requeſts. I have, therefore, in reſpect to that worthy gentleman, (having a caution from *him* on that head) omitted thoſe parts.

Will you allow me, Madam, however, to tell you, that I myſelf could not have believed that my inimitable teſtatrix's own Miſs Howe would have been the moſt backward in performing ſuch part of her dear friend's laſt will, as is entirely in her own power to perform—Eſpecially, when that performance would make *one of the moſt deſerving men in England happy*; and whom, I preſume, ſhe *propoſes* to honour with her hand.

Excuſe me, Madam, I have a moſt ſincere veneration for you; and would not diſoblige you for the world.

I will

I will not preſume to make remarks on the letters I ſend you; nor upon the informations I have to give you of the dreadful end of two unhappy wretches, who were the greateſt criminals in the affair of your adorable friend. Theſe are the infamous *Sinclair*, and a perſon whom you have read of, no doubt, in the letters of the charming innocent, by the name of Captain *Tomlinſon*.

The wretched woman died in the extremeſt tortures and deſpondency: the man from wounds got in defending himſelf in carrying on a contraband trade: both accuſing themſelves in their laſt hours, for the parts they had acted againſt the moſt excellent of women, as of the crime that gave them the deepeſt remorſe.

Give me leave to ſay, Madam, that if your *compaſſion* be not excited for the poor man who ſuffers ſo greatly from his own anguiſh of mind, as you will obſerve by his letter he does; and for the unhappy family, whoſe remorſe, as you will ſee by Colonel Morden's, is ſo deep;—your *terror* muſt. And yet I ſhall not wonder, if the juſt ſenſe of the irreparable loſs you have ſuſtained, hardens a heart againſt pity, which, on a leſs extraordinary occaſion, would want its *principal grace*, if it were not compaſſionate.

I am, Madam, with the greateſt reſpect and gratitude, *your moſt obliged and faithful humble ſervant*,

J. BELFORD.

## LETTER LXIV.

MISS HOWE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

SIR, SAT. SEPT. 30.

I Little thought I ever could have owed ſo much obligation to any man, as you have laid me under. And yet what you have ſent me has almoſt broken my heart, and ruined my eyes.

I am ſurprized, though agreeably, that you have ſo ſoon, and ſo well, got over that part of the truſt you have engaged in, which relates to the family.

It may be preſumed, from the exits you mention of two of the infernal man's accomplices, that the thunder-bolt will not ſtop ſhort of the principal. Indeed I have ſome pleaſure to think it ſeems rolling along towards the devoted head that has plotted all the miſchief. But let me, however, ſay, that although I think Mr. Morden not altogether in the wrong in his reaſons for reſentment, as he is the dear creature's kinſman and truſtee; yet I think you very much in the right in endeavouring to diſſuade him from it, as you are her executor, and act in purſuance of her earneſt requeſt.

But what a letter is that of the infernal man? I cannot obſerve upon it. Neither can I, for very different reaſons, upon my dear creature's poſthumous letters; particularly on that to him. Oh! Mr. Belford! what numberleſs perfections died, when my Clariſſa drew her laſt breath!

If decency be obſerved in his letters; for I have not yet had patience to read above two or three of them, (beſides this horrid one, which I return you incloſed;) I may ſome time hence be curious to look, by *their* means, into the hearts of wretches, which, though they muſt be the abhorrence of virtuous minds, will, when laid open, (as I preſume they are in them) afford a *proper warning* to thoſe who read them, and teach them to *deteſt men of ſuch profligate characters*.

If your reformation be ſincere, you will not be offended that I do not except you on this occaſion.—And thus have I helped you to a criterion to try yourſelf by.

By this letter of the wicked man it is apparent, that there are ſtill wickeder women. But ſee what a guilty commerce with the devils of your ſex will bring thoſe to, whoſe morals ye have ruined!—For theſe women were once innocent: it was *man* that made them otherwiſe. The firſt bad man, perhaps, threw them upon worſe men: thoſe upon ſtill worſe; till they commenced devils incarnate. *The height of wickedneſs, or of ſhame, is not arrived at all at once*, as I have ſomewhere heard obſerved.

But this man, this monſter rather, for *him* to curſe theſe women, and to curſe the dear creature's family, (implacable as the latter were) in order to lighten a burden he voluntarily took up, and groans under, is *meanneſs* added to *wickedneſs*: and in vain will he one day find his low plea of ſharing with *her friends*, and with *thoſe common wretches*, a guilt which will be adjudged him *as all his own*; though *they* too may meet with their puniſhment: as it is evidently begun; in the *firſt*, in their ineffectual reproaches of one another; in the *ſecond*—as you have told me.

This letter of the abandoned wretch I have not ſhewn to any-body; not even to Mr. Hickman: for, Sir, I muſt tell you, I do not as *yet* think it the ſame thing as only ſeeing it myſelf.

Mr. Hickman, like the reſt of his ſex, would

would grow upon indulgence. One diſtinction from me would make him pay two to himſelf. Inſolent creepers, or encroachers, all of you! to ſhew any of you a *favour* to-day, you would expect it as a right to-morrow.

I am, as you ſee, very open and ſincere with you! and deſign in another letter to be ſtill more ſo, in anſwer to your call, and Colonel Morden's call, upon me, in a point that concerns me to explain myſelf upon to my beloved creature's executor, and to the colonel, as her *only tender* and *only worthy* relation.

I cannot but highly applaud Colonel Morden for his generoſity to Miſs Dolly Hervey.

O that he had arrived time enough to ſave my inimitable friend from the machinations of the vileſt of men, and from the envy and malice of the moſt ſelfiſh and implacable of brothers and ſiſters!

ANNA HOWE.

## LETTER LXV.

MISS HOWE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

MONDAY, OCT. 2.

WHEN you queſtion me, Sir, as you do, and on a ſubject ſo affecting to me, in the character of the repreſentative of my beſt-beloved friend, and have in every particular hitherto acted up to that character, you are entitled to my regard: eſpecially as you are joined in your queſtioning of me by a gentleman whom I look upon as the deareſt and neareſt (becauſe worthieſt) relation of my dear friend: and who, it ſeems, has been ſo ſevere a cenſurer of my conduct, that your politeneſs will not permit you to ſend me his letter, with others of his; but a copy only, in which the paſſages reflecting upon me are omitted.

I preſume, however, that what is meant by this alarming freedom of the colonel, is no more than what you both have already hinted to me. As if you thought I were not inclined to pay ſo much regard to my beloved creature's laſt will, in my own caſe, as I would have others pay to it. A charge that I ought not to be quite ſilent under.

You have obſerved, no doubt, that I have ſeemed to value myſelf upon the freedom I take in declaring my ſentiments without reſerve upon every ſubject that I pretend to touch upon: and I can hardly queſtion that I have, or ſhall, in your opinion, by my unceremonious treatment of you upon ſo ſhort an acquaintance, run into the error of thoſe, who, wanting to be thought above hypocriſy and flattery, fall into ruſticity, if not ill-manners; a common fault with ſuch, who, not caring to correct conſtitutional failings, ſeek to gloſs them over by ſome *nominal* virtue; when all the time, perhaps, theſe failings are entirely owing to native arrogance; or, at leaſt, to a contracted ruſt, that they will not, becauſe it would give them pain, ſubmit to have filed off.

You ſee, Sir, that I can, however, be as free with myſelf as with you; and, by what I am going to write, you will find me ſtill more free: and yet I am aware, that ſuch of my ſex as will not aſſume ſome little dignity, and exact reſpect from yours, will render themſelves cheap; and perhaps, for their modeſty and diffidence, be repaid with ſcorn and inſult.

But the ſcorn I will endeavour not to deſerve; and the inſult I will not bear.

In ſome of the dear creature's papers which you have had in your poſſeſſion, and muſt again have, in order to get tranſcribed, you will find ſeveral friendly, but ſevere reprehenſions of me, on account of a natural, or, at leaſt, an *habitual*, warmth of temper, which ſhe was pleaſed to impute to me.

I was thinking to give you her charge againſt me in her own words from one of her letters delivered to *me* with her own hands, on taking leave of me on the laſt viſit ſhe honoured me with. But I will ſupply that charge by confeſſion of more than it imports; to wit, That I am haughty, uncontroulable, and violent in my temper; This, *I ſay*; impatient of contradiction, *was my beloved's charge*; [From any-body but her dear ſelf, ſhe ſhould have ſaid] and aim not at that affability, that gentleneſs next to meekneſs, which, in the letter I was going to communicate, ſhe tells me are the peculiar and indiſpenſable characteriſticks of a real fine lady; who, ſhe is pleaſed to ſay, ſhould appear to be gallleſs as a dove; and never ſhould know what warmth or high ſpirit is, but in the cauſe of religion or virtue: or in caſes where her own honour, the honour of a friend, or that of an innocent perſon, is concerned.

Now, Sir, as I needs muſt plead guilty to this indictment, do you think I ought not to reſolve upon a ſingle life?—I, who have ſuch an opinion of your ſex, that I think there is not one man in an hundred whom a woman of ſenſe and ſpirit can either *honour* or *obey*, though

you

you make us promiſe *both*, in that ſolemn form of words which unites or rather *binds* us to you in marriage?

When I look round upon all the married people of my acquaintance, and ſee how *they* live, and what *they* bear who live *beſt*, I am confirmed in my diſlike to the ſtate.

Well do your ſex contrive to bring us up fools and ideots, in order to make us bear the yoke you lay upon our ſhoulders; and that we may not deſpiſe you from our hearts (as we certainly ſhould, if we were brought up as you are) for your *ignorance*, as much as you often make us do (as it is) for your *inſolence*.

Theſe, Sir, are ſome of my notions. And, with theſe notions let me repeat my queſtion, *Do you think I ought to marry at all?*

If I marry either a ſordid or an imperious wretch, can I, do you think, live with him? And ought a man of a contrary character, for the ſake of either of our reputations, to be plagued with me?

Long did I ſtand out againſt all the offers made me, and againſt all the perſuaſions of my mother; and, to tell you the truth, the *longer*, and with the *more* obſtinacy, as the perſon my choice would have firſt fallen upon, was neither approved by my mother, nor by my dear friend. This rivetted me to my pride, and to my oppoſition: for although I was convinced after a while, that my choice would neither have been prudent nor happy; and that the ſpecious wretch was not what he had made me believe he was; yet could I not eaſily think of any other man: and indeed, from the detection of him, took a ſettled averſion to the whole ſex.

At laſt Mr. Hickman offered himſelf; a man worthy of a better choice. He had the good fortune [*He thinks it ſo*] to be agreeable (and to make his propoſals agreeable) to my mother.

As to myſelf; I own, that were I to have choſen a brother, Mr. Hickman ſhould have been the man; virtuous, ſober, ſincere, friendly, as he is. But I wiſh not to marry: nor knew I the man in the world whom I could think deſerving of my beloved friend. But neither of our parents would let us live ſingle.

The accurſed Lovelace was propoſed warmly to *her*, at one time; and, while ſhe was yet but indifferent to him, they, by ungenerous uſage of him, (for then, Sir, he was not known to be Beelzebub himſelf) and by endeavouring to force her inclinations in favour firſt of one worthleſs man, then of another *in antipathy to him*, through her fooliſh brother's caprice, turned that indifference (from the natural generoſity of her ſoul) into a regard which ſhe never otherwiſe would have had for a man of his character.

Mr. Hickman was propoſed *to me*. I refuſed him again and again. He perſiſted: my mother his advocate. My mother made my beloved friend his advocate too. I told him my diſlike of all men: of him: of matrimony.—Still he perſiſted. I uſed him with tyranny: led indeed partly by my temper, partly by deſign; hoping thereby to get rid of him; till the poor man, (his character unexceptionably uniform) ſtill perſiſting, made himſelf a merit with me by his patience. This brought down my pride, [I never, Sir, was accounted very ungenerous, nor quite ungrateful] and gave me, at one time, an inferiority in my own opinion to him; which laſted juſt long enough for my friends to prevail upon me to promiſe him encouragement; and to receive his addreſſes.

Having ſo done, when the weather-glaſs of my pride got up again, I found I had gone too far to recede. My mother and my friend both held me to it. Yet I tried him, I vexed him, an hundred ways; and not ſo much neither with *deſign* to vex him, as to make him hate me, and decline his ſuit.

He bore this, however; and got nothing but my pity: yet ſtill my mother and my friend, having obtained my promiſe, [made, however, not to *him*, but to *them*] and being well aſſured that I valued no man *more* than Mr. Hickman, (who never once diſobliged me in word or deed, or look, except by his fooliſh perſeverance) inſiſted upon the performance.

While my dear friend was in her unhappy uncertainty, I could not think of marriage: and now, what encouragement have I?—She my monitreſs, my guide, my counſel, gone, for ever gone!—By whoſe advice and inſtructions I hoped to acquit myſelf tolerably in the ſtate into which I could not avoid entering. For, Sir, my mother is ſo partially Mr. Hickman's friend, that I am ſure, ſhould any difference ariſe, ſhe would always cenſure me, and acquit him; even were he ungenerous enough to remember me in his day.

This, Sir, being my ſituation, conſider

ſider how difficult it is for me to think of marriage. Whenever we approve, we can find an hundred good reaſons to juſtify our approbation. Whenever we diſlike, we can find a thouſand to juſtify our diſlike. Every-thing in the latter caſe is an impediment: every ſhadow a bugbear.—Thus can I enumerate and ſwell perhaps only *imaginary* grievances; I muſt go whither he would have me to go: viſit whom he would have me to viſit: well as I love to write, (though now, alas! my grand inducement to write is over) it muſt be to whom he pleaſes: and *Mrs. Hickman* (who, as *Miſs Howe*, cannot do wrong) would hardly ever be able to do right. Thus, the tables turned upon me, I am reminded of my vowed obedience; *Madam'd up* perhaps to matrimonial perfection, and all the wedded warfare practiſed comfortably over between us, (for I ſhall not be paſſive under inſolent treatment) till we become curſes to each other, a bye-word to our neighbours, and the jeſt of our own ſervants.

But there muſt be *bear* and *forbear*, methinks ſome wiſe body will tell me: but why muſt I be teazed into a ſtate where that *muſt* be neceſſarily the caſe; when now I can do as I pleaſe, and wiſh only to be let alone to do as beſt pleaſes me? And what, in effect, does my mother ſay? 'Anna Howe, you now do 'every-thing that pleaſes you: you now 'have nobody to controul you: you go 'and you come; you dreſs and you un-'dreſs; you riſe and you go to reſt, juſt 'as you think beſt: but you muſt be 'happier ſtill, child!'

'As how, Madam?'

'Why, you muſt marry, my dear, 'and have none of theſe options; but, 'in every-thing, do as your huſband 'commands you.'

This is very hard, you will own, Sir, for ſuch a one as me to think of. And yet, engaged to enter into that ſtate, as I am, how can I help myſelf? My mother preſſes me; my friend, my beloved friend, writing as from the dead, preſſes me; and you, and Mr. Morden, as executors of her will, remind me; the man is not afraid of me; [I am ſure, were I the man, I ſhould not have half his courage;] and I think I ought to conclude to puniſh him (the only effectual way I have to do it) for his perverſe adherence and perſecution, *with the grant of his own wiſhes*; a puniſhment which many others who enjoy theirs very commonly experience.

Let me then aſſure you, Sir, that when I can find, in the words of my charming friend in her will, writing of her couſin Hervey, that my grief for her is *mellowed by time into a remembrance more ſweet than painful*, that I may not be utterly unworthy of the paſſion a man of ſome merit has for me, I will anſwer the requeſt of my dear friend, ſo often repeated, and ſo earneſtly preſſed; and Mr. Hickman ſhall find, if he continue to deſerve my gratitude, that my endeavours ſhall not be wanting to make him amends for the patience he has had, and muſt ſtill a little while longer have with me: and then will it be his own fault (I hope not mine) if our marriage anſwer not thoſe happy *prognoſtichs, which filled her* generous *preſaging mind*, upon this view, as ſhe once, for *my* encouragement, and to induce me to encourage him, told me.

Thus, Sir, have I, in a very free manner, accounted to you, as to the executor of my beloved friend, for all that relates to you, as ſuch to know; and even for more than I needed to do, againſt myſelf: only that you will find as much againſt me in ſome of *her* letters; and ſo, *loſing* nothing, I *gain* the character of *ingenuouſneſs* with you.

And thus much for the double reprimand, on my delaying my part of the performance of my dear friend's will.

And now, while you are admoniſhing me on this ſubject, let me remind you of one great article relating to yourſelf: it is furniſhed me by my dear creature's poſthumous letter to you—I hope you will not forget, that the moſt benevolent of her ſex expreſſes herſelf as earneſtly concerned for your thorough reformation, as ſhe does for my marrying. You'll ſee to it then, that her wiſhes are as completely anſwered in that particular, as you are deſirous they ſhould be in all others.

I have, I own, diſobeyed her in one article; and that is, where ſhe deſires that I will not put myſelf into mourning. I could not help it.

I ſend this and mine of Saturday laſt together: and will not add another word, after I have told you, that I think myſelf *your obliged ſervant*,

A. HOWE.

## LETTER LXVI.

### MR. BELFORD, TO MISS HOWE.

THURSDAY NIGHT, OCT. 5.

I Return you, Madam, my moſt reſpectful thanks for your condeſcending hint, in relation to the pious wiſhes

of your exalted friend for my thorough reformation.

I will only say, that it will be my earneſt and unwearied endeavour to make thoſe generous wiſhes effectual: and I hope for the divine bleſſing upon ſuch my endeavours, or elſe I know they will be in vain.

I cannot, Madam, expreſs how much I think myſelf obliged to you for your further condeſcenſion, in writing to me ſo frankly the ſtate of your paſt and preſent mind, in relation to the ſingle and matrimonial life. If the lady by whom, as the executor of her inimitable friend, I am thus honoured, *has* failings, never were failings ſo lovely in woman!—How much more lovely, indeed, than the virtues of many of her ſex!

I might have ventured into the hands of ſuch a lady the colonel's original letter entire. The worthy gentleman exceedingly admires you; and this caution was the effect of his politeneſs only, and of his regard for you.

I ſend you, Madam, a letter from Lord M. to myſelf; and the copies of three others written in conſequence of that. Theſe will acquaint you with Mr. Lovelace's departure from England, and with other particulars, which you will be curious to know.

Be pleaſed to keep to yourſelf ſuch of the contents as your own prudence will ſuggeſt to you ought not to be ſeen by any-body elſe.

I am, Madam, with the profoundeſt and moſt grateful reſpect, *your faithful and obliged humble ſervant.*

JOHN BELFORD.

## LETTER LXVII.

LORD M. TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

M. HALL, FRIDAY, SEPT. 29.

DEAR SIR,

MY kinſman Lovelace is now ſetting out for London; propoſing to ſee you, and then to go to Dover, and ſo embark. God ſend him well out of the kingdom!

On Monday he will be with you, I believe. Pray let me be favoured with an account of all your converſations; for Mr. Mowbray and Mr. Tourville are to be there too; and whether you think he is grown quite his own man again. What I moſtly write for is, to wiſh you to keep Colonel Morden and him aſunder; and to I give you notice of his going to town. I ſhould be very loth there ſhould be any miſchief between them, as you gave me notice that the colonel threatened my nephew. But my kinſman would not bear that; ſo nobody let him know that he did. But I hope there is no fear: for the colonel does not, as I hear, threaten now. For his own ſake, I am glad of that; for there is not ſuch a man in the world as my kinſman is ſaid to be, at all the weapons—As well he was not; he would not be ſo daring.

We ſhall all here miſs the wild fellow. To be ſure, there is no man better company when he pleaſes.

Pray, do you never travel thirty or forty miles? I ſhould be glad to ſee you here at M. Hall. It will be charity, when my kinſman is gone; for we ſuppoſe you will be his chief correſpondent: although he has promiſed to write to my nieces often. But he is very apt to forget his promiſes; to us his relations particularly. God preſerve us all; amen! prays *your very humble ſervant,*

M.

## LETTER LXVIII.

MR. BELFORD, TO LORD M.

LONDON, TUESDAY NIGHT, OCT. 3.

MY LORD,

I Obey your lordſhip's commands with great pleaſure.

Yeſterday in the afternoon Mr. Lovelace made me a viſit at my lodgings. As I was in expectation of one from Colonel Morden about the ſame time, I thought proper to carry him to a tavern which neither of us frequented; (on pretence of an half appointment) ordering notice to be ſent me thither, if the colonel came: and Mr. Lovelace ſent to Mowbray, and Tourville, and Mr. Doleman of Uxbridge, (who came to town to take leave of him) to let them know where to find us.

Mr. Lovelace is *too well* recovered, I was going to ſay. I never ſaw him more gay, lively, and handſome. We had a good deal of bluſter about ſome parts of the truſt I have engaged in; and upon freedoms I had treated him with; in which, he would have it, that I had exceeded our agreed on limits; but on the arrival of our three old companions, and a nephew of Mr. Doleman's, (who had a good while been deſirous to paſs an hour with Mr. Lovelace) it blew off for the preſent.

Mr. Mowbray and Mr. Tourville had alſo taken ſome exceptions at the freedoms of my pen; and Mr. Lovelace, after his way, took upon him to reconcile

reconcile us; and did it at the expence of all three; and with such an infinite run of humour and raillery, that we had nothing to do but to laugh at what he said, and at one another. I can deal tolerably with him at my pen; but in conversation he has no equal. In short, it was his day. He was glad, he said, to find himself alive; and his two friends, clapping and rubbing their hands twenty times in an hour, declared, that now once more he was all himself; the charmingest fellow in the world; and they would follow him to the farthest part of the globe.

I threw a bur upon his coat now-and-then; but none would stick.

Your lordship knows, that there are many things which occasion a roar of applause in conversation, when the heart is *open*, and men are *resolved* to be merry, which will neither bear repeating, nor thinking of afterwards. Common things, in the mouth of a man we admire, and whose wit has passed upon us for sterling, become, in a gay hour, *uncommon*. We watch every turn of such a one's countenance, and are resolved to laugh when he smiles, even before he utters what we are expecting to flow from his lips.

Mr. Doleman and his nephew took leave of us by twelve. Mowbray and Tourville grew very noisy by one; and were carried off by two. Wine never moves Mr. Lovelace, notwithstanding a vivacity which generally helps on over-gay spirits. As to myself, the little part I had taken in their gaiety, kept me unconcerned.

The clock struck three before I could get him into any serious or attentive way —So natural to him is gaiety of heart; and such strong hold had the liveliness of the evening taken of him. His conversation you know, my lord, when his heart is free, runs off to the bottom without any dregs.

But after that hour, and when we thought of parting, he became a little more serious: and then he told me his designs, and gave me a plan of his intended tour; wishing heartily, that I could have accompanied him.

We parted about four; he not a little dissatisfied with me; for we had some talk about subjects, which, he said, he loved not to think of; to wit, Miss Harlowe's will; my executorship; papers I had in confidence communicated to that admirable lady, (with no unfriendly design, I assure your lordship;) and he insisting upon, and I refusing, the return of the letters he had written to me, from the time that he had made his first addresses to her.

He would see me once again, he said; and it would be upon very ill terms if I complied not with his request. Which I bid him not expect. But, that I might not deny him every-thing, I told him, that I would give him a copy of the will; though I was sure, I said, when he read it, he would wish he had never seen it.

I had a message from him about eleven this morning, desiring me to name a place at which to dine with him, and Mowbray, and Tourville, for the last time: and soon after another from Colonel Morden, inviting me to pass the evening with him at the Bedford Head in Covent Garden. And that I might keep them at distance from one another, I appointed Mr. Lovelace at the Eagle in Suffolk Street.

There I met him, and the two others. We began where we left off at our last parting; and were very high with each other. But, at last, all was made up, and he offered to forget and forgive every-thing, on condition that I would correspond with him while abroad, and continue the series which had been broken through by his illness; and particularly give him, as I had offered, a copy of the lady's will.

I promised him: and he then fell to rallying me on my gravity, and on my reformation-schemes, as he called them. As we walked about the room, expecting dinner to be brought in, he laid his hand upon my shoulder; then pushed me from him with a curse; walking round me, and surveying me from head to foot; then calling for the observations of the others, he turned round upon his heel, and with one of his peculiar wild airs, 'Ha, ha, ha, ha,' burst he out, 'that these four-faced 'proselytes should take it into their 'heads that they cannot be pious, with-'out forfeiting both their good nature 'and their good manners! — Why, 'Jack,' turning me about, 'pr'y-'thee look up, man!—Dost thou not 'know, that religion, if it has taken 'proper hold of thy heart, is the most 'cheerful-*countenance-maker* in the world? '—I have heard my beloved Miss Har-'lowe say so: and she knew, or nobody 'did. And was not *her* aspect a benign 'proof of the observation? But by these 'wamblings in thy cursed gizzard, and 'thy awkward grimaces, I see thou'rt

'but a novice in it yet!—Ah, Belford, 'Belford, thou haſt a confounded parcel 'of briars and thorns to trample over 'barefoot, before religion will illumine 'theſe gloomy features!'

I give your lordſhip this account, in anſwer to your deſire to know, if I think him the man he was.

In our converſation at dinner, he was balancing whether he ſhould ſet out the next morning, or the morning after. But finding he had nothing to do, and Colonel Morden being in town, I turned the ſcale; and he agreed upon ſetting out to-morrow morning; they to ſee him embark; and I promiſed to accompany them for a morning's ride; (as they propoſed their horſes) but ſaid, that I muſt return in the afternoon.

With much reluctance they let me go to my evening's appointment: they little thought with whom: for Mr. Lovelace had put it as a caſe of honour to all of us, whether, as he had been told that Mr. Morden and Mr. James Harlowe had thrown out menaces againſt him, he ought to leave the kingdom till he had thrown himſelf in their way.

Mowbray gave his opinion, that he ought to leave it like a man of honour as he was; and if he did not take thoſe gentlemen to taſk for their opprobrious ſpeeches, that at leaſt he ſhould be ſeen by them in publick before he went away; elſe they might give themſelves airs, as if he had left the kingdom in fear of them.

To this he himſelf ſo much inclined, that it was with difficulty I perſuaded him, that, as they had neither of them proceeded to a *direct* and *formal challenge*; as they knew he had not made himſelf difficult of acceſs; and as he had already done the family injury enough; and it was Miſs Harlowe's earneſt deſire, that he would be content with that; he had no reaſon, from any point of honour, to delay his journey; eſpecially as he had ſo juſt a motive for his going, as the eſtabliſhing of his health; and as he might return the ſooner, if he ſaw occaſion for it.

I found the colonel in a very ſolemn way. We had a good deal of diſcourſe upon the ſubject of certain letters which had paſſed between us in relation to Miſs Harlowe's will, and to her family. He has ſome accounts to ſettle with his banker; which, he ſays, will be adjuſted to-morrow; and on Thurſday he propoſes to go down again, to take leave of his friends; and then intends to ſet out directly for Italy.

I wiſh Mr. Lovelace could have been prevailed upon to take any other tour, than that of France and Italy. I did propoſe Madrid to him; but he laughed at me, and told me, that the propoſal was in character from a *mule*; and from one who was become as grave as a Spaniard of the *old cut*, at *ninety*.

I expreſſed to the colonel my apprehenſions, that his couſin's dying injunctions would not have the force upon him, that were to be wiſhed.

'They have *great force* upon me, Mr. 'Belford,' ſaid he; 'or *one world* would 'not have held Mr. Lovelace and me 'thus long. But my intention is to go 'to Florence; not to lay my bones 'there, as upon my couſin's death I told 'you I thought to do; but to ſettle all 'my affairs in thoſe parts, and then to 'come over, and reſide upon a little 'paternal eſtate in Kent, which is 'ſtrangely gone to ruin in my abſence. 'Indeed, were I to meet Mr. Lovelace, 'either here or abroad, I might not be 'anſwerable for the conſequence.'

He would have engaged me for to-morrow. But having promiſed to attend Mr. Lovelace on his journey, as I have mentioned, I ſaid, I was obliged to go out of town, and was uncertain as to the time of my return in the evening. And ſo I am to ſee him on Thurſday morning at my own lodgings.

I will do myſelf the honour to write again to your lordſhip to-morrow night. Mean time, I am, my lord, *your lordſhip's*, &c.

## LETTER LXIX.

### MR. BELFORD, TO LORD M.

MY LORD, WEDN. NIGHT, OCT. 4.

I Am juſt returned from attending Mr. Lovelace as far as Gad's Hill, near Rocheſter. He was exceeding gay all the way. Mowbray and Tourville are gone on with him. They will ſee him embark, and under ſail; and promiſe to follow him in a month or two; for they ſay, there is no living without him, now he is once more himſelf.

He and I parted with great and even ſolemn tokens of affection; but yet not without gay intermixtures, as I will acquaint your lordſhip.

Taking me aſide, and claſping his arms about me, 'Adieu, dear Belford!' ſaid he: 'may you proceed in the 'courſe you have entered upon!—'Whatever

'Whatever airs I give myſelf, this 'charming creature has faſt hold of me 'here,'—[clapping his hand upon his heart:]—'and I muſt either appear what 'you ſee me, or be what I ſo lately was '—O the divine creature!'

'But if I live to come to England, 'and you remain fixed in your preſent 'way, and can give me encouragement, 'I hope rather to follow your *example*, 'than to ridicule you for it. This will' —[for I had given him a copy of it]— 'I will make the companion of my ſoli-'tary hours. You have told me part of 'it's melancholy contents; and that, 'and her poſthumous letter, ſhall be my 'ſtudy; and they will prepare me for 'being your diſciple, if you hold on.

'*You*, Jack, may marry,' continued he; 'and I have a wife in my eye for 'you.—Only thou'rt ſuch an awkward 'mortal—' [He ſaw me affected, and thought to make me ſmile:]—'But we 'don't make ourſelves, except it be 'worſe, by our dreſs. Thou art in 'mourning now, as well as I: but if 'ever thy ridiculous turn lead thee 'again to be Beau-Brocade, I will *be-'dizen* thee, as the girls ſay, on my re-'turn, to my own fancy, and accord-'ing to thy own *natural appearance*— 'Thou ſhalt doctor my ſoul, and I will 'doctor thy body: thou ſhalt ſee what a 'clever fellow I will make of thee.

'As for *me*, I never *will*, I never *can*, 'marry—That I will not take a few 'liberties, and that I will not try to ſtart 'ſome of my former game, I won't pro-'miſe—Habits are not eaſily ſhaken off '—But they ſhall be by way of wean-'ing. So *return* and *reform* ſhall go to-'gether.

'And now, thou ſorrowful monkey, 'what aileth thee?—I do love him, my lord.

'Adieu!—And once more adieu!'—embracing me.—'And when thou 'thinkeſt thou haſt made thyſelf an in-'tereſt *out yonder*,' (looking up) then 'put in a word for thy Lovelace.'

Joining company, he recommended me to write often; and promiſed to let me quickly hear from him; and that he would write to your lordſhip, and to all his family round; for he ſaid, that you had all been more kind to him than he had deſerved.

And ſo we parted.

I hope, my lord, for all your noble family's ſake, that we ſhall ſee him ſoon return, and reform, as he promiſes.

I return your lordſhip my humble thanks for the honour of your invitation to M. Hall. The firſt letter I receive from Mr. Lovelace ſhall give me the opportunity of embracing it. I am, my lord, *your moſt faithful and obedient ſervant*, J. BELFORD.

## LETTER LXX.

### MR. BELFORD, TO LORD M.

THURSDAY MORNING, OCT. 5.

IT may be ſome ſatisfaction to your lordſhip, to have a brief account of what has juſt now paſſed between Colonel Morden and me.

We had a good deal of diſcourſe about the Harlowe family, and thoſe parts of the lady's will which ſtill remain unexecuted; after which the colonel addreſſed himſelf to me in a manner which gave me ſome ſurprize.

He flattered himſelf, he ſaid, from my preſent happy turn, and from my good conſtitution, that I ſhould live a great many years. It was therefore his requeſt, that I would conſent to be *his* executor; ſince it was impoſſible for him to make a better choice, or purſue a better example, than his couſin had ſet.

His heart, he ſaid, was in it: there were ſome things in his couſin's will and *his* analogous: and he had named one perſon with me, with whom he was ſure I would not refuſe to be joined: and to whom he intended to apply for his conſent, when he had obtained mine. [Intimating, as far as I could gather, that it was Mr. Hickman, ſon of Sir Charles Hickman; to whom I know your lordſhip is not a ſtranger: for he ſaid, Every-one who was dear to his beloved couſin, muſt be ſo to him: and he knew, that the gentleman whom he had thoughts of, would have, beſides my advice and aſſiſtance, the advice of one of the moſt ſenſible ladies in England.]

He took my hand, ſeeing me under ſome ſurprize: 'You muſt not heſitate, 'much leſs deny me, Mr. Belford. In-'deed you muſt not. Two things I will 'aſſure you of: that I have, as I hope, 'made every thing ſo clear, that you 'cannot have any litigation: and that 'I have done ſo juſtly, and I hope it 'will be thought ſo generouſly, by all 'my relations, that a mind like yours 'will rather have pleaſure than pain in 'the execution of this truſt. And this 'is what I think every honeſt man, who 'hopes to find an honeſt man for his 'executor, ſhould do.'

I told him, that I was greatly obliged to

to him for his good opinion of me: that it was so much every man's *duty* to be an honest man, that it could not be interpreted as vanity to say, that I had no doubt to be found so. But if I accepted of this trust, it must be on condition—

I could name no condition, he said, interrupting me, which he would refuse to comply with.

This condition, I told him, was, that as there was as great a probability of his being *my* survivor, as I *his*, he would permit me to name *him* for mine; and, in that case, a week should not pass before I made my will.

With all his heart, he said; and the readier, as he had no apprehensions of suddenly dying; for what he had done and requested was really the effect of the satisfaction he had taken in the part I had already acted as his cousin's executor; and in my ability, he was pleased to add: as well as in pursuance of his cousin's advice in the preamble of her will; to wit; 'That this was a work 'which should be set about in full health, 'both of body and mind.'

I told him, that I was pleased to hear him say, that he was not in any apprehension of suddenly dying; as this gave me assurance that he had laid aside all thoughts of acting contrary to the dying request of his beloved cousin.

'Does it argue,' said he, smiling, 'that if I were to pursue a vengeance 'so justifiable in my own opinion, I 'must be in apprehension of falling by 'Mr. Lovelace's hand?—I will assure 'you, that I have no fears of that sort '—But I know this is an ungrateful 'subject to you. Mr. Lovelace is your 'friend; and I will allow, that a *good* 'man may have a friendship for a *bad* 'one, so far as to wish him well, without countenancing him in his evil.

'I will assure you,' added he, 'that 'I have not yet made any resolutions 'either way. I have told you what 'force my cousin's repeated requests 'have with me. Hitherto they have 'witheld me—But let me quit this subject.

'This, Sir,' [giving me a sealed-up parcel] 'is my will. It is witnessed. I 'made no doubt of prevailing upon 'you to do me the requested favour. I 'have a duplicate to leave with the other gentleman; and an attested copy, 'which I shall deposit at my banker's. 'At my return, which will be in six or 'eight months at farthest, I will allow 'you to make an exchange of yours, if 'you will have it so. I have now only 'to take leave of my relations in the 'country. And so God protect you, 'Mr. Belford! You will soon hear of 'me again.'

He then very solemnly embraced me, as I did him: and we parted.

I heartily congratulate your lordship on the narrow escape each gentleman has had from the other: for I apprehend, that they could not have met without fatal consequences.

Time, I hope, which subdues all things, will subdue their resentments. I am, my lord, *your lordship's most faithful and obedient servant*,

J. BELFORD.

*Several other letters passed between Miss Howe and Mr. Belford, relating to the disposition of the papers and letters; to the poor's fund; and to other articles of the lady's will; wherein the method of proceeding in each case was adjusted. After which the papers were returned to Mr. Belford, that he might order the two directed copies of them to be taken.*

*In one of these leters Mr. Belford requests Miss Howe to give the character of the friend she so dearly loved:* a task, he imagines, that will be as agreeable to herself, as worthy of her pen.

I am more especially curious to know, *says he*, what was that particular disposition of her time, which I find mentioned in a letter which I have just dipt into, where her sister is enviously reproaching her on that score. This information may perhaps enable me, *says he*, to account for what has often surprized me: how, at so tender an age, this admirable lady became mistress of such extraordinary and such various qualifications.

## LETTER LXXI.

MISS HOWE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

SIR, THURSDAY, OCT. 12.

YOU are curious to know the particular distribution of her time; which you suppose will help you to account for what you own yourself surprized at; to wit, how so young a lady could make herself mistress of so many accomplishments.

I will premise, that she was from infancy enured to rise early in a morning, by an excellent, and, as I may say, a *learned* woman, Mrs. Norton, to whose care, wisdom, and example, she was beholden for the ground work of her taste and acquirements, which meeting with

with ſuch aſſiſtances from the divines I have named, and with ſuch a genius, made it the leſs wonder that ſhe ſurpaſſed moſt of her age and ſex.

*Her ſex*, did I ſay? What honour to the *other* did this imply! When one might challenge the proudeſt pedant of them all, to ſay he has been *diſciplined* into greater improvement, than ſhe had made from the mere force of genius and application. But it is demonſtrable to all who know how to make obſervations on their acquaintance of both ſexes, arrogant as ſome are of their ſuperficialities, that a lady at eighteen, take the world through, is more prudent and converſable than a man at twenty-five. I can prove this by nineteen inſtances out of twenty in my own knowledge. Yet how do theſe poor boaſters value themſelves upon the advantages their education gives them! Who has not ſeen ſome one of them, juſt come from the univerſity, diſdainfully ſmile at a miſtaken or ill-pronounced *word* from a lady, when her *ſenſe* has been clear, and her ſentiments juſt; and when he could not himſelf utter a ſingle ſentence fit to be repeated, but what he had borrowed from the authors he had been obliged to ſtudy, as a painful exerciſe to ſlow and creeping parts? But how I digreſs!

This excellent young lady uſed to ſay, It was incredible to think what might be done by *early riſing*, and by *long days* well filled up.

It may be added, That ſhe had calculated according to the practice of *too many*, ſhe had actually lived more years at *ſixteen*, than *they* had at *twenty ſix*.

She was of opinion, That no one could ſpend their time properly, who did not live by ſome rule: who did not appropriate the hours, as near as might be, to particular purpoſes and employments.

In conformity to this ſelf-ſet leſſon, the uſual diſtribution of the twenty-four hours, when left to her own choice, was as follows:

*For REST ſhe allotted SIX Hours only.*

She thought herſelf not ſo well, and ſo clear in her intellects, [ſo *much alive*, ſhe uſed to ſay] if ſhe exceeded this proportion. If ſhe ſlept not, ſhe roſe ſooner. And in winter had her fire laid, and a taper ready burning to light it; not loving to give trouble to ſervants, whoſe harder work, and later hours of going to-bed, ſhe uſed to ſay, required conſideration.

I have blamed her for her greater regard to them than to herſelf. But this was her anſwer: 'I have my choice: '*who* can wiſh for more? Why ſhould I 'oppreſs others, to gratify myſelf? You 'ſee what *free-will* enables one to do; 'while *impoſition* would make a light 'burden heavy.'

*Her Firſt THREE Morning Hours*

Were generally paſſed in her ſtudy, and in her cloſet-duties: and were occaſionally augmented by thoſe ſhe ſaved from reſt: and in theſe paſſed her epiſtolary amuſements.

*TWO Hours ſhe generally allotted to Domeſtick Management.*

Theſe, at different times of the day, as occaſions required; all the houſekeeper's bills, in eaſe of her mother, paſſing through her hands. For ſhe was a perfect miſtreſs of the four principal rules of arithmetick.

*FIVE Hours to her Needle, Drawings, Muſick, &c.*

In theſe ſhe included the aſſiſtance and inſpection ſhe gave to her own ſervants, and to her ſiſter's ſervants, in the needle-works required for the family: for her ſiſter, as I have above hinted, is a MODERN. In theſe ſhe alſo included Dr. Lewen's converſation-viſits; with whom likewiſe ſhe held a correſpondence by letters. That reverend gentleman delighted himſelf and her twice or thrice a week, if his health permitted, with theſe viſits: and ſhe always preferred his company to any other engagement.

*TWO Hours ſhe allotted to her Two firſt Meals.*

But if converſation, or the deſire of friends, or the falling in of company or gueſts, required it to be otherwiſe, ſhe never ſcrupled to oblige; and would on ſuch occaſions *borrow*, as ſhe called it, from other diſtributions. And as ſhe found it very hard not to exceed in this appropriation, ſhe put down

*ONE Hour more to Dinner-time Converſation.*

To be added or ſubtracted, as occaſions offered, or the deſire of her friends required; and yet found it difficult, as ſhe often ſaid, to keep this account even; eſpecially if Dr. Lewen obliged them with his company at their table: which, however, he ſeldom did; for, being

being a valetudinarian, and in a regimen, he generally made his viſits in the afternoon.

*ONE Hour to Viſits to the neighbouring Poor*;

To a ſelect number of whom, and to their children, ſhe uſed to give brief inſtructions, and good books: and as this happened not every day, and ſeldom above twice a week, ſhe had two or three hours at a time to beſtow in this benevolent employment.

*The remaining FOUR Hours*

Were occaſionally allotted to ſupper, to converſation, or to reading after ſupper to the family. This allotment ſhe called *Her Fund*, upon which ſhe uſed to draw, to ſatisfy her other debts: and in this ſhe included viſits received and returned, ſhews, ſpectacles, &c. which, in a *country-life*, not occurring every day, ſhe uſed to think a great allowance, no leſs than *two* days in *ſix*, for amuſements only: and ſhe was wont to ſay, that it was hard if ſhe could not ſteal time out of this fund, for an excurſion of even two or three days in a month.

If it be ſaid, that her relations, or the young neighbouring ladies, had but little of her time, it will be conſidered, that beſides theſe four hours in the twenty four, great part of the time ſhe was employed in her needle-works, ſhe uſed to converſe as ſhe worked: and it was a cuſtom ſhe had introduced among her acquaintance, that the young ladies in their viſits uſed frequently, in a neighbourly way, (in the winter evenings eſpecially) to bring their work with them; and one of half a dozen of her ſelect acquaintance uſed by turns to read to the reſt as they were at work.

This was her uſual method when at her own command, for *ſix* days in the week.

*The SEVENTH DAY*

She kept as it ought to be kept: and as ſome part of it was frequently employed in works of mercy, the hour ſhe allotted to viſiting the neighbouring poor was occaſionally ſupplied from this day, and added to her fund.

But I muſt obſerve, that when in her grandfather's life-time, ſhe was three or four weeks at a time his houſekeeper and gueſt, as alſo at either of her uncles, her uſual diſtribution of time was varied: but ſtill ſhe had an eye to it as nearly as circumſtances would admit.

When I had the happineſs of having her for my gueſt, for a fortnight or ſo, ſhe likewiſe diſpenſed with her rules, in mere indulgence to my foibles, and idler habits; for I alſo (though I had the benefit of an example I ſo much admired) am too much of a *modern*. Yet, as to *morning-riſings*, I had corrected myſelf by ſuch a precedent, in the ſummer-time; and can witneſs to the benefit I found by it in my health; as alſo to the many uſeful things I was enabled by that means with eaſe and pleaſure to perform. And in her account-book I have found this memorandum ſince her ever-to-be lamented death: — 'From *ſuch a day* to *ſuch a day*, all ho-'lidays, at my dear Miſs Howe's.' At her return: 'Account reſumed, *ſuch* 'a day,' naming it; and then ſhe proceeded regularly, as before.

Once a week ſhe uſed to reckon with herſelf; when, if within the 144 hours, contained in the ſix days, ſhe had made her account even, ſhe noted it accordingly: if otherwiſe, ſhe carried the debit to the next week's account; as thus: '*Debtor to the article of benevolent viſits*,' ſo many hours. And ſo of the reſt.

But it was always an eſpecial part of her care, that whether viſiting or viſited, ſhe ſhewed in all companies an entire eaſe, ſatisfaction, and cheerfulneſs, as if ſhe kept no ſuch particular account, and as if ſhe did not make herſelf anſwerable to herſelf for her occaſional exceedings.

This method, which to others will appear perplexing and unneceſſary, her *early hours*, and *cuſtom*, had made eaſy and pleaſant to her.

And, indeed, as I uſed to tell her, greatly as I admired her in all methods, I could not bring myſelf to this, might I have had the world for my reward.

I had indeed too much impatience in my temper, to obſerve ſuch a regularity in accounting between me and myſelf. I ſatisfied myſelf in a *lump-account*, as I may call it, if I had nothing greatly wrong to reproach myſelf with, when I looked back on a paſt week, as ſhe had taught me to do.

For ſhe uſed indulgently to ſay, 'I 'do not think ALL I do neceſſary for 'another to do: nor even for myſelf: 'but when it is more pleaſant for me 'to keep ſuch an account, than to let 'it alone, why may I not proceed in 'my ſupererogatories?—There can be 'no harm in it. It keeps up my at-'tention to accounts; which one day 'may be of uſe to me in more material 'inſtances.

inſtances. Thoſe who will not keep a *ſtrict* account, ſeldom long keep *any*. 'I neglect not more uſeful employ-'ments for it. And it teaches me to 'be covetous of time; the only thing 'of which we can be *allowably* cove-'tous; ſince we live but once in this 'world; and when gone, are gone from 'it for ever.'

She always reconciled the neceſſity under which theſe *interventions*, as ſhe called them, laid her, of now-and-then breaking into ſome of her appropriations; ſaying, There was good ſenſe, and good manners too, in the common leſſon, '*When at Rome, do as they do at 'Rome*:' and that to be eaſy of perſuation, in matters where one could oblige without endangering virtue, or worthy habits, was an apoſtolical excellency; ſince, if a perſon conformed with a view of making herſelf an intereſt in her friend's affections, in order to be heeded in greater points, it was imitating his example, who *became all things to all men, that he might gain ſome*. Nor is it to be doubted, had life been ſpared her, that the ſweetneſs of her temper, and her cheerful piety, would have made virtue and religion appear ſo lovely, that her example would have had no ſmall influence upon the minds and manners of thoſe who would have had the honour of converſing with her.

O Mr. Belford! I can write no further on this ſubject. For, looking into the account-book for other particulars, I met with a moſt affecting memorandum; which being written on the extreme edge of the paper, with a fine pen, and in the dear creature's ſmalleſt hand, I ſaw not before.—This it is;—written, I ſuppoſe, at ſome calamitous period *after* the day named in it—Help me to curſe, to blaſt the monſter who gave occaſion for it!—

'APRIL 10. *The account concluded!—*
'*And with it all my worldly hopes and*
'*proſpects!!!*'

I TAKE up my pen; but not to apologize for my execration.—Once more I pray to God to avenge me of him!—*Me*, I ſay—For mine is the loſs—Hers the gain.

O Sir! You *did* not, you *could* not know her, as I knew her! Never was ſuch an excellence!—So warm, yet ſo cool a friend!—So much what I wiſh to be, but never ſhall be!—For, alas! my ſtay, my adviſer, my monitreſs, my directreſs is gone!—for ever gone!—She honoured me with the title of *The ſiſter of her heart*: but I was only ſo in the love I bore her, (a love beyond a ſiſter's—infinitely beyond *her* ſiſter's!) in the hatred I have to every mean and ſordid action; and in my love of virtue; for, otherwiſe, I am of a high and haughty temper, as I have acknowledged heretofore, and very violent in my paſſions.

In ſhort, ſhe was the neareſt perfection of any creature I ever knew. She never preached to me leſſons which ſhe practiſed not herſelf. She lived the life ſhe taught. All humility, meekneſs, ſelf-accuſing, others acquitting, though the *ſhadow* of the fault was hardly hers, the *ſubſtance* theirs, whoſe only honour was their relation to her.

To loſe ſuch a friend, ſuch a guide—If ever my violence was juſtifiable, it is upon this recollection! For ſhe only lived to make me ſenſible of my failings, but not long enough to enable me to conquer them; as I was reſolved to endeavour to do.

Once more then let me execrate—But now violence and paſſion again predominate!—And how can it be otherwiſe?

But I force myſelf from this ſubject, having loſt the purpoſe for which I reſumed my pen.

A. HOWE.

## LETTER LXXII.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

PARIS, OCT. 14.

'———*Timor & minæ*
'*Scandunt eodem quo dominus; neque*
'*Decedit ærata triremi; &*
'*Poſt equitem ſedet atra cura.*'

IN a language ſo expreſſive as the Engliſh, I hate the pedantry of tagging or prefacing what I write with Latin ſcraps; and ever was a cenſurer of the motto-mongers among our weekly and daily ſcribblers. But theſe verſes of Horace are ſo applicable to my caſe, that, whether on ſhip-board, whether in my poſt-chaiſe, or in my inn at night, I am not able to put them out of my head. Dryden once I thought ſaid very well in theſe bouncing lines—

'Man makes his fate according to his mind.
'The weak, low ſpirit, Fortune makes her
'ſlave:
'But ſhe's a drudge, when hector'd by the
'brave.

'If Fate weave common thread, I'll change
'the doom,
'And with new purple weave a nobler
'loom.'

And in theſe—

'Let Fortune empty her whole quiver on me,
'I have a ſoul, that, like an ample ſhield,
'Can take in all, and verge enough for more.
'Fate was not mine: nor am I Fate's——
'Souls know no conquerors.'——

But, in the firſt quoted lines, conſidering them cloſely, there is nothing but bluſtering abſurdity: in the other, the poet ſays not truth, for CONSCIENCE is the conqueror of ſouls: at leaſt it is the conqueror of mine: and who ever thought it a narrow one?—But this is occaſioned partly by poring over the affecting will, and poſthumous letter. What an army of texts has ſhe drawn up in array againſt me in the letter!—But yet, Jack, do they not ſhew me, that two or three thouſand years ago, there were as wicked fellows as myſelf?—They do—And that's ſome conſolation.

But the generoſity of her mind diſplayed in both, is what ſtings me moſt. And the more ſtill, as it is now out of my power any way in the world to be even with her.

I ought to have written to you ſooner. But I loitered two days at Calais, for an anſwer to a letter I wrote to engage my former travelling valet, De la Tour; an ingenious, ready fellow, as you have heard me ſay. I *have* engaged him, and he is now with me.

I ſhall make no ſtay here; but intend for ſome of the electoral courts. That of Bavaria, I think, will engage me longeſt. Perhaps I may ſtep out of my way (if I can be out of my way anywhere) to thoſe of Dreſden and Berlin: and it is not impoſſible that you may have one letter from me at Vienna. And then perhaps I may fall down into Italy by the Tirol; and ſo, taking Turin in my way, return to Paris; where I hope to ſee Mowbray and Tourville: nor do I deſpair of you.

This a good deal differs from the plan I gave you. But you may expect to hear from me as I move; and whether I ſhall purſue this route or the other.

I have my former lodgings in the Rue St. Antoine: which I ſhall hold, notwithſtanding my tour: ſo they will be ready to accommodate any two of you, if you come hither before my return: and for this I have conditioned.

I write to Charlotte; and that is writing to all my relations at once.

Do, thou, Jack, inform me duly of every-thing that paſſes.—Particularly, how thou proceedeſt in thy reformation-ſcheme: how Mowbray and Tourville go on in my abſence: whether thou haſt any chance for a wife; [I am the more ſolicitous on this head, becauſe thou ſeemeſt to think, that thy mortification will not be complete, nor thy reformation ſecure, till thou art ſhackled:] how the Harlowes proceed in their penitentials: if Miſs Howe be married, or near being ſo: how honeſt Doleman goes on with his empirick, now he has diſmiſſed his regulars, or they him; and if any likelihood of his perfect recovery. Be ſure be very minute: for every trifling occurrence relating to thoſe we value, becomes intereſting, when we are at a diſtance from them. Finally, prepare thou to piece thy broken thread, if thou wouldſt oblige *thy*

LOVELACE.

## LETTER LXXIII.

MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

LONDON, OCT. 2[illegible]

I Write, to ſhew you, that I am incapable of ſlighting even the minuteſt requeſts of an abſent and diſtant friend. Yet you may believe, that there cannot be any great alterations in the little time that you have been out of England, with reſpect to the ſubjects of your enquiry. Nevertheleſs I will anſwer to each, for the reaſon above given; and for the reaſon you mention, that even trifles, and chit-chat, are agreeable from friend to friend, and of friends, and even of thoſe to whom we give the importance of deeming them our *foes*, when we are abroad.

Firſt, then as to my reformation-ſcheme, as you call it, I hope I go on very well. I wiſh you had entered upon the like, and could ſay ſo too. You would then find infinitely more peace of mind, than you are likely ever otherwiſe to be acquainted with. When I look back upon the ſweep that has been made among us in the two or three paſt years, and forward upon what may ſtill happen, I hardly think myſelf ſecure; though of late I have been guided by other lights than thoſe of ſenſe and appetite, which have hurried ſo many of our confraternity into worldly ruin, if not into eternal puniſhment.

I am

I am very earneſt in my wiſhes to be admitted into the nuptial ſtate. But I think I ought to paſs ſome time as a probationary, till, by ſteadineſs in my good reſolutions, I can convince ſome woman, whom I could love and honour, and whoſe worthy example might confirm my morals, that there is *one* libertine who had the grace to reform, before age and diſeaſe put it out of his power to ſin on.

The Harlowes continue inconſolable; and I dare ſay will to the end of their lives.

Miſs Howe is not yet married; but I have reaſon to think will ſoon. I have the honour of correſponding with her; and the more I know of her, the more I admire the nobleneſs of her mind. She muſt be conſcious, that ſhe is ſuperior to half *our ſex*, and to moſt of *her own*; which may make her give way to a temper naturally haſty and impatient: but, if ſhe meet with condeſcenſion in her man, [And who would not veil to a ſuperiority ſo viſible, if it be not exacted with arrogance?] I dare ſay ſhe will make an excellent wife.

As to Doleman, the poor man goes on trying and hoping with his empirick. I cannot but ſay, that as the latter is a ſenſible and judicious man, and not raſh, opinionative, or over-ſanguine, I have great hopes (little as I think of quacks and noſtrum-mongers in general) that he will do him good, if his caſe will admit of it. My reaſons are, that the man pays a *regular* and *conſtant* attendance upon him; watches, with his own eye, every change, and new ſymptom of his patient's malady: varies his applications as the indications vary: fetters not himſelf to rules laid down by the fathers of the art, who lived many hundred years ago, when diſeaſes, and the cauſes of them, were different, as the modes of living were different from what they are now, as well as climates and accidents: that he is to have his reward, not in daily fees; but (after the firſt five gnineas for medicines) in proportion as the patient himſelf ſhall find amendment.

As to Mowbray and Tourville; what novelties can be expected, in ſo ſhort a time, from men, who have not ſenſe enough to ſtrike out or purſue new lights, either good or bad: now, eſpecially, that you are gone, who were the ſoul of all enterprize, and in particular *their* ſoul. Beſides, I ſee them but ſeldom. I ſuppoſe they'll be at Paris before you can return from Germany; for they cannot live without you: and you gave them ſuch a ſpecimen of your recovered volatility, in the laſt evening's converſation, as equally delighted *them*, and concerned *me*.

I wiſh, with all my heart, that thou wouldſt bend thy courſe towards the Pyreneans. I ſhould then (if thou writeſt to thy couſin Montague an account of what is moſt obſervable in thy tour) put in for a copy of thy letters. I wonder thou wilt not; ſince then thy ſubjects would be as new to thyſelf, as to *thy*

BELFORD.

## LETTER LXXIV.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

PARIS, OCT. 16—27.

I Follow my laſt of the 14—25th, on occaſion of a letter juſt now come to hand from Joſeph Leman. The fellow is conſcience-ridden, Jack; and tells me, That he cannot reſt either day or night for the miſchiefs which he fears he has been, and may ſtill further be the means of doing. He wiſhes, if it pleaſe God, and if it pleaſe *me*, that he had never ſeen my honour's face.

And what is the cauſe of his preſent concern, as to his own particular? What, but the *ſlights* and *contempts* which he receives from every-one of the Harlowes; from thoſe particularly, he ſays, whom he has endeavoured to ſerve as faithfully as his engagements to *me* would let him ſerve them? And I always made him believe, he tells me, (*poor weak ſoul, as he was from his cradle!*) that ſerving me, was ſerving both, *in the long run*. But this, and the death of his dear young lady, is a grief, he declares, that he ſhall never *claw off*, were he to live to the age of *Matthew-Salem: althoff*, and *how-ſomever*, he is ſure, that he ſhall not live *a month to an end*; being ſtrangely pined, and his *ſtomach* nothing like what it was: and Mrs. Betty being alſo (now ſhe *has got his love*) very *croſs and ſlighting:* but, thank his God for puniſhing her! ſhe is in a poor way *herſelf*.

But the chief occaſion of troubling my honour now, is not his own griefs only, *althoff* they are very great; but to prevent future miſchiefs to me: for he can aſſure me, that Colonel Morden has ſet out from them all, with a full reſolution to *have his will of me:* and he is well aſſured, that he ſaid, and ſwore to it, *as how* he was reſolved that he would either have my honour's heart's-blood, or I ſhould have his; or *ſome ſuch-like ſad threat-*

*threatnings:* and that all the family rejoice in it, and hope I ſhall *come ſhort home.*

This is the ſubſtance of Joſeph's letter; and I have one from Mowbray, which has a hint to the ſame effect. And I recollect now, that you was very importunate with me to go to Madrid, rather than to France and Italy, the laſt evening we paſſed together.

What I deſire of you, is, by the firſt diſpatch, to let me faithfully know all that you know on this head.

I can't bear to be threatened, Jack. Nor ſhall any man, unqueſtioned, give himſelf airs in my abſence, if I know it, that ſhall make me look mean in anybody's eyes: that ſhall give my friends *pain* for me: that ſhall put them upon wiſhing me to change my intentions, or my plan, to avoid him. Upon ſuch deſpicable terms as theſe, think you, that I could bear to live?

But why, if ſuch were his purpoſe, did he not let me know it before I left England? Was he unable to work himſelf up to a reſolution, till he knew me to be out of the kingdom?

As ſoon as I can inform myſelf where to direct to him, I will write to know his purpoſe; for I cannot bear ſuſpence, in ſuch a caſe as this: that ſolemn act, were it even to be marriage or hanging, which muſt be done to-morrow, I had rather ſhould be done to-day. My mind tires and ſickens with impatience on ruminating upon ſcenes that can afford neither variety nor certainty. To dwell twenty days in expectation of an event that may be decided in a quarter of an hour, is grievous.

If he come to Paris, although I ſhould be on my tour, he will very eaſily find out my *lodgings:* for I every day ſee ſome or other of my countrymen, and divers of them have I entertained *here.* I go frequently to the opera and to the play, and appear at court, and at all public places. And, on my quitting this city, will leave a direction whither my letters from England, or elſewhere, ſhall from time to time be forwarded. Were I ſure, that his intention is what Joſeph Leman tells me it is, I would ſtay here, or ſhorten his courſe to me, let him be where he would.

I cannot get off my regrets on account of this dear lady for the blood of me. If the colonel and I are to meet, as he has done me no injury, and loves the memory of his couſin, we ſhall engage with the ſame ſentiments, as to the object of our diſpute; and that, you know, is no very common caſe.

In ſhort, I am as much convinced that I have done wrong, as he can be; and regret it as much. But I will not bear to be threatened by any man in the world, however conſcious I may be of having deſerved blame.

Adieu, Belford! Be ſincere with me. No palliation, as thou valueſt *thy*

LOVELACE.

## LETTER LXXV.

MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

LONDON, OCT. 25.

I Cannot think, my dear Lovelace, that Colonel Morden has either threatened you in thoſe groſs terms mentioned by the vile, hypocritical, and ignorant Joſeph Leman, or intends to follow you. They are the words of people of that fellow's claſs; and not of a gentleman: not of Colonel Morden, I am ſure. You'll obſerve, that Joſeph pretends not to ſay that he heard him ſpeak them.

I have been very ſolicitous to ſound the colonel, for your ſake, and for his own, and for the ſake of the injunctions of the excellent lady to me, as well as to him, on that ſubject. He is (and you will not wonder that he ſhould be) extremely affected; and owns that he has expreſſed himſelf in terms of reſentment on the occaſion. Once he ſaid to me, That had his beloved couſin's caſe been that of a *common ſeduction*, her own credulity or weakneſs contributing to her fall; he could have forgiven you. But, in ſo many words he aſſured me, that he had not taken any reſolutions; nor had he declared himſelf to the family in ſuch a way as ſhould bind him to reſent: on the contrary, he has owned, that his couſin's injunctions have hitherto had the force upon him which I could wiſh they ſhould have.

He went abroad in a week after you. When he took his leave of me, he told me, That his deſign was to go to Florence; and that he would ſettle his affairs there; and then return to England, and here paſs the remainder of his days.

I was indeed apprehenſive, that if you and he were to meet, ſomething unhappy might fall out: and as I knew that you propoſed to take Italy, and very likely Florence, in your return to France, I was very ſolicitous to prevail upon you to take the court of Spain into your plan. I am ſtill ſo. And if you are not

to be prevailed upon to do that, let me intreat you to avoid Florence or Leghorn in your return, ſince you have viſited both heretofore. At leaſt, let not the propoſal of a meeting come from you.

It would be matter of ſerious reflection to me, if the *very fellow*, this *Joſeph Leman*, who gave you ſuch an opportunity to turn all the artillery of his maſters againſt themſelves, and to play them upon one another to favour your plotting purpoſes, ſhould be the inſtrument, in the devil's hand, (unwittingly too) to avenge them all upon *you:* for ſhould you even get the better of the colonel, would the miſchief end there?—It would but add remorſe to your preſent remorſe; ſince the interview *muſt* end in death; for he would not, I am confident, take his life at your hand. The Harlowes would, moreover, proſecute you in a legal way. You hate *them*; and they would be gainers by *his* death: rejoicers in *yours*—And have you not done miſchief enough already?

Let *me* therefore (and through me all your friends) have the ſatisfaction to hear, that you are reſolved to avoid this gentleman. Time will ſubdue all things. Nobody doubts your bravery. Nor will it be known, that your plan is changed through perſuaſion.

Young Harlowe talks of calling you to account. This is a plain evidence, that Mr. Morden has not taken the quarrel upon himſelf for their family.

I am in no apprehenſion of any-body but Colonel Morden. I know it will not be a means to prevail upon you to oblige me, if I ſay, that I am well aſſured, that this gentleman is a ſkilful ſwordſman; and that he is as cool and ſedate as ſkilful. But yet I will add, that if I had a value for my life, he ſhould be the laſt man, except yourſelf, with whom I would chuſe to have a contention.

I have, as you required, been very candid and ſincere with you. I have not aimed at palliation. If you ſeek not Colonel Morden, it is my opinion he will not ſeek you: for he is a man of principle. But if you ſeek him, I believe he will not ſhun you.

Let me re-urge [it is the effect of my love for you!] that you know your own guilt in this affair, and ſhould not be again an aggreſſor. It would be pity, that ſo brave a man as the colonel ſhould drop, were you and he to meet: and on the other hand, it would be dreadful, that you ſhould be ſent to your account unprepared for it, and purſuing a freſh violence. Moreover, ſeeeſt thou not, in the deaths of two of thy principal agents, *the hand-writing upon the wall againſt thee?*

My zeal on this occaſion may make me guilty of repetition. Indeed I know not how to quit the ſubject. But if what I have written, added to your own remorſe and conſciouſneſs, cannot prevail, all that I might further urge would be ineffectual.

Adieu, therefore! Mayeſt thou repent of the paſt! and may no new violences add to thy heavy reflections, and overwhelm thy future hopes! are the wiſhes of *thy true friend*,

JOHN BELFORD.

## LETTER LXXVI.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

MUNICH, NOV. 11—22.

I Received yours this moment, juſt as I was ſetting out for Vienna.

As to going to Madrid, or one ſingle ſtep out of the way to avoid Colonel Morden, let me periſh, if I do!—You cannot think me ſo mean a wretch.

And ſo you own, that he *has* threatened me; but not in groſs and ungentlemanly terms, you ſay. If he has threatened me like a gentleman, I will reſent his threats like a gentleman. But he has not done as a man of honour, if he has threatened at all behind my back. I would ſcorn to threaten any man to whom I *knew* how to addreſs myſelf, either perſonally, or by pen and ink.

As to what you mention of my guilt; of the hand-writing on the wall; of a legal proſecution, if he meet his fate from my hand; of his ſkill, coolneſs, courage, and ſuch like poltroon ſtuff; what can you mean by it? Surely you cannot believe, that ſuch inſinuations as thoſe will weaken either my hands or my heart.—No more of this ſort of nonſenſe, I beſeech you, in any of your future letters.

He had not taken any reſolutions, you ſay, when you ſaw him. He *muſt* and *will* take reſolutions, one way or other, very quickly; for I wrote to him yeſterday, without waiting for this or your anſwer to my laſt. I could not avoid it. I could not (as I told you in that) live in ſuſpence. I have directed my letter to Florence. Nor could I ſuffer my friends to live in ſuſpence as to my ſafety. But I have couched it in ſuch moderate terms, that he has fairly his option. He will be the challenger, if he take it in the ſenſe in which he may ſo hand-

ſomely

ſomely avoid taking it. And if he does, it will demonſtrate, that malice and revenge were the predominant paſſions with him; and that he was determined but to ſettle his affairs, and then *take his reſolutions*, as you phraſe it.—Yet, if we are to meet, [for I know what *my* option would be, in *his* caſe, on *ſuch a letter*, complaiſant as it is] I wiſh *he* had a worſe, *I* a better cauſe. It would be a ſweet revenge to him, were I to fall by his hand. But what ſhould I be the better for killing him?

I will incloſe the copy of the letter I ſent him.

On re-peruſing yours in a cooler moment, I cannot but thank you for your friendly love, and good intentions. My value for you, from the firſt hour of our acquaintance till now, I have never found miſplaced; regarding at leaſt your *intention:* thou muſt, however, own a good deal of blunder of the over-do and under-do kind, with reſpect to the part thou actedſt between me and the beloved of my heart. But thou art really an honeſt fellow, and a ſincere and warm friend. I could almoſt wiſh I had not written to Florence till I had received thy letter now before me. But it is gone. Let it go. If he with peace, and to avoid violence, he will have a fair opportunity to embrace the one, and ſhun the other.—If not--he muſt take his fate.

But be this as it may, you may contrive to let young Harlowe know [He is a menacer, too!] that I ſhall be in England in March next, at fartheſt.

This of Bavaria is a gallant and polite court. Nevertheleſs, being uncertain whether my letter may meet with the colonel at Florence, I ſhall quit it, and ſet out, as I intended, for Vienna; taking care to have any letter or meſſage from him conveyed to me there: which will ſoon bring me back hither, or to any other place to which I ſhall be invited.

As I write to Charlotte, I have nothing more to add, after compliments to all friends, than that I am *wholly yours*, LOVELACE.

'MR. LOVELACE, TO WILLIAM MORDEN, ESQ.'

[INCLOSED IN THE ABOVE.]

'SIR, 'MUNICH, NOV. 10—21.

'I Have heard, with a great deal of 'ſurprize, that you have thought 'fit to throw out ſome menacing ex-'preſſions againſt me.

'I ſhould have been very glad, that 'you had thought I had puniſhment 'enough in my own mind, for the 'wrongs I have done to the moſt ex-'cellent of women; and that it had 'been poſſible for two perſons ſo ar-'dently joining in one love, (eſpecially 'as I was deſirous, to the utmoſt of my 'power, to repair thoſe wrongs) to have 'lived, if not on amicable terms, in 'ſuch a way, as not to put either to the 'pain of hearing of threatenings thrown 'out in abſence, which either ought to 'be deſpiſed for, if he had not ſpirit to 'take notice of them.

'Now, Sir, if what I have heard be 'owing only to warmth of temper, or 'to ſudden paſſion, while the loſs of all 'other loſſes the moſt deplorable to me 'was recent, I not only excuſe, but 'commend you for it. But if you are 'really *determined* to meet me on any 'other account, [which, I own to you, 'is not, however, what I wiſh] it would 'be very blameable, and very unworthy 'of the character I deſire to maintain, 'as well with you as with every other 'gentleman, to give you a difficulty in 'doing it.

'Being uncertain when this letter may 'meet you, I ſhall ſet out to-morrow 'for Vienna; where any letter directed 'to the poſt-houſe in that city, or to 'Baron Windiſgrat's, (at the Favorita) 'to whom I have commendations, will 'come to hand.

'Mean time, believing you to be a 'man too generous to make a wrong 'conſtruction of what I am going to 'declare, and knowing the value which 'the deareſt of all creatures had for you, 'and your relation to her, I will not 'ſcruple to aſſure you, that the moſt 'acceptable return will be, that Colonel 'Morden chuſes to be upon an amica-'ble, rather than upon any other foot-'ing, with *his ſincere admirer, and humble 'ſervant*, 'R. LOVELACE.'

## LETTER LXXVII.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

LINTZ, {NOV. 28. DEC. 9.

I AM now on my way to Trent, in order to meet Colonel Morden, in purſuance of his anſwer to my letter incloſed in my laſt. I had been at Preſburgh, and had intended to viſit ſome other cities of Hungary: but having obliged myſelf to return firſt to Vienna, I there met with his letter: which follows.

'MUNICH,

'MUNICH, {NOV. 21. DEC. 2.

'SIR,

'YOUR letter was at Florence four 'days before I arrived there.

'That I might not appear unworthy 'of your favour, I ſet out for this city 'the very next morning. I knew not 'but that the politeneſs of this court 'might have engaged, beyond his in-'tention, a gentleman who has only 'his pleaſure to purſue.

'But being diſappointed in my hope 'of finding you here, it becomes me to 'acquaint you, that I have ſuch a de-'ſire to ſtand well in the opinion of a 'man of your ſpirit, that I cannot heſi-'tate a moment upon the option, which 'I am ſure Mr. Lovelace in my ſitua-'tion (thus called upon) would make.

'I own, Sir, that I have, on all oc-'caſions, ſpoken of your treatment of 'my ever-dear couſin as it deſerved. It 'would have been very ſurprizing if I 'had not. And it behoves me (now 'you have given me ſo noble an oppor-'tunity of explaining myſelf) to con-'vince you, that no words fell from my 'lips, of you, merely becauſe you were 'abſent. I acquaint you, therefore, 'that I will attend your appointment; 'and would, were it to the fartheſt part 'of the globe.

'I ſhall ſtay ſome days at this court; 'and if you pleaſe to direct for me at 'M. Kiſenfurt's in this city, whether 'I remain here or not, your commands 'will come ſafely and ſpeedily to the 'hands of, Sir, *your moſt humble ſer-'vant*, 'WM. MORDEN.'

So you ſee, Belford, that the colonel, by his ready, his even eagerly-expreſſed acceptance of the offered interview, *was determined*. And is it not much better to bring ſuch a point as this to an iſſue, than to give pain to friends for my ſafety, or continue in ſuſpence myſelf; as I muſt do, if I imagined that another had aught againſt me?

This was my reply:

'VIENNA, {NOV. 25. DEC. 6.

'SIR,

'I Have this moment the favour of 'yours. I will ſuſpend a tour I 'was going to take into Hungary, and 'inſtantly ſet out for Munich: and, if 'I find you not there, will proceed to 'Trent. This city, being on the con-'fines of Italy, will be moſt convenient, 'as I preſume, to you, in your return 'to Tuſcany; and I ſhall hope to meet 'you in it on the 3d—14th, of De-'cember.

'I ſhall bring with me only a French 'valet and an Engliſh footman. Other 'particulars may be adjuſted when I 'have the honour to ſee you. Till 'when, I am, Sir, *your moſt obedient 'ſervant*, 'R. LOVELACE.'

Now, Jack, I have no manner of apprehenſion of the event of this meeting. And I think I muſt ſay, he ſeeks me; not I him. And ſo let him take the conſequence.

What is infinitely nearer to my heart, is, my ingratitude to the moſt excellent of women—My *premeditated* ingratitude!—Yet all the while enabled to diſtinguiſh and to adore her excellences, in ſpite of the mean opinion of the ſex which I had imbibed from early manhood.

But this lady has aſſerted the worthineſs of her ſex, and moſt glorioufly has ſhe exalted it with me now. Yet, ſurely, as I have ſaid and written an hundred times, there cannot be ſuch another woman.

But as my loſs in her departure is the greateſt of any man's, and as ſhe was nearer to me, than to any other perſon in the world, and once ſhe herſelf *wiſhed to be ſo*, what an inſolence in any man breathing to pretend to avenge her on *me!*—Happy! happy! thrice happy! had I known how to value, as I ought to have valued, the glory of ſuch a preference!

I will not aggravate to myſelf this aggravation of the colonel's pretending to call me to account for my treatment of a lady ſo much *my own*, leſt, in the approaching interview, my heart ſhould relent for one ſo nearly related to her, and who means honour and juſtice to her memory; and I ſhould thereby give him advantages which otherwiſe he cannot have. For I know that I ſhall be inclined to truſt to my ſkill, to ſave a man who was ſo much and ſo juſtly valued by her; and ſhall be loth to give way to my reſentment, as a threatened man. And in this reſpect only I am ſorry for his ſkill, and his courage, leſt I ſhould be obliged, in my own defence, to add a chalk to a ſcore that is already too long.

INDEED, indeed, Belford, I am, and ſhall be, to my lateſt hour, the moſt miſerable of beings. Such exalted generoſity!—Why didſt thou put into my craving hands the copy of her will? Why ſenteſt thou to me the poſthumous letter?—What though I was earneſt to

ſee

ſee the will? Thou kneweſt what they *both* were, [*I* did not;] and that it would be cruel to oblige me.

The meeting of twenty Colonel Mordens, were there twenty to meet in turn, would be nothing to me, would not give me a moment's concern, as to my own ſafety: but my reflections upon my vile ingratitude to ſo ſuperior an excellence will ever be my curſe.

Had ſhe been a Miſs Howe to me, and treated me as if I were an Hickman, I had had a call for revenge; and policy (when I had intended to be an huſband) might have juſtified my attempts to humble her. But a *meek and gentle temper* was hers, though a *true heroine*, whenever honour or virtue called for an exertion of ſpirit.

Nothing but my curſed devices ſtood in the way of my happineſs. Remembreſt thou not, how repeatedly, from the *firſt*, I poured cold water upon her riſing flame, by meanly and ungratefully turning upon her the *injunctions*, which *virgin delicacy*, and *filial duty*, induced her to lay me under before I got her into my power?

Did ſhe not tell me, and did I not *know it*, if ſhe had *not* told me, *that ſhe could not be guilty of affectation or tyranny to the man whom ſhe intended to marry?* I knew, as ſhe once upbraided me, that from the time I had got her from her father's houſe, *I had a plain path before me.* True did ſhe ſay, and I triumphed in the diſcovery, that from that time *I held her ſoul in ſuſpence a hundred times.* My ipecacuanha trial alone was enough to convince an infidel, that ſhe had a mind in which love and tenderneſs would have preſided, had I permitted the charming buds to put forth and blow.

She *would have had no reſerve*, as once ſhe told me, *had I given her cauſe of doubt.* And did ſhe not own to thee, *that once ſhe could have loved me; and, could ſhe have made me good, would have made me happy?* O, Belford! here was love; a love of the nobleſt kind! A love, as ſhe hints in her poſthumous letter, that extended to the ſoul; and which ſhe not only avowed in her dying hours, but contrived to let me know it after death, in that letter filled with warnings and exhortations, which had for their ſole end my eternal welfare!

The curſed woman, indeed, endeavoured to excite my vengeance, and my pride, by preaching to me eternally *her doubts*, her *want of* love, and *her contempt of me.* And my pride was, at times, too much excited by their vile inſinuations. But had it even been as they ſaid; well might ſhe, who had been uſed to be courted and admired by every deſiring eye, and worſhipped by every reſpectful heart—Well might *ſuch* a woman be allowed to draw back, when ſhe found herſelf kept in ſuſpence, *as to the great queſtion of all*, by a deſigning and intriguing ſpirit; pretending awe and diſtance, as reaſons for reining-in a fervor, which, if real, cannot be reined in—Divine creature! Her very doubts, her reſerves, (ſo juſtly doubting) would have been my aſſurance, and my glory! —And what other trial needed her virtue! What other needed a purity ſo angelick, (bleſſed with ſuch a *command in her paſſions in the bloom of youth*) had I not been a villain—and a wanton, a conceited, a proud fool, as well as a villain?

Theſe reflections ſharpened, rather than their edge by time abated, accompany me in whatever I do, and wherever I go; and mingle with all my diverſions and amuſements. And yet I go into gay and ſplendid company. I have made new acquaintance in the different courts I have viſited. I am both eſteemed and ſought after, by perſons of rank and merit. I viſit the colleges, the churches, the palaces. I frequent the theatre: am preſent at every publick exhibition; and ſee all that is worth ſeeing, that I had not ſeen before, in the cabinets of the curious: am ſometimes admitted to the toilette of an eminent toaſt, and make one with diſtinction at the aſſemblies of others—Yet can think of nothing, nor of anybody, with delight, but of my CLARISSA. Nor have I ſeen one woman with advantage to herſelf, but as ſhe reſembles, in ſtature, air, complexion, voice, or in ſome feature, that charmer, that *only* charmer of my ſoul.

What greater puniſhment, than to have theſe aſtoniſhing perfections, which ſhe was miſtreſs of, ſtrike my remembrance with ſuch force, when I have nothing left me, but the remorſe of having deprived myſelf and the world of ſuch a bleſſing? Now-and-then, indeed, am I capable of a gleam of comfort, ariſing (not ungenerouſly) from the moral certainty which I have of her everlaſting happineſs, in ſpite of all the machinations and devices which I ſet on foot to enſnare her virtue, and to bring down ſo pure a mind to my own level.

'For can *I* be, at *worſt*, [Avert that worſt, 'O thou SUPREME, who only canſt avert it!]

'So

'So much a wretch, ſo very far abandon'd,
'But that I muſt, even in the horrid'ſt gloom,
'Reap intervenient joy, at leaſt ſome reſpite
'From pain and anguiſh, in *her* bliſs—'

IF I find myſelf thus miſerable abroad, I will ſoon return to England, and follow your example, I think—turn hermit, or ſome plaguy thing or other, and ſee what a conſtant courſe of penitence and mortification will do for me. There is no living at this rate—D—n me if there be!

If any miſhap ſhould befal me, you'll have the particulars of it from De la Tour. He indeed knows but little of Engliſh: but every modern tongue is yours. He is a truſty and ingenious fellow: and, if any-thing happen, will have ſome other papers, which I have ready ſealed up, for you to tranſmit to Lord M. And ſince thou art ſo expert and ſo ready at executorſhips, pr'ythee, Belford, accept of the office from me, as well as for my Clariſſa—CLARISSA LOVELACE let me call her.

By all that's good, I am bewitched to her memory. Her very name, with mine joined to it, raviſhes my ſoul, and is more delightful to me than the ſweeteſt muſick.

Had I carried her [I muſt ſtill recriminate] to any other place than that accurſed woman's—For the potion was her invention and mixture; and all the perſiſted-in violence was at her inſtigation, and at that of her wretched daughters, *who have now amply revenged upon me their own ruin, which they lay at my door*—

But this looks ſo like the confeſſion of a thief at the gallows, that poſſibly thou wilt be apt to think, I am intimidated in proſpect of the approaching interview. But far otherwiſe. On the contrary, moſt cheerfully do I go to meet the colonel; and I would tear my heart out of my breaſt with my own hands, were it capable of fear or concern on that account.

Thus much only I know, that if I ſhould kill him, [which I will not do, if I can help it] I ſhall be far from being eaſy in my mind: *that* ſhall I never more be. But as the meeting is evidently of his own ſeeking, againſt an option fairly given to the contrary, and I cannot avoid it, I'll think of that hereafter. It is but repenting and mortifying for all at once: for I am as ſure of victory, as I am that I now live, let him be ever ſo ſkilful a ſwordſman; ſince, beſides that I am no unfleſhed novice, this is a ſport, that, when provoked to it, I love as well as my food. And, moreover, I ſhall be as *calm and undiſturbed* as the biſhop at his prayers: while he, as is evident by his letter, muſt be actuated by revenge and paſſion.

Doubt not, therefore, Jack, that I ſhall give a good account of this affair. Mean time, I remain, *yours moſt affectionately*, &c.

LOVELACE.

## LETTER LXXVIII.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

TRENT, DEC. 3—14.

TO-MORROW is to be the day, that will, in all probability, ſend either one or two ghoſts to attend the manes of my CLARISSA.

I arrived here yeſterday; and enquiring for an Engliſh gentleman of the name of Morden, ſoon found out the colonel's lodgings. He had been in town two days; and left his name at every probable place.

He was gone to ride out; and I left *my* name, and where to be found; and in the evening he made me a viſit.

He was plaguy gloomy. That was not I. But yet he told me, that I had acted like a man of true ſpirit in my firſt letter, and with honour, in giving him ſo readily this meeting. He wiſhed I had in other reſpects; and then we might have ſeen each other upon better terms than now we did.

I ſaid there was no recalling what was paſſed; and that I wiſhed ſome things had not been done as well as he.

To recriminate now, he ſaid, would be as exaſperating as unavailable. And as I had ſo cheerfully given him this opportunity, words ſhould give place to buſineſs.—'*Your* choice, Mr. Lovelace, 'of time, of place, of weapon, ſhall be '*my* choice.'

'The two latter be yours, Mr. Mor-'den. The time to-morrow, or next 'day, as you pleaſe.'

'Next day, then, Mr. Lovelace; 'and we'll ride out to-morrow, to fix 'the place.'

'Agreed, Sir.'

'Well; now, Mr. Lovelace, do you 'chuſe the weapon.'

I ſaid, I believed we might be upon an equal foot with the ſingle rapier; but, if he thought otherwiſe, I had no objection to a piſtol.

'I will only ſay,' replied he, 'that 'the chances may be more equal by the 'ſword,

'ſword, becauſe we can neither of us 'be to ſeek in that: and you would 'ſtand,' ſays he, 'a worſe chance, as I 'apprehend, with a piſtol: and yet I 'have brought two, that you may take 'your choice of either: for,' added he, 'I never miſſed a mark at piſtol-'diſtance, ſince I knew how to hold a 'piſtol.'

I told him, that he ſpoke like himſelf: that I was expert enough that way, to embrace it, if he choſe it; though not ſo ſure of my mark as he pretended to be. 'Yet the devil's in't, colonel, if 'I, who have ſlit a bullet in two upon 'a knife's edge, hit not my man. So I 'have no objection to a piſtol, if it be '*your* choice. No man, I'll venture to 'ſay, has a ſteadier hand or eye than I 'have.'

'They may both be of uſe to you, 'Sir, at the ſword, as well as at the 'piſtol: the ſword therefore be the 'thing, if you pleaſe.'

'With all my heart.'

We parted with a ſolemn ſort of ceremonious civility: and this day I called upon him; and we rode out together to fix upon the place: and both being of one mind, and hating to put off for the morrow what could be done to-day, would have decided it then: but De la Tour, and the colonel's valet, who attended us, being unavoidably let into the ſecret, joined to beg we would have with us a ſurgeon from Brixen, whom La Tour had fallen in with there, and who had told him he was to ride next morning to bleed a perſon in a fever, at a lone cottage, which, by the ſurgeon's deſcription, was not far from the place where we then were, if it were not that very cottage within ſight of us.

They undertook ſo to manage it, that the ſurgeon ſhould know nothing of the matter till his aſſiſtance was called in. And La Tour being, as I aſſured the colonel, a ready contriving fellow, [whom I ordered to obey him as myſelf, were the chance to be in *his* favour] we both agreed to defer the deciſion till to-morrow, and to leave the whole about the ſurgeon to the management of our two valets; enjoining them abſolute ſecreſy: and ſo rode back again by different ways.

We fixed upon a little lone valley for the ſpot—Ten to-morrow morning the time—And ſingle rapier the word. Yet I repeatedly told him, that I valued myſelf ſo much upon my ſkill in that weapon, that I would wiſh him to chuſe any other.

He ſaid, it was a gentleman's weapon; and he who underſtood it not, wanted a qualification that he ought to ſuffer for not having: but that, as to him, one weapon was as good as another, throughout all the inſtruments of offence.

So, Jack, you ſee I take no advantage of him! but my devil muſt deceive me, if he take not his life or his death at my hands before eleven to-morrow morning.

His valet and mine are to be preſent; but both ſtrictly enjoined to be impartial and inactive: and, in return for my civility of the like nature, he commanded *his* to be aſſiſting to me, if he fell.

We are to ride thither, and to diſmount when at the place; and his footman and mine are to wait at an appointed diſtance, with a chaiſe to carry off to the borders of the Venetian territories the ſurvivor, if one drop, or to aſſiſt either or both, as occaſion may demand.

And thus, Belford, is the matter ſettled.

A ſhower of rain has left me nothing elſe to do: and therefore I write this letter; though I might as well have deferred it till to-morrow twelve o'clock, when I doubt not to be able to write again, to aſſure you how much I am *yours*, &c. LOVELACE.

## LETTER LXXIX.

TRANSLATION OF A LETTER FROM F. J. DE LA TOUR.

TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ. NEAR SOHO-SQUARE, LONDON.

SIR, TRENT, DEC. 18, N. S.

I Have melancholy news to inform you of, by order of the Chevalier Lovelace. He ſhewed me his letter to you before he ſealed it; ſignifying, that he was to meet the Chevalier Morden on the 15th. Wherefore, as the occaſion of the meeting is ſo well known to you, I ſhall ſay nothing of it here.

I had taken care to have ready within a little diſtance, a ſurgeon and his aſſiſtant, to whom, under an oath of ſecreſy, I had revealed the matter, (though I did not own it to the two gentlemen;) ſo that they were prepared with bandages, and all things proper. For well was I acquainted with the bravery and ſkill of my chevalier; and had heard the character of the other; and knew the animoſity of both. A poſt-chaiſe was ready,

ready, with each of their footmen at a little diſtance.

The two chevaliers came exactly at their time: they were attended by Monſieur Margate, (the colonel's gentleman) and myſelf. They had given orders over-night, and now repeated them in each other's preſence, that we ſhould obſerve a ſtrict impartiality between them: and that if one fell, each of us ſhould look upon himſelf, as to any needful help or retreat, as the ſervant of the ſurvivor, and take his commands accordingly.

After a few compliments, both the gentlemen, with the greateſt preſence of mind that ever I beheld in men, ſtript to their ſhirts, and drew.

They parried with equal judgment ſeveral paſſes. My chevalier drew the firſt blood, making a deſperate puſh, which, by a ſudden turn of his antagoniſt, miſſed going clear through him, and wounded him on the fleſhy part of the ribs of his right-ſide; which part the ſword tore out, being on the extremity of the body: but, before my chevalier could recover himſelf, the colonel, in return, puſhed him into the inſide of the left-arm, near the ſhoulder: and the ſword (raking his breaſt as it paſſed) being followed by a great effuſion of blood, the colonel ſaid, 'Sir, I believe 'you have enough.'

My chevalier ſwore by G—d, he was not hurt: 'twas a pin's point: and ſo made another paſs at his antagoniſt; which he, with a ſurprizing dexterity, received under his arm, and run my dear chevalier into the body: who immediately fell; ſaying, 'The luck is 'yours, Sir—O my beloved Clariſſa! '—Now art thou—' Inwardly he ſpoke three or four words more. His ſword dropt from his hand. Mr. Morden threw his down, and ran to him, ſaying in French—'Ah, Monſieur! you are a 'dead man!—Call to God for mercy!'

We gave the ſignal agreed upon to the footmen; and they to the ſurgeons; who inſtantly came up.

Colonel Morden, I found, was too well uſed to the bloody work; for he was as cool as if nothing extraordinary had happened, aſſiſting the ſurgeons, though his own wound bled much. But my dear chevalier fainted away two or three times running, and vomited blood beſides.

However, they ſtopped the bleeding for the preſent; and we helped him into the voiture; and then the colonel ſuffered his own wound to be dreſſed; and appeared concerned that my chevalier was between whiles (when he could ſpeak, and ſtruggle) extremely outrageous.—Poor gentleman! he had made quite ſure of victory!

The colonel, againſt the ſurgeons advice, would mount on horſeback to paſs into the Venetian territories; and generouſly gave me a purſe of gold to pay the ſurgeons; deſiring me to make a preſent to the footman; and to accept of the remainder, as a mark of his ſatisfaction in my conduct; and in my care and tenderneſs of my maſter.

The ſurgeons told him, that my chevalier could not live over the day.

When the colonel took leave of him, Mr. Lovelace ſaid, 'You have well re-'venged the dear creature.'

'I have, Sir,' ſaid Mr. Morden: 'and 'perhaps ſhall be ſorry that you called 'upon me to this work, while I was 'balancing whether to obey, or diſ-'obey, the dear angel.'

'There is a fate in it!' replied my chevalier—'A curſed fate!—Or this 'could not have been!—But be ye all 'witneſſes, that I have provoked my 'deſtiny, and acknowledge, that I fall 'by a man of honour.'

'Sir,' ſaid the colonel, with the piety of a confeſſor, (wringing Mr. Lovelace's hand) 'ſnatch theſe few fleeting mo-'ments, and commend yourſelf to 'God.'

And ſo he rode off.

The voiture proceeded ſlowly with my chevalier; yet the motion ſet both his wounds bleeding afreſh; and it was with difficulty they again ſtopped the blood.

We brought him alive to the neareſt cottage; and he gave orders to me to diſpatch to you the packet I herewith ſend ſealed up; and bid me write to you the particulars of this moſt unhappy affair; and give you thanks, in his name, for all your favours and friendſhip to him.

Contrary to all expectation, he lived over the night: but *ſuffered much*, as well from his *impatience* and *diſappointment*, as from his *wounds*; for he ſeemed *very unwilling to die*.

He was delirious, at times, in the two laſt hours; and then ſeveral times cried out, as if he had ſeen ſome frightful ſpectre, 'Take her away! Take her 'away!' but named nobody. And ſometimes praiſed ſome lady, (that Clariſſa, I ſuppoſe, whom he had invoked when he received his death's wound) calling her, 'Sweet excellence! Divine crea-

'ture! Fair ſufferer!'—And once he ſaid, 'Look down, bleſſed Spirit, look 'down!'—And there ſtopt—his lips, however, moving.

At nine in the morning, he was ſeized with convulſions, and fainted away; and it was a quarter of an hour before he came out of them.

His few laſt words I muſt not omit, as they ſhew an ultimate compoſure; which may adminiſter ſome conſolation to his honourable friends.

'*Bleſſed*—' ſaid he, addreſſing himſelf no doubt to Heaven; for his dying eyes were lifted up—A ſtrong convulſion prevented him for a few moments ſaying more—But recovering, he again with great fervor (lifting up his eyes, and his ſpread hands) pronounced the word '*Bleſſed*:' then, in a ſeeming ejaculation, he ſpoke inwardly ſo as not to be underſtood: at laſt, he diſtinctly pronounced theſe three words,

'LET THIS EXPIATE!'

And then, his head ſinking on his pillow, he expired; at about half an hour after ten.

He little thought, poor gentleman! his end ſo near: ſo had given no direction about his body. I have cauſed it to be embowelled, and depoſited in a vault, till I have orders from England.

This is a favour that was procured with difficulty; and would have been refuſed, had he not been an Engliſhman of rank: a nation with reaſon reſpected in every Auſtrian government—For he had refuſed ghoſtly attendance, and the ſacraments in the Catholick way. May his ſoul be happy, I pray God!

I have had ſome trouble alſo on account of the manner of his death, from the magiſtracy here: who have taken the requiſite informations in the affair. And it has coſt ſome money. Of which, and of the dear chevalier's effects, I will give you a faithful account in my next. And ſo, waiting at this place your commands, I am, SIR, *your moſt faithful and obedient ſervant*,

F. J. DE LA TOUR.

# CONCLUSION,

## Suppoſed to be written by Mr. BELFORD.

WHAT remains to be mentioned for the ſatisfaction of ſuch of the readers as may be preſumed to have intereſted themſelves in the fortunes of thoſe other principles in the ſtory, who ſurvived Mr. Lovelace, will be found ſummarily related as follows:

The news of Mr. LOVELACE's unhappy end was received with as much grief by his own relations, as it was with exultation by the Harlowe-family, and by Miſs Howe. His own family were moſt to be pitied, becauſe, being ſincere admirers of the inimitable lady, they were greatly grieved for the injuſtice done her; and now had the *additional* mortification of loſing the only male of it, by a violent death.

That his fate was deſerved, was ſtill a heightening of their calamity, as they had, for that very reaſon, and his unpreparedneſs for it, but too much ground for apprehenſion with regard to his future happineſs. While the other family, from their unforgiving ſpirit, and even the noble young lady abovementioned, from her lively reſentments, found his death ſome little, ſome temporary allevation, of the heavy loſs they had ſuſtained, principally through his means.

*Temporary alleviation*, we repeat, as to the Harlowe-family; for THEY were far from being happy or eaſy in their reflections upon their own conduct.—And ſtill the leſs, as the inconſolable mother reſted not, till ſhe had procured, by means of Colonel Morden, large extracts from ſome of the letters that compoſe this hiſtory, which convinced them all, that the very correſpondence which Clariſſa, while with them, renewed with Mr. Lovelace, was renewed for *their ſakes*, more than for *her own*; that ſhe had given him no encouragement contrary to her duty, and to that prudence for which ſhe was ſo early noted: that had they truſted to a diſcretion which they owned ſhe had never brought into queſtion, ſhe would have extricated them and herſelf (as ſhe once propoſed to her mother) from all difficulties as to Lovelace: that ſhe, if any woman ever could, would have given a glorious inſtance of a paſſion conquered, or at leaſt kept under, by reaſon, and by piety; the man being too immoral to be implicitly beloved.

The unhappy parents and uncles, from the perusal of these extracts, too evidently for their peace, saw, that it was entirely owing to the avarice, the ambition, the envy, of her implacable brother and sister, and the senseless confederacy entered into by the whole family, to compel her to give her hand to a man she must despise, or she had not been a CLARISSA, and to their consequent persecution of her, that she ever thought of quitting her father's house: and that even when she first entertained such a thought, it was with intent, if possible, to procure for herself a private asylum with Mrs. Howe, or at some other place of safety, (but not with Mr. Lovelace, nor with any of the ladies of his family, though invited by the latter) from whence she might propose terms which ought to have been complied with, and which were entirely consistent with her duty—That though she found herself disappointed of the hoped-for refuge and protection, she intended not, by meeting Mr. Lovelace, to put herself into his power; all that she aimed at by taking that step, being to endeavour to pacify so fierce a spirit, lest he should (as he indeed was determined to do) pay a visit to her friends which might have been attended with fatal consequences; but was spirited away by him in such a manner, as made her an object of pity, rather than of blame.

These extracts further convinced them all, that it was to her unaffected regret, that she found, that marriage was not in her power afterwards for a long time; and at last, but on one occasion, when their unnatural cruelty to her (on a new application she had made to her aunt Hervey, to procure mercy and pardon) rendered her incapable of receiving his proffered hand; and so obliged her to suspend the day; intending only to suspend it, till recovered.

They saw with equal abhorrence of Lovelace, and of their own cruelty, and with the highest admiration of her, That the majesty of her virtue had awed the most daring spirit in the world, so that he durst not attempt to carry his base designs into execution, till, by wicked potions, he had made her senses the previous sacrifice.

But how did they in a manner adore her memory! How did they recriminate upon each other! when they found, that she had not only preserved herself from repeated outrage, by the most glorious and intrepid behaviour, in defiance, and to the utter confusion, of all his libertine notions; but had the fortitude, constantly, and with a noble disdain, to reject him.—Whom?—Why, the man she once could have loved, kneeling for pardon, and begging to be permitted to make her the best reparation then in his power to make her; that is to say, by marriage. His fortunes high and unbroken. She his prisoner at the time in a vile house: rejected by all her friends; upon repeated application to them, for mercy and forgiveness, rejected—Mercy and forgiveness, and a last blessing, afterwards imploring; and that as much to lighten their future remorses, as for the comfort of her own pious heart—Yet, though savagely refused, on a supposition that she was not so near her end as was represented, departed, forgiving and blessing them all.

Then they recollected, that her posthumous letters, instead of reproaches, were filled with comfortings: that she had in her last will, in their own way, laid obligations upon them all; obligations which they neither deserved nor expected; as if she thought to repair the injustice which self-partiality made some of them conclude done to them by her grandfather in his will.

These intelligences and recollections were perpetual subjects of recrimination to them: heightened their anguish for the loss of a child who was the glory of their family; and not seldom made them shun each other, (at the times they were accustomed to meet together) that they might avoid the mutual reproaches of eyes that spoke, when tongues were silent—Their stings also sharpened by time! What an unhappy family was this! Well might Colonel Morden, in the words of Juvenal, challenge all other miserable families to produce such a growing distress as that of the Harlowes (a few months before so happy!) was able to produce—

*'Humani generis mores tibi nôsse volenti*
*'Sufficit una domus: paucos consume dies, &*
*'Dicere te miserum, postquam illinc veneris,*
*'aude.'*

Mrs. HARLOWE lived about two years and an half, after the lamented death of her CLARISSA.

Mr. HARLOWE had the additional affliction to survive his lady about half a year; her death, by new-pointing his former anguish and remorse, hastening his own.

Both, in their last hours, however, comforted

comforted themſelves, that they ſhould be reſtored to their BLESSED daughter, as they always (from the time that they were acquainted with the above particulars of her ſtory, and with her happy *exit*) called her.

They both lived, however, to ſee their ſon *James*, and their daughter *Arabella*, married: but not to take joy in either of their nuptials.

Mr. JAMES HARLOWE married a woman of family, an orphan; and is obliged, at a very great expence, to ſupport his claim to eſtates, which were his principal inducement to make his addreſſes to her; but which, to this day, he has not recovered; nor is likely to recover; having very powerful adverſaries to contend with, and a title to aſſert, which admits of litigation; and he not bleſſed with ſo much patience as is neceſſary to perſons embarraſſed in law.

What is further obſervable with regard to him, is, that the match was entirely of his own head, againſt the advice of his father, mother, and uncles, who warned him of marrying in this lady a law-ſuit for life. His ungenerous behaviour to his wife, for what ſhe cannot help, and for what is as much *her* misfortune as *his*, has occaſioned ſuch eſtrangements between them, (ſhe being a woman of ſpirit) as, were the law-ſuits determined, even more favourably than probably they will be, muſt make him unhappy to the end of his life. He attributes all his misfortunes, when he opens himſelf to the *few* friends he has, *to his vile and cruel treatment of his angelick ſiſter*. He confeſſes theſe misfortunes to be juſt, without having temper to acquieſce in the acknowledged juſtice. One month in every year he puts on mourning, and that month commences with him on the 7th of September, during which he ſhuts himſelf up from all company. Finally, he is looked upon, and often calls himſelf,

THE MOST MISERABLE OF BEINGS.

ARABELLA's fortune became a temptation to a man of quality to make his addreſſes to her: his title an inducement with her to approve of him. Brothers and ſiſters, when they are not friends, are generally the ſharpeſt enemies to each other. He thought too much was done for her in the ſettlements. She thought not enough. And for ſome years paſt, they have ſo heartily hated each other, that if either know a joy, it is in being told of ſome new misfortune or diſpleaſure that happens to the other. Indeed, before they came to an open rupture, they were continually loading each other, by way of exonerating themſelves, (*to the additional diſquiet of the whole family*) with the *principal* guilt of their implacable behaviour and ſordid cruelty to their admirable ſiſter.—May the reports that are ſpread of this lady's further unhappineſs from her lord's free life; a fault ſhe juſtly thought ſo odious in Mr. Lovelace, (though that would not have been an inſuperable objection with her to his addreſſes;) and of his publick ſlights and contempt of her, and even ſometimes of his *perſonal abuſes*, which are ſaid to be owing to her impatient ſpirit, and violent paſſions; be utterly groundleſs.—For, what a heart muſt that be, which would wiſh ſhe might be as great a torment to herſelf, as ſhe had aimed to be to her ſiſter? Eſpecially as ſhe regrets to this hour, and declares that ſhe ſhall, *to the laſt of her life*, her cruel treatment of that ſiſter; and (as well as her brother) is but too ready to attribute to *that* her own unhappineſs.

Mr. ANTHONY and Mr. JOHN HARLOWE are ſtill [at the writing of this] living: but often declare, that, with their beloved niece, they loſt all the joy of their lives: and lament, without reſerve, in all companies, the unnatural part they were induced to take againſt her.

Mr. SOLMES is alſo ſtill living, if a man of his caſt may be ſaid to live; for his general behaviour and ſordid manners are ſuch as juſtify the averſion the excellent lady had to him. He has, moreover, found his addreſſes rejected by ſeveral women of far inferior fortunes (great as his own are) to thoſe of the lady to whom he was encouraged to aſpire.

Mr. MOWBRAY and Mr. TOURVILLE having loſt the man in whoſe converſation they ſo much delighted; ſhocked and awakened by the ſeveral unhappy cataſtrophes before their eyes; and having always rather *ductile* and *dictating* hearts; took their friend Belford's advice: converted the remainder of their fortunes into annuities for life; and retired, the one into Yorkſhire, the other into Nottinghamſhire, of which counties they are natives: their friend Belford managing their concerns for them, and correſponding with them, and having more and more hopes every time

time he ſees them, (which is once or twice a year, when they come to town) that they will become more and more worthy of their names and families.

As thoſe ſiſters in iniquity, SALLY MARTIN and POLLY HORTON, had abilities and education ſuperior to what creatures of their caſt generally can boaſt of: and as their hiſtories are no where given in the preceding papers, in which they are frequently mentioned; it cannot fail of gratifying the reader's curioſity, *as well* as anſwering the *good ends* deſigned by the publication of this work, to give a brief account of their parentage, and manner of training-up, preparative to the vile courſes they fell into, and of what became of them, after the dreadful exit of the infamous Sinclair.

SALLY MARTIN was the daughter of a ſubſtantial mercer at the court end of the town; to whom her mother, a grocer's daughter in the city, brought a handſome fortune; and both having a gay turn, and being fond of the faſhions which it was their buſineſs to promote: and which the wives and daughters of the uppermoſt tradeſmen (eſpecially in that quarter of the town) generally affect to follow; it was no wonder that they brought up their daughter accordingly: nor that ſhe, who was a very ſprightly and ready-witted girl, and reckoned very pretty and very genteel, ſhould every year improve upon ſuch examples.

She early found herſelf miſtreſs of herſelf. All ſhe did was right: all ſhe ſaid was admired. Early, very early, did ſhe diſmiſs bluſhes from her cheek. She could not bluſh, becauſe ſhe could not doubt: and ſilence, whatever was the ſubject, was as much a ſtranger to her, as diffidence.

She never was left out of any party of pleaſure, after ſhe had paſſed her ninth year; and, in honour of her prattling vein, was conſidered as a principal perſon in the frequent treats and entertainments which her parents, fond of luxurious living, gave with a view to increaſe their acquaintance for the ſake of their buſineſs; not duly reflecting, that the part they ſuffered her to take in what made for their intereſt, would probably be a means to quicken the appetites, and ruin the morals of their daughter, for whoſe ſake, as an only child, they were ſolicitous to obtain wealth.

The CHILD ſo much a woman, what muſt the WOMAN be?

At fifteen or ſixteen, ſhe affected, both in dreſs and manners, to ape ſuch of the quality, as were moſt apiſh. The richeſt ſilks in her father's ſhop were not too rich for her. At all publick diverſions ſhe was the leader, inſtead of the led, of all her female kindred and acquaintance, though they were a third older than herſelf. She would buſtle herſelf into a place, and make room for her more baſhful companions, through the frowns of the firſt poſſeſſors, at a crouded theatre, leaving every-one near her amazed at her ſelf-conſequence, wondering ſhe had no ſervant to keep place for her; whiſperingly enquiring who ſhe was; and then ſitting down admiring her fortitude.

She officiouſly made herſelf of conſequence to the moſt noted players; who, as one of their patroneſſes, applied to her for her intereſt on their benefit-nights. She knew the *chriſtian*, as well as *ſur*-name of every pretty fellow who frequented publick places; and affected to ſpeak of them by the former.

Thoſe who had not obeyed the call her eyes always made upon all of them for notice at her entrance, or before ſhe took her ſeat, were ſpoken of with haughtineſs, as Jacks, or Toms; while her favourites, with an affectedly-endearing familiarity, and a prettineſs of accent, were Jackeys and Tommys; and if they ſtood very high in her graces, Dear Devils, and Agreeable Toads.

She ſat in judgment, and an inexorable judge ſhe was, upon the actions and conduct of every man and woman of quality and faſhion, as they became the ſubjects of converſation. She was deeply learned in the ſcandalous Chronicle: ſhe made every character, every praiſe, and every cenſure, ſerve to exalt herſelf. *She ſhould ſcorn to do ſo or ſo!*— Or, *That was ever her way*; and *juſt what ſhe did, or liked to do*; and judging herſelf by the vileneſs of the moſt vile of her ſex, ſhe wiped her mouth, and ſat down ſatisfied with her own virtue.

She had her chair to attend her where-ever ſhe went, and found people among her *betters*, as her pride ſtooped to call ſome of the moſt inſignificant people in the world, to encourage her viſits.

She was practiſed in all the arts of the card-table: a true Spartan girl; and had even courage, occaſionally, to wrangle off a detection. Late hours (turning night into day, and day into night) were the almoſt unavoidable conſequences of her frequent play. Her parents pleaſed themſelves that their

Sally

Sally had a charming conſtitution: and as long as ſhe ſuffered not in her health, they were regardleſs of her morals.

The needle ſhe hated: and made the conſtant ſubjects of her ridicule the fine works that uſed to employ, and keep out of idleneſs, luxury, and extravagance, and at *home*, (were they have been of no other ſervice) the women of the laſt age, when there were no Vauxhalls, Ranelaghs, Marybones, and ſuch like places of diverſion, to dreſs out for, and gad after.

And as to family-management, her parents had not required any knowledge of that ſort from her; and ſhe conſidered it as a qualification only neceſſary for hirelings, and the low-born, and as utterly unworthy of the attention of a modern fine lady.

Her twentieth year, to her own equal wonder and regret, paſſed over her head, and ſhe had not had one offer that her pride would admit her to accept of. A girl from fifteen to eighteen, her beauty then beginning to bloſſom, will, as a new thing, attract the eyes of men: but if ſhe make her face cheap at publick places, ſhe will find, that *new* faces will draw more attention than *fine* faces conſtantly ſeen. But this obſervation ought young ladies always to have in their heads, that they can hardly ever expect to gratify their vanity, and at the ſame time gain the admiration of men worthy of making partners for life. They may, in ſhort, have many admirers at publick places, but not one lover.

Sally Martin knew nothing of this doctrine. Her beauty was in it's bloom, and yet ſhe found herſelf neglected.—'Sally Martin, the mercer's daughter: 'ſhe never fails being here;'—was the anſwer, and the accompanying obſervation, made to every queſtioner, 'Who 'is that lady?'

At laſt, her deſtiny approached. It was at a maſquerade that ſhe firſt ſaw the gay, the handſome Lovelace, who was juſt returned from his travels. She was immediately ſtruck with his figure, and with the brilliant things that ſhe heard fall from his lips as he happened to ſit near her. He, who was not then looking out for a wife, was taken with Sally's ſmartneſs, and with an air that at the ſame time ſhewed her to be equally genteel and ſelf-ſignificant; and ſigns of approbation mutually paſſing, he found no difficulty in acquainting himſelf where to viſit her next day. And yet it was ſome mortification to a perſon of her ſelf-conſequence, and gay appearance, to ſubmit to be known by ſo fine a young gentleman as no more than a mercer's daughter. So natural is it for a girl brought up as Sally was, to be occaſionally aſhamed of thoſe whoſe folly had ſet her above herſelf.

But whatever it might be to Sally, it was no diſappointment to Mr. Lovelace, to find his miſtreſs of no higher degree; becauſe he hoped to reduce her ſoon to the loweſt condition that an unhappy woman can fall into.

But when Miſs Martin had informed herſelf, that her lover was the nephew and preſumptive-heir of Lord M. ſhe thought him the very man for whom ſhe had been ſo long and ſo impatiently looking out; and for whom it was worth her while to ſpreak her toils. And here it may not be amiſs to obſerve, that it is very probable, that Mr. Lovelace had Sally Martin in his thoughts, and perhaps two or three more whoſe hopes of marriage from him had led them to their ruin, when he drew the following whimſical picture, in a letter to his friend Belford, not inſerted in the preceding collection.

'Methinks,' ſays he, 'I ſee a young 'couple in courtſhip, having each a de'ſign upon the other: the girl plays off: 'ſhe is very happy, as ſhe is: ſhe can'not be happier; ſhe will not change 'her ſingle ſtate: the man, I will ſup'poſe, is one who does not *confeſs*, that 'he deſires not that ſhe *ſhould:* ſhe holds 'ready a net under her apron; he ano'ther under his coat; each intending to 'throw it over each other's neck; ſhe 'over his, when her pride is gratified, 'and ſhe thinks ſhe can be ſure of him; 'he over hers, when the watched-for 'yielding moment has carried conſent 'too *far*—And ſuppoſe he happens to 'be the more dextrous of the two, and 'whips his net over her, before ſhe can 'caſt hers over him; how, I would fain 'know, can ſhe be juſtly entitled to cry 'out upon cruelty, barbarity, deception, 'ſacrifices, and all the reſt of the excla'matory nonſenſe, with which the pretty 'fools, in ſuch a caſe, are apt to din the 'ears of their conquerors? Is it not juſt, 'thinkeſt thou, when ſhe makes her ap'peals to gods and men, that both gods 'and men ſhould laugh at her, and hit'ting her in the teeth with her own 'felonious intentions, bid her ſit down 'patiently under her deſerved diſap'pointment?'

In ſhort, Sally's parents, as well as herſelf, encouraged Mr. Lovelace's viſits.

fits. They thought they might truſt to a diſcretion in her which ſhe herſelf was too wiſe to doubt. Pride they knew ſhe had. And that, in theſe caſes, is often called diſcretion.—'Lord help the ſex,' ſays Lovelace, 'if they had not pride!' —Nor did they ſuſpect danger from that ſpecious air of ſincerity, and gentleneſs of manners, which he could aſſume or lay aſide whenever he pleaſed.

The ſecond maſquerade, which was no more than their third meeting abroad, completed her ruin, from ſo practiſed, though ſo young a deceiver; and that before ſhe well knew ſhe was in danger: for, having prevailed on her to go off with him about twelve o'clock to his aunt Forbes's, a lady of honour and fortune, to whom he had given reaſon to expect her *future niece*, [the only hint of marriage he ever gave her] he carried her to the houſe of the wicked woman, who bears the name of Sinclair in theſe papers: and there, by promiſes, which ſhe underſtood in the favourable ſenſe, (for where a woman loves, ſhe ſeldom doubts enough for her own ſafety) obtained an eaſy conqueſt over a virtue that was little more than nominal.

He found it not difficult to induce her to proceed in the guilty commerce, till the effects of it became too apparent to be hid. Her parents then (in the firſt fury of their diſappointment, and vexation, for being deprived of all hopes of ſuch a ſon-in-law) turned her out of doors.

Her diſgrace thus publiſhed, ſhe became hardened; and, protected by her ſeducer, whoſe favourite miſtreſs ſhe then was, ſhe was ſo incenſed againſt her parents for an indignity ſo little ſuiting with her pride, and the head they had always given her, that ſhe refuſed to return to them, when, repenting of their paſſionate treatment of her, they would have been reconciled to her: and, becoming the favourite daughter of her mother Sinclair, at the perſuaſions of that abandoned woman, ſhe practiſed to bring on an abortion, which ſhe effected, though ſhe was ſo far gone, that it had like to have coſt her life.

Thus, unchaſtity her firſt crime, murder her next, her conſcience became ſeared; and, young as ſhe was, and fond of her deceiver, ſoon grew indelicate enough, having ſo thorough-paced a ſchool-miſtreſs, to do all ſhe could to promote the pleaſures of a man who had ruined her; ſcrupling not, with a ſpirit truly diabolical, to endeavour to draw in others to follow her example. And it is hardly to be believed what miſchiefs of this ſort ſhe was the means of effecting; woman confiding in, and daring woman; and ſhe a creature of ſpecious appearance, and great art.

POLLY HORTON was the daughter of a gentlewoman, well deſcended; whoſe huſband, a man of family, and of honour, was a captain in the Guards.

He died when Polly was about nine years of age, leaving her to the care of her mother, a lively young lady of about twenty-ſix; with a genteel proviſion for both.

Her mother was extremely fond of her Polly; but had it not in *herſelf* to manifeſt the true, the genuine fondneſs of a parent, by a ſtrict and guarded education; dreſſing out, and viſiting, and being viſited, by the gay of her own ſex, and caſting out her eye abroad, as one ready to try her fortune again in the married ſtate.

This induced thoſe airs, and a love to thoſe diverſions, which make a young widow, of ſo lively a turn, the unfitteſt tutoreſs in the world, even to her own daughter.

Mrs. Horton herſelf having had an early turn to muſick, and that ſort of reading, which is but an earlier debauchery for young minds, preparative to the groſſer at riper years; to wit, romances and novels, ſongs and plays, and thoſe without diſtinction, moral or immoral, ſhe indulged her daughter in the ſame taſte; and at thoſe hours, when they could not take part in the more active and lively amuſements and *kill-times*, as ſome call them, uſed to employ Miſs to read to her; happy enough in her own imagination, that while ſhe was diverting her own ears, and ſometimes, as the piece was, corrupting her own heart, and her child's too, ſhe was teaching Miſs to read, and improve her mind; for it was the boaſt of every tea-table half-hour, *That Miſs Horton*, in *propriety, accent, and emphaſis, ſurpaſſed all the young ladies of her age:* and, at other times, complimenting the pleaſed mother—'*Bleſs me, Madam, with what a ſurprizing* 'grace *Miſs Horton reads!—She enters into* 'the very ſpirit *of her ſubject—This ſhe* 'could have *from nobody but you!*' An intended praiſe; but, as the ſubjects were, would have been a ſevere *ſatire* in the mouth of an enemy!—While the fond, the inconſiderate mother, with a delighted air, would cry, '*Why, I cannot but* 'ſay, *Miſs Horton does credit to her tutoreſs!*' And then a '*Come hither, my beſt love!*' and, with a kiſs of approbation, '*What* 'a pleaſure to your dear papa, had he lived 'to ſee your improvements, my charmer!'—

Concluding with a ſigh of ſatisfaction; her eyes turning round upon the circle, to take in all the ſilent applauſes of theirs. But little thought the fond, the fooliſh mother, what the plant would be, which was ſpringing up from theſe ſeeds! Little imagined ſhe, that her own ruin, as well as her child's, was to be the conſequence of this fine education; and that, in the ſame ill-fated hour, the honour both of mother and daughter was to become a ſacrifice to the intriguing invader!

This the laughing girl, when abandoned to her evil deſtiny, and in company with her ſiſter Sally, and others, each recounting their ſettings-out, their progreſs, and their fall, frequently related to be her education and manner of training-up.

This, and to ſee a ſucceſſion of humble ſervants buzzing about a mother, who took too much pride in addreſſes of that kind, what a beginning, what an example, to a conſtitution of tinder, ſo prepared to receive the ſpark ſtruck, from the ſteely forehead, and flinty heart, of ſuch a libertine, as at laſt it was their fortune to be encountered by!

In ſhort, as Miſs grew up under the influences of ſuch a directreſs, and of books ſo light and frothy, with the inflaming additions of muſick, concerts, operas, plays, aſſemblies, balls, and the reſt of the rabble of amuſements of modern life, it is no wonder, that, like early fruit, ſhe was ſoon ripened to the hand of the inſidious gatherer.

At fifteen, ſhe owned, ſhe was ready to fancy herſelf the heroine of every novel, and of every comedy ſhe read, ſo well did ſhe enter into the *ſpirit* of her ſubject: ſhe glowed to become the object of ſome hero's flame; and perfectly longed to begin an intrigue, and even to be *run away with* by ſome enterprizing lover: and yet had neither *confinement* nor *check* to apprehend from her indiſcreet mother: which ſhe thought abſolutely neceſſary to conſtitute a Partheniſſa!

Nevertheleſs, with all theſe fine modern qualities, did ſhe complete her nineteenth year, before ſhe met with any addreſs of conſequence: one-half of her admirers being afraid, becauſe of her gay turn, and but middling fortune, to make ſerious applications for her favour: while others were kept at diſtance, by the ſuperior airs ſhe aſſumed; and a third ſort, not ſufficiently penetrating the foibles either of mother or daughter, were kept off by the ſuppoſed watchful care of the former.

But when the man of intrepidity and intrigue was found, never was heroine ſo ſoon ſubdued, never goddeſs ſo eaſily ſtript of her celeſtials! For, at the opera, a diverſion at which neither ſhe nor her mother ever miſſed to be preſent, ſhe beheld the ſpecious Lovelace; beheld him inveſted with all the airs of heroick inſult, reſenting a ſlight affront offered to his Sally Martin, by two gentlemen who had known her in her more hopeful ſtate, one of whom Mr. Lovelace obliged to ſneak away with a broken head, given with the pummel of his ſword, the other with a bloody noſe; neither of them well ſupporting that readineſs of offence, which, it ſeems, was a part of their *known* characters to be guilty of.

The gallantry of this action drawing every by-ſtander on the ſide of the hero, '*O the brave man!*' cried Polly Horton aloud to her mother, in a kind of rapture; '*How needful the protection of the brave to the fair!*' with a ſoftneſs in her voice, which ſhe had taught herſelf, to ſuit her fancied *high* condition of life.

A ſpeech ſo much in his favour, could not but take the notice of a man who was but too ſenſible of the advantages which his fine perſon, and noble air, gave him over the gentler hearts, who was always watching every female eye, and who had his ears continually turned to every affected voice; for that was one of his indications of a proper ſubject to be attempted—'*Affectation of every ſort*,' he uſed to ſay, '*is a certain ſign of a turned head; of a faulty judgment: and upon ſuch a baſis I ſeldom build in vain.*'

He inſtantly reſolved to be acquainted with a young creature, who ſeemed ſo ſtrongly prejudiced in his favour. Never man had a readier invention for all ſorts of miſchief. He gave his Sally her cue. He called her *ſiſter* in their hearing. And Sally whiſperingly gave the young lady, and her mother, in her own way, the particulars of the affront ſhe had received; making herſelf an angel of light, to caſt the brighter ray upon the character of her heroick brother. She particularly praiſed his known and approved courage; and mingled with her praiſes of him, ſuch circumſtances relating to his birth, his fortune, and endowments, as left him nothing to do but to fall in love with the enamoured Polly.

Mr. Lovelace preſently ſaw what turn to give to his profeſſions: *ſo brave a man! yet of manners ſo gentle!* hit the young lady's taſte: nor could ſhe ſuſpect the heart, that ſuch an aſpect covered. '*This was the man! the very man!*' ſhe whiſpered

whiſpered to her mother: and, when the opera was over, his ſervant procuring a coach, he undertook, with his ſpecious ſiſter, to ſet them down at their own lodgings, though ſituated a quite different way from his: and there were they prevailed upon to alight, and partake of a ſlight repaſt.

Sally preſſed them to return the favour to her at her aunt Forbes's, and hoped it would be before her brother went to his own ſeat.

They promiſed her, and named their evening.

A ſplendid entertainment was provided. The gueſts came, having in the interim found all that was ſaid of his name, and family, and fortune, to be true. Perſons of ſo little ſtrictneſs in their own morals, took it not into their heads to be very inquiſitive after his.

Muſick and dancing had their ſhare in the entertainment: theſe opened their hearts, already half-opened by love: the *aunt* Forbes, and the lover's ſiſter, *kept* them open by their own example: the hero ſung, vowed, promiſed: their gratitude was moved, their delights were augmented, their hopes increaſed; their confidence was engaged; all their appetites up in arms; the rich wines co-operating; beat quite off their guard, and not *thought* enough remaining for ſo much as ſuſpicion; Miſs, detached from her mother by Sally, ſoon fell a ſacrifice to the ſucceſsful intriguer.

The widow herſelf, half intoxicated and raiſed as ſhe was with artful mixtures, and inflamed by love, unexpectedly tendered by one of the libertines, his conſtant companions, (to whom an *opportunity* was contrived to be given to be alone with her, and that cloſely followed by *importunity*) fell into her daughter's error. The conſequences of which, in length of time, becoming apparent, grief, ſhame, remorſe, ſeized her heart, (her own indiſcretion not allowing her to arraign her daughter's) and ſhe ſurvived not her delivery; leaving Polly with child likewiſe: who, when delivered, being too fond of the gay deluder to renounce his company, even when ſhe found herſelf deluded, fell into a courſe of extravagance and diſſoluteneſs; ran through her fortune in a very little time; and, as an high preferment, at laſt, with Sally, was admitted a quarter partner with the deteſtable Sinclair.

All that is neceſſary to add to the hiſtory of theſe unhappy women, will be comprized in a very little compaſs.

After the death of the profligate Sinclair, they kept on the infamous trade with too much ſucceſs; till an accident happened in the houſe—A gentleman of family killed in it in a fray, contending with another for a new vamp'd face. Sally was accuſed of holding the gentleman's arm, while his more favoured adverſary ran him through the heart, and then made off. And ſhe being tried for her life, narrowly eſcaped.

This accident obliged them to break up houſe-keeping; and not having been frugal enough of their ill-gotten gains, (laviſhing upon one, what they got by another) they were compelled, for ſubſiſtence ſake, to enter themſelves as under-managers in ſuch another houſe as their own had been. In which ſervice, ſoon after, Sally died of a fever and ſurfeit got by a debauch: and the other, about a month after, by a violent cold, occaſioned through careleſſneſs in a ſalivation.

Happier ſcenes open for the remaining characters; for it might be deſcending too low to mention the untimely ends of *Dorcas*, and of *William*, Mr. Lovelace's wicked ſervant; and the pining and conſumptive ones of *Betty Barnes* and *Joſeph Leman*, unmarried both, and in leſs than a year after the happy death of their excellent young lady.

The good Mrs. NORTON paſſed the ſmall remainder of her life, as happily as ſhe wiſhed, in her beloved foſter-daughter's dairy-houſe, as it uſed to be called: *as ſhe wiſhed*, we repeat; for ſhe had too ſtrong aſpirations after another life, to be greatly attached to this.

She laid out the greateſt part of her time in doing good by her advice, and by the prudent management of the fund committed to her direction. Having lived an exemplary life from her youth upwards; and ſeen her ſon happily ſettled in the world; ſhe departed with eaſe and calmneſs, without pang or agony, like a tired traveller, falling into a ſweet ſlumber: her laſt words expreſſing her hope of being reſtored to the child of her boſom; and to her own excellent father and mother, to whoſe care and pains ſhe owed that good education to which ſhe was indebted for all her other bleſſings.

The poors fund, which was committed to her care, ſhe reſigned, a week before her death, into the hands of Mrs. Hickman, according to the direction of the will, and all the accounts and diſburſements with it; which ſhe had kept with ſuch an exactneſs, that the lady declares, ſhe will follow her method, and only wiſhes to diſcharge the truſt as well.

Miſs HOWE was not to be perſuaded to quit her mourning for her dear friend, until ſix months were fully expired: and then ſhe made Mr. HICKMAN one of the happieſt men in the world. A woman of her fine ſenſe and underſtanding, married to a man of virtue and good-nature, (who had not *paſt capital errors* to reflect upon, and to abate his joys, and whoſe behaviour to *Mrs. Hickman* is as affectionate, as it was reſpectful to *Miſs Howe*) could not do otherwiſe. They are already bleſſed with two fine children; a daughter, to whom, by joint conſent, they have given the name of her beloved friend; and a ſon, who bears that of his father.

She has allotted to Mr. Hickman, who takes delight in doing good, (and that as much for it's own ſake, as to oblige her) *his part* of the management of the poor's fund; to be accountable for it, as ſhe pleaſantly ſays, to *her*. She has appropriated every Thurſday morning for *her part* of that management; and takes ſo ſuch delight in the taſk, that ſhe declares it to be one of the moſt agreeable of her amuſements. And the more agreeable, as ſhe teaches every-one whom ſhe benefits, *to bleſs the memory of her departed friend*; to whom ſhe attributes the merit of all *her own* charities, as well as the honour of thoſe which ſhe diſpenſes in purſuance of her will.

She has declared, that this fund ſhall never fail while ſhe lives. She has even engaged her mother to contribute annually to it. And Mr. Hickman has appropriated twenty pounds a year to the ſame. In conſideration of which ſhe allows him to recommend four objects yearly to partake of it.—*Allows*, is her ſtyle; for ſhe aſſumes the whole prerogative of diſpenſing this charity; the *only* prerogative ſhe *does* or has *occaſion* to aſſume. In every other caſe, there is but *one will* between them; and that is generally *his* or *hers*, as either ſpeaks firſt, upon any ſubject, be it what it will. MRS. HICKMAN, ſhe ſometimes as pleaſantly as generouſly tells him, muſt not *quite* forget that ſhe was once MISS HOWE, becauſe if he had not loved her as ſuch, and with all her foibles, ſhe had never been MRS. HICKMAN. Nevertheleſs ſhe ſeriouſly, on all occaſions, and that to others, as well as to himſelf, confeſſes, that ſhe owes him *unreturnable* obligations for his patience *with* her in HER day, and for his generous behaviour *to* her in HIS.

And ſtill the more highly does ſhe eſteem and love him, as ſhe reflects upon his paſt kindneſs to her beloved friend; and on that dear friend's good opinion of him. Nor is it leſs grateful to her, that the worthy man joins moſt ſincerely with her in all thoſe reſpectful and affectionate recollections, which make the memory of the departed precious to ſurvivors.

Mr. BELFORD was not ſo deſtitute of humanity and affection, as to be unconcerned at the unhappy fate of his moſt intimate friend. But when he reflects upon the untimely ends of ſeveral of his companions, but juſt mentioned in the preceding hiſtory—On the ſhocking deſpondency and death of his poor friend *Belton*—On the ſignal juſtice which overtook the wicked *Tomlinſon*—On the dreadful exit of the infamous *Sinclair*—On the deep remorſes of his more valued friend—And, on the other hand, on the example ſet him by the moſt excellent of her ſex—and on her bleſſed preparation, and happy departure—And when he conſiders, as he often does with awe and terror, that his *wicked habits* were ſo *rooted* in his depraved heart, that all *theſe warnings*, and this *lovely example*, ſeemed to be *but neceſſary* to enable him to ſubdue them, and to reform; and that ſuch awakening calls are *hardly ever afforded to men of his caſt*, or (if they *are*) but ſeldom attended with ſuch happy effects in the prime of youth, and in the full vigour of conſtitution:—when he reflects upon all theſe things, he adores the mercy, which through theſe calls has ſnatched him as a *brand out of the fire*; and thinks himſelf obliged to make it his endeavour to find out, and to reform, any of thoſe who may have been endangered by his means; as well as to repair to the utmoſt of his power, any damage or miſchiefs which he may have occaſioned to others.

With regard to the truſt with which he was honoured by the inimitable lady, he had the pleaſure of acquitting himſelf of it in a very few months, to every-body's ſatisfaction; even to that of the unhappy family; who ſent him their thanks on the occaſion. Nor was he, at delivering up his accounts, contented with reſigning the legacy bequeathed to him, to the uſes of the will. So that the poors fund, as it is called, is become a very conſiderable ſum; and will be a laſting bank for relief of objects who *beſt deſerve* relief.

There was but one earthly bleſſing which remained for Mr. Belford to wiſh for, in order, morally ſpeaking, to ſe-

cure to him all his other bleſſings; and that was, the greateſt of all worldly ones, a virtuous and prudent wife. So free a liver as he had been, he did not think that he could be worthy of ſuch a one, till, upon an impartial examination of himſelf, he found the pleaſure he had in his new reſolutions ſo great, and his abhorrence of his former courſes ſo ſincere, that he was the leſs apprehenſive of a deviation.

Upon this preſumption, having alſo kept in his mind ſome encouraging hints from Mr. Lovelace; and having been ſo happy as to have it in his power to oblige Lord M. and that whole noble family, by ſome ſervices grateful to them, (the requeſt for which from his unhappy friend was brought over, among other papers, with the dead body, by De la Tour) he beſought that nobleman's leave to make his addreſſes to Miſs CHARLOTTE MONTAGUE, the eldeſt of his lordſhip's two nieces: and making at the ſame time ſuch propoſals of ſettlements as were not objected to, his lordſhip was pleaſed to uſe his powerful intereſt in his favour. And his worthy niece having no engagement, ſhe had the goodneſs to honour Mr. Belford with her hand; and thereby made him as completely happy as a man *can be*, who has enormities to reflect upon, which are out of his power to atone for, by reaſon of the death of *ſome* of the injured parties, and the *irreclaimableneſs of others*.

Happy is the man who, in the time of health and ſtrength, ſees and reforms the errors of his ways!—But how much more happy is he, who has no capital and wilful errors to repent of!—How *unmixed* and *ſincere* muſt the joys of ſuch a one come to him!

Lord M. added bountifully in his life time, as did alſo the two ladies his ſiſters, to the fortune of their worthy niece. And as Mr. Belford has been bleſſed with a ſon by her, his lordſhip at his death [which happened juſt three years after the untimely one of his unhappy nephew] was pleaſed to deviſe to that ſon, and to his deſcendants for ever, (and in caſe of his death unmarried, to any other children of his niece) his Hertfordſhire eſtate, (*deſigned for Mr. Lovelace*) which he made up to the value of a moiety of his real eſtates; bequeathing alſo a moiety of his perſonal to the ſame lady.

Miſs PATTY MONTAGUE, a fine young lady, [to whom her noble uncle, at his death, deviſed the other moiety of his real and perſonal eſtates, including his ſeat in Berkſhire] lives at preſent with her excellent ſiſter Mrs. Belford, to whom ſhe removed upon Lord M.'s death: but, in all probability, will ſoon be the lady of a worthy baronet, of ancient family, fine qualities, and ample fortunes, juſt returned from his travels, with a character ſuperior to the *very* good one he ſet out with: a caſe that very ſeldom happens, although the *end of travel is improvement*.

Colonel MORDEN, who, with ſo many virtues and accompliſhments, cannot be unhappy, in ſeveral letters to the executor, with whom he correſponds from Florence, [having, ſince his unhappy affair with Mr. Lovelace, changed his purpoſe of coming ſo ſoon to reſide in England as he had intended] declares, that although he thought himſelf obliged either to accept of what he took to be a challenge, as ſuch; or tamely to acknowledge, that he gave up all reſentment of his couſin's wrongs; and in a manner to beg pardon for having ſpoken freely of Mr. Lovelace behind his back; and although at the *time* he owns he was not ſorry to be called upon, as he was, to take either the one courſe or the other; yet now, coolly reflecting upon his beloved couſin's reaſonings againſt duelling; and upon the price it had too probably coſt the unhappy man; he wiſhes he had more fully conſidered thoſe words in his couſin's poſthumous letter—'If God 'will allow him time for repentance, 'why ſhould you deny it him?'

To conclude—The worthy widow Lovick continues to live with Mr. Belford; and by her prudent behaviour, piety, and uſefulneſs, has endeared herſelf to her lady, and to the whole family.

THE END OF CLARISSA.

# MEMOIRS

## OF THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF

# SAMUEL RICHARDSON, Esq.

## Author of thoſe celebrated and valuable Novels—PAMELA, SIR CHARLES GRANDISON, and CLARISSA HARLOWE.

THIS very celebrated Engliſh writer was born in the year of the Revolution, 1688, and bred to the buſineſs of a Printer, which he exerciſed all his life with diſtinguiſhed eminence. Though he underſtood no language but his own, yet he raiſed himſelf to a conſiderable degree of merit, and acquired a ſtill more conſiderable portion of fame, as an author in the romance way. His *Pamela*, *Clariſſa*, and *Sir Charles Grandiſon*, have been univerſally read; and they ſhew a wonderful power over the paſſions, in which his ſtrength chiefly lay. His purpoſe was to promote virtue and moral perfection. Indeed nothing has fallen from Richardſon's pen but what breathes the moſt beautiful morality, and tends either to inſtil or to confirm the moſt rigid and exalted principles of virtue. His works bear the ſtamp of a good mind, as well as of an original genius. In his Novels we at once diſcover this laudable, though rare, purity of intention, happily joined to a peculiar and almoſt unequalled power of fixing the attention. The two latter of theſe romances are longer than the firſt; on which account, ſome readers are too apt to be deterred from entering on the peruſal of them, but, from experience, this idea ſoon gives place to an agreeable anxiety, which puts it in a manner out of their power to lay by the book till they have entirely got through it.

The former part of *Pamela* appears to have been purpoſely written in a plain, homely ſtyle; yet is this ſtyle managed with ſuch art, that, though it may at firſt occaſion a momentary diſguſt, we can hardly travel through many pages before this unfavourable impreſſion wears off, and then we muſt acknowledge it to be the moſt winning and perſuaſive, yet at the ſame time the moſt natural and proper, that the wit of man could have imagined. The tender tale ſo winds about our hearts, that we think we are converſing with the amiable heroine; and it is but upon reflection, we can be perſuaded we are only reading a fiction. It is true we meet with many perfections in this work: It exhibits to our view a moſt engaging and intereſting object: It ſets up a moſt noble and exemplary model for imitation: We ſee in it a complete pattern of worth, modeſty, innocence, and beauty, not only free from all diſguiſe or affectation, but almoſt totally unconſcious of the power of her native charms;—charms which never ſtrike ſo ſure, ſo irreſiſtibly, as when their fair poſſeſſor ſeems ignorant of her having them; and regardleſs what effect they may produce on the beholder.—We ſee this weak and helpleſs creature aſſailed on the one hand, by the moſt alluring temptations; terrified, on the other, by threats and ill-uſage; ſurrounded, in ſhort, by ſnares of every kind, without any other guard, than a ſtrict virtue, and a ſtrong ſenſe of religion and duty. We ſee her at laſt, by a ſtrenuous perſeverance in thoſe honeſt principles, and the aſſiſtance of that Providence which always combats on the ſide of helpleſs innocence, baffle every attempt upon her chaſtity, and finally meet with the reward ſo juſtly due to the excellence of her character, and ſo well merited by repeated unſucceſsful trials of her honour, and repeated conqueſts of her virtue over human infirmity, and female frailty.—While ſhe is purſuing her artleſs ſtory, every ſentence of the ſweet ruſtic attracts our notice, and cannot fail of making the deepeſt impreſſion on any heart ſuſceptible of the delicate pleaſure reſulting from a tender ſenſation; a pleaſure which thoſe who have not felt, can conceive no idea of, and therefore know not how to value; but which thoſe happy few who have experienced it, would not forego the luxury of taſting for all the wealth of kingdoms.

*Sir Charles Grandiſon* abounds with ſtrokes of ſentiment, and contains many admirable paſſages. The madneſs of *Clementina* is particularly ſtriking, and has been praiſed in the higheſt terms by that diſpaſſionate and judicious critic Mr. Warton.

"Of all the repreſentations of madneſs," ſays he, in his ingenious *Eſſay on Pope*, "that of *Clementina*, in the Hiſtory of *Sir Charles Grandiſon*, is the moſt deeply "intereſting. I know not whether even the madneſs of *Lear* is wrought up and "expreſſed by ſo many ſtrokes of nature and genuine paſſion. Shall I ſay it is

"pedantry